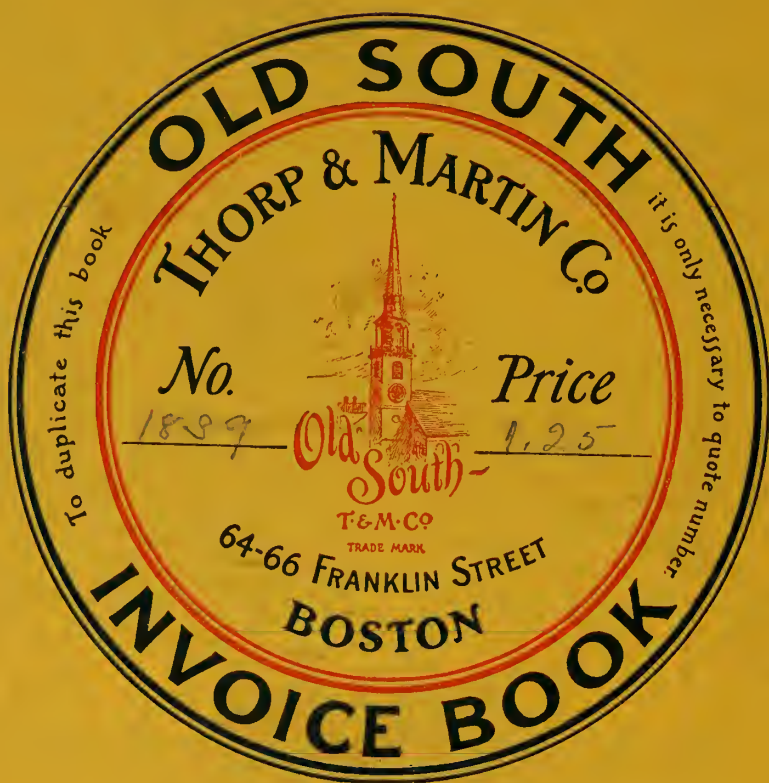


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June 27 1910

PERILOUS ROPES.

Rope walkers and dancers are now seldom seen in the open air of this country, and men like Houdin, who recently attempted to cross Niagara's gorge hanging by his teeth from a sloping wire, are chiefly found under a tent or in vaudeville shows. The appearance of wandering tight-rope performers, male and female, in their tight or short skirt and gaudy bodice, was one of the few picturesque features of life in New England's small towns forty or fifty years ago. Parents frowned on the circus, and were inclined to condemn even the horses and the trick mule as immoral. Negro minstrels were looked on with suspicion, but entertainments by Bohemian glass blowers, Swiss bell ringers, tight-rope folk and John B. Gough were countenanced. The sight of the stretched rope; the anticipation of what was to come; the entrance of the man or the woman with the balancing pole from a window or a ledge of town hall or store; the brave walk, the gaping crowd thrilled when it seemed as though the pole were of no avail—these were joys not dampened by the subsequent passing of the hat. And what was Houdin banging by his teeth over Niagara's gorge in comparison with Blondin and his wheelbarrow?

June 28 1910

PERFERVID.

The rhetorician is at Reno. We do not refer to Mr. John L. Sullivan, whose English is the simple, sturdy English of Swift, Defoe and Gen. Grant, direct, as were his blows when he drank delight of battle with his peers. The fine writer is already in the Nevada town and at work, training for his report of the fight. Looking about him in the street or bar-room, Mr. Jack London is a sight to grizzle and time worn, who reaches far beyond the aching thirty-nine rounds at Chantilly. The wisest father reading Mr. London's letter at the breakfast table may well be perplexed if his bright-eyed Augustus interrupts: "Pa, what is an aching round?"

The fact that many men wish to see the fight and are willing to go a great distance is to Mr. London "a bit of profoundly significant human phenomenon. No sociologist nor ethicist who leaves this fact out can cast a true horoscope of humanity." But earnest students of sociology do not cast horoscopes. There is our valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose sociological researches are known from Stratton, Me., to Yale University, from Putney, Vt., to Marston's Mills. He and his colleagues observe and take notes. They do not use the sand box of the oriental magician, nor do they gaze into a crystal sphere. The ethicist may cast horoscopes at all hours of the day or night. As Voltaire said of Habbakkuk, a man with a name like that is capable of anything.

Mr. London assures us that Reno will once again "put herself and the state of Nevada on the map." "No masterpiece of prose, poetry, painting or sculpture could achieve this distinction for Reno." And this burst of admiration is without reserve, although Mr. London writes novels. Feeling "the big and basic" importance of the occasion, it is not surprising that Mr. London accuses California's Governor of striking a foul blow when he forbade the fight in his state. According to Mr. London, the Governor interpreted the law, while his function is to execute it, and thus he struck a blow below the belt. Yet, to outsiders, sociologists, ethicists, or sports, professional or amateur, it seems as though the Governor had executed the law, and Messrs. Jeffries and Johnson are apparently of the same opinion.

1st in Boston

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Up and Down Broadway," by Smith, Jerome and Schwartz, with Eddie Foy and Emma Carus. Cast:

Momus	Eddie Foy
Apollon	George Anderson
Proteus	Martin Brown
Terpichore	Vida Whitmore
Tithia	Phyllis Gordon
Enterpe	Mae Dealy
Callopie	Jessie Worth
Melpomene	Emma Carus
George Bumpkin	Frederick Powell
Isidor Echlainell	James B. Carson
Henry White	Harry MacDonough, Jr.
Harry Soukain	Hans Roberts
Mrs. Shark	Ruben Allen
Mrs. Bumpkin	May Donohue
Miss Frite	Anna Wheaton
Lazia	Eva Williams
Vivian Bumpkin	Jessie Worth
Buteo B.	Hans Roberts
Dutch McGee	Robert Milken
Officer	Ernest Hare

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

"Rip Van Winkle." Comic opera in three acts. Music by Robert Planquette. Libretto by Meilhac, Gille and Farnie. Produced under the personal direction of Samuel L. Studley and the stage direction of James Francis. Cast:

Rip	William Wolff
Nick Vedder	Donald Meek
Derrick von Beekman	George Hassell
Peter Stein	George Crampton
Captain	Al Roberts
Hans	Joseph Daly
Meenie	Miss Dutton
Katrina	Vera Roberts
Gretchen	Ethel Balch
Hendrick Hudson	Clarence Chute
First Lieutenant	Harry Davies
Second Lieutenant	Mr. Frost
Dwarf	Al Roberts
Young Vedder	Donald Meek
Wilhelmina	Mary Sherwood

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and her company, in "The Little Minister," adapted from Barrie's story by J. A. Frazer. Cast:

Rev. Gavin Dishart	Richard Buhler
Tammas Whamond	William Balfour
Peter Tosh	William Everts
Hendry Munn	Frank Fey
Wearwald	Harry Brooks
Sheriff Rachie	Charles Stevens
Lord Rintoul	A. B. Luce
Capt. Halliwell	John Dunton
Rob Dow	James Barrett
Sanders Webster	Frank Bertram
Mr. Ogilvie	Albert Hickey
Sergeant O'Keefe	Thomas V. Rooney
Wild Lindsay	B. R. Franklin
Thomas	Winchell Whitcomb
Jean Baxter	Olive Rea Temple
Nannie Webster	Florence Hale
Lady Babbie	Charlotte Hunt

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morison stock company in "The Christiana," in four acts, by Hall Caine. Cast:

John Storm	Wilson Melrose
Lord Storm	John Meehan
Horatio Drake	S. T. Klavens
Lord Robert Ure	Richard Pitman
Archdeacon Wealthy	Edward F. Nannery
Fr. Lamplugh	William J. Hasson
The "Fago King"	Louis Thiel
The Manager	John Meehan
Brother Paul	Lawrence Eyre
Glory Quade	Rosalind Cogan
Mrs. Calendar	Rose Morrison
Tolly Leck	Mary Sanders
Betty	Katherine Clinton
Lilly	Valerie Valaire
Nettie	Hazel Burgess

COST OF LIVING EASY FOR FRITZ

Capt. Duquesne Tells Audiences at Keith's Eating Rhinoceros Is Proper Method of Destroying Beef Trust.

FARCE AND BICYCLISTS SHARE HONORS ON BILL

The headline honors next to Capt. Duquesne are shared by Frank J. Conroy and company in the laughable farce, "A King for a Night," and the clever Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists. The adventures of a colored tramp as the king of Blackland in the drawing room of a French heiress brought continuous laughter from the large audience. The dialogue is witty, and Mr. Conroy is capital, ably supported by George Le Maire and Maude George.

The Kaufmann troupe may well claim the premiership of the cyclist world. This troupe consists of four pretty girls and two men, who do seemingly impossible acts awheel with great expertness.

The Big City quartet appeared—

June 29 1910

BALZAC IN ST. PAUL.

A man in Minnesota subscribed to a set of Balzac's works. After the set was delivered to him he refused to pay on the ground that the "Droll Stories" was a volume unfit for his "family book shelves," and a violation of a certain law of the state. The judge took time to read the said stories, and no doubt enjoyed them. He finally pronounced them "literature," and therefore not liable to exclusion from the mails. It is a pleasure to hear of a judge with good sense and fine liter-

ary taste. As many know, Balzac wrote the "Contes Drolatiques" to show that he could not only catch the spirit of certain old French writers of the 15th century, but use their language as though it were modern and his own. It is true that the greater number of the stories are Rabelaisian; they were intended so to be; but they are far removed from that which is only foul or licentious. Balzac wrote of these tales to Mme. Hanska: "It is a literary monument built for a few connoisseurs," and in another letter to her, in which he feared that she would love him the less for having written one of the most audacious of them, he declared proudly: "If there is anything in me that will live it is this volume of stories." Judge Hanft is evidently one of the connoisseurs foreseen by the author. Let us hope that the edition which he read in a spirit of judicial investigation contained Dore's illustrations.

June 30. 1910

THAT CLAQUE.

Early in June the New York Sun stated as a matter of news that the Boston Opera House had engaged a claque for next season; that "the prettiest of official leader of the claque has been offered to a young man who has conducted a thriving business as the head of an unofficial claque for several seasons." Much was said about the young man's capability and experience, but does the management purpose to pay for his board and washing in addition to a salary, and will it provide him with a dress suit each season? The management promptly denied the Sun's statement; but the statement has been copied by newspapers throughout the land, and little publicity has been given to the denial. There has been editorial comment, serious and flippant. Some deep thinkers have argued that the "coldness" of a Boston audience should be warmed, for they do not know that a Boston audience is often wildly enthusiastic over that which seems to outsiders strange or mediocre. Others have deplored the introduction of hired applauders. Where did the Sun find material for the article that has unnecessarily disquieted even the calm and the reasonable? The Herald of May 29th commenting on the death of a famous claqueur, Moreno of Naples, referred to the little claque that encouraged a tenor of the Boston Opera House last season, and said that a well-managed claque might be a blessing to the director, singers, and public in any opera house. Was this article taken seriously by some without the walls?

THE LIVERPOOL BACCHOMETER.

Many years ago John Phoenix suggested that novelists should express themselves in the description of a heroine, a room or an emotion with a precision that might be called mathematical. Perfection, he said, should be rated at 100. Arabella, then, with (85) classical features might rest on a (92) handsome sofa and read an interesting (17) novel.

Mr. Leonard Dunning, head constable of Liverpool, describes in a police report a thermometrical scale of sobriety and drunkenness, to which the name "bacchometer" is given by the Pall Mall Gazette. He takes 32 deg. Fabr., freezing point, as the highest point of absolute sobriety. Mr. Dunning then asks, what is the flash point at which the law against drunkenness is to come into operation. Fifty years ago drunkenness and good-fellowship were so closely associated that sociologists fixed 98.2 as the point "at which the subject, described in slang, more expressive than correct language, as able to 'lie down without holding on,' or to 'see a hole in a ladder,' was still regarded as sober in the eye of the law." Public opinion has brought it down till it now stands at about 60 deg., and there is an intermediate stage—60 deg. to 33 deg.—"interposed by Parliament, in which the subject, though not sober, is, nevertheless, not to be punished as drunk, but is to be described as under the influence of drink, not sober, and not drunk."

Unfortunately there are difficulties, for the drunkenness of A lies largely in the mental attitude of B, C, D and other beholders. Suppose A leaves a "pub"; a zealous prohibitionist would rate him at 98.2—beastly drunk; a temperate man of more liberal views at 60 deg.—drunk and incapable. Four men in the street would testify that he was 55 deg.—drunk, but able to take care of himself; 50 deg., not sober "but I would not say that he is drunk"; 40 deg., under the influence

dark, a dog, slightly under the influence of drink. The barkeeper who served him last would set him at 32 deg., "perfectly sober when I served him." And A himself would say: "20 deg., painfully sober, almost in a state of collapse for want of a drink."

Figures leave many cold. We confess that we prefer the picturesque terms of slang. "A light working jag" is more expressive than 35; "paralyzed" is surely more expressive than 93.4. The figures do not characterize the intoxication; but if you say Jones had a bun, or was shouting, or had a still or a numb, the hearer is able to form a picture of Jones' appearance, behavior, mental condition. Great is the English language. A Russian and an Englishman were disputing over the wealth of their respective languages. "Russian has twenty-three words to express fighting." "But English has thirty-two for drunk." More than thirty-two, many more; and each word is a little world of meaning.

July 1 1915

PIPE IN MOUTH.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's passion for tobacco is well known and it is not surprising that he gauges his work by his pipe whether he write paragraphs, a leader, or a novel. Writing for a newspaper, he smokes an idea after four pipes. A chapter of a novel is the result of fourteen ounces. And others cannot write without thinking, or think before writing, if they are smoking. Charles Lamb summed it all up in his "Farewell to tobacco."

Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite—

Nay rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee.

NIL NISI BONUM.

A Mr. Harry Furniss died not long ago in England, and it was at once thought that "the gentleman in the coffin" was Mr. Furniss, the distinguished draughtsman, a master of black and white. Telegrams, letters, requests for photographs compelled the latter to make the announcement that he was alive and at work. Nor were discriminative obituary articles lacking. Some may envy Mr. Furniss his opportunity of knowing what his supposed survivors thought of him, when they believed him incapable of verbal or pictorial reply, but their vanity o'ercrowds their judgment. It is doubtful whether the humblest of us would be wholly satisfied with an "In Memoriam" that might seem fulsome to the unconcerned. A wrong initial for the middle name, the omission of any statement concerning membership in this or that club, would wound some sorely. The adjectives of praise would never be strong enough, though a trowel were used for a pen. An Englishman said that the worst blow to the reader of the verdict would be this: "Some individual whom we know to be perfectly and preposterously incapable might be announced as our 'natural successor.'"

July 2 1915

THE TRUE COLONEL SELLERS.

Mr. Henry Watterson's article on Mark Twain published in the American Magazine is singularly vivid and in every way admirable. It appears that the original of Col. Mulberry Sellers was a relation of both Twain and Mr. Watterson, and that Twain never intended Sellers to be a comic character. "From the first and always he was regarded by the Raymond portrayal." The actor himself, reading a letter by "the perfect Don Quixote and Covenanter," exclaimed: "Do you know it makes me want to cry. That is not the way I am trying to impersonate at all." The sincere enthusiast is seldom a comic character; he is generally pathetic, if not tragic. Twain's play was not the only one thus radically changed. "The Mark Crook" was written as a serious, romantic melodrama without a thought of a ballet, march of Amazons, and diverting specialties. The author, although enriched by the ruthless transformation, was saddened for his remaining years. Robert Macaire was at first a tragic character: a scoundrel, conscious of his inevitable fate, but bearing himself with a sadomic humor; and Strop was deeply attached to him, not a mere buffoon. Henley and Stevenson in their version of the story took this view and Paul Martinetti and his family infused a demoniacal atmosphere into their

Escano Scribe, writing the libretto "L'Africain" for Meyerbeer's opera, took for his hero Vasco da Gama and represented him as having an affair with Selika, who, deserted, partook of the manchineel's poisonous fruit. The opera is now thought to be boresome, but it exasperates the Countess Marla de Riva de Neyra, the present head of the da Gama family, and she has written a letter to the Figaro of Paris, protesting against the injury to the memory of her ancestor. Her father made a similar protest some years ago and in Portugal the opera is not allowed to be performed unless the hero's name is changed. About twenty-five years ago members of E. T. A. Hoffmann's family living in Berlin protested against the production of Offenbach's delightful "Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Royal Opera House of that city on the ground that Hoffmann was represented as a frequenter of wine rooms and a man of loose life. That the real Hoffmann drank too much for his good, and was in no way a prim person was known to all, nevertheless at that time the protest prevailed and the opera was produced at a minor theatre. No operatic hero should be taken too seriously, whether he be Saint-Saens' Henry the Eighth, Meyerbeer's John of Leyden, or the extraordinary Governor of Boston in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"; nor should Lieut. Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly" be accepted by foreigners as the American ideal of a naval officer.

A MOVABLE FEAST.

Burglars "worked quietly" in a house at Glen Head, L. I., and for this they are to be commended. Nothing is more disagreeable than a noisy burglary with shooting of revolvers, or "guns," as the weapons are known in the vocabulary of crime and of newspapers; with possible murder and its attendant mess. Whether these burglars were arrayed in faultless evening dress was not stated in the report, but it is a pleasure to think that their costumes were "de rigueur." The newspaper accounts described the burglars as "treating themselves to a light luncheon." These men would be the first to protest against the Americanism, for the meal was eaten early in the morning, between 1 and 3 A. M. Lunch, luncheon, nunch, nunchlon, or nummet, is the intermediate refreshment between breakfast and dinner. In English provinces it was contradistinguished to the afternoon repast which was called "four o'clock." There are the illuminative lines in "Hudibras."

Laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfast for their nunchions.
There are variants, as nunchin.

It is possible that the Americanism "lunch," the word for a meal at any hour, is a survival from the time of Holinshed, for we find in his chronicle this curious passage: "Heretofore there hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days; for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nunchions after dinner, and thereto rear suppers generally when it was time to go to bed—now these odd repasts, thanked be God, are very well left, and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." But is there any reference in old English literature to luncheon or nunchlon as a night meal, a meal after supper?

Allusions in Elizabethan plays lead one to infer that at that period there was no breakfast before the morning drink at ten. De Quincey noted in his entertaining essay, "The Casultry of Roman Meals," that in 1700 a large part of London took a meal at 2 P. M., and another at 7 or 8 P. M. In 1839, when this essay was published in Blackwood's, a large part of London was doing the same thing; "but the names are entirely changed; the two o'clock meal used to be called dinner, whereas at present it is called luncheon; the seven o'clock meal used to be called supper, whereas at present it is called dinner, and in both cases the difference is anything but verbal; it expresses a transition of that main meal on which the day's support rested from mid-day to evening." In Henry VII.'s time the Court dined at 11 A. M. But Louis XII. dined at 9:30 A. M., and he changed this hour to 11 in compliment to his young English wife, and to his own cost, for "he fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon."

After dinner, or supper, between 6:30 P. M. and 8 or 8:30 P. M., any meal taken, whether it be a cool, refreshing lobster, or something light as fried oysters and cabbage, pigs' feet or a golden buck, is assuredly not a lunch or a luncheon.

Mr. W. M. Gallichan's book, "Modern Woman and How to Manage Her," is published in London. Mr. Herkimer Johnson sent us the announcement and said he had ordered a copy. Meanwhile we are obliged to be content with a few words about Mr. Gallichan's theories and advice by "S. K. P.," who begins her short review sourly: "There is something very pleasant to a woman in being allowed to read a book all about her own management. It is as if a copy of 'White Mice and Ali About Them,' translated into mouse language, were inserted in a cage full of those creatures."

It appears from this review that Mr. Gallichan advises a husband not to be anxious about patching up a quarrel with a young wife. The husband should go to the theatre with a woman friend. "S. K. P." adds: "Will Gwendolen weep? Not so. Next matinee day she will keep him waiting for dinner, and rush home, saying: 'Darling, you were quite right! 'The Arcadians' is lovely! Mr. — took me. I came home in a taxi, and the man wants five and ninepence!'"

The husband is told to laugh when the wife scolds, but as "S. K. P." shrewdly says, no man can keep up a forced laugh for a long time. "As his last 'Ha, ha!' dies away on the silence, Gwendolen will resume her masterly dissertation on his character and habits."

But why should Horatio be begged by Mr. Gallichan to insist that Gwendolen take a cold or tepid bath daily? Why should she not be allowed hot water? It looks as though Mr. Gallichan has ideas about hygiene.

This reminds us that our distinguished friend and sociologist, Mr. Johnson, has sent us notes on diet. These notes are cut chiefly from London journals, and the opinions are often conflicting. "Alcectis" attributes pimples and blotches on a school-girl's face to the feeding her at meal times with large quantities of thick or greasy soups. Yet "Alcectis" recommends pan toast, which is bread dipped in hot bacon fat, and hot milk and suet, prepared by dissolving thin shavings of suet slowly in hot milk and stirring briskly. An English "specialist" insists on the importance of fatty foods, bacon, roast pork with not too much lean, if women would have a beautiful complexion. "The reason why English country girls have such velvety, creamy skins is because, in addition to their fresh air life, they eat far more bacon and pork than their town sisters."

What would Mr. Gallichan say about a divorce case that was reported recently in the Pall Mall Gazette? A wife petitioned for a judicial separation on the ground of the alleged cruelty of her husband, an English captain. This captain wished his wife to read Buddhist and Persian books; he was eager to dispute with her on "scientific and other abstruse questions of theology or mundane matters"; he argued that a husband had a right to strike his wife and that she should be his servant. To prove that he was no mere theorist, the captain made his wife clean his sword and helmet.

The male sentimentalist would say that any loving wife would rejoice in the thought of cleaning her hero's sword. She sponges his coat and sews on buttons, for she wishes him to go in the street respectable and respected. Why should she not be an Andromache to her Hector, a chatelaine to her knight? Should a hired servant without chivalric thought be allowed to shine up the sword and block the helmet while a gallant captain is waiting? Perish the thought! But this captain's wife disdained the "menial" duty. We regret to add that the captain, who had no man servant, compelled his wife to do the work and he drew the allowance for it.

When we read of this captain's conduct and the behavior of Mr. Conklin in New York, who, according to his wife's account, left her at home sick and went to baseball games, compelled her to sleep on the floor, got food from his mother and kept the best of it for himself, read novels till 3 A. M. and said she was crazy—reading of such men and such deeds, we rejoice the more in the devotion of a Mr. Frank of Maryland. His dearly beloved wife died two years ago and left him broken-hearted at the age of 60. After the funeral he gathered together all of her clothes, tenderly, tearfully, and kept them. He did not yield to the entreaties of niece or sister or cousin, clamoring for "something of Louisa's to remember her by." He was alone with his grief and her clothes.

In April of this year he went a-visiting and saw his host's sister. She was comely in his eyes, and his heart yearned toward her, and his knees

had a voice to carry a man unless No. 2 could be able to wear the clothes of the departed. And this he vowed not from thrift, but from sentiment. "The minute Frank saw her face lighted with joy," He proposed and was accepted and the clothes of No. 1 were a perfect fit.

An English woman said not long ago that women may be divided into underdressed and overdressed in a modern acceptation of the term. We are not informed as to the extent of the first wife's wardrobe. When the young man in Artemus Ward's story insisted on his board and his washing he told the pirate that the latter consisted generally of "a shirt and a drawer." Did Mrs. Frank No. 1 have beautiful coarse or bold patterned lace camisoles with ribbon runners to be worn under a net or muslin dress? We hope so, both for the sake of Mr. Frank and of No. 2. For as a London authority well says, "The camisole is, after the corset, the key of the whole secret of success. It must fit like a glove, and then the blouse may be left to almost take care of itself, or the princess robe be worn without misgiving."

This is indeed precious, very precious, but it was reserved for an American and in the columns of the *Evening Post* (New York) to discover the "splendid neck" of the *Venus de Milo*. "It rises so proudly," says the inspired writer, "and bends so tenderly and graciously; the nape is so flat and straight, and the throat is so round, and right in front is the sweetest little hollow." And this of the *Venus of Milo*? Did the writer chuck her under the chin and call her his "Tootsie Wootsie," his own "little lummikins"? And to think that this decoration was merely for the pupes of booming "new neckwear," chiefly a low, flat collar for the woman with a neck like that of the statue. There will undoubtedly be a large sale, though the necks be like pipe stems or are withering on the stalk.

To go back to Mr. Gallican's book on the management of women. It should be in every household along with Dr. Laing Gordon's essays in "Modern Motherhood." Many men reading the doctor's pages will be able to maintain domestic argument with some show of authority, as when he says "There should be none of that poverty of resource which provides a certain dish on a certain day of the week with unerring regularity, and stamps Tuesday as hotted-mutton day forever on the girl's mind."

HOW GOT SAW FAMOUS MEN

Journal of Actor Shows Him Not Always Complimentary to Those Whom He Observed in Conversation.

HIS OPINIONS ABOUT OPERA AND THE BALLET

By PHILIP HALE.

We quoted last Sunday the opinions of Edmond Got about the theatre and dramatic art as they are recorded in his journal. In the second and last volume he describes the difference between a novel and a drama founded on the same subject. The novel contains explication, description, narration, digression—and dialogue. The drama has only dialogue. There are, to be sure, the scenery and the costumes, but it is the dialogue that conducts everything quickly, and gives rhythm imperceptibly, effect on effect, scene after scene. It is by the dialogue that the characters are portrayed and put in opposition, that the movement is varied and sustained, that the action makes constant progress, that the situations increase in interest, that there are powerful strokes often made with the aid of a single word. It is sometimes said of a drama based on a novel that it is scissored. "Yes, when the novel has been conceived by a playwright, as by Dumas, the *Foer*, but when the novel is only the setting of an imaginary

story, the shortest way for a dramatist is to do it all over again from the beginning to the end." The novel can be a work of imagination; a drama is a work of deduction and therefore a play when read generally seems dry even to the thoroughly inflated.

Got knew many composers and singers, but he did not think highly of the opera. He went one night to the Opera to hear "David," with music by Mermet, an old acquaintance. "In matters of harmony I am only an ass, and it is not strange that the thing left me cold, as it did the great majority of the audience. In my humble opinion, while speech does not fall in the expression of a situation or in enthusiasm, song seems to me superfluous, if not ridiculous, with its repetitions, ensembles, etc. And yet I am not afraid of orchestral music, especially in little doses. But is not the opera first of all an art that tickles the nerves, a sensual and therefore secondary art, almost conventional, a thing of fashion? * * * Orchestra, chorus, scenery, ballet, and what not! I understand the passionate interest that drives librettists and composers toward these intense effects, but the very complexity condemns masterpieces to dislocation. Where today are Lulli, Gluck, Rameau and many others?"

Nor did academic dancing, even that of Marie Taglioni, give him pleasure. In spite of the music it is a false art. The dancers might do better in the circus, for there audacity and force are necessary. "No, no ballet, especially when it is two hours long. Long live the dances of Spain, Hungary, Auvergne, dances that have character or are pleasurable in themselves, in which the dancer seems to enjoy herself on her own account, and even the male dancer is made endurable."

While Got recognized the genius of Victor Hugo, he saw that he was a colossal poseur. Attending the first performance of "Les Burgraves," he praised the form of the drama, the soaring lyric flight. "This play is something more than a drama, it is a species of grand opera, and one might say of it, 'with words and music by Victor Hugo,'" but the exposition seemed long spun and the third act often obscure.

He was amused by the behavior of Hugo directing a rehearsal of "Marion de Lorme." Hugo said, as a preface to the second act: "Gentlemen, you understand that in a scene wherein numerous persons take part, the author cannot give to each one a special physiognomy. The actor must supply this as far as possible. And so your grandfather, M. de Bouchavannes, has been one of the favorites of the last Valois; don't forget this, and M. de Rochebaron, remember, if you please, that one of your descendants will die on the revolutionary scaffold." And he made these speeches with a voice "as though he were singing in a kettle." "Bah!" adds Got; "he was soaring so high above everything."

Reading "La Legende des Siecles," Got believed that never had there been such lyricism in a human soul; but the first volumes of "Les Miserables" were to him only Eugene Sue's "Mysteres de Paris" better written. There was too often a disproportionate effort. The prose of "Les Travaillieurs de la Mer" lacked the passion of "Les Chatiments," though in thrilling situations the prose would become epic, and thus there would be superb passages in the midst of verbiage. The funeral of Hugo seemed theatrical. "He was indeed an admirable poet; but why the bearing under the sun, with more than a million of souls, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Pantheon, in the coffin of the poor, this last antithesis of his choice? Everything lacks proportion in our country." It was Got's task to pay tribute to the dead in the name of the French theatre. What he said and what he thought were as far apart as the poles, and he queried whether the gratitude of mankind would ever be so shown toward a modest benefactor as Pasteur, "who said to us at the normal school, almost blushing, that 'one thought he might flatter himself' on having at last discovered a prophylactic for hydrophobia."

The elder Dumas amazed him by his activity. Dumas in 1847 was the talk of the town by reason of his

dramas, his historical fairy stories, his books of travel, his amusing boasting, his voyage "to discover the Mediterranean," his chateau which was already legendary before it was

completed, his own theatre, where for a year only his own plays had been performed. A few years later Got was amused by hearing him talk about the Greek drama. "What a mixture of Aeschylus and Euripides, and what crass ignorance beneath this presumption of knowledge! But after all, why has he any need of erudition, for he is Alexandre Dumas." There is an amusing description of the dramatist at a rehearsal of one of his plays. In 1867 Got drew a picture of the younger Dumas, abounding in talent but a lover of paradox, gaining in fame, ascending towards the Capitol, while the father was losing influence and reputation; and Got referred to the photograph in which the elder Dumas is shown in his shirt sleeves with Ada Isaacs Menken.

The description of De Musset is not an attractive one. He is represented as rude in speech and too often overcome with drink. When he was at first rejected by the Academy, Got entered this significant sentence in his journal: "Posterity will no doubt be astonished, but his contemporaries know the reason only too well." The evening of his rejection—it was in 1850—Got saw him running after Ancelot, one of the judges, in the foyer of the Comedie Francaise, and exclaiming in a thick voice: "Look, here are 100 sous! It's a good price for your vote. You'll give it to me next time." De Musset was admitted in 1852, and Got thought his discourse commonplace. "Why make so much of the Academy, when one is so far above it? The 41st chair, to use Housaye's phrase, is by far the best." Five years afterward Got saw de Musset, a few days before his death, and found him in wretched condition, making a pitiable ending. "A soul in revolt in a wasted body—and at 47 years. 'Do you suffer much?' 'No, I am going to pieces.' And the smile on his half-swollen face seemed to me that one damned. Yet divine grace had formerly been clearly marked on that brow. Ah, how many things I could say! But is it not better to be still out of respect for the future and his genius? The poet Beranger died about two months afterward, and he had an imposing funeral. When I think of the 100 umbrellas that followed piteously, two months ago, the hearse of de Musset!"

Got loved Beranger and one summer day in 1845 he met at the poet's house in Passy both Chateaubriand and Lamennais. The conversation as reported by Got was amusing. Beranger characterized De Musset as a grandson of La Fontaine at times, to which Chateaubriand answered: "A fountain of brandy, it seems." Got found Beranger amiable, conciliatory, while Chateaubriand was paradoxical, bored, emphatic, didactic, and De Lamennais smiled his sweetest smile when Chateaubriand was the sourest. Got did not love the author of "Atala" and "Rene," or the man himself. He thought his style bombastic and his matter false. With Augier and Aubert, he improvised two lines in the manner of Chateaubriand:

De l'ivoire poli les fragiles merveilles
Qui servent a curer les dents et les oreilles.
(The fragile marvels of polished ivory
Which serve as toothpicks and ear-spoons.)

A Bostonian, now dead, had a habit of pumping fellow-members of a club. Entering the main room, he would call Jones to him and question him exhaustively for his own selfish interest. When he had pumped Jones dry, he left him abruptly, to extract knowledge from Brown or Robinson. And he was therefore likened unto an apothecary who takes down a jar, pours out what is necessary, and then puts back the jar on the shelf and has no further thought of it. Balzac treated Got in this manner. He met him one evening and Balzac talked as they were walking with a common friend, talked wildly about the theatre. He insisted that Orgon's house would be impossible if Tartuffe were to be expelled, because hypocrisy is the true tie that binds society together. The friend left them and Balzac asked Got innumerable questions about the theatre and dramatic art. They walked 20 times the length of the boulevard. The cafes were at last closed. Weariness and sleep weighed on Got's enthusiasm. "M de

Balzac then looked at me with an air of profound pity and abandoned me on the asphalt like a squeezed lemon." There is a good story of Buloz as manager of the Theatre Francaise. "Athalie" was to be revived for Rachel, and the house was sold out in advance. Maubant was to play "the infamous priest of Baal." His father died, and the news was carried to Buloz.

"Well, let Maubant's understudy take the part."
"It's a miserable part. No one knows it."
"There's Fonta; there's Chery."
"No, no one knows it."
"But we can't give back the money. Suppose you press Maubant to play."
"That's not easy, on the day of his father's death."
"True. Yes, you are right. But the part is not a gay one!"

Got was not blind to Rachel's faults as woman and actress. He marvelled at her industry when on a provincial tour in search of money. In 1849 she played in 91 performances in 90 days, while in Paris she was with difficulty persuaded to play twice a week. Sometimes in the country she would play twice, when the two performances were a distance of 10 leagues apart, and travel in the diligence was rough. "What a queer family, and one already legendary! Father and Mother Felix, with six or seven children." Before Rachel became famous they all lived higgledy-piggledy in wretched quarters. "The children took a family bath. Sarah was the first, and she came out boiled and red as a lobster; Dinah an hour and a half afterward was blue with cold and her teeth chattered."

When Rachel died, in 1858, Got described her as an admirable "dramatic organization rather than a complete artist, for she seldom played anything but Camille (Corneille's heroine), however the part was entitled, especially after provincial and foreign tours had made her lose her artistic balance and driven her to the end of her strength. But what a voice! What enunciation, diction, passion, nobility, lines! And what beauty, whatever has been said to the contrary!" While her death was a great loss to the Comedie Francaise, "since her like will not soon, if ever, be found," she was a dissolute and a plague to discipline.

The success of Ristori in Paris drove Rachel to America. Got intimates that the popular success of the Italian was due partly to the puffery of newspaper critics who thus wished to tease Rachel. Got found Ristori a woman of talent, who composed her parts intelligently, but

an angular and too emphatic actress, an actress that should have taken the third rather than the leading part.

"And how many of the French know Italian or English well enough to understand a play in these foreign languages, which have neither the poetic structure nor the rhythm of ours? It was ludicrous to see the pit and boxes following with great difficulty the librettos and watching the claque so that they could be ecstatic over the fine passages and give the appearance of having understood them. I gained the impression that the Italians often exaggerate in their acting and that their prosody, inflexible in short and long syllables, while it is excellent for singing, deadens spoken declamation. Our mute 'e' is more supple and our rhythm more agreeable—and we without question understand better the nuances and stage settings. The English, who speak half the time in the throat and half the time with the tips of the lips and with shur teeth and are extravagant in graceful action as in forcible moments, as are their clowns, have appeared to me now effeminate, and now restless madmen. It is true that no Garrick, Kean or Mistress Siddons was in the company."

There is a curious note about Dickens, written in 1841. When Got was a journalist, he was asked by his editor to attach "Nicholas Nickleby" because its tendency was aristocratic and clerical, and departed from the republican program for the "education of the masses." "I against Dickens! It's enough to make me burst with laughter! Nevertheless I have written on this subject 483 conscientious lines at two sous a line."

Rossini appears, gaily malicious, with his wife the beautiful and miserly Olympe.

was to get at a live, second-hand, servile master of stage, sometimes truly inventive, but in his opera librettos, it is the poverty and the absence of much of Scribe's verses. "If he had died 10 years sooner he would in 1861 he would have scarcely been 60 years old, but he would not have taken part alive in the first edition of his fame. They say he was a 'Dramatic Notary.' Never mind. For half a century he was practically the first in line and a very man, even in his sudden death."

Got did not like Richard Wagner personally; he found him "a German pedant" when he met him with Murger, Champfleury, Courbet, in a cheap restaurant; but he found the reception of "Tannhauser" at the Opera in 1861 stupidly scandalous. "I do not easily understand his orchestral regeneration; but he amounts to something, and I detest insults to thought. In any event, hissing is a more stupid music than his."

The same year Got mentioned Coquelin for the first time, "a fellow truly gifted as an actor, but with little education. He hardly has a beard on his chin, but he taps Guillard on his belly, talks about perspective with old Ciceri and about literature with Augier, who hardly dares to defend himself, so great force has heroic presumption. It will be necessary to count with this newcomer some day, and I foresee a quickly encumbering personality."

Got and Fechter entered the theatre Francais at the same time, and Got's references to Fechter are always appreciative. Got said of himself in 1864, that he had gone ahead, step by step, logically, after the manner of a bourgeois. "And Fechter, after 19 years of a fine career in Paris tempts fortune in London in 'Hamlet,' a blond Hamlet, in his own theatre! He has succeeded brilliantly and I am very glad. Well, if I had been in his place I should never have played the like part."

And Got recognized in 1864 the force of Zola, just as he appreciated Corot, Meissonier, Gerome, Augier, Sarah Bernhardt, when they were at the beginning of their careers. He also thought highly of the de Goncourt brothers.

The famous Mlle. George, "queen of queens and especially of emperors," died early in 1867, "an octogenarian, still superb in frame as one of Michel Angelo's sibyls, but sordid, besmeared with snuff, almost miserable. Ah! if she could only have found luckily one of the legendary bank notes which she formerly used for curl papers!"

In London in 1871, when Got was playing, he was told that he should furnish the box of the Prince and Princess of Wales with flowers for the latter, and a bottle of brandy and a sixpenny corkscrew for the Prince. "Is the Prince of Wales then always traditional? There is now no Falstaff."

There is a singular allusion to Mme. Bernhardt in 1877: "This queen of 'The Huguenots' who always wishes to take the part of Valentine."

Wekerlin, who died a short time ago, walking with Got met Jules Cohen, who had just been decorated. "Are you not going to congratulate this man?" said Wekerlin. Cohen interrupted: "It does not amount to anything; I sent a polka to Donizetti's brother, the Sultan's bandmaster, and they have sent me the order of Medjidieh." "Ah!" cried Wekerlin, "how glad I am, my dear fellow! I thought it was the cross of the Legion of Honor, and I hardly dared to speak of it to you."

There is an extract from a letter written in 1843 that will surprise many. Got speaks of "the incomparable Chicago machine" from which a pig, introduced into it alive, comes out in two hours in many forms, as ham, sausage, meat for sausage, etc.

But Got did not call the Parisian critics pigs. On the contrary, he read carefully the articles in which he was attacked, especially those of the bandit, Charles Maurice, from which he profited, for Maurice knew the weak points in an actor's coat of mail.

Antoine in 1874 asked Got's opinion of Diderot's paradox: That the actor should not be under the influence of the emotion which he feigns. Got answered that the actor should have a double nature, so that while he is playing emotionally and

other being is able to observe and direct.

Derby day in England impressed him greatly. He wondered at the saturnalia of a people usually conventional; at the sight of the extremely aristocratic and the squalidly poor forming a crowd "the best child in the world," and he observed that the French could not even dream of anything like it.

The Journal is not without bitterness. Thus Got defines a friend as "a man to whom you are habituated through force of circumstances or by accident; who takes it upon himself to tell you truths that hurt and are often useless; who borrows money from you and does not return it, and from the day on which you have the appearance of doubting his behavior never forgives as long as he lives." Women attracted Got and dispirited him. He was glad when a friend "Z," passed part of the summer at a Bohemian watering place. "The woman of 40 years' is decidedly forcible and headstrong. Balzac was not deceived. And is not a woman of force at any age? From Agnes to Ninon de l'Enclos, not forgetting Celimene." The political situations often disturbed him, and he railed alike against Louis Philippe, and Napoleon, president and emperor and Grevy. When Prevost, the actor, was buried, Samson eulogized him, and Got reflected how all "the virtues of the cemetery" were attributed to the man who no longer would stand in the way of any body.

At 65 years of age, Got remarked that the young are disposed to look on 30 as a ripe age, 40 as the decline, 50 as old age, and 60 as the final de-

crepitude. "And yet— It is true that I shall no longer fence, no longer ride horseback; but desire and force do not fail me when there is need, and I still feel now and then in winter the greenness of spring. Not too many illusions, however. For it is the Indian summer, and a trifle can change it into winter. It behooves me to be prudent and sober. Extreme youth only exaggerates a little."

The journal ends March 27, 1893. Got saw, the year before, an act of "L'Ami Fritz," as "musically disarranged by M. Mascagni, the too celebrated composer of 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'" Playing in "Le Julef Polonais" ("The Bells") when it was then performed for the first time at the Comedie Francaise, he regretted that Erckmann-Chatrian had never been of "any little Parisian church." "Ah, if the piece were by Ibsen or Tolstoi, the critics would writhe in admiration." And Got looked forward to some great success for his last appearance.

He left the stage in 1895 and died in 1901. In spite of the fact that he was highly honored, his journal shows that he was often unhappy in the theatre. What if he had remained in the army?

It is a pity that the two volumes of the journal are not indexed.

EATING ONE'S WORDS.

The editor of an Idaho newspaper recently announced that a wandering goat had entered the office and eaten fresh copy to the detriment of the newspaper of the following day. The late Jules Renard, mayor of Corbigny, was in the habit of contributing to the Journal de Clamecy for the improvement of the peasants and he once described the goats as the only readers of the Journal Officiel which was posted on the wall of the mayor's office. One of these goats never missed a number. "Standing on its hind legs, with its front legs resting on the poster, it moves its horns and beard from right to left, like an old woman reading. When it has finished reading, as the official sheet has an appetizing smell of fresh paste, the goat eats it. After nourishment of the mind, the body must be fed. Thus nothing is lost in the commune." And Renard drew this lesson: "What a pity that all novel readers have not the stomach of this practical goat! They might then eat the books they had read, buy more, and so the man of letters would in the end be able to eat in his turn."

Books have been burnt as a token of disapproval ever since the Athenians condemned the work of Protagoras "On the Nature of the Gods" to be burned in the Agora; ever since the Chinese Emperor Shih Huang-ti decreed that all the literature in his empire was wretched and dangerous stuff and burned it all. It will be remembered that the University of Oxford burned Milton's

works, and that only five years ago the Oxford Union resolved that certain books, already in the library, "should be rejected and publicly burnt." Gabriel Peignot many years ago compiled a dictionary of books that had been "burnt by the common hangman." But writers have been compelled to eat their own words. Thus Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of the 17th century, was not only flogged; he was forced to swallow two pages of a pamphlet he had written. There was Isaac Volmar, who wrote pamphlets against Bernard, Duke of Saxony. The Duke, apparently a sensitive person, compelled him to eat a copy of every one of them. Authors sometimes were offered the choice of death or their books as food.

A mighty angel, clothed with a cloud, gave to John, on the isle called Patmos, a little book, and John ate it up. It was sweet as honey in his mouth, but, eaten, it was bitter. In this instance John was not the author. If he had been, the book would have been the more bitter. The supreme irony would be to sentence the author of a cook book to eat his or her own words, and there are discouraged housekeepers who would joyfully see the execution of the sentence. So, too, the authors of works on diet might well be sentenced. These would be brave instances of the punishment fitting the crime.

DISTURBING CIVILIZATION.

The sentimentalist will be grieved to learn that Constantinople wishes an electric tramway system and that Americans are invited to bid for the construction. For there was still romance connected with Constantinople, or Stamboul, to speak the Turkish and more euphonious word. There is still the dome of St. Sophia; there is still the Bosphorus into which fair women sewed up in sacks are perhaps thrown, as in Victor Hugo's poem. Is the Balm of Mecca, which was scarce and dear when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu visited the city, now obtainable? Railways in Palestine; electric cars in Constantinople; a tunnel through the Andes; Japan thoroughly Americanized; where can the sentimentalist now be happy? Patagonia is no longer a bleak land, inhabited by fierce and repulsive giants. There are great farms there and Englishmen abound. Nor are the ancient Patagonians respected; for when a Swiss missionary, returning from South America and taking with him skulls found in Patagonian burying places, was stopped at the frontier, the custom house officers classified them as bones of animals and asked two cents a pound. He protested on the ground that the skulls were for scientific purposes. The skulls were finally admitted as "personal effects already worn."

A FORMER GLORY.

The London Globe stated recently that coffee was introduced into England about 1640 by Nathaniel Canopus, a Cretan. He may have introduced it, but one Jacobs, a Jew, was the first to establish a coffee-house, where the public drank, and it was at Oxford. Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan youth, opened a coffee-house in London two years later. In as much as there is much talk at present about the evil effects of coffee, as though it were to be classed with the hemlock draught that chilled the body of Socrates forever or with a wine of the Borgias, it may be pertinent to state that Rosee recommended coffee in his advertisement as a remedy against many diseases if not as a panacea: it helps digestion, quickens the spirits, makes the heart lightsome, is good against sore eyes and the headache, stops any defluxion of rheums, prevents and helps "consumptions and the cough of the lungs," cures the dropsy, gout, scurvy, humors, scrofula, spleen, and the stone. "It is a simple, innocent thing," said Rosee, "composed into a drink, by being dried in an oven, and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring water." Yet there are many who now attribute to this berry diseases of the mind and body, and urge fanatically this or that succedaneum, with the recommendation that its taste is similar to that of the abhorred poison. But to some the temptation in coffee lies in its odor.

CIVIC CORN DOCTORS.

All of a philanthropic mind will rejoice in the proposal to establish in New York a People's Pedicure Clinic, which will be open to the poor who suffer and limp from corns and bunions, and the truly philanthropic will hope to see flourishing institutions of a like nature in all cities. It

instances of vicious conduct, crime are direct results of afflicted feet. It is not necessary to go into the how and why of corns; it is enough to say that corns are. Some may say that corns are only a matter of indigestion, but they may declaim against tight boots and other things against loose ones; this is certain, that corns are rebellious and laugh at the use of the family razor or the plaster of the latest device. We do not speak of the blemish to the foot of beauty; we are now concerned only with the discomfort, whether the corn be a plant of slow growth or whether it shoot up as Jonah's gourd. The tendency is now toward a paternal government, and the wise government should look after the feet of its children. Then will feet be beautiful on the mountains and in the street, in hose for the parlor or hared for the interpretative or symbolic dance.

ATTITUDES OF RECEPTION.

Handshaking still exists in spite of the fear of germs, and, though some timorous souls are unwilling to hang from a public strap in a street car, they will holdly press the hand of any stranger after the solemn words of introduction have been uttered. A recent writer on etiquette and the observances of "good society" decrees that a woman should extend her hand with the palm downward and with "a graceful and unhurried movement," for in the days of chivalry a woman's hand was thus extended to be kissed. "The man's hand should be in the attitude of reception." The hands of many men are in a chronic attitude of reception. When Artemus Ward was in London he was struck by the unfeeling courtesy of the natives toward strangers. "I don't remember an instance . . . of my getting into a cab without a Briton coming and perforce shutting the door for me, and then extending his open hand towards me, in the most friendly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yet such gesture, welcome me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he." The receptive attitude is found here in all classes of society; it is not confined to the restaurant waiter, whose employer thus hires him at lower wages; it is observed among too many of our politicians and even among members of the learned professions.

DOMESTIC STONES.

A reward is now offered by the Precious Stone Importers' Protective Association for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person smuggling precious stones into the United States for business purposes. The custom house officers are also vigilant, whether the stones are for sale or for private adornment. Just as a heavy duty on pictures painted by foreign artists was supported by western statesmen to protect American painters against European rivals, and thus to improve the quality of American art, so heavy duties on precious stones will be of incalculable value to the owners of diamond fields in Vermont and to the controllers of the pearl fisheries off Barnstable, Chatham, York, Hyannis and Marblehead. The American women should pledge themselves not to wear rubies unless they come from North Carolina, or sapphires unless they are found near Lima, O. Years ago moss agates of American origin were in fashion. Rings with these stones set in them were worn by leading citizens and brakemen. What has become of them all? Gone with the linen dusters of the sixties, the carpet bags, the silver-plated ice pitchers and goblets, the elaborate photograph albums, and the hair jewelry of the same period! But Attleboro still survives.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1910.

NOTICE.

In the United States Circuit Court, District of Massachusetts, on July 7th, 1910, upon application of the International Paper Company, Hon. LeBaron B. Colt, Judge of Said Court appointed John Norris and C. F. Weed Receivers of The Boston Herald Company with directions to as-

sume immediate control of the property.

All communications relating to the property should be addressed to

JOHN NORRIS, } Receivers.
C. F. WEED, }

July 7th, 1910.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and company in "East Lynne." The cast:

Archibald Carlyle . . . Richard Buhler
Sir Levison . . . James S. Barrett
Lord Severn . . . Charles Stevens
Richard Hare . . . Albert Hickey
Mr. Dill . . . Harry Brooks
Willie Carlyle . . . Anna Kiley
Barbara Hare . . . Olive Rea Temple
Cornelia Carlyle . . . Florence Hale
Joyce . . . Eleanor Brownell
Susanne . . . Eva Wheeler
Lady Isabel and Madame Vigne . . . Charlotte Hunt

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—"The Battle," Cleveland Moffett's play in four acts, produced by the Lindsay Morison stock company. The cast:
John J. Haggleton . . . Wilson Melrose
Philip Ames . . . Theodore Friebeus
Mr. Gentle . . . William J. Hasson
Moran . . . Edward F. Nannery
Joe Caffrey . . . Richard Pitman
Mr. Langston . . . George F. Smithfield
Capt. Grimes . . . David Stanwood
Servant . . . William DeWolf
Margaret Lawrence . . . Rosalind Coghlan
Jenny Moran . . . Katherine Clinton

TREMONT THEATRE.

This is the last week of "The Girl in the Taxi" with Carter De Haven at the Tremont. For nine weeks it has filled the Tremont with laughter.

PARK THEATRE.

For more than six months "The Man from Home" has held the stage of the Park, but Saturday night ends its run.

KEITH'S THEATRE.

Old Soldiers Fiddle—Gelsha Girls and Some Others Dance.

The Four Old Soldier Fiddlers at Keith's are another illustration of the fact that vaudeville managers are at their wit's end for something new. The Gelsha girls are still another.

The old soldiers' spokesman confesses they play only by ear. Their old jig tunes stirred pleasant memories in some last night, but most of the listeners were of a younger generation. They were respectful toward the graybeards on the stage, applauded their earnest efforts to please and even stood when bidden during "America" while a big flag was lowered and a placard was displayed proclaiming something about "one nation, indivisible." It was impossible to help feeling a little sorry for the old men.

The Gelsha girls look like Japanese and dance, sing and play upon mandolins of oriental breed in familiar tea house setting. Their music is not without tunefulness and their dances are quaint.

An entertaining bit of excellent acting is that of Porter J. White and his capable company in the little play, "The Visitor." It is better constructed than most "serious" vaudeville vehicles, with a refreshing absence of cheap pathos. It is really dramatic, too, at times, and ends with a climax which is a genuine surprise. Mr. White sustains his character well and succeeds in the trying task of telling a long story without losing his grip on the attention of his hearers.

Marshall Montgomery is a ventriloquist out of the ordinary. His puppet's telephone conversation and whistling, the latter while the manipulator smokes a cigarette are skillfully done. The most striking feature is, the performer's almost absolute control over his lips, which can scarcely ever be seen to move.

James Collins, Lillian Steele and Eddie Carr come to Boston for the first time with a turn full of laughable nonsense, some funny songs and capital piano playing and dancing. Their act goes with much vim.

The Six American Dancers return with their pretty and elaborate specialty, well costumed and carried out with commendable spirit and skill. Charlie Barry is amusing as a grotesque comedian, aided by Miss Halvers' good looks and singing.

A comedy acrobatic bit funnier than most is that of McPhee and Hill, because the "business" of one of the

team, supposed to be very weary, is in comical contrast to his agility on the horizontal bar.

The Havelocks are jugglers of ability. There are amusing motion pictures at the end of the bill.

A GENIUS WARREN.

The widow of Robert Louis Stevenson has bought beach land in California, and the purchase is characterized as "the initial step for the formation of a colony of geniuses." Mr. Lloyd Oshourne is already on the ground, and Mr. Stewart Edward White owns a hungalow near by. There are about twenty writers of stories in Santa Barbara and the neighborhood, and "it is said that the colony will soon grow to large proportions." And so the literary centre will soon be moved from Indianapolis to La Serena, Cal. The glory departed from Boston long ago, and New York and Chicago are silent. The chief danger in the establishment of a colony of geniuses is that the geniuses are not inclined to live peaceably together. They are slow to admit that the glory of one genius differeth from that of another; and A, B and C, respectively, insist on pre-eminence. There was once a group of geniuses on a farm not far from Boston, and the men and women lived a sorry life until the farm was abandoned. Does any one believe for a moment that, if Coleridge and Southey had carried out their plan of establishing a communistic colony, the Pantisocracy, on the banks of the Susquehanna, there would have been peace and the creation of immortal works? Genius thrives in solitude, nor is this necessarily found more in a lonely farmhouse or high in an ivory tower, than in a city flat, for the most complete and the most stimulating solitude is that of the lonely one in a crowd. Attrition rubs away originality. And what if the world should refuse to crown the Californian gentlemen as geniuses? What if the nearest grocer and meat man should fail to recognize the prerogatives of genius? May there not be the awful spectacle of Mr. Oshourne twitting Mr. White for being only a man of talent.

MR. HAWKINS' CRITICISM.

Mr. Hawkins' criticism of the deficiencies of elementary school training might be applied to graduates of higher schools and even colleges. The business man, according to Mr. Hawkins, who certainly spoke as a man of experience and not as a mere theorist, wishes a boy who comes to him for work to be able to write a good plain hand, to express himself in the English language with precision and brevity, to spell correctly, and to do examples in common arithmetic. How many graduates of Harvard or Yale could answer this test satisfactorily? How many could tell off-hand the number of square feet in an acre and whether a puncheon is larger than a hog'shead; or do a sum in proportion, or solve simple problems in interest? How many who have inquired into the secret of Pater's style or written about Aristotle's unities could tell accurately and in plain words, for a newspaper, the story of a fire? Only the other day we heard young persons who had "enjoyed the advantages of education" disputing over the location of Reno. We often smile or laugh right out at the ignorance of American geography shown by foreigners. How many of us could name for the benefit of the benighted foreigner the capitals of the states or give the length of the Mississippi River?

THE FIRST AT THE POLE.

Now that a seafaring man and his sweaters that he took a walk up the McKinley and found on the top of Cook's copper tube in the crack of a boulder just where the doctor left it, there will probably be a revival of the question: Who was first at the pole? It is singular that no one, to the best of our knowledge, has quoted from Archbishop Abbot's "Brief Description of the World" the account of a friar of Oxford who "took on him to travel into those parts which are under the very Pole." He did this partly by necromancy and "partly again by taking advantage of the frozen times, by means whereof he might travel upon the ice even so as himself pleased." This friar found directly under the pole a huge and black rock, Nigra Rupes, which being divers miles in circuit, is compassed round about with the sea, and this sea, some miles broad, runs into the ocean by four several currents. Unfortunately this friar did not visit the King of Denmark, nor did he make a contract with a lecture bureau or moving picture firm, so, to quote the Archbishop's words, "our best mathematicians in this latter age have omitted" mention of the friar's exploit.

MEN AND THINGS

Walt Whitman, giving several reasons why he should like to live with the animals, stated the fact that none of them is demented with the mania of owning things. The thought is a fine one, although there are collectors among animals, as the magpie. Men and women are given over to the accumulation and the retention of unnecessary articles; clothing, books, pictures, objects of curiosity or for decoration, and it may here be said that our English word bric-a-brac means literally in the original French junk or old stores. We are not referring now to collectors, for some collect only to sell and then start again. The collector is admittedly a maniac. We all recognize this mania and it is not necessary to run through the "Repertoire General des Collectionneurs," which informs us that Mr. Francis Carnot collects toys, soldiers, and Mr. Leo Claretie dolls; that Mr. Jules Doumergue has nearly 200 bells of various kinds, and the Comtesse Chandon de Briailles has filled several rooms with old trunks, while another collector possesses thousands of clay pipes, all made in France, and all differing one from the other. Other French collectors spend their time in hunting for match boxes, fire irons, clarinets. A woman died some years ago in Boston who possessed over 100 umbrellas and she was hardly persuaded to use one of them when it rained. Another woman, now living, collects handsome cloaks of all kinds and wears a shabby one.

It matters not whether the people of a house are rich or poor, they cling to things that are unnecessary, ugly, burdensome. They faintly realize this when they move, or when they put the winter house or flat in order before leaving for the seashore or the country. Then is their opportunity to throw things out of the window. They are deterred by sentiment, or by the thought that an article will some day "come in handy," or by a state of mind that is closely resembling that of the miser.

Robinson, for example, firmly intends each year to move into a suburb for the sake of better air and quiet. He cherishes this delusion, and each summer he vows that he will rid the flat of superfluities, so that when he does move, the labor will be comparatively easy. (Alas for Robinson! He may babble of green fields, but he will die in that flat, and no doubt the coffin will be lowered, as a grand pianoforte, from the fourth story to the delight of the neighbors' children and idle mockers in the street). How easy it would be for him to throw things out of the kitchen window into the alley below or on the roof of the garage opposite! There's the hideous bronze statue of Romeo and Juliet, which disfigures

the hall and must be used either as a hat rack or as a umbrella stand. Out with it, Robinson! But he answers: "I remember when it stood in a niche in my father's house." There is a row of boots that should go. They are old and pungent, they always hurt his feet. There is a clock, a wedding gift to his parents, absurdly old-fashioned and warranted to lose five minutes a day. There are figures in Dresden china singularly silly, wholly out of keeping with the Japanese and Chinese goods and shrines and dragons in the parlor, and some of them are cracked. There are framed photographs of uninteresting European scenes and of men and women whom he now dislikes. And the books! Old encyclopedias, worthless novels, editions of Greek and Latin authors in the original which are to him as in some African dialect: "The Love Life of Dr. Kane" and volumes of that class, complete editions of authors now unreadable, old college text books, treatises on wigs, cravats, canes, hats, shoes; volumes of poems and essays with inscriptions of the still unrecognized authors; cook books of the 18th century—oh, the money wasted on this "library of a gentleman." Robinson will not sell, give away, or throw away the stupidest or the most ragged volume, whether it be now on a shelf or on a closet floor. "I have never parted with a book without needing it the next week, although I may not have opened it for three years." "Many of these books are now unattainable, and they will bring a good price at auction after I am gone. You will be the gainer, Louisa," he says in a melancholy voice to his wife.

If Robinson were a truly courageous and sensible man, he would go to his shelves blindfolded, pull down several hundred volumes and give them to the janitor for reckless disposal. He would then be able to read the books remaining and possibly with profit. And could not his Louisa spend some hours in adding from her heap of duds to the pile in the alley, or by admitting the old clo' man, however conservative he might be?

Mr. Herklmer Johnson writes to The Herald complaining of the dulness of the newspapers. Why, then, does he not furnish copy either by sending contributions or by the achievement of some strange or daring deed? He writes—the letter is dated July 7—"Since July 2 I have read nearly 90 newspapers, and what have I read that was of permanent value or contemporaneous interest? In the Sun of last Sunday there was an article on the precise nature of an ideal bar-room with digressions concerning certain mixed drinks; but Mr. Harry Johnson in his prescription for a mint julep did not mention the fact that in certain Virginian towns you are asked if you will have yours of whiskey or of French brandy." Mr. Johnson is known as 'the mixed drinks wizard,' but I fear he is superficial. More to be recommended was an article on tripe published in the Evening Post of July 2, a thoughtful, scholarly article with illuminating quotations from Aristophanes, Aethnaeus, and various collections of anecdotes. Not that I personally like tripe; indeed, the kind that looks like a rubber doormat covered with a white sauce is especially distasteful, although I have never tasted it. I read that the saloon keeper who first gave a fried oyster with every drink died in Louisville, and I wrote forthwith a foot-note for the eighth chapter of the seventh volume of my forthcoming sociological work. I also read in the World of July 6 that Marjorie, the beautiful young wife of Mr. Patterson, 'a leader in Atlanta business and social circles,' was granted a divorce. She alleged that her husband cruelly abused her because she did not make all his shirts. Any man that wishes to wear shirts made by his wife does not deserve to have either a wife or a shirt. Mr. Patterson was surely not in his right mind, nor would it be any answer to say that being an emotional person he wished to be choked in the neck and swollen as to his bosom by his wife's own handiwork.

"I also noted the fact, published in the Pall Mall Gazette, that in 1507 Mr. C. S. Rolls attempted to fly with wings from a battlement of Stirling Castle in the presence of James IV., but he dropped on a heap of manure. His excuse was this: 'The wings were partly constructed of dunghill fowls, and were by sympathy attracted to the dunghill, and had they entirely consisted of eagle's feathers, they would, for the same reason, have been attracted towards the heavens.'"

STORY OF LOVERS OF RACHEL TOLD

Hector Fleischmann Writes of Those Who Pursued the Actress or Were Caught or Stolen by Her.

STRANGE PRESCRIPTIONS SENT TO DYING ONE

By PHILIP HALE.

Three books about Rachel have been published recently in Paris: "Rachel et son Temps," by A. de Faucigny-Lucinge; "La Vie Sentimentale de Rachel," by Valentine Thomson, and "Rachel Intime," by Hector Fleischmann. The last named volume of 410 pages, with nearly 90 portraits and other illustrations, is frank and interesting. Describing the private life of the actress, it gives a curious picture of the artistic life in Paris for 30 years, from 1828 to 1858.

Rachel had many and illustrious lovers, but it is doubtful whether she ever experienced a great passion. She was too calculating, too avaricious. Mr. Fleischmann sums up her career by saying that in all her liaisons the Jewess ended what the woman had begun. One of her lovers, Dr. Veron, wrote of her in his "Memoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris": "Do not let your heart be inflamed by the sudden explosion of coquetry and tenderness with which the tragedian capriciously pleases herself in stupefying the first comer. She will not remember the next morning her winning words and her advances of the night before. She sometimes laughs to herself over the passions that she inspires." She craved declarations of love and was amused by them, and it was her habit among intimate friends to run over the list of aspirants and mock their hopes. "She was the sister," says Mr. Fleischmann, "of all these heroines of the stage, sensual rather than sensitive, libertine rather than witty, but skilled at their own time and according to their humor in uniting these graces which seem so contradictory in our less happy days."

It was in 1827 that Rachel first appeared on the stage of a theatre and she was then 16 years old. Her first lover was in all probability Dr. Louis Veron whom she met late in 1838. Was he the first, or was Rachel like the joyous old woman in the Satire of Petronius? Mr. Fleischmann begins his story of the affair with this philosophical reflection. "It is often difficult for a woman to name her first lover, what complications must surround a search for which there must be rummaging in a past which is now more than 50 years old."

Veron first saw Rachel when she was at the Gymnase Theatre, poorly dressed, coarsely shod, and when he remarked on this shabbiness, de Mirecourt logically replied: "Doctor, it is necessary to buy her some boots." Veron was then 40 years old. He began life as a paper merchant and he thus turned naturally to literature, but to make money, which was his god, he invested 17,000 francs in a pectoral paste which soon brought him in 100,000 francs a year. He wrote for the newspapers; he became an editor, also a dramatic critic; he founded a magazine, the Revue de Paris, and he became owner of an influential newspaper, the Constitutionnel. He directed the Paris Opera from 1831 to 1835 and so shrewdly that he retired from the opera with a fortune estimated at 2,000,000 francs. He was a high-liver, extravagant, a sensualist. His dinners, prepared by Sophie, a Norman woman, were famous, and at these dinners and suppers a pleasing intermezzo was provided by the appearance of opera girls in living pictures. He once told Houssaye that he was a happy man. "For 30 years I have drunk daily a bottle of champagne and always enjoyed it. I have had all the women I wanted, and the government has done nothing of importance without consulting me."

He was fat and grotesque, red-faced, with a little snub nose, enormous cheeks and the eyes of a pig. A scrubby, yellow beard framed his face. A few scraggly and still more yellow hairs grew on his neck, as timid plants in a garden at the end of the season. His cravats were enormous, so that Roger de Beauvoir

used to place his reading letters addressed to "Dr. Veron, in his cravat, Paris." He wore, cocked on one side, a hat that would have excited the envy of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. Ponsard described him to the Duchesse Decazes: "I know him; he is fat, ugly and scrofulous." Barbey d'Aurevilly added that he was leprous. Helne said: "It has often seemed to me that from his eyes crawled a rampant mass of little worms, sticky and shiny." The doctor's bearing was one of insolent self-satisfaction. "His eloquence," said Thierry, "was that of the quack."

Rachel was only 17, and yet she endured this man for three years. There were quarrels and reconciliations. Rachel was not a restful person. She was foolish, for she wrote letters to him that did her no credit either in orthography or in morals. When the final separation came, on account of Count Walewski, a son of Napoleon, Veron invited his friends to dinner, and these letters of the Tragic Muse, were served in vessels of porcelain or gold for the entertainment of the guests. Rachel, hearing of this contemptible act, was furious. Nevertheless, it is believed that secretly she renewed her relations with him, for the doctor was a man of influence even in the early days of the second empire. And yet, while this hog of a man was her lover, she refused an offer of marriage from Astolphe de Custine, which would have made her a marchioness.

Alfred de Musset at the zenith of his glorious youth was for a time at Rachel's feet. He had praised her art in the Revue des Deux Mondes; he had written glowing verses in her honor. There is a legend that it was she who made the advances in the hope that he would write a comedy and a tragedy for her; that he accepted her invitation to supper; that, engrossed in games of chess at a cafe, he arrived late, and his declarations breathed absinthe and beer. But at that time De Musset was an impatient wit, not a drunkard. As a mat-

ter of fact, he invited her to a punch party in her honor, and she declined. In May, 1839, he dreamed of and even sketched a tragedy for her. They had happy summer days together at Montmorency. "How charming she was," he wrote, "the other evening, running about in her garden with her feet in my slippers." De Musset was irritable, Rachel's temper was trying, and Augustine Brohan of the Comedie Francaise soon caused him to forget Rachel. As he told the story, she left the theatre after a performance and gave her arm to some young scribbler. Buloz chided her, whereupon she said: "Bah! When I have enough of any one I know how to get rid of him," and she then mentioned de Musset's name and boasted that the reason he no longer visited her was that she had told him he was not welcome.

Rachel, as well as the Princess de Belgioioso, was left by de Musset for Augustine Brohan. Dr. Veron, by the way, thought of marrying her sister Madeleine. He said to Houssaye: "As she is not for sale, the only way I can have her is to marry her. Then I shall have the handsomest woman in Paris, and she will cost me less than a mistress." A practical man, this Veron.

Insolence was then considered one of the finest attributes of a gentleman. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Prince de Joinville, the third son of Louis Philippe, wooed Rachel by sending his visiting card to her dressing room in the theatre, and on this card he wrote: "Where? When? How much?" She was not taken aback. She pencilled on the same card: "At your home. Tonight. Nothing." The prince was not 30 years old, and he was a blond, elegant, seductive person. Houssaye in a novel, "La Comedienne," which was based on the life of Rachel, said of him: "He massacred the virtue of those who asked to be massacred." For a time the prince was passionately in love with her. Letters still preserved, show his devotion. He mourned her absence, for she was coughing terribly at Ems, whither she had gone for a cure, and in Switzerland, with a violent irritation of the stomach, she took baths of whey. The liaison was broken off sometime before the events of 1848, but Rachel kept for a long time in her library a little statue of the prince. Only a fragment of one of her letters has come down to us and

in the fact that she was not only a beautiful woman, but a woman of great intellect and strong character.

Someday in 1840 it is thought that Rachel for once was desperately in love with a man, but his name is unknown and he did not respond to her caprice. Living in Rouen, she expected him, and he disappointed her. There was also an unknown whom she loved to see in London, and in her letters to him, she revealed herself as unhappy and tormented by her lack of strength. "I have great success, but at the cost of my health, my life. The drunkenness, which comes from an enthusiastic audience, passes into my blood and turns it."

When Rachel was in London in 1841 the intimacy between her and the Duke of Wellington provoked gossip, and yet Queen Victoria presented her with a gold bracelet set with diamonds and bearing this inscription: "Queen Victoria to Mlle. Rachel." It is said that as the tragedienne was complaining one day of her nerves, the Duke recommended to her baths of "eau sale," meaning, as he thought, salt water. "How's that! Baths of dirty water?" "Yes," "But, my lord, what sort of dirty water?"

Rachel, who had two pictures by Diaz in her little palace in the rue Trudon, refused a third which a colleague offered to her as a gift. "Diaz," she wrote, "is truly too little vellee for an ornament of my house. I often like the address of a charming wit, but I cannot admit the nudity that Moliere's Arsinoe loved so much. I am not a prude, but why should I deprive you of a picture that I should be obliged to hide?"

The colleague, who was either Nathalie or Mme. Noblet, answered her as follows: "Dear and great comrade! I was mad, almost implous in thinking my little picture worthy of your palace; but my folly has given me at least precious information concerning the sincerity of your modesty. Permit me to defend our comedy-repertoire which you invoke without meaning. Arsinoe objected above all to nudity in pictures. She covered nudity in pictures, but had an affection for the reality." And so I take back my little Diaz, which is somewhat confused by my rash venture, and I hide its confusion in my alcove, where only Messrs. ——— can see it."

In the boudoir of this palace was a bust of Napoleon by Canova, for Rachel was then beloved by the Count Walewski. When he became attached to the tragedienne he was about 34 years old and he had been a widower for about 10 years. He was charmed by her at a supper where, with other dishes, *a la Napoleon* and chicken *a la Marengo* were served. He repaid her for the supper by giving her the little palace in the rue Trudon. And in this palace was an old and huge guitar, the one used by Rachel when, as she was never weary of telling, she gained bread for herself and her family by singing. Mr. Fleischmann says that this guitar was to Rachel "my mother's cross." According to a contemporary, Rachel first saw the old guitar at the house of one of her friends, a Mme. S., and she begged that she might have it. When Count Walewski saw it in Rachel's boudoir he asked what it was doing there. "It is the guitar with which I, a poor girl, used to sing in the streets and ask the passersby for alms. I keep it, and I would not take £50,000 for it." The count, deeply moved, insisted on having it, and at last obtained it in exchange for a diamond bracelet and ruby necklace that Rachel desired. He took it home, rejoicing, and probably showed it to his friends. Mme. S. was one day at the count's home and noticed the guitar. Rachel had neglected to give her the tip. The surprise of Mme. S. led to an explanation, and the count was for a long time disgusted. This is the story told by de Mirecourt. Unfortunately for the story, the guitar was inventoried in the auction sale of Rachel's furniture and effects in 1873. Furthermore, the count was by no means a fool, and not at all blind to Rachel's weaknesses. He had a pretty and biting wit. Witness his letters to Dumas the Elder, when the latter attempted vainly to add himself to the list of Rachel's lovers. Refused by her and mocked delicately by the count, Dumas did not forgive her, as has already been shown in *The Herald*.

Rachel had her first child by the

Count Walewski, a boy, Alexandre Antonio Jean, born in 1845. She loved him sincerely, and the count recognized his paternity. The boy resembled his mother in many ways, and she became more greedy of money for his sake; and the count, until he married a Florentine in 1846, Anne Alexandrina Catherine de Ricci, who later was a brilliantly frivolous beauty in the harem of Napoleon III., showed his son many little attentions. The boy at last went into the diplomatic service, but he took an active part in the campaign of 1870-71 and in the fighting about Paris. In 1893 he was consul-general of France at Naples, and he died in 1893 at Turin, leaving behind him a son, who for a time was in the French army, and a daughter. His life had been a simple and honorable one.

Walewski left Rachel in 1846, a little before his second marriage. She talked of quitting the stage, but her grief did not end her career. Nor was she inconsolable.

In 1844 the celebrated actress, Virginia Dejazet, was in love with a young man, Arthur Bertrand, a son of the Bertrand who was with Napoleon on St. Helena. He was a tall youth, with soft eyes, a finely cultivated beard and excellent manners. Dejazet, at the age of 36, fell a victim to his charms, and was encouraged by Bertrand's mother after she had visited the actress to see what manner of woman she was. Arthur was only 17 years old, and the mother was thankful to Dejazet as an amorous initiator. As soon as the youth became of age he treated Dejazet abominably. He wasted her money, borrowed sums which he would not repay when she was in need, and was contemptuously unfaithful to her. Not only was he a gambler; he became a drunkard. Dejazet appealed to him in vain. At last Rachel, who was intimate with her, robbed her of the cash. Here was an instance of infatuation; for Bertrand had neither gold nor influence. Rachel was less generous toward him with money than was Dejazet, and she was not easily persuaded to lend to any one. She looked on him as a spoiled boy. And by him she had her second child, Gabriel Victor. Bertrand, always a cad, would not acknowledge his fatherhood, and the liaison was broken. Rachel kept the boy with her and her elder son. Gabriel entered the navy, had a part of his nose shot off by the bursting of a shell in the Franco-Prussian war, and he died in the Congo in 1893. The father died a bachelor in 1871. Dejazet was then poor and unhappy in London. She made no claim for the sums of money he had had when they were together.

Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, invited Rachel to play at Potsdam in 1852. The Tsar Nicholas I. was visiting Frederick and Rachel was offered as an intermezzo between a stag hunt and a diplomatic talk. To the consternation of all she rebelled herself in a long black silk garment which accentuated the dead white of her skin. Milda of the royal household redressed her. "Is it true that he is so handsome?" was her first question. "Is he really amiable toward women?" There was no doubt of his amiability, for she wrote to Leoconte. "The Emperor of all the Russias has sent me by his aide-de-camp Count Grieff two magnificent opals surrounded by diamonds, which I value, by the slight of the nose as they say—I don't know why—at £10,000." Furthermore, the Tsar invited her to act at St. Petersburg the next year.

And in that year she became the mistress of Prince Napoleon, otherwise known for his cowardice as "Crain-Plomb," and later as "Plomb-Plomb," through D. Mirecourt said that the prince's grandmother, fond of mockery, gave him the nickname "Gros Bonfi" or "Plon-Plon." The Prince had already lived with a relation of Rachel, Judith Bernat, and had a son by her. The prince had inherited his father's disposition and never could look on actresses with a cool eye.

His adventures with Mme. Arnould-Plessy and much later with Corn Pearl were notorious. Constantly unfaithful to Rachel, he nevertheless was apparently fond of her and he endeavored to prevent her journey to Russia, but he was not prepared to give to her the million roubles which she expected to gain there.

She went to Russia and her success was immediate, though Mlle. George and Mlle. Bourgois had also triumphed there before her. She was promised 400,000 francs for six months

and 100,000 francs for her company. In little over a month she netted over 200,000 francs, and she was showered with jewels. The Tsar gave her a ring with a large emerald and a dozen diamonds, ear-rings of rubies, diamonds and emeralds, a brooch with drops of opals and diamonds, and she had all sorts of presents from the Tsarina, Gortschakoff and the nobility. The Tsarina sent her a she-ass that she might be strengthened by a milk diet, and the actress was even invited to dine at the palace. At Moscow there was a harvest of rubies and costly presents given to her. Then she returned to Paris, but the days of her return were unhappy; she came to America to pass still unhappier days, and her return to Europe was to die. There was no longer any thought of lovers. When she took her last earthly journey from Marseilles to Cannel, it was on the yacht of Prince Napoleon, who thus paid a debt of remembrance, the lover of her better days. And she did not forget the attention, for the night before her death she ordered that he should receive two costly fruit stands and a bust.

When her funeral took place in Paris there was an enormous crowd. Her younger son walked immediately behind the hearse. The elder was in Switzerland. No one of her lovers held a cord of the funeral canopy, but, irony of ironies! Dumas the elder, the one that had been ignominiously rejected, was chosen as one of the honorary pallbearers.

She had gained great sums, and some of her lovers had been generous. The Herald has already stated that the sale of her furniture and personal effects brought nearly £400,000. The value of her whole estate was £1,274,371 9 centimes. The two children inherited a half, the parents a quarter and her brother and sisters the remaining quarter.

"On whose fingers today blaze the rings of Thisbe? About whose wrists curve and wind the golden serpent bracelets of Berenice? Whose are the tunic of Phedre; where, falling into dust, are the light veils of the Egyptian Cleopatra who appeared one night in the spectacular and legendary piece of a brilliant and divine twilight of the east?"

In a chapter entitled "L'Agonie d'Hermione" the author of "Rachel In Time" describes the sickness and death of the actress, after he has given an

annotated catalogue of the more illustrious lovers. Not the least interesting portion of this chapter is the account of remedies proposed by quacks and obscure admirers near and far.

When Lawrence Sterne fell sick in Paris a physician at once prescribed a refreshing potion, a sure cure against "the malady of consumption." A cock was flayed alive, ground in a mortar, boiled with poppy seeds, and strained. Then a male crawfish was added to the stew. A female would have induced complications.

Mr. Fleischmann does not mention this remedy, but prescriptions received by Rachel were as singular. One Bureau, then in America, sent the "receipt of an old physician." A calf's foot was to be cooked in a pint of milk. This broth was to be strained through a sieve and then sugared, or, if one preferred, orange flowers were to be added. The milk then jellied was to be eaten with a spoon. Mayor Pichard advised horse chestnuts roasted and reduced to powder. Another recommended hearty meats, generous wines, mineral waters and Blancard's iron pills. Mr. Rouch advised her to drink a water thus prepared: Take a pint of spring water and boil in it two sheep's feet, two heads of lettuce, a handful of watercress, five or six leaves of white chlorey, a grated carrot, a pinch of woodbine, a half-ounce of white gum arabic, an ounce of sugar candy and four crushed snails. Mr. Foulquier de la Marniere was cured of consumption by sleeping in a cow stable, and he offered Rachel that of his father-in-law. Perhaps these and other prescriptions still more singular relieved the boredom of the actress.

When her death was imminent, a dozen Jews and Jewesses came from Nice to intone the funeral chant of the Hebrews, and they sang from the Psalms until she was no more. It was 11 o'clock at night and an unforeseen rain beat against the shutters of her chamber. Dr. Tampier, the physician who attended Rachel, and wrote a pamphlet about her last hours which is now rare, states as a scientific fact that the approach of

watery meteors can shorten the death agony, or make it coincide with a change in the weather. "But the faith of many Israelites does not admit this simple explanation. In the eyes of people who profess this faith, a like coincidence proves that the angels weep and welcome the soul of the person who has just departed."

And when Rachel died, the people of Cannel saw, or thought they saw, flames rising from the villa. They hastened, believing the villa was on fire. Yet there was no trace of such an accident in the house.

At the grave in Pere Lachaise the chief rabbi prayed in Hebrew and then protested against the rumor of Rachel's conversion to Christianity. Arsene Houssaye, who wished always to be considered witty, added in his memoirs that the rabbi, seeing the Baron de Rothschild near him, said between two psalms: "I did well to sell my Credit Mobilier; it was high time. It's dropped 100 francs."

The dramatists, the writers, the famous and the humble were near this grave, and as Figaro observed, "tragically was represented only by the absence of M. Ponsard." And near the grave, with violets as a last gift, was Virginie Dejazet, whose lover, Bertrand, had been stolen from her by the woman in the coffin.

Tremont Theatre.

After a long and successful season the Tremont Theatre closed its doors for a brief vacation last evening, when "The Girl in the Taxi" came to the end of its run.

Sept. 6, Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still," by Jules Eckert Goodman. First time here; two weeks.

Sept. 20, "The Candy Shop." First time here; six weeks.

Nov. 1, "The Love Cure," by Edmund Eysler and Oliver Herford. First time here; four weeks.

Nov. 29, Elsie Ferguson in "Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock. First time here; two weeks.

Dec. 13, "Follies of 1909," by Harry E. Smith and Maurice Levi. First time here; three weeks.

Jan. 3, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. First time here; nine weeks.

March 7, Raymond Hitchcock in "The Man Who Owns Broadway," by George M. Cohan. First time here; nine weeks.

May 9, "The Girl in the Taxi," with Carter de Haven, by Anthony Mars, adapted by Stanislaus Stange. First time here; nine weeks.

Park Theatre.

When the curtain fell upon "The Man from Home" at the Park Theatre, last evening, it ended the season that had lasted from September to July. Every attraction presented was new to the Boston stage. The summary:

Sept. 2, Emmett Corrigan in "Keegan's Pal," by Paul Wilstach; 2½ weeks.

Sept. 20, Thomas A. Wise and Douglas Fairbanks in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise; 14 weeks.

Dec. 13, Fanny Ward in "Van Allen's Wife," by Forrest Halsey and Lee Arthur; two weeks.

Dec. 27, Ruth St. Denis in Hindu dances; one week.

Jan. 2, William Hodge in "The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson; 27 weeks.

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WALNUTS FOR FIERCENESS.

The men and women who insist that we should all live chiefly on nuts, even when we are physically unable to climb trees or throw sticks at branches, will welcome the news that the fierce bulls raised for Mexican arenas are fed on English walnuts. Whether chestnuts, pecan nuts, almonds, butternuts, hazelnuts or the world-famous nuts of Brazil would be as stimulating a diet, we leave to learned students, natural and unlicensed doctors, theorists and manufacturers of health-saving foods. A writer in the Referee of London attributes a bellicose disposition to ill-chosen food. "People who lead sedentary lives and who eat starch in the form of potatoes, bread and pie crust, and also flesh meats of various kinds, unconsciously replenish their deposit of cantankerousness." In mythology there were horses that fed on human flesh, and we do not err,

COLOR AND HEAT.

Forty years ago or more it was generally believed in New England that boys and men who wore red flannel underclothes in winter were warmer and more comfortable than those who wore white flannel underclothes of equal or even heavier weight. Thick clothing was then considered indispensable in winter, and chest protectors of buckskin and flannel were worn by many next the skin. Houses, schools, offices and shops were kept at summer heat, and in many instances the internal warmth was so great that furniture cracked. Little by little there was a swing to the other extreme. Now many wear light-weight underclothes the year round, and some men wear knee drawers and short-sleeved undershirts in December. The theory that red flannels are warmer than white ones excites homeric laughter. But now comes Capt. J. M. Phalen, U. S. A., with a paper, "An Experiment with Orange Red Underwear in the Tropics," in which he records experiments and arrives at the conclusion that the red is five degrees warmer than the white in hot countries. Meanwhile Prof. Henry J. Cox of Chicago insists that on a hot day a man in black and exposed to the sun is twenty degrees hotter than if he was dressed in white. Yet what trousers are hotter than those of white duck, and what are cooler than those of yellow nankeen, which, alas, are now not easily obtained in this country? Have experiments been made with blue, green, violet? The chief calefacient in summer is the white starched shirt with stiff collar, fixed or adjustable. Prof. Cox does not state whether the black and white clothes used in the experiments were of equal weight. There are still sticklers for propriety, who wear frock coats and plug hats when Sirius rages at high noon.

HAMMERSTEIN IN LONDON.

Mr. Hammerstein is as irrepressible as he is enthusiastic. He is enamored of opera, and he will be faithful to his love. Having promised not to give performances of grand opera in New York, he now looks toward London. Mr. Beecham, the son of the wealthy pill manufacturer, has taken opera as a hobby, as other men golf, or the collecting of first editions, and though he is prepared to spend large sums, he declares that Londoners are not an operagoing folk; that the opera at Covent Garden is only an amusement of society. If Mr. Hammerstein should produce opera in London as he did at the Manhattan, he would at least surprise the general public and he might thus gain liberal support. He is audacious, and he has an unusual faculty for engaging singers who are talked about, and who draw, please and excite large audiences. He was born under a lucky and operatic star.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—Lindsay Morison stock company in "Caught in the Rain," by William Collier and Grant Stewart. Cast:

Dick Crawford.....Wilson Melrose
James Maxwell.....Edward F. Nannery
Bryce Forrester.....Theodore Friehus
Bob Livingston.....Richard Pitman
George Thompson.....George DeCarleton
Andrew Mason.....John Meehan
David Bertrum.....Frank Smithfield
Jake Schneider.....Louis Thiel
Andy Cronin.....John MacNeil
George Washington White.....William Hasson

Muriel Mason.....Rosalind Coghlan
Violet Mason.....Katherine Clinton
Mrs. Meriden.....Rose Morison
Nellie Gardner.....Mary Sanders

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and her stock company in "Sapho," founded on Daudet's novel. Cast:
Jean Gaussin.....Richard Buhler
Dechelle.....William Balfour
Uncle Cesare.....Harry Brooks
Flamant.....James S. Barrett
Hettima.....William H. Everts
Caoudal.....Charles Stevens
Joseph.....Anna Kiley
Madame Hettima.....Florence Hale
Julie.....Olive Rea Temple
Aunt Divonne.....Eleanor Brownell
Alice Dore.....Ruth Copley
Fanny LeGrand ("Sapho").....Charlotte Hunt

KEITH'S.

George Macfarlane and Viola Gillette in "Accidents Will Happen."

Several of the acts at Keith's last night were as refreshing on a hot night as a plunge in the ocean or a fresh wind from the mountains. They were as tonic to the audience which showed its appreciation in prolonged applause. This was especially true of George Macfarlane and Viola Gillette, formerly of "The Beauty Spot," who appeared in a little skit called "Accidents Will Happen." To hear Macfarlane's rich bass voice and see the picture presented by the winsome Miss Gillette was a treat.

Seymour Brown and Nat Ayer, Boston boys, filled up nearly half an hour with capital bits of song and humor. They are excellent entertainers, and their new song, "Chantecler," was a hit. Their specialties are original and timely and both sing well.

The possibilities of the work that can be done on a hot night by one in perfect physical condition was well illustrated by Bobby Pandur and his brother. These exponents of physical culture gave an entertaining demonstration of strenuous acrobatics.

"Baseballitis" is a comedy that brings the fan within his own home. The wife, stung to the quick by the inattention of her husband, who is constantly at baseball games and clubs, advertises for a star boarder. She gets one, but unknowingly it is a chum of her husband's, who gives her the fright of her life. The skit is well done by Arthur Avers, Joseph Redman and Miss Eleanor Wisdom.

The first vaudeville presentation of "La Grande Pandore," by Mrs. John Colby Abbott, was not highly appreciated. A lecture on dress of centuries ago failed to strike a very responsive chord in last night's audience. Perhaps it was the weather.

Josephine Joy is a New England Conservatory girl who has been an understudy to Fritz Scheff. She has some of the mannerisms of the singer and has a good voice.

Other acts were De Dio's pony circus, Douglas and Mascop sisters and Work and Ower, European acrobats.

BURR'S PISTOLS.

The Herald spoke last Sunday of collectors, their mania and their zeal. It then failed to mention the singular tribe that finds pleasure in forming a museum of weapons that have killed famous men and of memorabilia connected with the hangman, the sworder, the electrician of the chair, in a word with all the final dispensers of justice or injustice. There is no reference here to hands of criminals and pieces of Jack-ketches rope that may be used in witchcraft; for witchcraft is still practised in many civilized countries, even in lonely villages of the north; in city districts where ignorant foreigners swarm; on southern plantations.

Of close kin to the collector of gruesome relics is the man that prides himself on the possession of pistols, rifles, rapiers used in celebrated duels. Only last week a man appeared in a Louisville police court, and as a full answer to the charge that he had kicked a negro boy in the face proudly asserted his descent in a straight line from Aaron Burr, and as a proof showed the pistols that were held by Burr and Hamilton. Where have not these pistols been shown? What stories

have not been told about them? The pistols were last seen by Bostonians at an inn kept for many years at Mashpee for the benefit of fishermen and less industrious visitors to the Cape. The landlord did not favor all his guests. If they simply paid their bill and said "Good evening," they left in ignorance of the sacred relics; but if there was judicious praise of the fried bananas, the chickens and the tub butter in which the landlord for some reason took a pride that was inhuman, the pistols were produced with a solemnity that turned the little dining room into a shrine. Then there was a tale that tried the patience of the stoutest soul. According to the landlord these pistols were at one time in the possession of Daniel Webster, and the inference was that the godlike Daniel bequeathed them to the landlord's father. The tale in all its length and with all its details was heard in silence. Woe to him that interrupted! Landlord Holmes died some years ago. Where now are the pistols? From long telling of the story he had come to believe in it implicitly. His exultation in the actual possession was equalled only by that of Rawdon Crawley bequeathing to Becky on the eve of Waterloo the pistols, his best pair, with which he had shot the captain.

ANTI-SIEGFRIED.

Siegfried Wagner's opera "Der Kobold," produced a few years ago at Hamburg, was hissed when it was recently performed at Berlin, and newspaper, have commented on the event as "Anti-Wagnerian." This is doing Siegfried too much honor. The Anti-Wagnerian, if he exists, is against the illustrious father's theories and boresome passages, for even the warmest admirer of Richard now admits the existence of tedious pages in "The Ring." Siegfried is hardly worth the distinction. Studying to be an architect he was persuaded by his mother to turn musician that there might be a dynasty at Bayreuth, and he and his mother have there done the great Richard much harm. The demonstration at Berlin was only against a tiresome opera—for, according to report, "Der Kobold," as are the other operas of Siegfried, is dull. Berliners have in all times held public frankness to be an artistic duty.

AGGRESSIVE INDIVIDUALITY.

They that urge men to be individual and conspicuous in dress in the desire of accentuating personality, enlivening the landscape and giving color to conventionally drab streets, should mark the fate of Mr. Chenken of New York and of Mr. Gunther of Ogden, Utah. Mr. Chenken, asking for the renewal of a pushcart license, blazed with diamonds and other precious minerals, and was looked on with suspicion. Mr. Gunther, disembarking on a New York pier, arrayed gallantly in cowboy costume and balancing a rifle over a shoulder, excited the attention of the surveyor of the port, and lo, Mr. Gunther was found to have goods in excess of those declared by him. Sobriety in dress would have served the two, and they would have passed in the crowd. There is no sociological or aesthetic reason why a pushcart man should not wear diamonds, or why a citizen, now that Mr. Roosevelt is in New York as an editor, should not dress as a cowboy; but in each instance the particular occasion demanded a conventional appearance.

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. J. M. Barrie says that he always likes to have a dictionary on the table when he is at work; the presence of the book gives him

feeling of... as well as the... and the modern one... to some more than a... help in time of trouble. It is not to them that a corrector of spelling or a compilation of definitions. When Gautier, a young man, first called on Baudelaire, the latter asked him impressively whether he was fond of reading dictionaries, not consulting them, but reading them, as he would read Balzac or Dumas.

Another part of the Oxford English Dictionary, edited by Sir James A. H. Murray, has just been published. It includes words from "Sauce-alone" (the name of a plant) to "Scouring." This particular part of the eighth volume is edited by Mr. Henry Bradley. When Dr. Furnival died a few days ago, many newspapers stated that he was the editor of this dictionary. He may have assisted in the collection of material, but his name has never appeared in any volume as editor or sub-editor.

The July part records 3157 words, while the Standard, within the same limits, records 2948, and the Century 2955. Dr. Johnson admitted only 84. The Oxford contains 14,204 illustrative quotations, and in these quotations the general reader will find much entertainment. The Standard contains only 192 quotations; the Century 294; and Dr. Johnson's, 735.

Let us today consider Mr. Bradley's treatment of a few Americanisms.

"To have the sa,"—that is, to be in command, is noted as a pure Americanism, and the earliest quotation is from Owen Wister's "Virginian" (1902). Surely the readers for the dictionary have been negligent. There must be instances of this phrase in American literature before that date.

"Scout" a workman who refuses to join an organized movement on behalf of his trade, was originally an Americanism. The earliest quotation is from Select Cases State of New York (1811). "The offending member was then termed a 'scout' and wherever he was employed no others of the society were allowed to work." And the dictionary admits "scout" but, and classes "scab" (the latter it is an Americanism).

"Scallywag" is also entered as originally an Americanism from western New York. There are variants as "scallawag," "scallawag," "scallawag," "scallawag." The origin is obscure. In the United States the word was a term for undersized or ill-conditioned cattle. The ill-favored and emaciated kine seen by Elmer in the dream were "scallywags." Was this the original use of the word, and whence came the word with reference to rascals or other cattle? It is entered suddenly as Mr. John W. Kerr of Indiana coined the word "scallywag" a few days ago to explain Mr. Roosevelt's going to that State to speak in behalf of Senator Beveridge. Nor should it be forgotten that in the south a "scallywag" was a native white who was willing to assist the reconstruction measures.

"Scupper," known in connection with railway tickets, appeared in the Nation of Oct. 5, 1887, but the word was in common use before that. The word is known as scamps are found only in American waters.

"Schooner," a tall glass, used for beer and ale, and containing about double the quantity of an ordinary tumbler. We are glad to see this important word dignified by a separate article. "Of obscure origin." Did the word come from the gongooz vessel or from the prairie song? A Boston newspaper furnishes the first quotation (1886): "Steno, a beer garden, Mr. Schwaitzer (referring to the music). 'Dot vos Meyerbeer.' Mr. Hooligan (excitedly in view of the fact that only one schooner stands on the table between the two gentlemen): 'Yere a beer, it's my beer.' 1886, but Mr. Bradley's schooner crossed many bars before that year, and the word and the contents were in many mouths. We do not now speak as one recounting a tradition. "Schooner house" is unknown to us. In Great Britain a schooner should contain 14 pint glasses.

When we went to dancing school in the sixties in a village on the Connecticut river, prudent parents frowned on the waltz and were as bitter against it as was Lord Byron with his once celebrated poem. We were taught the Lancers and the Schottische was allowed. (There was an outcry when a florid young man with wavy hair came from Springfield and announced a course of lessons in waltzing. He was viewed at first as a dangerous competitor. But friendly persons with new-fangled ideas had crept into the village. They were to learn in waltzing, and Prof. Bell's class was soon reduced to the comfort of a waltz. It was a great success. It was a great success. It was a great success.

These words are... will disappear... the word... is not an Americanism... the only use of the verb "to scoop" noted here is by Mark Twain. I polked and scotched with a step peculiar to myself—and the Kangaroo.

To "scissor"—to clip out extracts from a newspaper, appeared in the Dublin University Magazine as far back as 1863, but the noun a "scissors" is entered here as an Americanism and the Cornell Review of 1878 is quoted. The journalistic use of "scoop," noun and verb, was originally American. (And there are other purely American uses of the verb; as to take oysters with a dredge; or a right whale's feeding by taking in large mouthfuls of bristly.) The phonetic Journal in 1886 remarked that "a 'scooped' city editor is a disagreeable man to argue with." The first journalistic use of the verb in literature is here given to the Christian World in 1884.

The verb "to scoop" as applied to a singer's abuse of the portamento, or sliding in a slovenly manner from one interval to another, is not admitted.

The verb "to scoot"—probably of Scandinavian origin—is used both in Scotland and in this country, meaning "to slide suddenly, as on slippery ground" and J. C. Neal in his "cartoon sketches" spelled it "skote" with the meaning "to go suddenly and swiftly." It was originally a British nautical slang word, often written "scout" and it became obsolete early in the 19th century, while the modern "scoot" was apparently imported into general British use from the United States. The word "scooter," a simple plough with a single handle used for marking furrows, etc., is an Americanism. So is the verb "to score" meaning to scold severely. Is this a derivative use of the mark by cuts of a whip as in Shakespeare's "let us score their backs"? We find no reference to the American use of "scowder" in its widest sense. Nor has any American editor apparently thought of introducing Montaigne's scintillations as a scowder, using correctly the word of copy for a humorous column. There are other words in this new part of the Oxford Dictionary to which we may refer later.

July 15, 1910

O BE JOYFUL!

A group of preachers and evangelists will erect in a few weeks a place of worship in Washington, D. C., a meeting house to be known as "the Church of Happiness." This group is "Incorporated," possibly "limited." The new church will be known for "music, merriment and laughter." As the prospectus announces: "The old hell of the old religion, with its flaming fires, its dancing imps, in leather hides and hoofs, its catacombs of bones and dead hopes, its fumes of sulphur, is a thing of the past." It also appears from this prospectus that crime is hatched only where there is no mirth. "Depravity flourishes in the shades of darkness." And so Victor Hugo fondly believed that crime would not exist when education was universal, whereas in these days education is indispensable to those who would succeed brilliantly in crime; and so we once heard A. Bronson Alcott say that the millennium would come as soon as every workingman owned the complete works of Plato, forgetting that some deep thinkers looked upon the Republic as a subtly immoral book.

"Music and merriment will be the important features of the new religion." The music now sung by quartet choirs in many churches of the old order is sufficiently frivolous. In this new church will the psalter be chanted in rag time? Will hymns be sung to joyous tunes of the vaudeville stage, as Lowell Mason and others borrowed from the opera for the choir loft? The task of providing appropriate music will not be difficult, for a well-balanced choir director is one whose taste balances between his salary and the wishes of the congregation. But where is the merriment to come from? Will the man on the platform—pulpit is a too sombre word—read from comic weeklies and 10-cent jest books? The very thought of it is depressing. Will

comic pictures be thrown upon a screen? Will the service be anecdotal, a swapping of stories? Will the congregation rise in the invocation to mirth and remain standing until the interlocutor says in a subcellar voice: "Gentlemen, be seated"? These and other problems may be duly and effectively solved. There will, of course, be no passing of the plate, and no reference to Baudelaire's theory that laughter is inhuman, fiendish.

A cornet in church is tragic; but much can be done with a fiddle. The fiddler of Dooney, according to Mr. Yeats' poem, had a cousin a priest in Kilvarnet and a brother in Maharabulee.

When we come at the end of time, To Peter sitting in state, He will smile on the three old spirits, But call me first through the gate, For the good are always the merry Save by an evil chance, And the merry love the fiddle, And the merry love to dance.

And in the new church "All hands round" may serve as a benediction.

July 16, 1910
MEN AND THINGS

In the obituary sketches of Mr. Langdon W. Moore, who recently made a good ending in a New Hampshire village after a few years of a quiet, blameless life, nothing was said about the autobiography of the once distinguished burglar. The book is well worth reading for its matter and its style. George Borrow, when he was asked how he had learned to write straightforward and sinewy English, answered that he owed much to the Newgate Calendar, for he had edited one edition of that admirable work. Mr. Moore was as direct in narrative as he was when actively pursuing his profession. He neither underrated nor overestimated the difficulty of a task. Triumphant, he was not vainglorious, and in the simplicity of his story he resembled Gen. Grant or Julius Caesar rather than Benvenuto Cellini. Nor should his frequent tributes to the assistance of a sympathetic woman be forgotten.

This book was the favorite reading of a white-haired and retired banker whom we knew, and he would often exclaim after a chapter—for he read and reread the volume—"Moore must be a fine fellow; I should like to know him." There are few writers of autobiographies who so win the readers. Casanova was undoubtedly a blackguard, and many are ashamed to say in a clear bell-like voice that they have read his reminiscences either in the Paris or the Brussels edition. Leland tells an entertaining story to this effect in his memoirs. How at a supper in Cambridge or Boston, several well-read guests disclaimed any knowledge of the tall and swarthy adventurer, and only Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had the courage to say he had heard of the book. Thackeray borrowed from it for his "Barry Lyndon," but made no acknowledgement. Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography is, of course, delightful reading, but would you have felt at ease in his company? Would you not have feared his searching eye and his silent or mild rebuke for your foolish acts? Dr. Franklin was surely the original of Jonas in the Rollo books. One of the most amusing descriptions of him is purely fictitious, the one invented by Herman Melville in "Israel Potter," in which young Israel in Paris meets the philosopher and John Paul Jones. "Israel Potter," a capital book, should be reprinted in Everyman's Library.

Herbert of Cherbury was a brilliant man, also a mystic even in his daily life, but his account of his adventures does not inspire the wish for confidential relations. Cellini would have cut your throat, narrated the deed to the admiration of succeeding generations, and ended by thanking the Lord for his sure protection. There is Rousseau's Confessions, which were read when we were young on the sly, hoping to find things therein that were not there. Would you have been comfortable with him on a desert island, or on a foot journey? Would he have had one thought for your comfort? Would he have shared the cost of a meal? But he would have talked gloriously about the necessity of a return to Nature and he would have told you entertaining facts about Mme. de Warens.

Mr. Moore's autobiography was of a healthy tone. A few days ago a contributor to the Evening Post of New York did not hesitate to say that the

accounts of the mill at Reno and the exhibition of the pictures taken there would teach boys lessons of soberness, patience, industry, manliness, nor did he write in labored irony. One might argue that Mr. Moore's autobiography should for the same reasons be in the hands of every bright-eyed, ambitious boy. As we remember, Mr. Moore brought forward many objections against too close imitation of his conduct and often displayed a lively sense of high morality. The Autobiography is a far more moral work than the volume published recently which purports to be the life of Daniel Drew.

The Sunday Herald (July 10), reviewing a life of Rachel, the actress, gave a list of singular prescriptions sent to her by cranks, charlatans and ignorant admirers when she was dying of consumption. A Spanish physician announced a few weeks ago that he had discovered a simple and effective cure, and that he, Dr. Camina, cured himself of the disease by a diet of dried figs and wine. The patient should eat 12 figs a day and wash down each fig with a draught of wine. "These should be taken not less than four hours after the principal meal of the day." If figs are eaten in this manner they will "destroy all pulmonary affections by making the blood circulate rapidly through the lungs."

This reminds us that Professor Deycke of Hamburg has invented the "Nastlin" treatment for leprosy. "The treatment consists of the subcutaneous injection of nastlin—a bacterial fatty body in oily solution combined with benzoyl chloride." Thus are the bacilli destroyed. It is absolutely necessary, however, to continue the treatment at intervals for several years, and results may vary according to the age and the severity of the disease, and also the individual condition of the patient. Might not this treatment be given in America as well as in the Persian Gulf or in British Guiana? Every now and then some unfortunate living in or passing through this country is suspected of leprosy. He is at once isolated and shunned. Some physicians swear that he is suffering only from a harmless skin disease; perhaps he has a bad case of eczema. Others swear that he has the true leprosy. While there is this acrid dispute the poor wretch is feared as though he were a roaring lion escaped from a menagerie. If he is obliged to travel, he is thrown into a freight or box car and food and drink are thrown at him. His condition would not have been worse in mediaeval times when he would have been obliged to ring a bell or clap a stick against his beggar's dish to announce his dreaded approach; or when confined in an English home for lepers he would have been fed chiefly on salmon, because in those days the fish was so cheap that servants rebelled when it was served to them.

Some may have smiled at the injunction against "crowing cocks and cackling hens" at Templeton, but Herbert Spencer would have heartily approved. He related at length and with the lack of humor characteristic of him the story of a cock disturbing his synthetic philosophy and the attempt to give relief without a violent surgical operation on the cock. An inverted bucket restored the philosopher's peace of mind for a time. But early cocks are not the only disturbers at a country inn. The stablemen rise at a surprisingly early hour and discourse on topics of the day with oratorical voices. Before them the little birds loved by the poets chatter until they seem to the city man tossing in bed as large as the great auk or the plumed ostrich. The domestics in the inn are not sluggards, nor do they wear rubber soles, nor are the pots and pans sheathed in velvet. And when the guests have breakfasted and are on the veranda their din with that of little Lucy and Johnny racing up and down confounds cocks, birds, stablemen, so that they are silent. For peace there is only the city with its conservative noise or the cemetery. The latter is visited occasionally by a commemorating brass band.

ON THE WHITE HOUSE.

Some rubbed their eyes in wonder when they read that lightning rods were to be placed on chimneys and points of the White House at Washington to "arrest" the lightning, for they were under the impression that rods or conductors were of little use and in some instances might be dangerous, as an inviter of what would otherwise pass by, like the Levite, on the other side. There was a time when the lightning-rod man drove all over the country, voluble and pliant.

and he also drove "a brave trade with the fears of man." Not even a house was unprovided with a rod. For some reason or other he fell into disrepute and was classed as a social pest, with the sewing machine agent and the widow soliciting subscriptions for "Prominent men of Hockanum county" with steel engravings. Did Herman Melville's story, which was first published in Putnam's Magazine, aid in the reaction? This story, characterized by an unsympathetic reviewer at the time as grotesque verbiage, was included with "Bartleby," "Benito Cereno," "The Bell Tower" and "The Eucantadas" in a delightful volume, "The Piazza Tales." According to Melville the lightning rod man chose the time of thunder storms for his travelling, and, while the thunder was crashing, showed his sample: "An elevation of five feet above the house will protect twenty feet radius all about the rod. Only \$20, sir—a dollar a foot. Hark! Dreadful! Will you order? Will you buy? Shall I put down your name? Think of being a heap of charred offal, like a haltered horse burnt in his stall; and all in one flash!"

In the city the timid think little about the protection of a rod. They are persuaded that they will escape in the crowd. They talk wisely about networks of wires and consequent diffusion. In the farmhouse cottage, bungalow, summer palace, vanity leads the dwellers to fear particular attention, selective marksmanship above. They would fain put by the honor. They hope faintly that the bolt will strike Jones' flagpole which shows he is "in residence." Brown's tall willow, or the spire of the meeting house. At night they light a candle or a lamp to see the storm clearly. Robinson splashes himself all over with water and stands on a rug in the centre of his bed chamber till the roar becomes a surly mutter. But neither Robinson nor Ferguson says to himself: "I'll order lightning rods tomorrow," for they have been led to believe in the inefficiency of conductors.

It is doubtful whether anyone enjoys a thunder storm, though many show bravado afterward, as Panurge at sea played the brave fellow, and they speak of the frequency and severity of storms as a recommendation of the locality, as an advantage to their real estate. Few fear a stroke of presidential lightning, but possibly Mr. Taft wishes to take every precaution against a second term.

MEN AND THINGS

Our old friend and valued correspondent Mr. Lucien B. Henderson called on us last Monday, when the weather was hot and humid, and, without waste of time in conventional compliment and inquiry, asked why some one had not found a way of applying the force of negative gravity to men's drawers. "In weather like this, you may have observed, it is the tendency of drawers to approach the ground, while the undershirt cannot be prevented from rising. You may remember Frank Stockton's tale of negative gravity. Why cannot drawers at least be kept in proper position by utilization of this force? And at the same time the shirt should be controlled by positive gravity." Mr. Henderson spoke with much feeling, and as soon as he came to an end he fished for the lower garment. We reminded him that Dr. Maginn in his "Maxims of O'Doherty" plumed himself on the invention of tape supports for drawers, but Mr. Henderson answered that tapes were efficacious only in case of suspenders; that when a belt is worn a man is the victim of so-called natural laws.

This misbehavior of drawers is another instance of the de-

pravity of inanimate things. There is the light overcoat, which when carried over an arm is singularly heavy, and suggests a paradox as ingenious as that of the sole leather valise which apparently weighs more when it is empty than when it is full. No matter how carefully you adjust this overcoat, it is tricky and rebellious. The collar is bound to touch the ground; the sleeves are not to be kept from flapping; the centre of gravity is constantly shifting. We have seen men endeavoring to carry a pet cat under an arm. A light overcoat squirms in a way that would excite the envy of any cat.

There was a stage coach accident near Yosemite last Sunday. The coach went over a cliff as it was rounding a sharp curve. In tales and sketches of western life in the old and glorious days a coach would sometimes go round a curve on only two wheels, and there was constant "skirting of precipices." The joy of the driver was in thus frightening passengers from the East and in exciting the admiration of the hardened, blasé natives. No doubt there were accidents in the famous years. The driver would be a little too venturesome, but as one told Artemus Ward on a stormy night when the stage was rocking wildly in its flight down a steep pass, the prudent driver after an accident examined the passengers. If any were severely wounded, he finished them with the king bolt, for dead people did not sue, they were "not on it." The glory of stage coaching is departed.

Silas Hoffman, who died recently in New Jersey, was named in newspapers as "the hermit of Bedminster," but hermits are not what they formerly were. This one slept for years in a bed chamber; a devoted sister cared for him; he had been silent for over 25 years. The true hermit lived in a practical cell, usually a cave or a rude forest hut. He was unattended. He was a fount of wisdom when not a babbling brook. On the stage he is almost always an imposing bore—as in "Der Freischuetz"—and it is more than probable that he was an appalling bore in real life. Suppose that one of them had been caught and subjected to the ignominy of a razor and the barber's shears. Would not the virtue have gone out of him, as benevolence did out of Mr. Christopher Casby after Pancks was through with him?

The old hermit was, after all, a theatrical character, too often on the point of throwing off his disguise and appearing as a wronged eldest son, disappointed lover, banished duke. Pretending to live on roots and herbs and water from the spring, he did not refuse broken meats from the neighbors, a flask or jug now and then, or gifts from passersby. Even St. Simon on his pillar had food hoisted up to him.

William Lole, better known as "the old Hermit of Newton Burgoland," which is near Ashby-de-la-Zouck, and living as late as the last Sixties, did not pretend to be a recluse or ascetic. He drank his beer, following the example of the hermit in Dr. Johnson's lines; he smoked his pipe, he ate heartily and omnivorously; yet he insisted that he was a hermit, because, forsooth, he was "an abettor of freedom." Mr. Lole had 12 suits of clothes and 20 hats of different forms, with some emblem or motto on each one, and one of these hats cost \$5. No man thus hampered could have been an "abettor of freedom." And Mr. Lole served tea in his garden for a shilling or sixpence a head and he wrote and printed little pamphlets and tracts. This was no true hermit.

Nor would it be easy for a man wishing to live alone in the enjoyment of religious meditation to find a desert or solitude without a fatiguing journey to a remote land. The rich that buy up tracts in western Massachusetts or the Adirondacks do not arrange for a hermitage in the improvement of their estates, and if a cell or retreat were provided, the inmate would never be sure of quiet. And where is quiet to be found in these days and nights? Not necessarily in the country. Only a few days ago Dr. Harris, the medical officer of the Islington Borough Council, in his report, commented adversely on the increasing tendency of Londoners to live out of town. It is his belief that the suburbanite works in the city under high pressure in order to catch a fast train to his home, and that the strain tells on him. "And so it is with others who undergo this daily rush, hurry and excitement of train travelling, which, apart from the noise and bustle incidental to this mode of travelling, cause a wear and tear of the circulatory and nervous

systems, which must, and do in the long run, prove most detrimental to health; and thus the good which is gained in the country environment is entirely lost."

Not only is the breakfast a hurried, tumultuous meal; the hour for luncheon is shortened; there is no time for true devitalization at the club in the afternoon. The suburbanite talks excitedly; he pours down cooling or heating drinks, and smokes furiously with an eye on the clock. In his haste he is often led toward intemperance. There is no more pathetic sight than that of a man in pleasant company refusing ale in its native pewter or a cheering cocktail of the lighter sort because he will thereby miss a train. It is true that he is punctual at dinner, but his boast of this virtue does not console his wife for the irritability that follows his thought of what he left behind him. As soon as dinner is over he at once goes to his neighbor's, restless, hoping to take up the liquid thread. If he had not been hurried at the Porphyry, in a genial glow he would have looked forward to a quiet evening at home, and he would have read aloud from some improving book or harmlessly snoozed on the veranda.

CRAW'S PROBLEM PLAY "ROXANA"

American Drama by a Caucasian in Which the Motive Is Miscegenation.

By PHILIP HALE.

"Roxana," a social drama in three acts by George Rockhill Craw, is published by the Sterling Publishers of Chicago, who take pains to inform the reviewers that the author is a Caucasian, although some southerners have charged him "with being a mulatto, a 'yellow genius,' and 'one of those unfortunate persons of color who gnaw continually at the impassable bars between them and unrestrained admixture with the white race.'" The play is for the library rather than the stage, and not only because its production in northern and western cities might stir up a riot between two races. "Roxana" is a zealous tract, and, unfortunately, at the end the purpose of the tract is not wholly clear. The motive is the question of miscegenation, as in Mr. Sheldon's "The Nigger," and in "Where the Trail Divides," if the word "miscegenation" be used in its broadest sense.

Roxana is "a beautiful, well formed brunette of 24 and of average height." Her mother was an octoroon and her father a quadroon. She has a brother, a tall and well proportioned negro, "dressed simply and in good taste, his clothes being neither new nor shabby," and his bearing is "modest, but sure." He is president of the Lincoln Industrial and Normal Institute, and, as a mulatto maid remarks in the opening scene: "To think, Miss Roxana, that he has been received at the front door of the White House!" Ella is no ordinary maid of all work. She says to her mistress: "Miss Roxana, what is there in life for me? I have progressed far beyond the intellectual boundaries of the negro people. I crave the manners and thought and civilization of the white race. I long for equality in their social scale. But what is there for me? Only the dark and hopeless sea of social ostracism." In other words, the Euxine or Black sea, or possibly the Yellow sea, since she is a mulatto.

The brother, Wellington Turner, has contrived that Roxana should receive the education of a white woman and be reared as a white woman, and in the town where she lives she is accepted as white. She is a sculptor of talent, and is delighted at the thought of her statue of Hermes for the Lincoln Industrial and Normal Institute. She is, furthermore, in love with Mr. Gordon Lee, who loves her madly. Mr. Lee is a collector and an explorer. He had been among the marauding tribesmen of northern Tibet, and he brought back from that country odd boots, a drum made of two skulls, a sword, a long, keen-bladed dagger and other ornaments for Roxana's library. He is now about to go to the Philippines that he may

study the home life of the hunters. Unfortunately he does not like to spell "negro" with one "g." He hates and loathes the race. He does not believe in educating the negro, and he would gladly hang Turner and burn his school to the ground with its black students inside it. He said this once in the presence of Roxana, who was deeply pained.

Roxana has told Mr. Lee nothing about her early life except that her father and mother were legally married and she was the legitimate offspring of the union, and that there had been nothing in her own conduct or in the lives of her parents and relatives that had not been wholly lawful and respectable. Mr. Lee is apparently satisfied with these statements, though his friend Connors cannot understand her reticence. One night a strange incident occurred, and Mr. Connors related it to Mr. Lee.

"I entered Mrs. Thorne's garden by the side gate, and walked in to gather a few of the blossoms. There was a moon, but for a moment clouds obscured it, and in the semi-darkness I ran into Roxana. I took her for the mulatto maid, and to reassure her said, 'It's all right, Ella. It's Mr. Connors.' Just then the moon came out and I saw that it was Roxana who stood before me. 'Roxana!' I cried in surprise, 'I took you for Ella.'"

Lee—You dolt, Ralph! She should have struck you in the face.

Connors—It was tactless of me.

Lee—I should think so! What did she say?

Connors—That is the strange thing. (Rises and faces Lee.) She said: "All cats are black at night." There was a fearful self-loathing in her voice. Then she hastily led the way to the front porch. It seemed as if she were crying.

Lee—I do not blame her. To be taken for a damned nigger wench!

Connors—But the remark! Was it not odd? (Sits.)

Lee—No; white cats are black at night. (Sits.) Her mind was lightning to give you such an answer. The irony was splendid.

Connors—But why "cats"? It is not a lofty metaphor.

Lee (Angrily, Rising)—Your vague suspicions and questionings of Roxana's motives are intolerable.

Then Connors adds that he thought he saw the dark form of a man crouching in the shrubbery, but Mr. Lee is not at all disturbed.

Mr. Lee is not partial to statues in bronze and he is disturbed when Roxana, having told him that as a sculptor she should prefer bronze for a man and marble for a woman, indulges herself in this burst: "I am reminded of a day when I was wandering through one of the galleries of the old world. In a corner was a bronze Mercury and a Venus in marble. The dark and naked body of the god contrasted sensitively with the soft, white form of the goddess. Her undraped limbs were gently luminous. His were tense and shadowy. There in that ancient corner, the man and the woman, sculptured by a master, seemed yearning for each other. At last, they

were drawn together in a wild embrace, and mingled in my whirling brain—the light with the dark, the white with the black, the marble with the bronze."

Mr. Lee is trembling and white, but Mr. Connors justly says: "It's the artistic temperament! It was a rhapsody!" He goes out and the lovers fondle each other and talk of their wedding day. Mr. Lee leaves Roxana and forgets to take a book with him. He comes after it and discovers Roxana kissing her brother, Mr. Turner of the Lincoln Industrial and Normal Institute, full on the lips. Mr. Lee is welcome, but he manages to shriek: "It's the marble—and—the bronze!" and he rushes out.

Turner upbraids his sister for not having told Lee everything and for not having told her two brothers of the betrothal. Nor can the proud Turner stomach his sister's belief in any "talent" in her blood. He begs her to disclose the secret to Lee. She cannot. She goes to a framed photograph on the wall, a photograph of the graduating class. No, She cannot give up Ruth Hayes and Edith Scott and the best of them. At last she threatens to tell Lee and all of her friends. "I will go to them all and say: Look on me, Roxana Holmes, your white friend! Her real name is Turner, for she is a liar and a cheat. She is fair without, but foul within! She is a whited sepulchre—a negress, by her blood." This she will say and then stab herself, but she looks out of the window, sees Mr. Lee returning and hurries her brother out of the kit-

Mr. Lee has come to kill Roxana's blackamoors. He has not the heart to slay her, but he has the time and the inclination to talk. He tries to think that Roxana had endeavored to test his love, or that it was all an illusion; but Roxana will not lie. The negro was embracing her. It suddenly occurs to Lee that the negro was Turner, and he believes that Roxana is enamored of him because he is black. When she indignantly denies the charge he cites authorities for similar instances: Burton's "Arabian Nights," Shakespeare's "Othello," Dunbar's "Spirit of the Gods," Dawson's "African Nights," Phillips' "A Question of Color." He omits Leonard Merrick's "The Quaint Companions." No wonder that Roxana goes to him and says: "Gordon! Look at me." A great light breaks on him.

Roxana (Half rising in agony)—Oh, stop! It is too horrible. Gordon! I can endure it no longer!

Lee (Rising hastily)—Why, Roxana! My dear, what is it?

Roxana—(She leans forward with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her palm, looking straight ahead. Her voice is even, dry, and hard.) Your son is black as hell.

Lee at once has the horrid remembrance of Mr. Turner; but Roxana tells him the truth. Lee feels it his duty to kill her, but this he cannot do. His civilization forbids him to slay his wife and son and it will not permit him to "assimilate" them. Roxana knows what to do. "We are going to my brother, to work for the dawn of day. . . . The sky has cleared. I know all values now—of prejudice, and love, and hate—and that little child in there means more to me, Gordon, than you ever did or ever could." Lee softens. "To my arms! Here, here in my arms, no matter who or what you are! Roxana, my wife, my love." But for Roxana her love is all past. Then Lee accuses her of ruining his life. She answers: "Some people start with a ruined life."

Lee—You mean among the negro race? Roxana—Yes.

Lee—But am I to blame for that?

Roxana—You and your people are much to blame.

Bearing her baby in her arms, she leaves the house.

Mr. Lee sinks heavily into a chair, with his face in his hands. After a while he gets up and lowers the lamp a little; then goes to the window and sends the shade to the top. He stands looking out, his face upturned, calm and resigned. "I will wait here for the dawn. (He smiles sadly but fondly.) Perhaps it will bring a gentler day." And then "the curtain softly falls."

If only the baby had not been black! Then the secret might have been kept, unless in time a grandchild had revealed it. But Turner knew the meaning of his words when he reminded Roxana before the marriage of "the caprices and persistence of the races when the blood is mixed."

And what, pray, is the solution of this riddle? Should Roxana in spite of her love have told Lee the secret of her birth and resigned herself to loneliness or a husband of her own race, a husband of comparatively light complexion? If, as a sculptor, she admired the strength of a statue in bronze, why did she not fall in love with a negro, even if her old schoolmates, Ruth Hayes and Edith Scott, had turned up their Caucasian noses? Was it Lee's duty to accept the burden and the disgrace, for to a man of his education and prejudices the mixture of races was disgraceful? In Mr. Sheldon's drama, the southern woman persists in her love for her honored husband, the Governor, although she knows there is negro blood in his veins, although immediately after the discovery of the taint she abhorred him.

It is not probable that Mr. Craw wishes his play to be considered as an argument against the education of the negro, for the argument is fallacious and irrelevant. No white man would necessarily be led into courtship of a mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, simply because she had been graduated with honors from some university.

In Mr. Edeson's play the Indian weds a white woman, who proves to be unworthy of him, though there is this excuse for her: Boredom on the remote and lonely farm, and it must be confessed that this noble Indian is something of a prig.

"Roxana" may well be classed among the "unpleasant" plays. The few scenes that are dramatic and not merely argumentative might be re-

pulse to audience interested in problems of sociology, not perplexed by the presentation of an idea, not unduly squeamish. A production on the stage even in a city where the rights of the negro are respected would be a rash experiment; for pages of the dialogue might easily induce yawning, and there are serious scenes that would excite laughter, though they were acted with intensity.

It is said that Paderewski's nervous affection of the shoulder and arm muscles has returned, and he will be obliged to rest for a long time. Let us hope that the report of his poor condition is exaggerated.

Maeterlinck's wife, Georgette Leblanc, wishes to sing in "Mefistofele" in Italy. She would also like to

recite or sing Maeterlinck's songs, and each one would be preceded by an explanatory lecture and "commented upon" by a string quartet hidden behind a curtain.

A tablet has been put on the house where Richard Strauss was born in Munich, stating the day of his birth. On the two sides of the tablet are bas-reliefs, one of a young girl singing, the other representing a boy playing a horn.

A prize of 10,000 crowns is offered by the Imperial and Royal Society of Friends of Music in Vienna to celebrate in 1912 the 100th year of its existence. The composition must be an important work for mixed chorus and orchestra, with or without soloists. The text is left to the choice of the composer, but it must not have any political character, and if it is not written in German, there must be an accompanying translation. The composer can be of any nationality. The latest day of reception will be May 1, 1912. The jury will be made up of Carl Goldmark, Robert Hirschfeld, Hermann Kretzschmar, Daniel de Lange, Ferdinand Loewe, Gustave Mahler, and Franz Schalk.

Rubinstein's "Bal costume," written originally for the piano, four hands, has been made into a ballet and produced at Prague, with the title "Madame la Mode."

Hugo Leichtentritt thus sums up the last season in Berlin: "Opera: Nothing or next to nothing; excellent choral works by Taubmann and Sgambati; good symphonies by Philipp Scharwenka, Volbach and Rachmaninoff; enigmatical work by Reger and Scriabine; chamber music worthy of attention by Reger, Dirck, Schaefer, Scalerio, Philipp Scharwenka." There were over 1000 concerts.

July 18 1910

HAMMERSTEIN FURENS.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is reported as saying that he suffers from nervous prostration; that he returns to New York to breathe restoring and invigorating air. He seems ruffled, perturbed in mind. Not because the Manhattan Opera House is closed to productions of grand opera; not on account of anything said about contracts by those who were in his company; but because he was not allowed to enter Russia. He does not think the refusal of entrance was due to his race or to his hat; "I think it was a matter of instigation, and I think it was a professional matter at that. I'm going to go to the roots of that thing as soon as I can get in touch with Washington." And so Mr. Hammerstein, who smiled on the caprices of Miss Mary Garden, and did not blench before the fury of a tenor, is at last upset, and it is possible that President Taft's vacation will be disturbed.

We do not believe that there was any "instigation" on the part of an unfriendly rival, some personal enemy. Mr. Hammerstein has thousands of friends. The great public is his friend and admirer. Nicolas Chamfort said that he divided his friends into three classes, those who loved him, those who were indifferent toward him, and those who detested him. Mr. Hammerstein has no reason to be thus cynical. He has not deceived the public, and the public remembers this gratefully. But Mr. Hammerstein as manager was auto-

cratic, and he ruled alone. He was the Tsar of the operatic world, and if some of his singers were unruly there was Philadelphia for them as a Siberia. Could the Tsar of all the Russias feel easy over his approach? Could he bear a brother near the throne?

Furthermore, Mr. Hammerstein is known throughout the world as a dangerous man; he disturbs the peace of foreign opera houses; he has a beguiling manner and a golden voice. The Russians are proud of their opera and ballet at St. Petersburg and Moscow. For years they have imported, regardless of cost, singers and dancers, as Catherine the great Tsarina imported philosophers from France. For years the two cities have been to opera folk as capitals in El Dorado. And of late the Russian government has cherished its own singers, although a few have been lured to Boston and New York. Is it any wonder that Mr. Hammerstein in Russia would be persona non grata? For although he has promised that he will not give operatic performances in New York and certain other American towns, there are great cities in Europe in which he might be operatically energetic.

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Any one given to reading might reasonably infer that there was nothing new to be said about shaving, barbers and razors. He remembers Southey's elaborate calculation to show how a man who lets his beard grow will have time to learn several languages in the course of his life and master at least two or three encyclopedias. He remembers Leigh Hunt's delightful essay on beards; Cobbett's advice to young men; the statement of Sir John Sinclair concerning the advisability of teaching a youth to shave with cold water and without the aid of a glass; the inimitable story of the barber in "The Thousand Nights and a Night"; the accounts of the incredibly long-headed pictured in the volumes of Kirby; the explanations of the biblical text in which the Lord is represented as shaving a nation with a razor that is hired; the fondness of George Meredith for the word "whiskerage"; the slang terms for various forms of facial ornamentation in hair from "Zymos" to "Pleccadilly weepers"; the little articles about whiskers by Mr. Frank Richardson which English readers accept as exceedingly humorous; historical facts, as that Julius Caesar was shaved closely and fully, that the Venetian blondes painted by Titian included a razor in their toilet equipage, that the first barber in Rome came from Sicily and that razors were imported into England from Palermo before the tools of English make were famous, that now the English razors have been driven out in large measure by those "made in Germany"—he remembers all this and more. Is it possible at this late day to say anything new about shaving? Our friend Mr. Lucien B. Henderson told us last week that in his opinion the story of Sisyphus, who was condemned by Pluto to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone which constantly recoiled, was merely symbolical of the boredom of daily shaving, but this was purely whimsical, for we have no authentic portrait of Sisyphus and do not know whether he was smooth-faced or bewhiskered.

Yet some ingenious person succeeded in writing over a column "Man Before the Mirror" for a recent issue of the Pall Mall Gazette, and although he avoided mentioning what we have just run together and said nothing new, the column was easy reading. A carper might object to the title, for there have been men who were unwilling to stand before a looking-glass, as Marshal Suwarow; and in one of E. T. A. Hoffmann's wild stories an adventurous German, the head of a blameless household, sojourning in Venice, was persuaded to give his looking-glass reflection as a pledge of love to an Italian woman, so that when he returned his children were dismayed at seeing no papa in the mirror, though he sat directly in front of one. We once read in boyhood days a story of a man who had murdered some one brutally, and ever afterward he was haunted whenever he looked into a glass by the apparition of his victim grinning horribly over his shoulder. For weeks we brushed our hair at random.

The Pall Mall Gazette is no doubt correct in saying that the early barber used no brush and that his basin was curved to fit the throat. Figaro in Rossini's opera uses no brush and he wields a farce-comedy razor. But who first handled a brush? The Pall Mall Gazette is willing that we should burst in ignorance. Let us turn to "The Etymological Compendium; or Portfolio of Origins and Inventions," by William Puleyn (2d edition, 1830), a book that is full of surprising information, much of which is intrinsically worthy. We there

learn that French barbers brought in the brush about 1750, and that the custom of having newspapers in a barber's shop was introduced in England about 1725. The Pall Mall Gazette comments on the disadvantages of a dry shave and mentions butter as a succedaneum for soap, but does not recommend it. It all depends on whether it is the best family butter, whether it be tub or print. "The brush, though less thought of, perhaps, than any of the paraphernalia of shaving, is by no means an unimportant item. Taste varies from a scrubbing brush to one as soft as silk. The great thing to avoid is the brush that sheds its bristles." Where is there such a brush? Its price should be far above rubles. The soft-voiced, persuasive clerk in the apothecary shop will entice you into buying a brush of badger's bristles, saying that each touch will be as a caress, but is this brush really any better than the homely one that costs a third of the sum? Did not Capt. Duquesne urge recently the introduction of Manchurian hogs into America so that patriotic, old and young, should have no fear of a famine in bristles? But the gallant captain said nothing about the quality of the Manchurian bristles.

The Pall Mall Gazette is disappointing on the subject of the razor. To call it "a fickle jade" is not enough. There should be some definite advice as to the best way to care for it. Some recommend the "rest cure," but there are razors so ungrateful, so churlish that they will not respond. Nor is it given to every one to have a razor for each day of the week, handsomely marked, so that there will be sure rotation. Even the seven may go simultaneously on a strike. Macaulay had razors galore; they were never in condition, and shaving was to him a gory operation. Certain African tribes take youths arriving at manhood into the woods, where they undergo ordeals that they may be brave warriors. (There is a curious story based on this custom in the Mercure de France for this month). Why should not our boys be taught the care of a razor? It is not enough to answer: "Let them use a safety one." The latter is a less heroic weapon, but we should like to hear from Mr. Russell on this subject in the Outlook. We are confident that he would insist on the element of personal risk. There is no use in putting faith in this or that stop. The razor is thereby dulled unless the boy is taught the use of the stop. Education is still superficial but the care of the razor might well be classed with the humanities.

In the country we have seen strong men preparing for the weekly shave on Sunday morning, keeping Saturday night by the use of a grindstone, but a grindstone is seldom found, even in the most sumptuously appointed city flat. The sole of a slipper was once in fashion, but youth is impetuous, and there is risk of accidents. Should there ever be shaving against the grain? Yes, there is sad need of broader, more liberal education.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morison stock company in "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Cast: Ben Cameron.....Wilson Melrose William Pitt Shrimp.....Richard Pitman Silas Lynch.....Theodore Friebus Austin Stoneman.....Edward F. Nannary Dr. Richard Cameron.....William C. Mason Neise.....William J. Hassen Gus.....George F. Smithfield Gus.....Louis Thie Aleck.....David Stanwood Dick.....Rosalind Coghlan Elsie Stoneman.....Rose Morison Eve.....Mary Sanders Nellie Graham.....Grace Lottum Flora.....

MAJESTIC THEATRE: The Charlotte Hunt stock company presents a dramatization of Marie Corelli's "Thelma" with the following cast: Sir Philip Bruce Erlington.....Richard Pitman George Lottum.....John Danton Olaf Gulmar.....William Balfour Skard.....Harry Brooks Sir Francis Lennan.....James S. Barrett Lord Winsleigh.....Frank Roy Rev. Mr. Dreyer.....William Evans Vladimir Svenson.....Thomas V. Rooney Briggs.....Albert Hickey Britta.....Olive Lea Temple Lady Winsleigh.....Eleanor Brownell Violet Vere.....Dorothy Stanton Louise.....Florence Hale Thelma.....Charlotte Hunt

KEITH'S.

"His Local Color" and "Maid of Mystery" Features of Bill.

Keith's was filled last night. The cool weather may have had something to do with it; but the bill was good enough by itself. Of 10 numbers, there was not one that could actually be called weak, while the headliners were up to the best vaudeville standards.

"His Local Color" was the name of a little play given by Miss Una Clayton, supported by Ruthford Davies and Miss Mona D. Ryan. Of this piece a critic has complained that it has been written for the star alone, and demands of art ignored. This, alas, seems true, but who cares? Nobody did last night, and Miss Clayton gave a bit of character acting that would excuse a more daring violation of dramatic convention. The street wail, dressed in the finery she found in the artist's studio, and receiving the latter's sweetheart, believing her to be a rival candidate for her model's job, was cleverly done. There is some pathos at the close, but not too much.

The chief funmakers of the evening were Jack Connelly and Miss Margaret Webb, in a musical sketch, "A Stormy Finish." This was one of the liveliest things seen for a long time. Mr. Connelly, as an expert piano manipulator,

perhaps phantasies, not to the writer's knowledge. The story of the crazy man who thought he was a woman was one of a lot of things, but the greatest piece of the play was the drama novel with the instrumental accompaniment. Miss Webb Mr. Connelly had a good cadaver, or should it be cadaver? She has a pleasant manner and a sweet and powerful voice, and might do better in serious work.

"The Maid of Mystery" was the title of what was described on the bill as sensation from the East, "The Greek worship dance." This dance, the audience was informed, was typical of that performed at Ionia, Greece, and B. C. If a woman loved a man and found him untrue, she would enter the temple and perform this dance so exhausted that it often meant death.

This promised well, and the mysterious maid gave a performance which probably came up to expectations. She is a young woman of considerable acrobatic skill, and moved with a freedom little impeded by the light draperies she wore. Her movements were graceful, and at times she did give an impression of sincerity.

The three McGrades as archers, high-dancers, boomerang throwers and other things, gave a novel act. The boomerang throwing was a slight affair, however. The performer swung a ball of the end of a cord and made it hit a piece of bent wood, which was not spinning over the audience, and usually spun back to the stage. Miss Fannie Fish whistled some solos acceptably. Those vivacious twins, the Dolly Sisters, danced gracefully, but their singing voices lack certain desirable qualities. Lew Hawkins gave a few reminiscences and songs and such, and was well received. Charles King and Miss Elizabeth Brice gave some clever musical comedy, and Stelling and Ravelle were amusing eccentric gymnasts. The Kinetograph wound up the program.

July 20 1910
"TU QUOQUE."

New York is still perturbed over the refusal of Mayor Gaynor to grant "all night licenses" to restaurants which are kept open "merely to roisterers and not for the convenience of those who really need a place to eat and drink after the usual closing hour." It is not easy for those whose day of work ends at 5 or 6 P. M. and who sup or dine domestically with bed in view before midnight to realize that there are many who labor when they are asleep, who feel the need of food and drink at hours that are abnormal to the majority of citizens, including mayors and self-appointed regulators of public morals. Roisterers are often found in restaurants frequented by the nocturnally industrious, who in turn are often found eating in gay restaurants, provided they are conveniently situated.

The word roisterer is derived from an old French word meaning rustic or countryman. When Mr. Zenas Field of East Zoar and Deacon Hathaway of Hockanum Ferry go to New York they wish to see the sights, and ever-open restaurants have a peculiar fascination for them by reason of the glare and the din in which night birds, some of them gorgeously plumed, are at ease and thrive. These night birds are not all necessarily birds of prey; some are males and females of regular habits, but their regularity would be irregularity to those that adjust their lives to the conventional clock. For there are some, who, to quote from the autobiographic epitaph of James Albery, walk beneath the moon and sleep beneath the sun. They are in the minority; but has not the minority rights even under sumptuary laws?

It has long been decreed in the United States that men and women, natives and foreign visitors, should be permitted to eat and drink in hotels and restaurants only at certain hours. If a traveller arriving in a country town or small city after 8 P. M. is hungry, he is obliged to go hungry to bed. The landlord smiles and points to the notice: "Dining room is closed." There was a time in Boston when a belated traveller was told that he had no business to be hungry or thirsty after a certain hour prior to the arrival of his train. There was possibly a night lunch cart in the neighborhood. In New York there has been for years a higher civilization, and now it is feared that there will be a return to the dark ages, that Boston, long the target of bald jests, will now be able to en- saying, "Tu quoque," which be-

ing interpreted, means in the language of the vulgar: "You're another."

By reason of Mayor Gaynor's refusal the just may suffer with the unjust. The earnest student of sociology and the alert reporter will be deprived of human documents for copy. The thief-catcher may be handicapped. The bolsterous enjoyment of the idle cheers and amuses him that must soon return to his task; must his whole night be drab? Over sixty years ago Gautier, complaining of restrictive ordinances in Paris, remarked that a cafe phosphorescent with crystal and lights, a restaurant from which a joyous murderer escaped, intimidated the bandit and the assassin in their sinister work. "In a great capital the ancient difference between day and night should not exist. Midnight and noon should be, as on the dial, the same figure in a Parisian day."

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The late August Renner "owned a caravan." Is not the obituary notice of the successful and respected man, who, paralyzed, bravely conducted his business until his death, illuminated by this simple word? There is the thought of armed traders, with merchandise of the East, gums, spices, brilliant and luxurious stuffs; of the long camel train; of pilgrims and sand storms in the desert; of strange mirage and towered cities that mock approach; of jinnee imprisoned in soaring pillars because they defied the might of Solomon; of marvellous nights with recitations of more marvellous deeds when Harun-al-Raschid in his boredom put on disguise and sought adventures in the streets of Baghdad. The boy reading of this "caravan" sees the carts of the menagerie and hears the crying and the roaring of pacing and cramped beasts. This "caravan" went only from Somerville to Boston, but the word itself is charged with oriental romance.

Dr. Crippen, in whom the London police placed a confidence that was truly pathetic, was fond of "flashy dress," according to the testimony of several gossipers, and it is said that he considered himself the "greatest connoisseur alive in the art of waistcoats." He was partial to red. We are also informed that "every day he appeared in a different waistcoat," but we are not told for how many consecutive days this informant saw him. Five or six fancy waistcoats do not seem to us extravagant or immoral, nor do we believe that Dr. Crippen had a sunset or omelette waistcoat for each day in the year. Even Mr. Delmas, counsellor-at-law, now visiting in San Francisco, took only 85 cravats with him, and he is in the habit of wearing several in the course of a day. Dr. Crippen's collection of waistcoats would no doubt seem meagre to the Honorable Bath-House John of Chicago.

Perhaps Dr. Crippen's favorite waistcoat was not red. Descriptions of garments worn on famous occasions are often loose. For years it has been said that Theophile Gautier wore a red waistcoat on the night when "Hernani" was produced and this waistcoat was accepted as the oriflamme of the romanticists. But Gautier's waistcoat was purple, a color he loved, for it represented to him blood and life, as gold symbolized richness and light. It is not improbable that Dr. Crippen's sense of harmony was efficient. The combination of white trousers of a loud pattern, red waistcoat, "with trousers of a loud pattern" does not appeal to us, and yet one that knew him said he was tender-hearted and gentle. "He didn't look like he'd harm a fly." Not even when the doctor sported those shrieking garments, clashing in colors?

An interesting book might be written on the sartorial and toilet taste of murderers. Mr. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the friend of Talfourd and Macready, an essayist or four persons, among them his young sister-in-law, for the sake of insurance money. He delighted in cameo breastpins, a cambric pocket handkerchief breathing forth attar of pale lemon colored kid gloves, and in one of his essays describing his own appearance he mentioned "one large white hand decorated with regal rings." Mr. John Williams, who murdered Mr. and Mrs. Marr, their baby and the apprentice boy, also Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and their housemaid, when he went out "for a grand compound massacre"—to quote from De Quincey's famous essay—always assumed black silk stockings and pumps; he wore a long blue frock of the very finest cloth and on any account with silk; "nor would he on any account have degraded a morning gown." An artist by wearing a morning gown, a mass. Wagner found silks and satins an aid to inspiration. Why should not a murderer of the first class nerve himself by donning a costume that is gorgeous or of supreme elegance by reason of its simplicity? There are symbolists who about to accomplish the murder of a wife or daughter would carefully array themselves in black and be particular in the matter of shirt studs.

Some one writing recently about tobacco mourned the absence of literature on the subject. "Save Barrie's well known effort, it is hard to point to any volume, to any chapter, devoted to the praise of nicotine." The writer should consult catalogues of second-hand books and he would find references to many volumes about tobacco, in praise and in blame of the weed, historical and anecdotal. Cope published a magazine devoted exclusively to tobacco and men of learning and wit contributed to it. In one of Bayard Taylor's novels there is a curious account of how the hero accustomed his sweetheart or wife—perhaps two in one—to his smoking in the sitting room. (We know wretches who are obliged to smoke in the kitchen or on the veranda—even in winter.) This writer also says that Sir John Hawkins, not Sir Walter Raleigh, was the first to bring smoking into England. Where is there authority for this statement? In Hakluyt's Voyages nothing is said about tobacco in connection with Sir John or his merry men, but we found this delightful passage in the discourse of Miles Philips, who was put on shore northward of Panuco in the West Indies by Sir John in 1568: "We were also oftentimes greatly annoyed with a kind of file, which in the Indian tongue is called Tequani, and the Spaniards called them Muskitos. * * * You shall hardly see them they be so small, for they are scarce so big as a gnat; they will sucke one's blood marvelously and if you kill them while they are sucking, they are so venemous that the place will swell extremely, even as one that is stung with a Waspe or Bee; but if you let them sucke their fill, and to go away of themselves, then they doe you no other hurt, but leave behinde them a red spot somewhat bigger than a flea-biting."

How well they wrote in those days! Note these words from the account of Nova Hispania, by Henry Hawks, a merchant: "There remaine some among the wild people, that unto this day eate one another. I have scene the bones of a Spaniard that have bene as cleane burnished, as though it had bene done by men that had no other occupation. And many times people are carried away by them, but they never come againe, whether they be men or women." Mark the sobriety and the force of the diction. How Mr. Jack London and his fellows would have spun out the narration and what a mess they would have made of it!

The wish that young Dyrenforth should be protected against women of all ages and conditions reminds one of the theory of the elderly gentleman in Hardy's "Two on a Tower," who believed that all boys should be reared in a barrel and fed through the bung until they were old enough to evade the wiles and snares of the pursuing sex. But exactly at what age is this ability shown? The old do not escape, nor does philosophy harden the heart, or, if the ancients were right the liver, the seat of the passions. Death is the only cooler.

TOO VARIED ACTIVITIES.

A Chicago clergyman says that the demands upon his profession are today intolerable. This statement will surprise some who have been led to think that less is now expected of a minister than in the years gone by. For example, in cities, parochial calls are no longer expected by congregations. The clergyman may be invited to a formal or informal dinner; he is welcomed in hours of trial; but a parishioner is not offended if in the course of the year the clergyman does not pay a perfunctory visit. And in many churches there are not so many services. But this Chicago minister talks of the "expansion of church activities" and complains because he is asked to be at the head of institutional enterprises, charity trustee, bond broker, gymnasium director, chief settlement worker, etc., etc. He therefore resigns his office.

The position of a minister in New England at least has been changed materially within the last fifty years. It might not be impertinent to inquire whether he has not lost somewhat in authority and influence. In many towns in the Sixties his influence was great because he was not supposed to be actively interested in worldly affairs. At town meeting, for example, the lawyer, the storekeeper, the expressman, the farmer in a smock frock all spoke on terms of equality. It was seldom that the minister rose to his feet to urge an improvement in the management of the schools, in support of an appropriation for roads, or to object against the building of an unnecessary bridge. He was supposed to attend to spiritual affairs, to baptize, marry, bury, comfort the mourner, and above all to preach sound doctrines. As a rule, he was remote from the daily routine of life, even at the supper table of his warmest admirer among the vestals of the church. Sometimes his head was in

the logical, but generally it was ruthless in business matters. Nevertheless his influence though outwardly unexercised was great and unmistakable, for his life was blameless, and his calling was then respected above all others. There was a theocratic flavor to the democracy of those New England years.

Today many wish that a clergyman, as well as a college president, should be first of all a shrewd and tactful man of business. He must build up the church. His name should be constantly before the public. He should express his views on all subjects, from flying machines to the pictures of the mill at Reno. His sermons should always be on topics of the day, "up to date," "snappy." He should be popular, "in touch with all modern movements." Is it not possible while he thus wears out his life he loses in true influence; that the spiritual soon escapes him or is confounded with the grossly material?

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That was a pleasant story about a Frenchman who, having lived in New York many years ago, now enjoys his days in Vernon, France, by displaying an American flag and running an "American bar." The "American bar" in London, Paris, or any other European city is generally a hideous mockery, a snare and delusion, although it may be provided with a foot-rail, a pendant towel, and dishes of food that attract flies and thirsty revellers. These bars are an incentive to abstinence. Something in our heart tells us that the establishment in Vernon is the real thing. The German visiting his fatherland after long absence in the United States is seldom contented and in nine cases out of ten he returns. The New York bar-keeper who in George Moore's story had long dreamed of ending his days in Ireland could not endure the monotony of life in his native land. He missed the din, the vocabulary, the scrapping, and he, too, went back never to see Ireland again. But many Frenchmen who have made money in American cities spend it prudently in Paris or a smaller city of their beloved France and there they die. We remember one in a pension at Neuilly. He had kept a novelty shop in New York, and by his thrift and industry he accumulated what was to him a fortune. Ingenious smuggling also aided him. He had one great grief; his son had died; and he had a minor grief but real; his pet dog, a foolish, worthless beast, was sorely afflicted with a "Ver solitaire" for which pumpkin seeds were of no avail. The ex-shopkeeper spent his winters with his wife and dog near Paris. His amusements were simply; he cut out braids with a saw; he led out his dog for a constitutional; he lunched at some little restaurant in Paris and read in a cafe; occasionally he went to the theatre. He was never weary of talking about New York, and he remarked daily at dinner that water crosses were good for the health. He had a summer house at Vernon. If M. Fosset is still living, we like to think of him lounging at that American bar, not stranded on it for he was a temperate man, and talking about the old days, the prices he charged, and baffled custom house officers.

So Lilli Lehmann will visit America in the fall of 1911 to sing in concert. She was 61 years old last November and by an ingenious mathematical computation it will be seen that she will be 63 in November, 1911. Adelina Patti still sings occasionally and she was born in 1843. Marcella Sembrich sings frequently and she is only 52. The three may be said, and without irreverence, to be members of the old guard. Mme. Lehmann is an indefatigable person. She prepares festivals, engages the singers and directs personally her productions. Now and then she gives a recital or even sings in opera. She has written more than one book, and some years ago she showed clearly that Bayreuth had fallen far below the standard proposed and maintained by Wagner by proving that the price of soups and puddings at the inn had gone up since 1882. When Mme. Lehmann last sang in Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company one of her associates was Mr. Victor Maurel, a fascinating Don Giovanni in spite of his years, and Mme. Lehmann then hoped to find him an honorable position as "artistic director" of some opera house in Berlin.

It is often said that famous singers refuse to leave the stage, after their voices are only a whisper of a glorious past, because they are avaricious. They know that the American public at large is good-natured and that in its eyes and ears a prima donna is always a prima donna until Death adds her to his unrivalled company.

Singers, as many men and women who do not sing, are undoubtedly fond of money, but vanity is in this instance a more potent factor than avarice. The singer would miss "the roaring and the wreaths," the sight of the expectant and applauding crowd, the recall, the bowing, curtsying, scraping, the tripping in and out. The singer lives on applause and the incense of flattery, and like Browning's Bishop ordering his tomb she wishes to taste "good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke." Her life has been passed in the opera house, which has its own peculiar atmosphere, different from that of any other public building, and in any other air she finds no health or even life.

many will come over the question of champagne. The German foreign office about the practice of giving the name of champagne to a German concoction which pleases the Kaiser and his more chauvinistic subjects—although it is rumored that the Kaiser's butler serves it as mignonette in a bottle labelled "made in Germany." The German champagne costs from one-tenth to one-half the price of good French wine, but, as the London correspondent of the N. Y. Sun truly states, it procures 10 times the amount of repentance for the money. Who was it that some years ago quoted with reference to the German champagne,

How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!
Americans for some years put an absurd value on this French wine, and to some champagne is still known familiarly as "wine"—hence the "wine-openers." There still are men who think they have not dined if they have not put down a bottle, just as 30 or 40 years ago at the freshman class dinner at Yale a quart was expected to stand by each plate to prove the manhood of each member. But champagne is not "a good steady" drink, for it disarranges the human clockwork, and men who have learned to take care of themselves look upon this wine as something for a festive occasion and there to be drunk in moderation. When a man is very tired a pint well iced is a wondrous restorer. If a dinner threatens boredom—and a formal dinner without some intoxicant is usually tedious—a glass or two of set tongues wagging cheerfully. But if a man wishes to experience a pleasant glow that turns him into a gladiatoric soul for at least three or four hours and makes him at once tolerant of fellow-guests and even his host, he should drink burgundy, although it paints the nose and affects the joints.

The Herald commented recently on the ability of American delegates at the missionary conference in Edinburgh to make short and pointed speeches. The people of Bern, in Switzerland, suffered from long-winded after-dinner speakers, and they finally devised this remedy, which it is said, is now in force. A man wearing a bear's skin stands near the speaker, and if the latter begins to wander, to digress, in digressions, to be unkindly anecdotal or reminiscent, to enjoy his own wit to flounder, the bear advances solemnly and puts a paw on the speaker's mouth.

How stories wander down the centuries from country to country and though they may assume a local color remain unmistakably the same! A rustic in Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" is lost and he rushes about shouting his name and adding "Lost man! Lost man!" This story was told of a village in Chelsea, Vt., years before the war. A friend writes from a Swiss town, Switzerland, about an American woman sleeping in Lausanne and asking for a certain kind of cloth at one of the principal drygoods stores. The girl behind the counter told her they did not keep it. The American was surprised, for she had heard that kind of cloth at that very place the year before. A floor walker was summoned, and he said: "Yes, I know we used to keep it, but there was so much demand for it that we had to give it up." Long ago the story was told of a Cape Cod storekeeper who did not order a fresh supply of certain goods because they were so much in demand that he was "battered all the time by having to run to the shelf." At this time the story is told in the district of Mass. and in western Massachusetts. No doubt it is told wherever there is a village store.

Another story sent by this Bostonian called said he has the audacity to speak of Mr. James the novelist as "Harry" James—why not "Jack" Rockefeller or "Charley" Elliot?—might be told in Dresden, but we were under the impression that the Viennese said him her wits. This American was in Vienna about the middle of December and bethought him of a pocket diary for the following year. He went to one of the chief stationers, but all the diaries gave only the days of the week, or else only the days of the month, not both. "On my being told that I was looking for a diary that gave both the days of the week and the days of the month, he exclaimed: 'But that sort of diary would be ridiculous; it would be good for only one particular year.' I admitted this, but still insisted that that was what I wanted. To which he replied: 'Oh, I couldn't keep a diary like that; what should I do with those that were left on my hands at the end of the year?'"

"NOXIOUS LITERATURE."

London publishers recently gave interesting if not valuable testimony "before a conference on public morals and means of bettering them." They were so ungallant as to say that women write the greater number of books that are objectionable as far as morality is concerned, and that women are more eager than men to buy these books. Why, then, should not these novels, treatises, essays be stamped on the cover "For women only," so that a man anxious as to his standing in the community may not be seen buying without knowledge or reading a pernicious volume in the railway carriage? Now that women are obtaining their rights, man, the poor worm, should be protected in every way from annoyance and corruption. It is popularly believed that French maidens marry in order that they may read French novels freely.

English bachelor may possibly soon look forward to matrimony for the sake of a like accompanying privilege.

Mr. John Murray, the present representative of a publishing house long famous, insisted that "noxious literature" included other works than those of an immoral or impure tendency. He characterized as noxious books that "express false and perverted views on religion, social questions and politics." And he gave this as his reason: "Because people can be seen reading them without being put to shame and because readers of them can talk about them openly." Mr. Murray declared that the books by Henry George, Karl Marx and Nietzsche and the doctrines they express are doing immense harm in the British empire, and they are extremely noxious. What a fine old crusted Tory! Would he have these books and others of a politically liberal nature burnt in a public square by the hangman? What a censor Mr. Murray would make! In comparison with his views, those of Mr. Anthony Comstock would be as loose as ashes. The world is not informed as to whether Mr. Murray's remarks excited laughter, or whether any one reminded him that his house was once censured for publishing the extreme views of one Byron. We fear that Mr. Murray only added to the alarm over the German invasion and forthcoming devastation by foreign aeroplanes and dirigible balloons, for a deputation is to visit the Home Secretary to confer with him about these books. The office of this man is not a sinecure. He earns his money, and perhaps he will feel it his duty to read the works of Nietzsche in the new edition.

July 24 1910

DESTRUCTIVE REVISION.

It is said that there are to be more changes in the Bible. Learned men have met together at Princeton. Where the old version is "obscure" there will be clearness. "Where it is infelicitous in choice of word, that will be set right." Words that have become obsolete will be replaced by modern equivalents. "Let" in the sense of "hinder" is said to be condemned by the revisers. Why should not "Hamlet" be similarly improved? "By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me," cries the Prince, impatient of Horatio and Marcellus. And "let" in the sense of to hinder is in even small dictionaries, though it may be marked "archaic," and the noun "let" is still in usage, as in "without let or hindrance."

Changes in the text of the King James version are always to be regretted, if only for the sake of literature. The Bible in the old and famous version has entered into the speech of English-speaking people, although the phrases and terms do not now lard so thickly the daily conversation of New Englanders or dissenters in Great Britain. The passages that have encouraged and comforted thousands are still clear enough. The story of Joseph and that of Ruth, the poetry of the Psalms, the sublime flights of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Habakkuk are not to be improved by a twentieth century rhetorician. The wall of Ecclesiastes is still more poignant than that of Leopardi or Fitzgerald's Omar. The book of Job still soars above the fussy grammarian. And are the four Gospels beyond the comprehension of the schoolboy?

Even the quaint misunderstanding of the old translators should not be disturbed. Let there be marginal annotations if necessary, but let the text itself be scrupulously respected. No doubt the great majority of readers have wondered at the speech of King Rehoboam put into his mouth by the young men that were grown up with him: "My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions," and have pictured the ruler brandishing a whip with arachnids of large nippers and not unlike a little lobster, not knowing that a whip of scorpions was made of knotted cords or armed with plummets of lead or steel spikes. And to these readers the threat of the arachnids inflicting pain was by far the more terrific

Revision, no doubt, includes the rejection of "unpleasantly strong terms" for more genteel equivalents, and there will be concessions to the polite spirit of the period. It is a pity that the Book of Books is thus a prey to verbal tinkers.

MEN AND THINGS

"Rita" continues to give her impressions of society in this country. She brought letters of introduction and has evidently been welcomed in the innermost circles, for she heard there and noted "quaint expressions" that amused her, as "I had a perfectly elegant time," "She sort of froze me." We missed in her last article the fine old classic: "Miss Maud, your Brooklyn friend has come," but "I'm real glad to see you," "I was just tickled to death," and other favorite expressions always heard in our best society—among our best people, as the shopkeeper says—were faithfully recorded.

Our visitor regrets that Americans do not import "a few good English tailors" so that coats will not be furnished with shoulder cushions and trousers will not bulge and bag and collect dust. Some of our gilded youth import clothes made in London, and they do it in this manner: The London tailor sends a representative to certain American cities. A friend advises you to have a few suits and an overcoat made by "artists; men who make clothes for army officers, actors and a duke or two." You call at a hotel and are shown respectfully to a room where samples are in great profusion. The cloth is excellent; the patterns are neither too loud nor too chaste. The prices are given in pounds, and thus seem ridiculously low. You order freely. The Englishman makes comparative little use of a tape measure. He eyes you from different positions in the room as though he were taking a mental photograph. Every now and then he smiles, and the smile is not reassuring. He has evidently noticed that your right shoulder is higher than your left; that you have a shameful paunch for your years, that your legs are misfits. He looks at you now as through a teodolite. Perhaps the English tailors fit by measuring horizontal and vertical angles. You are surprised that he does not take your thumb marks. Perhaps he has been in the East and among the Arabs learned "Kiyafah," that form of divination by which the personal history of a man is inferred from his form and appearance. Schematism, we believe this art is named in English, just as the art of knowing human beings by the condition of their boots and the manner of wearing them is called by a physician in Basle "Scarpology." Nor does this English measurer or surveyor note down the results of his observations in any book. What a memory he must have!

While you are waiting for these clothes, you refer from time to time at the Porphyry to your "English tailor." You do not make a brutally ostentatious announcement, you do not lead up to the subject awkwardly, after the formula, "Speaking of unions how's your mother-in-law?" You begin by discussing the tariff, the approaching campaign, Senator Aldrich, and incidentally you say: "Now take the matter of clothes. I pay for a summer suit, unlined coat, what they call Indian weight, made in London to my measurement, only £10 6s." Then in answer to polite inquiry, polite for the sake of conversation, or possibly framed to lure you on to amusing personal disclosures. "Of course," you add slyly, "I do not have to pay any duty. I don't know how they manage it."

At last the garments arrive. They come done up in coarse wrapping paper and thick twine, without address of consignor. They are sadly mused, as though they had crossed the Atlantic in kegs, or in a box of hardware, or been worn by a steerage steward. They are expressed from Jamaica Plain or Melrose, sometimes from New York. You don them and give one look. Each of these exporting London tailors has a correspondent in Boston who is supposed to remedy "slight defects." The final success of a suit depends on the good nature of this correspondent. Our friend Eugene Golightly made 19 visits to one much enduring man before any one of his suits was presentable. And then it is so unpatriotic to encourage foreign industry, so disloyal to take advantage of smuggling! How much more to be commended is the conduct of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has had his few suits during the last dozen years made by the best tailors on Cape Cod, from East Sandwich to South Truro! But let us again consider "Rita's" views.

"Why, oh! why," asks "Rita," "does not an American understand the proper use of the dinner coat, or know when to wear a white tie," for "Rita" is guilty of referring to a cravat as a "tie." "I have seen a gray tie and a gray vest worn with a dress coat." Probably by the young Alcibiades in New York, who said in her hearing: "She sort of froze me." Probably at the dinner table where she missed flowers, for in America, according to "Rita," few flowers are used for table decoration or in the living rooms.

It is true that the proper use of the white cravat is not fully understood throughout the length and breadth of this land. There are physicians and dentists who wear it, thinking thus to make a thoroughly professional appearance, and sometimes with a celluloid collar. There are misguided beings who think a white cravat should, go invariably with a frock coat. Last season at the opera we were pained to see a white cravat hat, and there are Rosetonians of high degree who commit the solecism of a swallow-tail with a black cravat and derby hat and glare haughtily at the unknown in the foyer. But aberrations in costume are to be seen everywhere. An African chief will exit in a plug hat and a breech-clout. Even in England we have seen strange sights. Then there is the observance of custom. We once saw Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, and Faure, the French baritone, sitting on the platform of the Trocadero at a performance in the afternoon of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," led by the composer. Faure wore what is known as evening dress and no gloves, then the conventional dress of male concert singers in Paris, whether the performance were at night or in the day. Lloyd wore a heavy and long frock coat, a white cravat and kid gloves of a light and shrieking color. He looked singularly out of place, merely because he was dressed in Paris according to the English manner and appropriately for Albert Hall.

"Rita" spares neither the cradle nor the grave. She describes the American child as "one of the saddest of beings," and "as atrociously dressed as are the French." The little girl has no hair. "The American boy has the weirdest and strangest of garments, and his hats are modelled on his father's. The effect is positively ludicrous to English eyes." Now the adjective "weird" means awakening superstitious feeling, uncanny, concerned with the supernatural, but allowing "Rita" her use of the word, let us ask why she wonders at the hats of American boys. English schoolboys for years have worn hats of the stovepipe variety. Are these hats not modelled on those of their fathers? Again the question comes up, where has "Rita" studied American homes, dress, manners, speech? In some remote village of New Jersey? Or has she confined herself to diligent reading of comic supplements in Sunday newspapers?

We have referred to Dr. Garrier's exposition of scarpology, the art of knowing men and women by glancing at their feet: Thus "a man who wears out the toe and the external edge of the sole simultaneously is a crook." This Basle physician can tell your character from your boots if you have worn them a month. We see him exulting in a hotel hall at night, anticipating "Boots" in his visit. But this theory is an old one, and it is revived at stated intervals, as are the theories of telling character by ears, noses, mouths, teeth. Years ago in some comic weekly, a series of "Basement studies" with illustrations was published. The observer looking through a window saw only the feet of passersby in the street. There were pictures of the feet and ankles with a text of character study. A huge foot does not necessarily indicate generosity, nor is the wearer of an iron heel necessarily despotic. The shoemaker has more to do with the character and the durability of the foot than has Jones with his "guffins" or Mrs. Jones coquettishly shod.

BELATED VIEWS ON PROGRAM MUSIC

Irving Babbitt's New Work on
"The New Laokoon" Is
from Other Days.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Irving Babbitt, in his "New Laokoon: an Essay on the Confusion of the Arts," under the head, "Suggestiveness in Romantic Art," discusses program music and color audition. The pages devoted to the two subjects are among the least important in the book, and the treatment may be justly characterized as superficial. Mr. Babbitt begins by saying frankly that he takes up the subject of program music with some trepidation, "partly because of my own incompetence, partly because of the atmosphere of controversy that surrounds the whole subject." He regrets the lack of agreement in the definitions, and he at once quotes two definitions, widely differing, both absurd.

Mr. Babbitt apparently holds the "Oxford History" and Mr. Edward Dannreuther, in high respect as authoritative; and it is not at all improbable that he reads the more conservative articles in Grove's Dictionary with a childlike, pathetic faith. In his own pages he shows little knowledge of musical history, and he writes with a curious lack of sympathy for the music of ultra-modern composers. Nor is he always strictly accurate in statements of fact, as when he says that "Huber set out to orchestrate one of Arnold Boecklin's pictures." The reference is, of course, to a symphony by Huber, which is sometimes called the "Boecklin" symphony. It contains a set of variations, each one

where. He argues that the composer, no matter whether the work be a string quartet in A minor or a symphony in D major, must have had some program in his mind, his creative force must have been put in activity by something outside of music. And what then becomes of absolute music?

Let us quote here a definition by Dr. Hugo Riemann to which Mr. Babbitt does not refer: Program music is music which should be understood as a presentation of a more closely characterized mental or exterior incident or event. The hearer of this music does not abandon himself without prepossession or prejudice to the impression of a succession of tones, but he follows with a critical ear the connection between the program and the musical composition; or program music is that by which the fancy of the hearer is excited in a more determined manner than by ambiguous absolute music which is free from any program.

In other words, program music expresses something definite. Absolute music is without reference to another art or to any external object of a conception.

As is well known, there are some who insist that music cannot express anything except a musical idea unless there be explanatory circumstances, as words to be sung or declaimed, an accompanying program or stage situation, action, scenery.

Mr. Babbitt may well be amazed at the conflicting definitions and theories. Take, for example, the latest book of Dr. Jules Combarieu, "La Musique et la Magie," in which the author concludes that "profane" song came from "sacred" song, and that the latter was derived from the music that accompanied the practice of magic. Dr. Combarieu believes that all music is expressive; that there is always a program in the mind of the composer who does not write music without being in an emotional condition and is unable, unless he wishes, to write without communicating some of this emotion. "To make inexpensive music, in the psychological and not the artistic meaning of the term, a composer would necessarily have to be in a wholly unemotional condition, unimpressionable, and even beyond a state of indifference as beyond one of emotion. It is true that one can give one's self up on music paper to a purely scholastic exercise, devoid of anything that can move or charm; but dryness, apathy, hardness, the want of dash, warmth, color—all this shows, like enthusiasm, a certain mental condition. To be boresome is still to be expressive."

Dr. Combarieu mentions Max Reger as a composer who flatters himself that he is a stranger to any idea of a concrete model that he uses tones only in formal architecture. In France there is Eugene d'Harcourt, who in his analysis of Beethoven's symphonies passes over the "Pastoral" and the Ninth on the ground that these works are not examples of music, for they have a fixed and determined program. He would probably say that the two symphonies were another form of art. I remember that Edward MacDowell when he first heard the earlier tone poems of Richard Strauss said: "It seems to me that Strauss has found out a new art. This is not music as music has been known to us."

Then there is this perplexing problem: How is it that by universal consent the power of expressing sentiment is attributed to music when the sentiment considered by itself has nothing in common with the art of combining tones?

But between the psychic model that is to be translated into tones and the sonorous language, intervenes, according to Dr. Combarieu, a spontaneous act which gives form to the model and confers on the language the power of realization, viz., an act of imagination. The composer takes the timbre of this or that instrument, rhythm, intensity of sound, consonance, dissonance, melodic line, movement, all the material of musical construction and writing, and with all this, following instinctive associations of ideas, he creates images of love, entreaty, all that is "intimate" and psychic.

We must go back to the saying of Walt Whitman that all music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments. Music is in the ear, the mind, the soul of the hearer. No two hearers are affected in exactly the same way. It is doubtful whether the oboe sounds exactly the same to any half-dozen in an audience. The hearer must meet the composer at least halfway. Mr. Gradgrind may enjoy music that appeals to him by solidity of structure, by its conventional architecture. What will the poor man make out of Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" or Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"?

On page 161 of Mr. Babbitt's book we find these words: "Just as the romantic writer seeks to preserve the innocence of the mind, and the romantic painter the innocence of the eye, so the romantic musician strives to preserve the innocence of the ear, which often means in practice an ignorance of the great traditions of his art and an absence of serious reflection. Perhaps no one pushed this notion of originality farther than certain Russian composers."

But who are the great romantic musicians? Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner were among them. Does Mr. Babbitt mean to say that they were unacquainted with the great tradition, that they were not men of serious reflection? And why not be explicit and name these "certain" Russians, evidently dangerous persons, so that their music may be avoided by the young?

Nothing in Mr. Babbitt's chapter on program music is more amusing than his treatment of Hector Berlioz. He

repeats the old collection; he quotes admiringly from Mr. Dannreuther and the Oxford History of Music; he evidently considers Berlioz's Memoirs as a trustworthy document; he notes "This weakness of Berlioz and in general of the whole modern school in devotional music, in the expression of what is above the reason with the accompanying sense of awe and elevation and restraint." He cites as a shocking example of "noise and sensationalism" the Requiem Mass of Berlioz. Has he ever heard a good performance of this work or does he take Mr. Dannreuther's word for it? It is true that the "Dies Irae" in this Requiem contains passages that are superfluous. But is not possible that the Last Judgment will be a somewhat sensational affair, not conducted with the quiet discretion that characterizes entrance or annual examinations in college?

Mr. Babbitt inquires into the "musical value" of the piercing, dissonant trumpet note by which the fatal sword thrust in Strauss' "Don Juan" is represented. "To ask such questions is to answer them." First of all, Strauss has not said that this trumpet note represents a sword thrust. He left this to commentators and hearers of imagination. But Mr. Babbitt is not inclined to be fair to Strauss, and all he can say of the "Domestic" symphony is that it is "musical fustian."

At the beginning of his pages on Program Music Mr. Babbitt states that "the development of music during the last century has simply followed, usually at a considerable interval, the literary development. For example, much of the music of Richard Strauss and Debussy reflects moods that would already seem somewhat antiquated if expressed in literature. Was not the music of Berlioz an important part of the romantic movement in France, to be considered with the prose of Chateaubriand, the early poems of Hugo, the paintings that struck the Academicians with horror, the feuilletons of Gautier? Was there ever a composer more influenced by contemporaneous art and thought than Liszt?"

Or take the case of Claude Debussy? Are the moods of Mallarme, Verlaine, Maeterlinck "old hat"? What are the moods in much of Richard Strauss' music that would now seem "somewhat antiquated" if expressed in literature? The dominant moods are those of varied beauty and overwhelming strength, moods that have been thought to be eternal in art, however forms of expression may change.

It is evident that Mr. Babbitt has little patience with modern tendencies. He prefers the primary color that will wash and is warranted to defy sun and rain to the nuance. He traces in the romanticism of 19th century France a tendency toward "a hypertrophy of sensation and an atrophy of ideas." What is to be thought of a critic who writes: "Lamartine's ideas begin to look serious when compared with those of Hugo"; or can say of an exquisite poet: "Traces of celebration may be discovered even in Verlaine compared with some of the later symbolists?"

No wonder that Mr. Babbitt declares that Gray's "Elegy" is the best English example of verse that is musical "by the subtle blending of vowels and consonants so as to avoid even the suspicion of cacophony." Yet we remember Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and Swinburne's praise of it, and in comparison with Poe's "Haunted Palace," "City in the Sea" and "Ulalume" the "Elegy"

as a purely musical composition seems pedestrian.

The discussion of color-audition is singularly imperfect. In another part of the book Mr. Babbitt discusses Fr. Castel's color-clavichord, but nowhere does he refer either respectfully or ironically to the many experiments made by physicians in France, Switzerland, Germany and Austria or to the serious literature on the subject, beginning with the treatise by Hoffmann, not E. T. A., the novelist, composer, conductor, from whom he quotes. He speaks of Baudelaire's theory of perfumes and colors and sounds corresponding to one another; of the conflicting views of Rimbaud and Gili; and of course he gives a description of the mouth-organ invented by Des Esseintes, the hero of Huysmans' "A Rebours." Mr. Babbitt dismisses the subject with the easy statement that the habit of interpreting light or color in terms of sound is nearly always a sign of nervous disorder. He has not a word to say about the careful experiments made on normal subjects to whom certain musical instruments or certain musical compositions suggested certain colors. "We are living in an age," says Mr. Babbitt, "that has gone mad on the powers of suggestion in everything from its art to its therapeutics. Even the art of dancing has caught the contagion, and is not content to count simply as dancing, but must needs be a symbol and suggestion of something else, of a Greek vase, for example, or a Beethoven symphony." Alas, poor Isadora, Maud, Ruth, and the rest of them! And yet among the Greeks, whose art was so pure and serene, dancing was symbolical, suggestive of something else, Mr. Babbitt.

It is to be regretted that in a volume which contains much that is valuable both in the way of correction and suggestion the pages about music should be distinctively of the black walnut period of criticism.

WITH PEN IN HAND.

M. Marcel Prevost has for many years studied women for the sake of copy and literary reputation. If, disgusted with Parisian life and bored by the solemn meetings of the Acad-

emy, he should resolve to return to nature and dwell with North American Indians, he would no doubt insist on being known as "The-Man-That - Understands-Women," though to some of his readers, especially women, he may seem the double of the novelist in Leonard Merrick's short story, who, proud of his knowledge of the sex and read for his insight into woman's heart, blundered irretrievably when he had a rare opportunity to put his ability to the test, and thus saddened two lives, although the experience inspired this epigram in his most popular novel: "Our bitterest remorse is not for our sins, but for our stupidities."

In a volume of sketches, "Feminites," recently published, M. Prevost declares that in a woman's letters the subject has seldom any connection with its object. The inherent irrelevance of women is shown also by their purchasing hats that do not cover the head, parasols that do not shield them from the sun, shoes that hinder the wearer in walking. A woman, writing, does not purpose to reveal her own thoughts but "to produce a certain train of thought in the recipient." The tone, not the words of a letter, should be considered. If a woman is particularly persuasive, she is endeavoring to divert your attention from the truth; if she is warm in expression of affection, she is plotting treachery; if she threatens, she wishes "to conceal her own cause for fear"; if she is indifferent, it is because she is hiding the anguish inflicted by you (or some one else). Thus does M. Prevost, to preserve his reputation as an agreeably cynical writer and a sounder of woman's heart, speak in substance concerning women's letters.

It is a pity that M. Prevost did not read the letters of Miss Smith of Stamford, Ct., to young Mr. Griswold before he drew his generalizations and expressed them in polished French. These letters are unusual, not on account of the terms of endearment, as "Honey Lamb," "Dear Lil' Ruzzie" and other synonyms for "Tootsie Wootsie," not on account of phrases of affection in German in which adjectives and nouns do not always agree in gender, but by reason of the general contents, not too amatory, charged with high spirits, graphic, entertaining. Miss Smith says that she likes to write letters, sees no harm in indulging the caprice of a moment, and thinks the letter should be forgotten as soon as read. She laughs at the idea of her wooing a man thirteen years her younger. Unfortunately for Mr. Griswold, when he took these letters seriously and believed that he was Miss Smith's "lieber Siegfried," the illuminating book of M. Prevost was not published. It should be Englished at once and put into every young man's hands.

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald: "I was much pleased this morning when, reading for the purpose of taking notes for my colossal work—and I have made marked progress the last fortnight—I found an allusion to an ancient form of thermos bottle. When Kilhwch in 'The Mabinogion' asks Yspaddaden Penkawr for the hand of his daughter, Olwen, Yspaddaden Penkawr among many demands asks Kilhwch for the blood of a jet-black sorceress. 'I will not have the blood unless I have it warm, and no vessels will keep warm the liquid that is put therein, except the bottles of Gwyddolwyd Gorr, which preserve the heat of the liquor that is put into them in the east, until they arrive at the west.' Unfortunately I do not know the date of Gwyddolwyd Gorr's death, nor even that of Kilhwch's or of Yspaddaden Penkawr's, and I do not find any information in the encyclopedia in the village library. Can any of your readers assist me? I shall be glad to acknowledge the courtesy in a footnote, which will be properly indexed. I should prefer the answers to be in English, for I read Welsh with considerable difficulty.

"I observe that John D. Prince writing recently to the New York

Sun concerning the meaning and correct pronunciation of Chaugogga-gogga-manchaugogoggaubena-kungamaug. The name of a lake, states that Mashpee is "near Cape Cod." "Near Cape Cod" it's on Cape Cod. Not merely for the summer, not merely glued on, but it is a part of the Cape. It is the Cape. There is Mashpee pond, Mashpee river, Indian Meeting House, not to mention Quaker's Run. Alas, the blood of the noble Red Man no longer flows there in an unswollen stream. It is mixed with a negro or Portuguese strain. But Mashpee is the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

"I visited for a few days a friend who is a maniac on the subject of daily cold baths. He is constantly talking about his morning bath, how he enjoys it, how it preserves his youth and hardens his system. You reasonably infer that he was denied this privilege until late in life. His bathroom is a primitive affair, and hot water is brought in a tea-kettle. His cook is often late in rising and the early bath is then necessarily cold. Now, although I am reasonably clean and take due care of my person, I dislike an early shock, possibly because I have a valvular affection of the heart, and I do not wish to be taken away before I have completed a work that will be of inestimable value to humanity. 'Come, Johnson, it's time to get up. Your bath is ready.' The house is small and privacy is tumultuous. If I did not take the bath my host would know it and I should be subject to his jeers or silent contempt. There was only one thing to do. I went into the bathroom, locked the door, sat in a chair by the side of the tub and made a vigorous splashing with my hands until I thought it was safe to stop. Then I dashed water on the floor. At breakfast my host said gleefully: 'There's nothing like a cold plunge in the morning, Johnson, is there?' And I answered: 'You're right, old man.' It seemed to me that Mrs. Johnson looked at me suspiciously. Perhaps I forgot to use a bath towel, or the soap was too dry."

Let us look again at the part of the Oxford English Dictionary recently published, the part including "Sauce-alone" and "s. o. l. o. i. n. g." "Sauce-alone," by the way, is the name of a tall hedge-weed formerly used as a flavoring for salads and sauces. It is also known as Jack of the nedges. Some used it instead of garlic; others liked it with salt fish.

"Sauerkraut" apparently came into English literature as early as 1617, when it was spelled "sower crawt." It was recommended as highly antiscorbutic.

The word "sausage" appeared earlier, in the 14th century. There was a time when the Bologna species was regarded as a luxury. "He brought them of his Holliness bread and wine and other rarities, as Bolognean Sausages, and such dainties." It is pleasant to see the vulgar "sausage" and "sausage" recognized. It is also pleasant to learn that the word is applied to certain kinds of India rubber. "Mozambique, good stickless sausage; sausage softish." And how is sausage defined in its modern and widest use? "A preparation of comminuted beef, veal, pork, mutton, or a mixture of these, either fresh, salted, pickled, smoked or cured with salt, spices, flour (sometimes with the addition of fats, blood, sugar vegetables, etc.), stuffed into a container made from an intestine, stomach, bladder, or other animal tissue." We miss any reference to "hot dog," but a quotation to illustrate "sausage-poisoning" (1876) informs us that 400 cases of sausage poisoning occurred in Wurtemberg alone during the preceding 50 years. "Alantiasis" may seem to some a more genteel term for sausage-poisoning.

"Savvy," practical sense, gumption, as found in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (1826), as well as in stories by Bret Harte, but in the former it is spelled "Savie." The verb "savvy," to know, is found as "scavey," a negro word, in Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue (1785). It is negro-English, and pigeon-English, after the Spanish "Sabe usted," "you know."

There is no explanation attempted of the word "scamel," which has vexed so many commentators of Shakespeare's "Tempest." "I'll get thee young scamels from the rock." The definition taken from Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk" is not accepted as of value.

"Been on a scheme" means "been on a spree," and as such appears in Dr. Johnson's "Idler." Was the phrase ever common in New England?

Many of us were taught in youth that a "scholar" meant one who had acquired learning in the schools, a learned person, and that we were "students." The word scholar first meant "one who is taught in school," and in England it is now especially applied to a boy or girl attending an elementary school. "Scholar," a learned person, did not come into English literature till about three centuries after the word with the original meaning.

Some object to the word "scientist." It was apparently coined by Whewell in 1840. "We need very much a name to describe a cultivator of science in general. I should incline to call him a scientist." "Scientist" is a poor substitute.

"Scorch," to cycle or motor at high speed, finds a place. The French say "a furious rider he burns the pavement," and no doubt there was a slang word applied to the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, by exasperated or infuriated Hebrews. This reminds us of the Rev. Mr. Chalmers was in an automobile stopped at New York City the other day for failure to stop at a red light. The rather

Patrick's story was driven at the risk of his life, by a Californian. "Do you know why you are like the Pharisees? Because you appear unto men too fast."

"Scotch," often elliptically (the substantive being contextually known) e. g. for Scotch whiskey; also a glass of Scotch whiskey." Yes, yes, but there is no quotation with reference to hot Scotch, and a recipe is missed. Scotch chocolate is brimstone and milk. Scotch coffee is hot water flavored with burnt biscuit; neither of them is to be recommended as a steady or a summer drink.

Americans travelling in England wonder at the pronunciation of "schedule" in that country. The original spelling was "cedule" or "sedule." The regular spelling "schedule" dates from the middle of the 17th century, and the pronunciation survived the original spelling.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morison stock company in "The Bingleville Bugle," a comedy drama in four acts by Newton Newkirk. Revised and staged by J. R. Pitman. Cast: 154 Time

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and her stock company in the first performance on any stage of "The Man's Game," by G. Hembert Westley. Cast:

George Stanwood.....Richard Buhler
John Elton.....William Baufort
Boss Donnelly.....Harry Brooks
Matthew Raeburn.....James S. Barrett
Arthur Maple.....John Danton
Loring.....Albert Hickey
Dorothy Elton.....Olive Rea Temple
Mrs. Maple.....Eleanor Brownell
Lulu Johnson.....Dorothy Stanton
Eleanor Denn.....Charlotte Hunt

KEITH'S.

"Order of the Bath" and "The Maid of Mystery" Leading Features.

Keith's Theatre presents a well balanced bill this week. It includes an animal circus, a one-act skit, monologues, singers singly and in quartet, "The Maid of Mystery," who dances, and the kinetograph. And the greatest of these is the kinetograph. It has some very funny pictures about how the Four Hundred go slumming and how the slummers return the compliment. It has also some fairly amusing pictures showing how Sanibio caught a chicken.

"The Order of the Bath" was the name of the one-act sketch. It presented the embarrassments of Capt. Lantier, British army, and Mildred Chipperfield, society girl, suffered when they got locked into a bathroom in Lady Miltner's country house in Wales. Certainly the setting was unconventional, but in the acting there was no suggestion of indelicacy. The actors, however, missed a great chance to turn a moderately interesting dialogue into a really comical farce by not pushing Capt. Lantier into the bathroom. Laura Bert and Henry Stanford took the chief parts and Olive Weller the part of maid.

Julia Frary, the singing comedian, was good natured enough to jest about her size. She made the house roar when she said she knew that she ought to be a piano mover, but she "loved her art." Paul Barnes, the "exhilarating monologist," just arrived from England, told a number of funny stories. The best was about the couples in the South station who kissed each other good-bye whenever a train left, and then moved on to wait for the departure of the next train.

"The Maid of Mystery" presented the Grecian worship dance. A note on the program explained that this dance was typical of that performed at Ionia, Greece, 300 B. C. The Maid of Mystery wore white veils about the lower part of her face. She also wore orange colored filmy draperies and many spangles. The setting for her dance was the interior of a Greek temple, with a tall goddess, a flame burning before her, and some steps on which the dancer died. The dance was chiefly very difficult gymnastics, supple sways of the body and twirlings of the limbs.

If "typical" the Greek maidens of 300 B. C. must have been spineless. The act was interesting, though it was a disappointment to have the dancer die just when she began really to dance.

Sam Watson's barnyard circus included trained dogs, who could jump rope, a trained cat that could stick to the dog's back, trained roosters, trained geese, a trained pig and a trained donkey. The Temple quartet sang melodiously and the "Taking of the Third Degree" was vivaciously illustrated by Ned Monroe and Frank Ely Mack, black face comedians.

On the program were also La Maize, Bennett and La Maize, acrobats and clowns, Charles De Haven and Jack Sidney, entertainers, and "Chalk" Saunders, crayon comedian.

WOMAN IN JAPAN.

The occidental idea of the character and condition of Japanese women is derived largely from novels, as Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" and "La Troisième Jeunesse

de Madame Prune," or from stage pieces as "Madama Butterfly," "Iris" and even "The Mikado." The Marchioness Yorikasa in Claude Farrere's powerful novel, "La Bataille," a novel well worth reading, gives another view of the Japanese woman, in which her character remains inscrutable to those of western birth, traditions and education. Mr. Herbert G. Ponting's study of Japanese women in his "In Lotus-Land Japan" may serve as an enlightener and a corrective.

It is not a compliment to liken a Japanese woman to a butterfly, for she regards the "cho-cho" as the emblem of frivolity and inconstancy, and she has been trained to be loyal to her father, her husband, and her Emperor. The geisha is wholly misunderstood by the great majority of travellers and writers, also by the most ingenious librettists, and she is confused with a far different being, the inmate of the yoshiwara. Nor is the Japanese woman merely a plaything or a drudge in the house of her husband; she is absolute mistress, dearly loved, highly respected, a true helpmate. As is well known, it is seldom that a foreigner is allowed to enter the sacred home of a Japanese. It appears that Mr. Ponting enjoyed a special privilege, and he found in the Japanese wife all the qualities that men esteem in woman. "She was sagacious, strong and self-reliant, yet gentle, companionable, and sweet—a very ministering angel of forgiveness, tenderness, and mercy." Her patriotism has long been famous, and it was shown gloriously in the war with Russia, in her devotion to the wounded—and Russians were nursed in the hospitals with the same attention and skill as the Japanese—in her brave submission when her dear ones fell for their country. It was General Kuroki that said: "Japan owes as much to her women as to her soldiers; they are the best in the world—we hope they may never change."

And are they changing? Are they assuming another character with European dress? In M. Farrere's novel the Marchioness seemed to the French painter and the American woman on her yacht a Parisian of the more reckless brand; but did she coquet with the Englishman merely to aid her husband, the naval officer, in obtaining information for the sea-fight? Was she imprudent with the Italian Prince? Yet when her husband was killed on his vessel, the Marchioness Yorikasa, clothed in mourning of the ancient manner, went to the Buddhist convent at Kyoto, to don the shirt of haircloth, to die there "honorably."

July 28 1910
MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Edmund Russell has long been known as a self-appointed authority on finger rings and on manners and things in the east; indeed, as an oriental sociologist, he is said to surpass the baron in "Erminie." It is a pleasure to find him writing about the dress of men, especially as there is no young Alcibiades in New York or Boston who determines the fashions, and taste in Chicago is not always chaste. Nor has it been the custom for a President of the United States to decree whether trousers should be checked or striped and settle other important aesthetic matters. King Edward VII. exerted his influence firmly, but quietly, and with a benignant smile. Of all the presidents since Buchanan, Chester A. Arthur was the only "dressy" man. For this reason and because he was familiarly known as "Chet" before he fled the President's chair with marked dignity a cigar was named after him.

Mr. Ward McAllister was so busy putting New Yorkers in their respectively proper places and in counting his Four Hundred that he wrote and spoke little or nothing about dress. Mr. E. Berry Wall was in his day an admirable model, and it is surprising that he has not been nominated for the Hall of Fame. Many regret that the sartorial editor of the Providence Journal has not seen fit to publish his articles in book form at a reasonable price, with an edition de luxe containing portraits of "classy dressers" and pictures of the changing fashions of the last 15 years for collectors; but Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that he has drawn freely from this reservoir of information in the preparation of his own colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast," and will give the author due credit. Dr. Ernest Castell of New York deserves respectful attention. The Morning Telegraph said of him some months ago: "His ties are always

mated to delicious collars. There is always just a touch of Italian fancy in them, but so subdued that it is only visible to those who understand the more intimate Italian nature."

At present Mr. Russell seems to be throning it alone and he is to be praised for being human and epigrammatic rather than pontifical. How excellent this advice: "Don't pull the knees of your trousers in company—it's better to be baggy than fussy." Young men should ponder this. William Cobbett never gave sounder advice in the manual that should be every youth's bedside book. We have seen men, young and old, plucking their trousers' knees in parlor, street car and on the veranda. This habit compounded of vanity and thrift, should be sternly discountenanced. It is hard to say who is the more objectionable; the man that thus wishes to preserve a crease or the woman that keeps pulling down her skirt from fear lest her ankles may be seen.

Mr. Russell is right when he says two suits are better than one, for suits should be worn alternately that they may rest from too daily shock. It is given to every one to own two business suits, two suits for afternoon teas and dress trousers for rainy weather and dress trousers for the full exposure at the opera. The young man is too often like the poor widow who is obliged to buy coal by the basket. Were we as rich as Mr. John D. Rockefeller or even as the late Mr. Harriman, who left to the surprise of his friends only \$71,063.70 and a few cents, we should have a pair of boots for each day of the week, 31 razors, and a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers. Let no one say flippantly, "You would then have two pair of suspenders," for in the first place the gag would be only a modification of the one in "Prince Pro Tem": "I wish I had a dollar for every bottle of champagne I've opened in my life. I'd have just three dollars."

Only the awe in which Mr. Russell is held prevents us from questioning this statement: "It is customary to sport"—even aesthetes drop condescendingly into familiar speech—a black frock coat with pearl-gray underpinnings, but as light emphasizes, it is much better to give character to the chest by wearing the coat light and the trousers dark—this increases personal expression, though it is rarely done." We should like to hear expressions of opinion on this subject. A pepper and salt coat with dark unmentionables does not appeal to us.

This is to be regretted that Mr. Russell thinks that spats always look "spatty"; that they become only "broken down colonels with red noses and gold headed canes." Why should not spats look "spatty"? When Artemus Ward heard his daughter singling: "Why do summer roses fade?" he answered: "Because it is their 'hiz; let 'em fade.' But spats become highly respectable men, in fact are an outward expression of inward respectability. The wearer should be tall and spare, with short gray hair or hair tinged with gray; a little, active man, who has seen towns and known their inhabitants; a member of a long established club, whose order for a dinner shows such taste and intelligence that even the steward is moved to personal attention; not a loquacious man, but one of pointed sentences and attentions that spur curiosity; temperate but with an unerring knowledge of vintages, brews, distillations; an elderly man who once had a romance in his life and is kindly cynical. No fat man should ever wear spats. Let him be condemned to Congress gaiters.

"Not long ago," says Mr. Russell, "a pink shirt was looked upon as a pathological absurdity. . . . Now every color has crept into our haberdasher's windows. Even when badly done, this is a promising sign." And to Mr. Russell no doubt an ox-blood shirt—the color was in fashion some years ago—was a step. But was a pink shirt regarded as a pathological absurdity until recent and more enlightened days? A Philadelphia wrote an obituary poem many years ago—we quote from memory, for books that have helped us are now out of reach, and the man's name may be spelled incorrectly:

The Death Angel smote Alexander McGue
And gave him protracted repose.
He wore a pink shirt and a No. 9 shoe
And he balanced a wart on his nose.
Or was the wart pink? And does the verb "to balance" come from the pathetic ballad about the falseness of Rose?

She married a man on the tight-rope.
Who balanced a wart on his nose.
It matters not, the lamented McGue was conspicuous by reason of the color pink. And we share with Mr. Russell his passion for vivid colors. Why should the wealthy dress as a rule in sombre garments? It was in 1842 that Theophile Gautier complained of Parisian millionaires that they were dressed "as you and I are dressed, like a lawyer, a poet or a janitor, in this horrible modern costume, a funeral domino, invested by envy and ugliness, beneath which neither the rich nor the beautiful are to be recognized in this grand masked ball of existence under a constitution." And Gautier added that if he were monarch he should compel M. de Rothschild to have 21 drummers in cloth of gold precede him whenever he walked in the street, and retainers mounted on magnificent steeds should follow him; and the banker himself should wear the breastplate of Astarte, the high priest, made of gold, of blue, and of purple and of scarlet and of fine twined linen, and set in it settings of stones, even, four rows of stones—sardius, topaz, carbuncle, emerald, sapphire, diamond; figure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, jasper, all set in gold in their inclosings. This

...the early littles were...
...Astor Belmont in his entertain-
...The Upper Ten Thousand" de-
...Mr. Bird Simpson at a water-
...dressed in a blue cutaway
...but was, white trousers with
...blue stripes, a check shirt of
...crimson pattern, a red and
...cravat, no waistcoat, and wide
...rodered braces. And Harry Mas-
...in his country home wore a shawl
...dressing gown, orange cashmere
...out, and rose silk with a, very wide
...blue trousers, slippers of the same
...embroidered in gold, a blue and
...white silk cravat and a red smoking
...and his person gave forth a com-
...odor of French sachets, German
...and Turkish tobacco.

Mr. Russell should not only write; he should go from town to town and lecture in appropriate costumes. This is his duty he owes to society and his art. Mr. Turveydrop tore himself away from his dear son, to show himself, as usual, about town.

"EXCLUSIVE."

A man in Washington, D. C., received authority from the District Commissioners a few days ago to inspect the 521 saloons (refined or drunkeries) and wholesale liquor places in the city, and for this pleasant task he will receive \$1000 a year. Not that he needs the money. He is doing this work for his health, on the advice of his family physician. The worker is described as a society man, golfer, athlete and a member of "exclusive clubs." For several years he has been "closely identified with the best and most exclusive society here."

Is not this word "exclusive" overworked? It is to be found in almost every newspaper daily. The embezzler who ran away moved in the "most exclusive society" of the little hillside town. Mr. Moriarty, who died in the manufacturing city in the western part of the Commonwealth, belonged to an "exclusive club." Miss Tottie Swirlington, who is going on the stage next month, was not only "born for the stage" but her acting in private theatricals, and especially her Egyptian dance, excited the admiration of all at the last entertainment of the "Exclusive Veronica Club." There is no sense of proportion, no discrimination, no compliment in the use of this adjective today. The club may be on Beacon or Blossom street; in New York or Lima, Ohio, or over a barber's shop in Hockanum Ferry; let any one of its members rob, murder, commit suicide, be drowned, be elected selectman or sent to Congress, that club is for the purpose of news "exclusive."

Paul Verlaine, shortly before his death, regretted bitterly that his son was not a waiter in a cafe instead of being a petty officer in the army, for in the cafe he would have seen men of all sorts and conditions and gained a thorough knowledge of the world. No doubt this Washingtonian, tired of "the best and most exclusive society," enjoys his work of inspection. It is easy to see him anxious about the inches of froth in the beer mug, the quality of the whiskey when the customer or patient or victim says, "George, the usual!" adamant in the matter of free lunch, inexorable over the cleanliness of the napkins or jack-towels, recommending that the foot rail be a few inches higher as an aid to sparkling conversation. Now he sees the world, the microcosm and the macrocosm. Now he sees that "exclusiveness" is a comparative term, often fictitious, often a sham. And it is more than probable that in the course of his duty he will meet members of the "exclusive" clubs.

WITH REFERENCES.

Lady Dockrell in an address delivered at the annual Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health declared that "woman must realize that upon her depended the ascent or descent, nay, the very existence of the human race." "It is a population," said Lady Dockrell, "that woman has about five men

around her from whom she can choose a husband. Only in isolated cases is that so. Usually a woman is ready to accept a man she is thrown against, and invariably she knows he doesn't approach her ideal." She concluded by saying that the time will come when a woman will not accept a man unless he is able to show a certificate of mental and physical fitness.

Years ago Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia" recommended that when there was talk of marriage the woman should undergo the careful scrutiny of the mother and sisters of the proposed husband, who in turn should be pronounced sound and acceptable by the male relatives of the bride to be. Before Sir Thomas wrote, deep thinkers were equally concerned over the welfare of the race. In more modern times there have been anticipators of Lady Dockrell. Bernard Francois Balzac, the father of the novelist, a man that might have escaped from a fantastic tale of Hoffmann, wrote many curious volumes, among them a history of hydrophobia in which he attacked the dog in a manner to grieve Messrs. Maeterlinck and Merwin, and he declaimed against the liberty allowed any one to marry without a previous examination. "If they are scrofulous, consumptive or imbeciles, it matters not; they are always good enough to marry, and this is why the French race is disappearing." The physicians Toulouse and Robin sounded no louder alarm in more recent days.

It must be admitted that in the great majority of instances marriage is the result of propinquity. Each one seeks a mate, and some, as Thackeray, insist that if a woman sets about it she can marry any man she chooses. It is also true that as a rule a man and a woman about to marry know little of each other's character. The woman is, as in a shop window, skillfully dressed. The man is on his good behavior. She does not recognize his inherent selfishness, for to her he displays generosity, as a lure. Her wilfulness, petulance, light-headedness, extravagance are to him only pleasing coquetry. A year after the wedding, the two begin to understand each other. Then should come mutual forbearance and tact, if there is to be happiness. And who, pray, without fear or prejudice, is to furnish iron-clad certificates of character and physical fitness that will convince the authorities in a civil or ecclesiastical ceremony, and guarantee the happiness that comes from perfect mating?

July 30 1910

IN THEIR HAIR.

Women continue to assert their rights in England. Perhaps we should say "ladies," for in English newspapers there is seldom mention of a woman or of women. A writer for the Pall Mall Gazette is indignant because man presumes to dictate to "ladies" in what fashion they must wear their hair, how they must wash it, etc., and assumes offensively a prescriptive right to dress a "lady's hair" and call himself a "hair expert" or "artiste." The article is headed "Men and Ladies' Hair." It would, therefore, seem that women have no hair. Is it not always the "bearded lady" and not the "bearded woman"?

Reading this clarion call for reform in the Pall Mall Gazette, we learn that those presumptuous men know nothing of the chemistry, physiology and nutritive processes of the hair; their ignorance is colossal and dangerous; they are not compelled to pass examinations. The male hair dresser "makes up by effrontery what he lacks in knowledge or taste. If one could take statistics it would be found that there are twenty or more baldheaded men to one bald woman." Therefore, a stern logician, man should not be allowed to dress woman's hair though he himself should have Absalomic locks. "Ladies' hair dressing is a fascinating occupation, and one that is eminently suited for

women, where correct taste and delicacy and judgment afford so much scope for distinction." Thus, there is an attempt to drive man from a profession he has long adorned, to reduce his opportunities for supporting himself honorably.

His hope is in the fact that the great majority of women for many years have preferred to have their hair dressed by males. The hair dresser of Marie Antoinette was a famous character in his day, and his memoirs are still read. His fame was not eclipsed even by the favorite of the ladies whose sad fate was described by Aubrey Beardsley in a ballad. Time would fail us in listing the names and relating anecdotes of distinguished male hair dressers down to the present day when one of them gives his romantic name to a "wave." The popularity of the male in this capacity has been recognized in comedy which is a corrective looking-glass of manners. Over half a century ago the hair dresser Perroquet was a gay dog in Clairville's "Le Club des Haris et le Club des Femmes." At this woman's club there was loud talk for the abolition of marriage and the degradation of man, but all the members adored Perroquet. The scholar Isaac Vossius enjoyed having his hair combed rhythmically, and women, having the longer hair, should be the more soothed when languid, melancholy or too exalted. Now piano teachers assert that male pupils as a rule have the finer sense of rhythm.

MEN AND THINGS

Our blood ran cold when we read of the dangers encountered in the Fenway by the studious. It was only last summer that a young woman from Maine "frequented the Fenway for study." She was absorbed in her writing—a fountain pen would have been in harmony with the rural scene—when she was "accosted by a masculine degenerate" whose language was shocking, whose behavior was that of a satyr. Fortunately there was an honest workman nearby, who, hearing her shrill-edged shrieks, left his job at the risk of losing it to save her.

As a student of sociology and anthropology, also as a lover of nature, we, too, have frequented the Fenway, although we never tried to write there. The sight of bright-eyed little children on Sunday morning throwing stones at the ducks and swans and screaming at them while their parents stand by and smile fatuous approval confirms the theory for which there is so much evidence, that children are inherently cruel, at school, at play, with their mates, and toward older human beings, four-legged beasts, birds and creeping things. The sight of John close to Lucy on a bench, with the two awkwardly silent as we pass, awakened pleasant memories and leads us to think hopefully of the world's future. The fat elderly man, esteemed in the community, giving his poodle an airing is a decoration to the landscape. We have seen many sights in this Fenway, amusing, sad, strange, cheering, but we have never seen a "masculine degenerate" lurking or dashing by. Perhaps there was only one and the young woman from Maine was the sole observer. King Lorenzo XVII—we think he was the 17th in line—did not enjoy his drink of milk on account of an intruding grasshopper. The assurance that there was only one on the farm did not console him. "And I got him." Would that we could see "La Mascotte" again with Mme. Paola-Marie as Bettina! The world went very well then.

It is possible that this "masculine degenerate" was merely a studious person who wished to interchange thoughts and was sadly misunderstood. No doubt his appearance was unprepossessing. If Socrates or Aesop had appeared suddenly from behind a bush the young woman from Maine might have been startled, shocked, frightened. Nor is it always prudent for a man to address a woman, young or old, when he entertains the kindest intentions. Take the case of Mr. Skene of Bronx, 60 years old, a highly respectable-looking person, "with benevolent eyes." He sat down next a young woman in a car of an 'L' train and said: "Maid, you are very beautiful. You are, in fact, the most beautiful woman I ever saw." He stated this as a historical fact, as though he were giving the date of the battle of Marathon. She moved away. Then Mr. Skene sat down by another and said: "I would fain hold converse with you, for your eyes are simply enchanting." But No. 2 would hear no more. Mr. Skene worked his way through the train, distributing graceful compliments in courtly speech, until the conductor, in this instance the honest workman, roared at him: "Chop that." With his unfailing courtesy, Mr. Skene answered: "You are the finest conductor I ever saw." As I was saying, sweet princess—"The motorman started to blow his whistle. Mr. Skene did not grow angry. "A remarkably fine piece of mechanism." And when a policeman took him in charge he assured him that he was "without question the most splendid guardian of the peace in the world." Would it be believed that this good, old man, Mr. Skene, who was applying practically the precept, "Speak a kind

word when you are wrong," was saying from his heart words which should have delighted and encouraged several young women, the conductor, the policeman and the whistle for at least 24 hours, was locked up as though he were some riotous fellow, some son of Babel flushed with insolence and rum? What inducement is there for any one of us to be courteous, in the Fenway or in a trolley car?

A man complained recently that the newspapers were dull. They are never dull to one truly interested in the record of daily life and in the deeds of men and women. Only last Wednesday a little paragraph set us a-dreaming. It was in a description of the thorough president's "newly renovated quarters" at the City Hall of New York. "Artistic bronze gates open to a luxuriously appointed suite done in white and gold. Subdued daylight flickers down through a dome-shaped skylight on rosewood tabled desks and comfortably upholstered chairs. A mantel and fireplace of snowy white marble complete the scene." Do'st like the picture? The old description, "built substantially of Rock Island granite and finished throughout with Honduras mahogany" applied to public buildings some years ago seems cheap, paltry in comparison.

In another newspaper, crowded with entertaining and valuable information, we read that the inventor of the hotel annunciator is no more. He died in a New Jersey almshouse, probably preferring it to the hotels in that state. And this led us to ponder inventors and their fate. How ignorant we all are concerning inventions, even though we may read diligently patent office reports and thus form our literary style. For example, who invented the corkscrew? The statement that it was invented by a man in Maine is not credited by acute thinkers. Who invented the little contrivance for removing beer bottle caps? We are mentioning only simple but indispensable things. Did Hunt or Howe invent the sewing machine? Should Morse have the full glory for the telegraph? In our boyhood we knew three inventors. One, who invented a necessary machine for the making of paper, died penniless. One, the inventor of a screw that could be driven with a hammer, was cheated out of his rights. The third, a man of many excellent inventions, an expert billiard player, was always in debt. The three drank heavily of strong waters. And these three lived at the same time in a village, where their inventions were taken as a matter of course. In how many instances has the true inventor, the man whose ingenuity revolutionized a process, supplied a want, benefited mankind, been fitly rewarded? Is it true that there is almost always need of a second and minor inventor to complete the machine or device and to make the thing marketable? The appearance of the promoter, sometimes the lawyer, with his demand for the lion's share, completes the tragedy.

Nor are the London newspapers dull to the judicious reader. At the Enniskillen Quarter Sessions it appeared that a debtor, a young errand boy, was forced to hand over his eye to his creditor, a dealer in clothes. There is naturally the thought of Shylock and the story of "The Merchant of Venice" told even more entertainingly by Giovanni Fiorentino in 1558; more entertainingly, we say, for in Shakespeare's comedy there is no fair woman of Belmonte for whose beauty Giannetto lost two richly laden ships and thus ruined the merchant, his adopted father, and Portia is but a pale reflection of this woman who at last, as Giannetto's wife, donned the judge's robe and brought the scheme of the Jew to nought. It may here be said that the errand boy's eye was of glass. Having lost it, he saved money enough to buy a substitute, but he was obliged to borrow 24 shillings from his employer to go to Dublin to have the eye fitted. He paid off 13 shillings of the debt and got a better job at a hotel in London, whereupon the draper refused to give him a reference. Meeting the boy, he frightened him into handing over his eye as security for the 9 shillings. Then the boy lost his job, for with one eye he was persona non grata to his landlord and his guests. They should have remembered the wondrous tale of the Three Kalendars and queried as to the romance of the lost eye. The boy sued and recovered £2 from the draper. One story like this in a newspaper saves it from the reproach of dullness.

Reading a Paris Journal we learn that the undertakers' men are rebellious because of their costume and because the fashionable hour of burial conflicts with that of their mid-day meal. They wish to wear a cap instead of a top hat of shiny leather, heavy, black, forbidding, lugubrious. At present these men cast a gloom over a funeral. With a cap and well fed would they not be inconspicuously jovial? In their graveyard clothes they are not welcome at restaurants. Driven from one by the patronne, the leader discharged this short from the threshold: "Very well, madam, but we shall return one of these days."

POOR PUSS.

Men and women have suffered severely or died horribly this summer, from cat bites, and the most amiable pet in kitchen, apothecary shop or malthouse is now under suspicion. Maurice Maeterlinck in his "L'Oiseau Bleu," a play so charming and so beautiful that we shudder to think of it in an English version "adapted

for American life. The company including at least one young woman of "personality," and before audiences accustomed to the pieces of Mr. George M. Cohan, introduces the cat Tylette as the subtle and treacherous enemy of mankind. M. Maeterlinck's love of dogs and bees is well known. What has he against poor Puss, whether Puss be black, a tortoise shell, Angora, Persian, raccoon, extra-toed as on Cape Cod, or the humble and despoiled haunter of roofs and alleys?

It would be easy to name famous men that were passionately fond of cats; Mahomet, Tasso, Petrarch, Cardinal Richelieu, Chateaubriand, Baudelaire, Champfleury, Gautier—the list is a long one. Champfleury wrote an essay on this affection for cats, and in his book are nearly 100 woodcuts which show how nations have honored them pictorially from the Egyptian to the Japanese. There was Gottfried, "the Raphael of Cats"; the Dutchman Cornelius Wilsener; the Englishman Burbank. But although the Egyptians paid cats devotional honor and buried them with pomp and ceremony at Bubastis, although the cat often figures as a hero in folklore and fairyland, thousands are prejudiced against the beast, and some are in a cold sweat and their hair rises if one, though unknown to them, be in the room. The calmer and more philosophical, discounting all tales of witchcraft, would approve the description given by John Boswell late in the sixteenth century: "He is slye and wittie, and seeth so sharply that he overcometh darkness of the night by the shyninge lighte of his eyne. In shap of body he is like unto a Leopard, and hath a greate mouthe. He doth delight that he enjoyeth his libertie; and in his youth he is swifte, plyante and merye. He maketh a rufull noise and gastefulle, when he proffereth to fighte with another. He is a cruell beaste when he is wilde, and falleth on his feete from most high places, and never is hurte therewith."

"He doth delight that he enjoyeth his libertie." This is the reason why many hold the cat in disrepute. The cat will play with you when it suits her fancy and convenience. Montaigne suspected this. She always seeks her own comfort, is utterly regardless of the comfort of others, lives solely for her own pleasure. In this respect she closely resembles human beings, but as she is franker in living her theories of life, she thus becomes intolerable. When she is black she is sinister in spite of the superstition that this strange crosser of the threshold brings good luck. The memory of gibbering witches on aeroplanes of their day, or at the Sabbath, or working a spell near the chimney will not out. Nor is the tale of Poe forgotten.

MEN AND THINGS

The Chicago Inter-Ocean commenting on the "rare effectiveness of Mississippi shooting" quoted from a ballad by John Hay, and quoted as follows:

They piled the bodies around the door;
There must have been a cord or more.

Hay's poem was published first in Harper's Weekly, and these lines, as we remember, were:

They piled the stiffs outside the door,
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.

No doubt this version of the lines is accurate, for we have not seen the original since the week of first publication, but we would swear in court to "stiffs" for "bodies." And reading the version of the Inter-Ocean, we recalled Harry T. Baker's letter about all quotations, which was published long ago in the New York Evening Mirror. Mr. Baker referred to a misquotation made by Matthew Arnold in his "Poems," an example of an "author's" misquotation of his own leading characteristic by his slip of memory. Then, Mr. Baker says, there are authors who deliberately alter a word in quotation in order to apply the sentiment to their own purpose. Hazlitt has been guilty of doing this. Coleridge, on his trick of quotation, and said Coleridge was most unfair, but never pardoned Hazlitt's study of Coleridge's essay in which Coleridge's "ideas, contradictions, vacillations, contradictions, enthusiasms are described in one

wonderful and wonderfully long sentence—a sentence to which even William M. Evans must have taken off his celebrated hat.

The man of quotations in conversation is generally a formidable bore, whether he strive to show wit or learning. Sancho Panza would be more companionable without his proverbs. The practice of quotation in political speeches has disappeared. Mortimer Collins, a fanciful novelist and poet now too little read, said that Horace wrote for the express purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons, but we doubt whether an argument or an appeal is now pointed there by a quotation either in Latin or in Greek. How would one of the first six books of Virgil strike Congress? Would Senator Aldrich be impressed or persuaded by a pertinent passage from Juvenal or Horace in the mouth of an insurgent?

In daily life we hear and see more misquotations than quotations. "The misquotation microbe," wrote an unknown essayist several years ago, "is a dangerous and aggressive creature, the more so because it imparts its aggressiveness to its victims. It is the careless or unlearned man who checks his sound and well-read brother for making what he conceives to be a mistake. If contradicted, he supports his statement by arguments—that is, reiterated and passionate assertion; and even when shown the original passage is unconvinced, and goes away grumbling to himself that he is sure he has seen his version somewhere."

It would be a pleasant task to make a list of common misquotations. Let us consider a few, giving first the erroneous version, and then the correct one.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins." "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."—I. Peter, iv., 8.
"The tongue is an unruly member." "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."—James, iii., 8.
"Falls like Lucifer never to rise again." "Falls like Lucifer never to rise again."—Henry VIII.
"Fresh fields and pastures new." "Fresh woods and pastures new."—"Lyonesse."
"Just cause and impediment." "Cause or just impediment."—Book of Common Prayer.
"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour." "Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour."—Moore.
"By small degrees and beautifully less." "Fine by degrees and beautifully less."—Prior.
"A wet sheet and a flowing sail." "A wet sheet and a flowing sea."—Cunningham.
"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee.
"And not a drop to drink." "Nor any drop to drink."—"The Ancient Mariner."
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." "A little learning is a dangerous thing."—Pope.

There are misquotations of another class, quotations letter perfect yet erroneous because the meaning of the author is wholly changed, for the sentence is not completed. Perhaps the most famous instance is one line from the speech of Ulysses in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." Ulysses is endeavoring to arouse Achilles from his sulky inaction. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This sentence seems complete in itself, and it is always quoted in optimistic spirit, as much as to say that all nations are brothers, quick to respond to natural emotions, whereas the whole sentence is an expression of pessimism, a bitter reflection on the character of man.

One touch of nature makes the whole kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More lustrous than gilt ore dusted.

It may be said that the misquotation in some instances is more concise, more pungent, than the original. It may also be said that when the misquotation is general it becomes a part of the language and should pass uncontradicted. The purist is sometimes caught tripping in his correction. How often this sumptuous "Speed the parting guest" been spoken? In Pope's satire the lines are best, "Welcome the coming, speed the going guest." These are the lines generally in the mind of the well-read quoter, but in Pope's translation of the "Odyssey" (book xv.) are the words "speed the parting guest." How many can truthfully say that they have read Pope's version of Homer's poem and remember the phrase? And is Pope's second satire fresh in the minds of all? "Speed the parting guest" has become a familiar phrase; it is used by thousands who never read a line of the wispish yet kind hearted luncheon; and "parting" will be used for "going" until Esperanto or some still more inconspicuously universal language drives out English. If you would say to your host who has anticipated your departure with ill-concealed pleasure, "speed the going guest," he might not correct you as he shakes your hand, but after you were out of hearing distance he

would say to his amiable spouse "Maria, that young man is not only a bore; he is an ignoramus." A physician once remarked at the Porphyry that he should not think of pronouncing "paresis" correctly unless at a meeting of doctors, for he would at once be suspected of illiteracy.

And it might be argued that "Falls like Lucifer, never to rise again," is better than the original line, whoever wrote it. Shakespeare or Fletcher, Milton wrote "Thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." We are accustomed to hear the line "Thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." This condensed version conveys the idea, and a practical man, "a man of few words," would prefer it.

Nor should it be forgotten that there are men of much reading who are constitutionally unable to quote correctly, and some who cannot quote at all. The latter are restful companions. Memory plays queer pranks. We know a man who can recite glibly and correctly limbo, foolish or gross, that he heard at school, although he made no effort to memorize them, and he cannot repeat without stumbling two lines from any admired poet or essayist, not even from Shakespeare or the Bible.

EVOLUTION OF DRAMATIC IDEA

Jules Guillemot Writes of His Study of the Art of French Writers.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Jules Guillemot's "L'Evolution de l'idee dramatique chez les Maitres du Theatre de Corneille a Dumas fils," published recently by Perrin & Co., Paris, was crowned in 1908 by the Professional Association of Dramatic and Musical Criticism. The author chooses as mottoes this saying of Corneille: "It is certain that there are precepts, for there is in art; but it is not certain what they are," and this saying of Dumas the younger: "Dramatic exigencies, which the young call conventions when they do not know how to use them." His aim is to show that the famous unities have been respected by the best French dramatists, and that because a play is "well made" it is not necessarily unimportant or uninteresting. He also shows that the great dramatists did not disdain their "trade." But all this he proves by inference, for he passes in reviews the ideas and theories of the most celebrated French dramatists, and leaves to them the responsibility of assertion. The reader may derive from the various opinions material for a general critical study of the primordial and necessary conditions of dramatic art as it is known in France.

Dramatic art is an exception to the rule that every art is taught and has its teachers, as architecture, music, painting, acting, sewing, cooking, pickling, etc. "Dramatic art is an exception to the universal rule. I do not know that any dramatist clothed in authority has ever had the idea of imparting his secrets to young colleagues." When Abraham Dreyfus asked Pailleton how he wrote a play, the latter answered: "I may perhaps astonish you, but on my soul and conscience, before God and man, I declare unto you that I know nothing about it, you know nothing about it, no one knows anything about it, and the author of a play less than any one else. The dramatist in labor is an unconscious being, and his work is one of instinct rather than of will. Believe me, in this, as in everything, the most cunning does that which he can, and if he succeeds, he says that he did it purposely. This is the truth. A dramatist sometimes knows what he wished to do, rarely that which he has done; as for knowing how he did it—that is impossible." And Dumas the younger said in his preface to "Theatre des Autres": "A man can become a skillful author, a remarkable draughtsman, a learned musician. He cannot become a dramatic author if he is not one from the very start. There is no school, no studio, where one is taught to compose a play, as one learns modelling, counterpoint or drawing."

Mr. Guillemot evidently does not know that in at least one American university ingenious youths are instructed in the art of writing plays, and that some fondly hope the "great American dramatist" will soar broad winged and exulting from this little incubator.

It is acknowledged that great artists and great writers do not always have well defined theories. "There are instinctively geniuses who, fired by inspiration, obey laws which it would not always be possible for them to formulate." The creative faculty and the critical faculty are seldom together in the same skull. Yet there are dramatists who have expressed themselves freely in prefaces to their plays long before the artists and shrinking confessions of Mr. G. B. Shaw.

There are prefaces that are a superb portico to a shabby building, when some poet or essayist lending his name and protection to a young friend discourses nobly about art or the soul. There are prefaces that vie with the work that follows, as Swinburne's to poems by Coleridge; Gautier's study of Baudelaire. The series

of Tudor translation is conspicuous for the excellence of the prefaces and there are some admirable examples in Everyman's Library. Some prefer Mr. Shaw's prefaces to his plays to the plays themselves. Then there are prefaces that are frankly explanatory or polemical. The great plays of the ancients had no prefaces with the exception of "Tartuffe" and that preface is concerned with objections made against the comedy-drama and with the effort to crush it. With Voltaire it became the fashion to write prefaces, and there are those who believe that the prefaces of Dumas the younger will preserve his name even when "Camille" has disappeared from the stage.

In the earliest prefaces, those of the 17th century, the dramatist justified his choice of a subject, indicated the sources, pointed out the historical material, anticipated unfavorable criticism or replied to critics. He seldom spoke about his own theory of dramatic art. Corneille wrote his "Trois Discours," which still deserve respectful study. His admiration for Aristotle, with his unities of place, time and action, was unbounded. He declared that the precepts of the Greek were for all time and for all people; that they would be capable of producing effects as long as there will be theatres and actors. Corneille believed with Aristotle as an article of faith that the hero who suffers and is persecuted should be neither wholly wicked nor wholly virtuous, more virtuous than wicked, fallen into undeserved misfortune by some act of human weakness that is not a crime; that the persecution and danger should not come from one hostile or indifferent, but from one who ought to love the sufferer and be loved by him. He did not find it necessary at the end of a play to recompense good deeds and punish bad ones. At the same time he was willing to run risks by overleaping the confines and he cried aloud that the old rules "banished many fine things from our theatre." In all that he wrote about his art Corneille was noble and serene.

Racine's views, as expressed in prefaces, are more personal and restless. He speaks of the success of this or that tragedy, of the crowd at this or that performance. He complains of critics. He points out the merits of his plays, tells why they should endure. He did not shrink from self-advertisement, from puffery. At times he whined, as in the first preface to "Britannicus": "I pity deeply the misfortune of a man who works for the public." He himself had had enough; he would throw away his pen. He abused Corneille in words that will ever be a reproach to the abuser. Yet he could write in a higher strain. Speaking of his "Phedre," he remarked how the slightest faults were punished—and here he did not agree with Corneille—how the passions were presented only to show the resultant disorder, how vice was painted with colors that caused its deformity to be recognized and hated, and he added: "This is properly the aim that every man working for the public should propose to himself." And he insisted that the theatre of the ancient Greeks was a school where virtue was taught as thoroughly as in the porch or the grove by the philosophers. He softened the plot of "Phedre," in that his Hippolytus was accused only of having the intention to violate his stepmother. "I wished to spare Theseus a confusion which might have made him less agreeable to the audience." No wonder that Mr. Guillemot smiles at this sandpapering of the story according to Euripides and Seneca, and asks what if Racine and Theseus were living today. "Deceitful husbands have become such sympathetic characters that Theseus would be the first in our time to demand the version of Seneca and Euripides."

It is somewhat surprising that Mr. Guillemot does not refer to the many brilliant articles of Theophile Gautier which are found in the six volumes of his "Histoire de l'Art Dramatique." In a footnote he states that Gautier held the theatre in horror and made little or no attempt to conceal it, and he corroborates the statement of the de Goncourt brothers that Gautier said before them, "Moliere writes like a blackguard," by saying that he himself once heard Gautier make the same speech.

Over 70 years ago Gautier, as dramatic critic, was never weary of attacking tragedy as a form of dramatic art. He insisted that if life were to be represented there should be accessories, changes of scene, costumes. "Real life is shifting, complicated, diffuse. The old tragic repertoire is composed only of monologues cut into acts and flanked by confidants, complimentary echoes making the rhythm and narrations. A portico with green columns, an office chair recovered with leather, one or two figurants, five or six curtains torn from the first window at hand to make cloaks and draperies were enough for this sort of tragedy. Some one may respond that the old tragedy is superior to the modern drama. I reply to this that no one at any theatre today would accept a play by Racine, and if it were by accident received it would surely be hissed. Each century has its literary fashions; ancestors are venerable; but in all the theatres of the world fathers and grandfathers are always ridiculous." And Gautier praised Rachel because she infused nervousness, irony, fierce and restrained passion, modern and romantic qualities into the old tragedies and "played the drama of our time with verses made two centuries ago."

Mr. Guillemot recognizes the fact that in the 20th century the old tragedy is out of fashion, held in such disfavor that it is produced in a shame-faced manner and under the hypocritical name of "etudes antiques." The audience of today cannot endure the monotonous solemnity of the heroes, Greek kings, Roman emperors, fabulous

personages. But in the 17th century the dramatist thinking in the line of the ancients, and in this he was not alone, believed that the presence of distance was a necessary condition of effective presentation of a play. He made this mistake. He sends of the Greeks to them national traditions. Corneille, Racine, as imitators of Greek dramatists should have taken Veronique, Roland, Jeanne d'Arc, Dagnés, and other national heroes and heroines.

So when Racine took for "Bajazet," the subject of contemporaneous adventure which de Cezay, ambassador to Turkey, had related to "several persons of quality," he thought himself obliged to defend his audacity. "I could not advise a dramatist to take for the subject of a tragedy an action as modern as this, if it took place in the country where he wished his tragedy to be performed, nor to put on the stage heroes known to the majority of the audience." He argued that a stage hero was held in respect according to his distance from the spectator. A far-off country was in this respect like a long stretch of time; "because people put hardly any difference between that which is, if I may say so, a thousand years from them and that which is a thousand leagues away." This Parisian looked on the Turk then as an ancient. And Racine, wishing to make Constantinople more remote, called it in the tragedy Byzantium.

In the second preface to "Berenice," the dramatist praised himself for the extreme simplicity of the subject. "For a long time I have wished to see if I could make a tragedy with the simplicity of action that was so greatly to the taste of the ancients, because this is one of the first precepts that they have handed down to us." Racine traduced those who asserted that the rule of unity of action was founded only on caprice or because there was a lack of inventive faculty. According to Racine a multitude of things which can scarcely happen in a week do not crowd a day in man's life and invention lies in making something out of nothing; a simple action must be sustained by "violence of the passion, beauty of sentiment, and elegance of expression."

One more quotation from the preface. "I conjure them (unfavorable critics) to have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves not to believe that a play which moves them and gives them pleasure can be wholly against the rules. The chief rule is to please and to move; all other rules are made only to arrive at this first one." To please is the rule of rules. The others are the means.

Moliere said the same thing in nearly the same words. As I have already remarked, his preface to "Tartuffe" is important, but as a writer of comedies he wrote few prefaces. "Laughter has no need of explanation." To this Mr. Shaw would not say "Amen."

In the preface to "Tartuffe" the dramatist defended himself with biting irony against those who had accused him of irreverence and blasphemy. In the preface to "Precieuses Ridicules" he disclaimed any intention of offending the true "precieuses"; he attacked only the ridiculous ones; a fine distinction, but Moliere, beginning in Paris, did not wish to antagonize an influential part of the public. In the preface to "Tartuffe," sure of the protection of the King, he assailed his enemies vigorously. He called attention to the fact that the character of Tartuffe was never in the play, that there was not a word or action which did not disclose him as a wicked man.

Now, in view of this express statement of Moliere, what is to be said of the pamphlet of Coquelin in which the actor outlines a new interpretation of the part and maintains the theory that Tartuffe should be played as a sincere bigot, a person acting in good faith?

According to Moliere, Marquises, the precieux, physicians and others had not made an outcry because unworthy representatives had been satirized in his comedies, and why should hypocrites be innocent? "If the business of comedy is to correct men's vices, I do not see why there should be any privileged persons." To those who argued that all comedies were immoral, the dramatist replied: "I admit that there are places in it that are better to frequent than the theatre, and if any one wishes to blame all things that are not directly concerned with God and our salvation, the comedy should be included among them, and I do not find it a bad thing that it is condemned with the rest; but let it be granted, as it is true, that exercises of piety suffer from intervals, and that men have need of entertainment, I maintain that nothing more innocent than comedy can be found."

Mr. Guillemot adds: "Moliere might as well have truly said that comedy in itself is neither good nor bad; it is only a tool, adapted to work for good or evil according to the workman who uses it."

And the dramatist spoke of the rules, which to some were the greatest mysteries in the world. "They are, however, only some light observations which common sense has made on that which can take away the pleasure which one finds in this sort of poem." "I should like to know if the great rule of all rules is not to please, and if a theatrical piece which has attained its goal has not followed a good path?" "A usurped victory," says Mr. Guillemot, "is only a passing triumph, a surprise of the moment. It is without possible duration, for it is without foundation. The public, as we believe, is still the best, the most interested, the surest judge. If men are anywhere, they are, nevertheless, the long run, the directing body; they are the traditions, commonplaces, the things sooner or later this control of ideas?"

It is only by reflection. As Racine says in the "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes": "Let us not apply to ourselves the strokes of general censure; let us profit by the lesson if we can and not make it appear that there is reference to us." All the ridiculous portraits exhibited on the stage should be looked at by everybody without mortification. They are public mirrors. Over and over again Moliere, when he was accused of personal attacks, answered that his design was to paint manners without assailing individuals. "As it is the business of comedy to represent in general all the failings of mankind and chiefly of the men of our century, it is impossible for Moliere to depict a character which someone does not meet in the world."

And because Moliere with simplicity and an unerring touch portrayed human and universal types his works have aged less than those by comic dramatists of the 18th century, less than comedies of the 19th, less than comedies by men now living. Nor was he alone a playwright of France, for the majority of his types, the jealous, the misers, the foolish husbands, the too familiar servants, the hypocrites, the lovers, the pedants as drawn by him are as true to nature in one hemisphere as in the other.

Of all men of the 18th century the one that wrote the most notes, prefaces, commentaries, letters, advertisements about his dramatic works was Voltaire; for Diderot and Beaumarchais in their views of the theatre belong to the dawn of the 19th century. If Voltaire was not pre-eminently the man of his century, it was because his tendencies were backward instead of forward. It is true that in certain matters of detail he was a reformer, but in his soul he was ultra-conservative, and he wrote Aristotle and the three unities. Thus we find him saying in the preface to his "Oedipe": "One action cannot pass in several places at once. If the persons whom I see are at Athens in the first act, how can they be in Persia in the second?" He was an indefatigable theorist, a master of advertisement, always writing dedicatory epistles to Popes, Emperors, Kings, even to simple English merchants. No one knew better how to launch a play or to guide it by any means to the greatest possibility of success. "If I dare," says Mr. Guillemot, "and if I did not fear to shock our fathers who have placed him so high, I should say that he is the King of 'Cabotins'." And nothing could be more virulent and abusive than Voltaire's attacks on hostile critics.

Everyone knows Voltaire's characterization of "Hamlet" as "the fruit of a drunken savage's imagination"; but in the same dissertation on tragedy which serves as a preface to "Sémiramis" Voltaire admits that there are sublime things in "Hamlet" "worthy of the greatest geniuses." Mr. Guillemot is not outraged by Voltaire's attack though he points out the extravagance of it. He, himself thinks Shakespeare an unbalanced genius and later in his book he raps Victor Hugo and Dumas the elder over the knuckles for their unbounded admiration for the English dramatist. He is much more disturbed by Voltaire's abuse of Sophocles and his "Oedipus Rex," and Voltaire said of the Greek dramatists: "Their works no doubt deserve to be read; and if they are so full of beauties that they should not be wholly despised!" He even went so far when speaking of masterpieces inspired by the severe rule of unity of time to ignore the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles. "The action should not last over three hours." "Cinna," "Andromaque," "Bajazet," "Cornelle" or that of M. de la Motte, or even mine, if I may dare to mention it, do not last longer."

In his preface there are two Voltaires; the vain man wishing to speak always of himself; the man of wit and brains who watches over himself and is afraid that he may make himself ridiculous. When he pretended to have translated his dreary "L'Ecosaise" from the English he described the piece as one of high comedy with a dash of simple comedy. "The honest man smiles at it with the mental smile that is preferable to the laughter of the mouth."

It was creditable to Voltaire that he protested against a crying abuse of his period: the presence of spectators on the stage; and he insisted that the habit had deprived France of many masterpieces. (Yet the finest French tragedies were produced when this abuse was high in fashion.) The presence of spectators on the stage destroyed illusion and was harmful to stage management. Movement and exterior activity were impossible.

Still more important was this observation in the preface to "Marianne": "One of the first rules is to paint the heroes such as they have been or rather as the public has imagined them; for it is far easier to lead men by the ideas they have, than by wishing to give them new ones." A dramatist should not attempt in a historical play to give to a celebrated character any other physiognomy than that attributed to him without contradiction by tradition, however vulgar it may be. The stage has nothing in common with a chair of history. Does a dramatist present to an audience Philip II. of Spain? He should stand out thoughtful and sombre against the background of the Inquisition. Suppose there are documents recently discovered to show that Philip II. was amiable and smiling. The dramatist should not know of their existence. In the theatre the dramatist has no time to confute prejudices or combat long accepted ideas.

And harsh as Voltaire was in his treatment of Shakespeare, he acknowledged that it was to the English theatre he owed the boldness of putting on the stage the names of Kings and ancient families of France. "It appeared to me that this innovation

itself is the source of a kind of tragedy heretofore unknown to us, a kind of which we have need."

Furthermore he had the good sense to laugh at the opinion of "Tout Paris." He wrote in a letter to a friend about his "Adelaide du Guesclin": "You know what I mean by the public; it is not the universe, as other scribblers have said in past times. The public, as far as books are concerned, is composed of 40 or 50 persons. If the book is a serious one; of 400 or 500 when the book is a pleasant one; and of about 1100 or 1200, when there is talk about a play. There are always in Paris more than 500,000 who never hear anything of this kind mentioned."

WISE SAWS.

"S. S." in an entertaining article published in the New York Evening Post, asserts that to produce a book of epigrams on woman "requires nothing but an elementary knowledge of spelling and the courage necessary to put the result on the market," for whatever one says about woman is true, and he shows that if there is truth in the maxim, "A woman is as old as she looks," it is also true that a woman is seldom as old as she looks. "A woman is as old as her dearest woman friends say she is" should be coupled with "No woman is as old as her dearest woman friends say she is."

It is easy to say that it is easy to coin maxims since Rochefoucauld showed the trick, and there are others who go back to the Proverbs, that anthology of wise saws inculcating prudence, thrift, temperance, and also a regard for self that Dr. Franklin never surpassed as "Poor Richard," that the immortal Jonas of the Rollo books never approached in deed or speech. But the majority of the more modern compilations have little force or wit and are dull reading, witness the "Thoughts" of Ange Goudar, who in the rabble met by the swarthy and adventurous Casanova wrote about opera, did blackguard deeds, and dedicated his "Pensees" to the Pompadour. There are 435 of these thoughts and not one of them is so illuminative as "Home is where the hat is," said by a Bostonian who scatters epigrams. Hazlitt was fired to write his "Characteristics" by reading Rochefoucauld, and in a prefatory note he stated that, while each maxim should contain the essence or groundwork of a separate essay, it is necessary to avoid paradox or commonplace. Hazlitt, with all his wit and knowledge of human nature, was only fairly successful in this task. The book is too often bitter with the tang of personal disappointment, splenetic, waspish. This is seen especially in his maxims about woman, and there are thirty or more of them out of four hundred and thirty-four, a moderate proportion, when we remember that women and eating are the two themes that chiefly interest man when he is conversing at ease with his fellow. Even women smile at the famous epigram in Figaro: "He that marries for the second time does not deserve to have lost his first wife"; but they would resent the maxims of Hazlitt except this one: "To marry an actress for the admiration she excites on the stage is to imitate the man who bought Punch," and actresses would not admit the exception. The ingenious "S. S." might find difficulty in framing maxims contradictory to these two. His statement concerning the average modern saw with reference to woman is true.

MEN AND THINGS

A man's club is to a woman a creation of her imagination unless there be a dining room in it to which she is admitted. There are some women who are convinced that even the Porphyry is a sink of abomination; that its chaste living rooms are the scenes of horrid orgies; that members may be discovered (to use the vocabulary of stage directions) at any hour throwing dice, drinking till they fall to the floor and are lost to the world, gambling till they lose city house and seaside bungalow and are prepared to stake a wife against any sum from \$10,000 to \$100; nor will these women be persuaded that the club is devoted to the cultivation of art and letters. There are other women who take a view less condemnatory but still grotesque.

We read recently a letter of advice to young wives. "With the facilities at hand there is no reason why a saloon or a club should be more attractive to your husband than his own sitting room. Perhaps he likes to smoke and sit around with his coat off. Then let him smoke all he likes and even take his shoes off if his feet are tired. Perhaps he likes the club because he can read there without interruption." It will be seen that this writer takes a more temperate view of a man's club, one that might be characterized as datterling. She pictures groups of leading and countless citizens loitering in easy chairs, smoking long pipes and displaying belts or neatly embroidered suspenders. Some who entered with shoes full of feet, are now barefooted and their feet rest on the centre table among the magazines and comic French weeklies.

"Perhaps he likes the club because he can read there without interruption." O unconscious irony! Does she not know that a man reading in a club is at once a mark for the confirmed chatterer, the dispenser of anecdotes, the rider who does not leave his hobby-horse checked in the strangers' room, the poor wretch who was ruined when some one characterized him as a raconteur? The bore approaches amiably; he often offers a propitiatory drink. He begins: "Don't let me disturb you. Go on reading. When you are through I should like to tell you something I heard this morning. When I heard it I said to myself I hope Smithkins will be at the club this afternoon, for I know he will appreciate the story. It is such a reflection on human nature. Golightly met me, and— And then you are forced to hear a long-winded version of a story that was first told to you in the intermediate school in a short and brutal manner. You object to stories and anecdotes even when they are of the most refined nature, for they are seldom told to suit you, and you are sure that you could tell them in a more brilliant manner. Old Auger labors away, flounders, repeats himself, almost misses the point, and you feel obliged to laugh. The merriment, though it comes from a forced draught attracts other members, and the conversation becomes general and hane. In the front room there is a boisterous discussion of the Crippen case; in another room Ferguson is telling at length about his new 'bungalow,' the one with 23 bathrooms. You wish to finish reading the account of the cultivation of the pumela hush in Arizona, and you go upstairs to the silent room. The placard has been taken down, and the room is reserved for a committee meeting.

In the ideal club there will be remote and padded cells in which inveterate disputants and hardened raconteurs will be confined when they feel the fury coming on them with ignorant or willing victims. To insure suppression of noise Prof. Nussbaum of Hanover, who has made interesting experiments for nearly 25 years in the laboratory and in private houses should be invited to the club as expert and guest. He has come to the conclusion that to deaden sound partition walls should be of solid clay; that quickly hardening lime mortar is preferable to a clay mortar; that the floor should be sanded and cork mats be put over the sand; that the ceiling should be lined with a layer of zinc or lead. Of course, there should be an aperture in the door through which sandwiches and drinks may be passed.

The Herald referred some week ago to M. Andre de Fouquieres whose visit to this country is impending. It may be remembered that the distinguished Frenchman does not find delight in the dress of American men. "The American's necktie is atrocious. His shoes are awful. His trousers are ill fitting. His hat is absurd. His waistcoats—bah!" M. de Fouquieres thinks that all men should wear corsets. At last a defender of American men and their dress has picked up the gauntlet, and declared that the American is the best dressed man in the world. The defender's name is Mr. Louis Martin Emmons, and he lives in Richmond, Ind., which, as he says, in his letter to the society editor of the World, is "the art centre of the central West." "I can show you in this city hundreds of well dressed men of taste and who show art in dress." Mr. Emmons speaks with authority: "As to my social standing I refer you to the Second National Bank, to the president of the Commercial Club, president of the Country Club, or any prominent person in this city of art and refinement." We regret that his portrait was not published—full length—with his letter.

We learn from other sources that Mr. Emmons is "Richmond's most fashionable dresser. He has long been the local arbiter in men's fashions." He leads; the others follow. The fact that he is "engaged in the merchant tailoring business" should not prejudice the reader, Indianapolis has long been recognized as the literary centre of the United States, and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's colony of geniuses in California is not yet planted. Why should not Richmond, Ind., be the sartorial centre? Does Mr. Emmons allow legboots which are still worn by western statesmen? A joint debate between him and M. de Fouquieres would surpass in interest any since that of Lincoln and Douglas.

A man in Canaan, Ct., told several a few days ago that he would die on his birthday. He kept his word, through the aid of a sunstroke. There are several instances of distinguished men prophesying the day of their death and fulfilling their prophecy, and they are recorded in books like "The Wonders of the Little World," "A View of Human Nature," etc. Perhaps the most memorable instance among English-speaking men is that of Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who determined the day of his death from calculations of his own nativity. Anthony Wood, speaking of the exactness of this calculation, said: "Several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven."

There are singular words in the "Vocabulum." Ackruff, water thief; gogare, anxious impatient; ballum, a ball where all the dancers are disreputable; charity prescott, a cloak; consolation, assassination; gis, tobacco; gnostic, a smart fellow; rybuck, all right; plaul, go home; peystrantum, dead; namased, run away; ivy-bush, a very small man who has much hair on his head; a convict is jappaned when the chaplain pronounces him to be converted—these are only a few queer words. Many of the terms were known in the 15th century or before that to rogues. "Adam tiler" is in the appendix to the history and adventures of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, the "King of the Mendicants." So is "Balum Rancum," "a dance where there are company, both male and female, dance in their birthday suits." "A item divers" was a term applied not only to pickpockets, but to churchwardens and overseers of the poor. "T. 'nike" was to run away. There are frequently variations in spelling; thus a church is sometimes "autem," sometimes "autum," as in the "Vocabulum."

The meaning of certain words in this "Vocabulum" has changed materially. Thus "boodle" in 1859 meant a quantity of bad money. "Heeler" meant an accomplice of the pocket-book dropper; he stooped behind the victim and struck one of his heels as if by mistake and so the victim's attention was drawn to the pocketbook on the ground.

Would that there were chairs of comparative slang in our universities! Without training, a student is lost and perplexed examining the dictionaries, nor is it given every one to own them, for some are rare and expensive. There are dictionaries of the vocabularies of many trades. One of printers' slang in French is peculiarly interesting. The slang dictionaries published in French alone would fill many shelves, and the one of words found in the works of symbolists is not the least entertaining. There is a bibliography of French slang dictionaries with rich annotations that should not be overlooked by the collector, who should also be sure that he has the two editions of Capt. Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." The outrageous slang dictionary has unfortunately not been published; at least we have not seen any announcement of it, and the completing volume has been eagerly anticipated by lovers of these "footpads and loafers of speech."

ELECTRA" IN HARVARD YARD

Coburn Players Give English Version of Euripides' Work.

The rendering of the English rhyming version of Euripides' "Electra," which the Coburn players gave last evening in the Harvard Yard, under the auspices of the Summer School of Arts and Sciences, was well attended.

On a stage, with an arboreal background, over which great oaks towered, with the simplest of properties for accessories, and the audience sitting in darkness, the faithful tragedy and sublimation of matricide was wrought out, with sincerity, intelligence, and, in the main, a mastery of text and interpretation which made the occasion delightful, both to persons primarily interested in Greek literature and as well to those interested chiefly in acting as an art. The cast:

Electra.....Theodosia de Coppet
Orestes.....Mrs. Coburn
Clytemnestra.....Mr. Coburn
Aegleus.....Walter J. Connolly
Castor.....Augustin Duncan
Polydeuces.....William Raymond

The outraged, vengeful matricidal and horror-smitten offspring of the King and Queen of Argos, Electra and Orestes, were well depicted by Mr. and Mrs. Coburn. Of the lesser parts, Mr. Eryllyn's old man was an admirable study of senility and servitor loyalty. Mr. Currie made the messenger's narrative of the killing of Aegleus by Orestes a triumph of graphic, realistic narrative. The Castor of Mr. Duncan had a dignity of manner and sonority of speech which made the brief repetition of the messengers from the dead seem to spectators a natural and therefore impressive climax to a terrible scene of remorse and fear. Some of the fact that the first fruits of vengeance, however justifiable, were rather than to anticipate the divine jus-

There are Americans who think themselves slighted if they are not addressed on envelopes as "Esq." They may not own land or have held office; they may have no clear idea as to the significance of the title; they are secretly offended if "Mr." stands before their name. They would tell you that in England "Mr." is applied to tradesmen, and they are not impressed by the fact that Mr. John Milton, Mr. John Hampden and other men of pith and considerable reputation down to the time of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. John Morley (before he was promoted) and prominent statesmen or politicians are not commonly known as "esquires."

It is true that there are Englishmen who insist on being "esquired" from fear lest they be taken for inferior beings. One of them protested in a letter that was published to the joy of all with a sense of humor. He was staying in a Tunbridge Wells boarding house, and he ordered newspapers from a vulgar person who kept a news stand. The vulgar person sent in his account addressed "Mr.," and received the following reply:

"I must also direct your attention to the fact that although you know I have an independent income and have had a college education, and am heir to my aunt, Lady —, you will address me on your envelopes as 'Mr.' I am not an upstart or retired tradesman, but have been independent all my life, and my father and grandfather before me."

"Furthermore, my brother Walter is owner of the London line of steamers to — and M. A. of Oriel College, Oxford. My brother-in-law is also a deputy county court judge and one of the royal commissioners to Mauritius. They have all been presented at court, and we have peers dining at our table in — Gardens. Lord — and Lord — are intimate friends of my brother, and if you doubt it you can write to Lord — at — St. James's Park."

"Of course if you do not know, there is an excuse. I do not write this to put side on as no gentleman does that, but there are certain rights and a proper pride that rules everyone."

Now Cleon with his million acres in England has no right solely on account of land to the title "esquire." Property does not include rank. The word "esquire" was originally given to a person of gentle birth who carried the shield and performed honorable service for a knight. The esquire was in turn knighted when he deserved the honor. In the reign of Richard II, the status of an esquire was granted as a title of honor without duties. This practice is obsolete. A knight commander of the bath has the right on his installation to name three esquires, and the eldest and other sons of peers are only esquires in the eyes of the law. Barristers-at-law are always allowed the title; so are all persons that hold an office of trust under the crown, and are characterized in their commissions as esquires—justices of the peace, mayors, members of parliament, etc. At public functions esquires precede those who have not that rank. Here is the order as given by Mr. Lancelot Trelawney, to whom we are indebted for the information in this paragraph: "Baronets' younger sons, knights' younger sons, colonels' king's counsel, doctors of the three learned professions, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artisans, laborers." But at present, Mr. Trelawney says, the distinction in England is small, for there is a great number of esquires and it is not often easy for a hereditary esquire to prove his title. In the country a man who is prominent in the government of the shires is referred to as "Esquire," and these esquires, as a rule, descendants of the old knights and esquires of days of chivalry.

It would be hard to say who are entitled to the rank of esquire in America. Some might say that members of legislative bodies, counsellors at law, justices of the peace may reasonably be addressed "Esq.," but no reasonable man among them all would be offended if the address on the envelope began with "Mr." It is a curious fact that "Mister"—"Mr." uncontracted—seems grotesque, belittling. It is not so with "Monsieur," "Signor," "Herr," "Senor." And yet "Mister" is only a form of the brave word "Master," and so was "Mistress" originally a most honorable word. What a pity that "Missis" is heard in its place!

Old John Bolterman sold run and made a fortune. Mr. Bolterman died and left a son J. Fortescue Bolterman, Esq., who refers to his father as a merchant prince; "he retired from business to enjoy his declining years." If the son receives a letter addressed "Mr. J. F. Bolterman" he glares at the envelope, describes the writer as low-bred and is vexed for an hour or two. There are snobs in all countries, probably among savages. We have seen dogs that were snobbish toward other dogs, and toward humbly dressed men and women, Messrs. Maeterlinck and Merwin would no doubt dispute this, but would they not admit that dogs are sometimes corrupted by association with their masters?

It is always safe to address a man who has no title as a clerk, or a physician or a lawyer, or any legal or well defined and accepted title as "Mr." If he is worthy of acquaintance, he will wish for no other address. Never mind the books of etiquette. From them you will learn that "Dear Mrs. Thudicum" presupposes intimate relations while "My dear Mrs. Thudicum" is formal. And why, oh, youthfulness! Spriggins, should you write, "Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, Gentlemen"? Jones may not be a gentleman, and the other members of the firm may resent his inclusion, though he is useful to them as a wicked partner. Why do you not write "Dear Sirs"? Even "You uns" would be preferable to the genteel "Gentlemen" from whom you order, or whose bill you dispute. The editor of a newspaper is for some reason or other merely "Sir," and the writer of a complaining letter throws the terms of address in his teeth.

The President of the Berlin police has forbidden under severe penalties the admission of children under 14 with or without parents to moving picture shows after 9 P. M. The step is taken owing to the increased use of pictures of crime and immorality in these exhibitions. But is no one immoral or criminal before 9 P. M.? Or are the pictures of crime and immorality exhibited only after this hour? Or are children under 14 more susceptible to evil impression after 9 P. M.? Here are questions for Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

He, by the way—Mr. Herkimer Johnson—asked us when he was in Boston a few days ago, how we repelled men wishing to borrow money without giving them offence. We answered truthfully: "Ah, Mr. Johnson, no one has paid us the compliment for several months." He then told us that after long thought and unfortunate experience he had hit upon a plan. He is now provided with a trick bankbook, which shows the invariable balance of \$13.43. "I say I wish I could accommodate you, but I have just paid my insurance, my expenses have been unusually heavy on account of doctors' bills; I have only \$2 in my pocket, and that is every cent I have in the bank." This settles most of them; but one man looked at the balance and said: "Can't you let me have \$10? You will still have something left to your credit."

Walt Whitman spoke in one of his poems of "the terrible doubt of appearances." Mr. Remy de Gourmont thus summed up the life of Jules Renard, whose death was duly chronicled in The Herald: "The world thought Jules Renard in sound health and he was a very sick man; it thought him rich, and he was poor; it thought him happy, and he had already wished to kill himself; it thought him philosophic, and he could not bear the appearance of criticism; it thought him remote from political vanities, and he was thought him engaged in parish wars; it thought him Parisian, and he was profoundly rustic; it thought him a naturalist in art, and he was especially fond of Victor Hugo; it thought him skeptical, and he read Pascal; it thought him gay, and he was sad. In like manner we know our contemporaries; and this does not prevent us from judging them, from attributing intentions to them, from measuring their mind, penetrating into their thought, and characterizing their soul."

ECHOING WIVES.

The wife of a New York judge suing for divorce stated in her testimony that her wedding voyage was not a happy one. Her husband was irritable, kicking, fuming, nagging. He objected to her having any money of her own, and he wished her income to be his. She stated that he said to her more than once: "I just want you, my wife, to be an echo of my mind, to shine by my reflected light."

As in many marriages, there was here a lack of tact on each side. No man, not even a New York judge, who had a sense of humor, would have declared openly this wish to be mentally supreme. He would have undertaken quietly the task of moulding his wife's opinions to suit himself, to flatter himself. Men are vainer than women, and nine husbands out of ten wish incense, thick and pungent, to be swung at all hours beneath their nostrils by the beloved one. Take the case of a literary man. It has been said that he should never marry, for his life is necessarily a selfish one; he dislikes to be disturbed; he is thinking constantly of his work—that is, of himself—he cannot endure the slightest adverse criticism. There is truth in the objection to these marriages, but the fact remains that authors have had and have devoted wives who aid and comfort them. And in what manner? By putting aside their own standard of criticism and admiring blindly the prose

Titlivall might say of her husband as Victor Hugo said of Shakespeare: "I accept him in bulk." She may go so far as never to read the essays and poems, lest she might be prejudiced against them in spite of her love.

When there is dissension in the household of a literary man it is because the wife, a superior person, becomes tired of playing the hypocrite. She longs to cry out: "Why do you write such stuff?" Or she sins as Gil Blas sinned before the Archbishop, and warns her husband that his last novel showed a falling off in the invention, the dialogue and the style. She wishes no longer to be an echo, a shadow.

The wise husband, judge, physician, merchant, essayist, consults his wife. "I value your opinion, for the instincts of women are surer than the judgments of men." Fluttering with joy and pride, she talks at random, and he listens intently, without interruption, without contradiction. Having paid her marital homage and riveted affection, he goes about his business, decides, diagnoses, buys and sells, writes as he thinks best. At night he says: "I followed your advice, my dear." Nor does she take the pains to ask for proof of the assertion. "How could he have done otherwise?"

THE PLAYS OF BEAUMARCHAIS

By PHILIP HALE.

Jules Guilleminot in his recently published volume, "L'Evolution de l'Idée Dramatique," which was discussed in The Herald of last Sunday, passes over Diderot's many prefaces and dissertations relating to the theatre on the ground that he was not an eminent dramatist; yet he admits the influence of Diderot and ranks Dumas the younger as the most illustrious of his disciples, Dumas, who was also a pupil, indeed, a son of Beaumarchais.

In America we know the two great comedies of Beaumarchais chiefly by the operatic librettos based on them. Probably not nine out of ten hearers of Mozart's music in this city have a clear idea of the plot of "The Marriage of Figaro." Da Ponte, the librettist, provided an acceptable text for Mozart, and the latter by his music idealized the characters of the original comedy. The sentimental Cherubino of Mozart, for example, is a far different being from the uneasily erotic youngster of the dramatist. The hearer of this music who understands the coquetry of Susanna and the sadness of the countess has only a faint idea of the general intrigue in which the rabble of plotters is concerned; nor could he understand why the comedy was considered immoral by French audiences when it was first produced; nor could he be easily persuaded that this comedy even hinted at the approaching revolution, much less gave the signal to the sharp division of the classes, the fierce hatred, the reign of terror and bloodshed.

The many pages devoted by Mr. Guilleminot to Beaumarchais are among the most interesting and valuable of the book.

Beaumarchais was tired of kings strutting on the stage, tired of the eternal solemnity of the ancient drama, the prejudice in favor of the prestige of distance. He argued that if a spectator is interested in the hero of a tragedy, it is because the hero is a man and unhappy. The higher the rank of the hero, the less does his suffering touch the average spectator, who is moved most when the woe of a character on the stage might easily be his. The interest we all feel in the happiness or unhappiness of a person is largely egotistic. Beaumarchais concluded that there is no morality, no interest on the stage without a secret relationship between the dramatic subject and the spectator.

Diderot had stated that plays should be written in prose rather than in verse, and the matter was thus settled for his admirer Beaumarchais, who in his prose endeavored to be "natural." He strove after a dialogue that should be lively, hurried, curt, "the tumultuous and true speech of the passions." And so he and his contemporaries introduced interrupted phrases, words that allowed the hearer to foresee that which should follow.

In his "Eugenie" he introduced entr'actes of a singular nature in order to maintain illusion. The dramatic action should not cease until the final fall of the curtain. Thus after the second act the maid Betsy tries on before the looking glass a gay hat of her mistress. After the fourth act a bell is rung several times and the Baron crosses the stage with smelling bottles—which as Beaumarchais informs us shows to the audience that Eugenie is in a pitiable condition. "It would be well if the orchestra during this wait, played

... If the son of a neighboring house. The beams of all are too much disquieted over her to allow the thought that there is the making of music for enjoyment. A foolish remark and it is surprising that Beaumarchais did not recognize the fact that dramatic art is above all arts necessarily conventional, that there is nothing gained by seeking realism in childish details.

The preface to the "Barber of Seville" is modern in spirit; it mocks everything including the dramatist, a mockery that Edmond About and his imitators, who still live, put in fashion long afterward.

In this preface are remarks about operas and plays with music; they are shrewd and worthy of consideration, but they must not now detain us.

The preface to "The Marriage of Figaro" is especially interesting by reason of its theories concerning "moralty" in stage plays. Some had found fault with the Countess Almaviva, unhappy and still virtuous Rosine, or her weakness of heart. Beaumarchais answered that in a comedy, an ordinary woman may be shown struggling against a weakness as though she were a queen in a tragedy. To those who were shocked at the sight of a valet, an "insolent valet" daring to go on with his master, the dramatist replied: "O how I regret that I did not make a bloody tragedy on this subject! Putting a dagger in the hand of the outraged husband, whom I should not have named Figaro, I should have made him nobly slay the vicious in his jealous fury; and as he has avenged his honor in wit, and roaring verses, and as my man, a general in the army, would have had for a rival some terrible tyrant reigning wickedly over a rushed nation; all this, very far from our own life, would not have wounded the feelings of any one, and the play would have been raised: Bravo, a play that is highly moral!"

The dramatist, said Beaumarchais, has the right to attack any one and any thing. It is not permitted in comedy to go unpunished, the business of conventional plays will drive us farther to little theatres where liberty, banished from the stage, has been converted into a license where youth is fed on foolishness and loses with it sense and morality. The taste for comedy and masterpieces. And so it was written today.

One might answer that too lively painting of folly and vice might harm morality. Beaumarchais replies: "It is neither the incidents in its train that make comedy less or more moral; it is the lessons and morality. If the dramatist, weak or timid, does not lead his subject to the end, his comedy becomes equivocal or vicious. The morality that should be exacted from comedy consists in this: In the incidents that occur, in the denouement that we are led, we should recognize a play as a man of sense and lofty purpose, and his play should leave a love for that which is good and a hatred and horror of that which is evil. Mr. Guillemot adds: "And after all, the theatre's sole duty is to moralize. I admit that in comedy, as in tragedy, there are not any good sentiments, and that in its scenes, which do not awaken in us a bad one. We are content to live with this mini-ature of the world, and to see man and woman and to all who have the feeling when the dramatist, who is not a saint, does not dare to bring a lesson to his theme and vicious, as we see in our own time. Beaumarchais did not dare to foresee the scandalous theories often for the sole purpose of procuring for his little noise and advertisement. It was La Bruyere who said: 'When reading elevates your mind and noble and generous sentiments, it is a work of art; if it is good and made by the hand of a workman.' For man we should today say 'mas-

Beaumarchais had been reproached for his style. Mark his answer: "My style? If unfortunately I had a style, I should force myself to forget it. I write a comedy, for I know that the theatre is a place of fools, and that the blue or pink, where it is, is the color of whoever he may be. Who he took a subject, he took the characters. I know nothing about what they will say, I am with what they will do. When they are well in motion, I write under their swift dictation, and am sure they will not deceive me, that I will recognize Basile, who has not the wit of the count, who has not the nobility of Suzanne, the roguishness of Figaro, and no one of them the subtlety of Brid'oison, each of them speaks his own language and may the God of the natural preserve them from speaking any other."

And yet in this comedy there are many "aut r's" speeches. All the characters are witty, and the wit is too often that of Beaumarchais himself, not of Figaro, Basile, or the count. Nevertheless Beaumarchais introduced admirable and lively dialogue and natural dialogue when he forgot himself and did not go in for a display of wit.

The Romantics, with Hugo at their head, were according to Mr. Guillemot only demagogues and constructors, and their merit was almost exclusively negative. Victor Hugo and his disciples may play the part of a phantom that still haunted the French stage, but no school was founded by their efforts. Mr. Guillemot has little to say of the comedy of the "Cromwell." "A beautiful and old comedy, which contains nothing,

admirable, which prove nothing, pompous sentences that lead to nothing. This is the preface to "Cromwell." As the author of Hamlet would say, whom Victor Hugo names here—the Lord knows why!—Gilles Shakespeare: 'words, words, words.' Hugo begins by denying the existence of "rules"; then he recognizes them both general and special. Rules made to suit his own purpose, and therefore to be respected! And rules of Aristotle and of others are merely catalogued without comment.

There is one dominating thought in all Hugo's contradictory and bombastic statements: the ugly has its place in nature, and therefore should have it in art. "Physical ugliness is only a question of more or less agreeable mise en scene," says Mr. Guillemot. Hugo believed that moral ugliness, vice, crime should have its honored place on the stage; that the grotesque has an equal right with the sublime. But there were monsters in the classic drama, as Nero in "Britannicus," Cleopatra in "Rodogune." Hugo here proclaimed nothing new.

Mr. Guillemot has no patience with this preface which he attacks in substance and detail, which he leaves only to assail the vanity of the author, his false modesty, his lack of logical thought. "Could not one say of this Hugo, who makes himself so little what a justice at Rouen said to Dumas the elder one day? Questioned as to his profession, Dumas answered: 'I should say dramatic author were I not in the country of Corneille.' 'Say it, Monsieur Dumas,' said the Norman kindly, 'there are degrees.' And Mr. Guillemot compares Hugo and Dumas the elder, and points out their resemblance in vanity. If the two were to speak to the Lord, Hugo the half-Spaniard, would treat him as a rival power; Alexandre Dumas as a comrade.

Dumas the elder was so busy writing plays that he had little time to write prefaces to defend them or to state his theories about dramatic art.

The preface to "Les Démoniesses de Saint Cyr" is first of all a delightful onslaught on Jules Janin, who had referred to the lobster as "the cardinal of the ocean." This preface is a triumph of railery, a masterly exhibition of Janin's ignorance, but it contains nothing about the dramatist's art. In the preface to "Madame de Chamblay" the author tells how he found his ending for the piece on "one of those blessed days when God seemed to send us, for our human creation, a ray of his own light." The preface of Dumas the elder is the modern preface in its full flower; the playwright opens his arms, heart, suite of rooms, alcove, and the reader. Beginning with a talk to the public in the ribs in his familiarity. And so there are dramatists today who in prefaces and articles about their plays are first of all their own press agents.

The Romantics founded no school; they created nothing. The now despised Scribe, who ruled the French stage for many years, is still an influence, although he is called a mere carpenter who built for money to please a bourgeois public without thought of art or any ideal. The younger Dumas did not hesitate to say that a dramatist who should know man as Balzac did and the theatre as well as Scribe would be the greatest dramatic author that ever lived. There were some who fought Scribe bitterly when he was at the zenith of his power, as Theophile Gautier. Today little remains of the mass of stage stunts left by the adroit mover of puppets. To refuse him any place in the history of the theatre would be absurd; it would be equally absurd not to recognize his baleful influence.

Scribe wrote only one preface and that was for an insignificant vau-deville which reflected on "counter-jumpers who wished to play at being gentlemen." They formed a cabal and the preface was of an explanatory nature. He was probably misery in his advice to young dramatists, and he certainly did not scatter it broadcast in prefaces.

The exquisite comedies of the Musset are without prefaces and his views on dramatic art are found only in his poem "La Solree perdue."

Emile Augier wrote two prefaces, and the one to "L'Onnes pauvres" contains remarks about censorship. "One concedes fully to the theatre the power of working harm. Its power to do good is denied. You say that the theatre has never reformed anyone. I admit it; but the same objection could be brought against moral treatises and pulpit eloquence. The purpose of the theatre is not to correct some person; it is to reform everybody. Individual vice cannot be suppressed, but contagion can be suppressed, and of all the engines of human thought the theatre is the most powerful."

Augier wrote this play with Edouard Fournier and he was asked which part he wrote. "We should be seriously embarrassed in answering, for our play was written in perfect mental cohabitation. To be sure of not deceiving ourselves, we will do as those spouses who say to each other: 'Your son.'"

There was much to be written about the prefaces of Dumas the younger and Mr. Guillemot devotes over 50 pages to them, for Dumas was the most fertile writer in technical explanations that the dramatic art of the 19th century knew. He was the son of Beaumarchais rather than of Dumas the elder; there was the same warlike spirit, the same polemical obsession, the same sparkling wit. The preface of Dumas gradually became a profession of faith on all subjects, sociological, economic, political, religious. And the preface to a play was also a commentary, the necessary complement, so that the reader knew the full thought of the dramatic author. "My work," said Dumas, "is a part of my interior being; it is so truly the product of my observations, reflections, personal impressions that I give to it a part of myself and I conclude: 'No one will give to a dramatic author, if he does not give to

those who hear him and especially to those who read him the flesh and blood of the humanity to which he belongs.' Has the thesis fallen into disfavor? Not when the drama goes on unchallenged, uninterrupted, and when the thesis is revealed in the action. The thesis is inalterable on the stage when the author substitutes himself for one of his characters and begins to lecture. Too often Dumas in his interest and zeal became the lecturer while the action disappeared.

The Herald has already quoted the remarks of Dumas the younger about the folly of attempting to teach in school the art of writing plays. Dumas had much to say on this subject, on idealism, on realism. "The true artist has a far higher mission than to reproduce that which is. He idealizes the real that he sees, and makes real the ideal that he feels." Dumas was not positive as to the fixed value of rules of art; he saw there were infinitesimal nuances in the application of the rules. For instance, should a surprise in a play be prepared? Should the audience be in the secret? How much has been written on this subject alone!

Dumas reminded the critics that the dramatists were constantly criticising their own work, that they knew in advance weak spots, ineffective scenes or dialogue. "I have seen certain talented and conscientious critics put unerringly a finger on the defective spot. I have never seen one that could say what should have been done there."

The essential laws of the drama were to him as follows: "Reality at bottom, possibility in the events, ingenuity in the means." But "reality" does not here mean "realism." The public comes to us to go outside of itself. It needs an illusion, a consolation, an ideal which will accompany it some time after it has left us. Rather than find again in the theatre the realities it elbows daily, it would rather stay at home and with good reason."

Dumas believed that a play should contain ideas and be written as though it were only to read. He believed that the theatre should be a powerful means in social regeneration. He believed in the "useful theatre." "Let us inaugurate the useful theatre, at the risk of hearing the apostles of art for art's sake cry out. The phrase is wholly devoid of sense. Literature that has not in view perfectibility, moralization, the ideal, in a word, the useful, is a rickety and unhealthy literature, born dead." But may not the theatre be an intelligent distraction? Dumas, preaching morality as the end of art, fell into mysticism in the preface to "La Femme de Claude."

These prefaces are excellent reading, witty, stimulating, at times paradoxical, always polemical, full of human feeling, sometimes nobly eloquent; and in the preface to "L'Etranger" there are profoundly melancholy reflections on the hour when the writer knows that the public no longer walks by his side, that he has outstripped it or fallen behind; and his conclusion is superb in its pride: the public as a crowd cannot raise itself to the philosophic height which the writer has attained through thought and experience.

There is little to be said about the one preface of About, of the letter written by Sardou about "La Haine," of Barriere's preface to "Vae Victis." Mr. Guillemot stops really with Pailleuron who frankly confessed that he could not tell how he wrote a play. The more modern dramatists are not mentioned by Mr. Guillemot, who deliberately ended his review, according to the title with Dumas the younger as Arrey von Dommer, ended his admirable history of music with the death of Beethoven. Mr. Guillemot is conservative by nature. His attack on Hugo's preface will be as a stumbling block to many. His view of the Romantics seems to me purely hind. Reviewing his book, I have thought it only reasonable to let him say his say, his permitted say, to use the words of the narrator in "The Thousand Nights and a Night"; for the reader should be more interested in the words of the reviewed than in those of the reviewer; otherwise the book itself is not worth the trouble, or it is gigantic in its folly. Mr. Guillemot is a learned, sane, instructive writer. His opinions should be considered with respect. Whether he be a man to talk with in close communion over a "stoup of wine is another question."

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APART FROM HIS WORK.

The second series of the Duchesse de Dino's Memoirs has been published in an English version. There is much small talk about fashionable and political men and women, and there are refreshingly frank remarks about those who are now traditionally great. Her judgment may have been mere prejudice, but it is not the less entertaining—and it is always pleasant to see a woman refusing to accept a reputation at its face value and relying on her own instinct and observation. Balzac went into her neighborhood to buy an estate and persuaded a friend to take him to call on her. "Unfortunately," she wrote, "It was dreadful weather, and I had to invite him to dinner." She was delighted when he left the house. "He did not attract me; his face and bearing are vulgar, and I imagine his ideas are equally so. Undoubtedly he is a clever man, but his conversation is neither easy nor light, but on the contrary, very

dull. . . . He aims at the extraordinary, and relates a thousand incidents about himself, of which I believe none."

Let "X" be substituted for Balzac, and let "X" stand for any man of great reputation as novelist, essayist, poet, any one that writing has shown a knowledge of the mind and heart, wit, imagination; is not a man or a woman meeting him for the first time at table or in drawing-room disappointed? Is not the best of the man in his work? It may here be said that the life of Balzac is still to be written and that the later biographies or studies of the man, as the anecdotal little volume by Seche and Bertaut, Mr. Frederick Lawton's more elaborate book. The strange chapters in "Balzac Ignore" by Dr. Cabanes, leave the reader in doubt as to the true character of the novelist, who certainly had rare and admirable qualities, even if his lack of money obsessed his life.

The disappointment of the Duchess in this instance is the disappointment of many today who are vexed because the lion does not roar or because they suspect that his mane is a little mangy. If the guest is comparatively silent, he is at once voted a dullard or "impossible." If he is encouraged to talk about himself, his work, his beliefs, there is always a Duchess to find his flow uninteresting and mummy. A brilliant talker is often a greater bore than the justly celebrated teredo, or shipworm. If he is silent for a moment, what a relief to hear plain, ordinary Jones say something sensible about tobacco, or discuss the comparative advantages of the North Shore and the Cape! The stupidest dinners are those to which the host invites a dozen of "the most brilliant men in town" to meet a "distinguished" visitor. The conversation then is commonplace, possibly because this wit or that raconteur is afraid that if he coruscates, the others will retail his stories and epigrams the next day as of their own invention.

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A CARICATURIST.

Edward L. Sambourne, the chief cartoonist of Punch for the last nine years, did not display the academic force of Tenniel or the versatility of John Leech, his predecessors in political caricature, for though Leech is now known to the world chiefly by his sketches of life and manners, he shone as a designer of political cartoons, and those directed against Louis Napoleon, the man of the coup d'etat, were as savage in their intensity as the cartoons of England's statesmen were humorous. Sambourne could not possibly have designed the cartoons of Disraeli and Gladstone that added to Tenniel's fame. (He might have justly said that he was not so fortunate in subjects.) Yet he served Punch well, was often entertaining, was always patriotic, and he had a sense of value in seizing the chief subject for weekly pictorial comment, though in the choice he was, no doubt, assisted by his colleagues. It is not unlikely that in future years Sambourne will be better known as the illustrator of books—witness the delightful pictures in the burlesque "Sandford and Merton"—than by his connection with Punch, just as Tenniel is known as the portrayer of Alice in her surprising adventures to thousands who have forgotten his political cartoons from the time of our Civil War.

The political caricaturist may be remembered as a name, but his caricatures soon outgrow popularity. How many are familiar with Gillray's gross cartoons which were once the talk and the terror of Europe? Who remembers the political cartoons by Stephens in Vanity Fair or the remarkable series of unsigned portraits of famous men of those years—the series that included one of Henry Ward Beecher as he appeared "waiting for the applause"? The more powerful cartoons of N. are buried in the heavy volume.

Harper's Weekly, though reproductions in miniature are to be found in the biography of the artist. There is a Keppler Album, but the most characteristic cartoons of that genius, the cartoons that were eagerly anticipated from week to week, and with H. C. Bunner's editorial articles made Puck a mighty influence in the land, are not in this Album, and the volumes that contained them are now exceedingly rare.

It is the same in other countries. Caricaturists of manners entertain generations that follow them long afterward. The political caricaturist is soon a memory, a name mentioned respectfully by those who do not know his work, and his cartoons are seen only by collectors, historians, students of costumes, manners, familiar conversation.

MEN AND THINGS

The battles between the Chileans and the Peruvians were fought with a ferocity that recalled ancient hand-to-hand conflicts when the soldiers with the shorter swords were victorious. Photographs of South American battlefields showed more ghastly sights than those of the Russian-Turkish conflicts painted by the lover of peace who ironically went down on a Russian vessel in the war with the Japanese. Greater than any hero on a South American plain was Senora Montt in New York by reason of her daring deed: She made "a thorough tour" of a hotel kitchen.

Housekeepers say that the mistress of the house should visit the kitchen and examine the ice chest daily without regard to the temper or feelings of the cook. The philosophical sociologist concludes that the man or woman who keeps out of the kitchen, however amiable, gentle, neat-handed the cook may be, is wise, if he or she is to eat food prepared therein. He admits that there are shining and apparently spotless kitchens—kitchens that could offer without shame the floor as a dining table—nevertheless, he shakes a wise head.

One of the most delightful books of gossip in English is "Middle Temple Table Talk" by W. G. Thorpe, F. S. A., a barrister of the society. Mr. Thorpe, speaking of the few kitchens that can be shown, mentioned that of the Reform Club, London, that is inspected by members and their friends in the day time; "but even there, a sense steals on you that it is as well not to go too far, and the visitors cast a hasty glance round and then retire, asking no questions for conscience or any other sake." If this be so in England, how dangerous an examination in tropical countries! There was the sad case of a young Scotch sugar planter who, arriving at Mauritius, started out gallily to investigate his kitchen. "He returned saddened and silent, proceeding first to the cellar for a glass of Glenlivet straight. His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellowmen, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons, and eventually died young."

Mr. Thorpe tells of an Englishwoman in the East who engaged a Chinese cook and boasted of his superiority over the local "Bobbachies." A friend disputed John's pre-eminence and it was agreed that the two kitchens should be visited. The Goanese arrangements were wretched and filthy. On a chipped, hacked and scarred table, oiled, smoked and stained with juices of all kinds, the cook minced meat, chopped onions, made rolls and pastry and slept at night. All shuddered, and the mistress of John led the way proudly to her kitchen, where the scene was delightfully different. "The pots and pans glistened like silver, the table was cleanly washed, everything was in order, and in the midst sat the Chinaman himself, with a glare of satisfaction on his features, and washing his feet in the soup tureen."

When we think of the way thousands live, not the wretchedly poor in America, tenement houses or in India, but men and women with a regularly paid salary, slack in domestic rule and in the care of their bodies, indifferent toward flies, not disturbed by exposed drains, the description of the life of man as given in Hobbes' "Leviathan" no longer seems preposterous: "Short, brutal, and nasty." It is true that descriptions of nastiness are often more disagreeable than the filthiness itself; witness Dean Swift's "Directions to Servants" and certain foul poems by him. If your digestion is treacherous and it is hard for you to decline invitations to pompous feasts, read Swift's directions to the cook. If you are tempted to frequent restaurants, remember that waiters are human and careless. The Boston stew in an oyster house was once thus distinguished from the box stew: "The Boston stew is one in which the waiter sticks his thumb in serving." The young wife often exclaims: "I never live in one room and get more meals than live in any board-house." But this is an exaggerated,

statement. The wife who lives with her husband in two or even three rooms must constantly be on her guard to preserve her self-respect and the love of her Adolphus. It's a brave man that bolts into his Maria's dressing room when she is not prepared for a visitor. There should be a peculiar privacy, an air of mystery. That is a constant allurement. Some students of life, as the late George Gissing, firmly believe that in an ideal marriage the husband and wife should live in separate houses or apartments; or at least in rooms in separate houses. Even at the wedding ceremony, the husband should call on his wife as on any other woman, and she should be at liberty to say that she is not at home. She should ask him to dine or sup with her. He should continue to woo her by inviting her to the theatre or the opera with the inducement of a supper afterward. She too could keep in a romantic condition of mind by visiting him almost stealthily, lest neighbors might talk, by examining at times his wardrobe and inquiring into the nature of the domestic service. The old saw about familiarity has not lost its teeth.

It is true that a pretty woman never looks prettier than when her fair arms are raised behind her head in the act of dressing or adjusting her hair. But the coiffure of late has demanded the insertion of rats. It matters not whether these rats are made of hair that belonged by nature to another or are made out of Maria's hair that has fallen out and been treasured—the wise husband does not wish to know whether Maria is obliged to make these insertions. He prefers her art to nature, provided he is not acquainted with the secrets of her art.

Or why should Maria be obliged to see Adolphus in the act of shaving. The razor is in brutal or crazed hands a lethal weapon. There is a race that prefers it as a minister of hatred or revenge to the stiletto or the revolver. Nevertheless Adolphus shaving is not a heroic figure. Lathered, he is grotesque. Nor is Adolphus with his head bursting through a refractory shirt the Hawkinson that is esteemed in the community of influence in financial circles, chairman of prominent committees.

Never to be apart, never to be separated for a moment was the amorous cry before the wedding. It is much better for Adolphus and Maria to be apart when either one is perforce a more or less amusing sight, provided either one has a sense of humor. Undue familiarity is in many instances the path that leads surely to the divorce court. A wife complained a few days ago in New York that her husband had poked her playfully in the ribs with his wooden leg and her lawyer argued that this action was cruel and inhuman treatment. The action was unduly familiar if the husband thought his use of the leg only jocose.

The fact remains, however, and it is amazing, that in thousands of lives love is not killed by the poverty that necessitates close quarters. Louisa, though at times slatternly, run down at the heel, is always adorable to her Eugene, and to her, Eugene, is always the hero, the one man whom she would serve and cling to, though the Apollo Belvidere should come to life and, radiant, woo her in the dingy little flat.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Merry Widow," an operetta in three acts. Cast:

Popoff.....R. E. Graham
Natalie.....Ivy Scott
Prince Danilo.....Charles Meakins
Sonia.....Mabel Wilber
Camille de Jolidon.....Harold Blake
Marquis Cascade.....Charles W. Kaufman
Raoul de St. Broche.....F. P. McGirr
Khadjia.....Harry Burgess
Melitta.....Grace Lindsey
Nova Kovich.....F. J. McCarty
Olga Brandt.....Leona Brandt
Nish.....Fred Frear
Praskovia.....Minnie Olton

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Chinatown Trunk Mystery," author's name not printed on the program. Cast:

Arthur Vincent.....J. A. Gustam
Leon Lang.....J. O. Hewitt
Chong Song.....E. A. Yelington
Can O'Toole.....Ed Lawrence
Elsie Sage.....Maude Bancroft
John Gray.....Cora Quinten
Chinatown May.....Mazie Oliver
Nellie McCune.....Nina Harrington

KEITH'S.

Dr. Hermann Pleases and Mystifies with Electrical Feats.

Dr. Carl Hermann, the tamer of electricity, headed a well-balanced bill at Keith's yesterday. He carries an imposing display of electrical apparatus and the amusing manner in which he performs his feats, much to the embarrassment of his assistants from the audience, is not the least amusing part of his performance. Dr. Hermann's trick of lighting with his body a piece of tissue paper held by an attendant won much applause.

The Kaufman brothers, the "original modern minstrel men," made their first appearance in this city, and presented an entertaining act. There was not a dull moment in their turn, and good voices help make the act go.

Sergeant Brennan, who claims the world's championship in Diabolo, lived up to his reputation. There have been many diabolo acts, but the easy and graceful manner in which he handled the diabolo kept the audience astonished.

The Misses Bancho and Alzer, two pretty girls from Kentucky, had a singing act with novel features. Their song, "The Old Teeter Swing," in which the singers were dressed as children, was among their most effective selections.

The Alexandroff troupe of Russian singers and dancers presented a dancing act out of the ordinary. The troupe, which was made up of five girls, two

boys and two men, was a very pretty act as is often the case. It was always a pleasure to watch all the performers were agile and showed skill of no mean ability.

Al Carleton, monologist, was an entertaining as ever in a style all his own. He had many new jokes and songs.

The Empire Comedy Four which has recently returned from Europe, was amusing as usual. Miss Angela Dolores made her first appearance here in a sketch, "Cupid at Home." She played it capably, and was well supported by Joseph Sullivan and George Anson.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow made shadow and smoke pictures, and the United States submarine "Salmon" was shown in the kinograph.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. Lindsay

Morison stock company in "Girls," a farcical comedy in three acts, by Clyde Fitch. Cast:

Pinella Gordon.....Kleanor Gordon
Violet Lunddown.....Mary Sanders
Kate West.....Katherine Clinton
Lottie Purcell.....Rose Morison
Adele Bennett.....Valerie Valaire
Edgar Holt.....Wilson Melrose
George H. Sprague.....Edward F. Nannery
Frank Lee.....Theodore Freibus
James Willis.....R. S. Freeman
Augustus Bennett.....William J. Hasson

SKETCH BY DR. SAYWARD.

Dr. William H. Sayward, Jr., Tech '93, is the author of "For Massa George," a sketch which had its first presentation at the Bijou Dream yesterday. The principal part is played by John Hallam. Dr. Sayward is a son of William H. Sayward of the Master Builders' Association.

CHILD SUICIDES.

The Herald published a few days ago an article about child suicides that appeared originally in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. The article contained interesting statistics concerning such suicides in the United States and in Prussia, but no allusion was made to Dr. Creidenberg's studies in Russia. Child suicides have assumed alarming proportions of late years in that country, for in one year 436 children in the government's schools killed themselves. The majority of these children left letters of explanation. Their reasons for suicide are thus classified: "Twenty-four per cent. owing to nervous diseases, 22.3 per cent for reasons too vaguely stated to enable classification; 21.8 per cent. trouble with teachers and fear for result of examinations; 15.2 per cent family quarrels; 11 per cent. erotic reasons; various misunderstandings at home or in school, 5 per cent. Amongst the boys inherited maladies and erotic reasons take the first places; among the girls, trouble with teachers or parents." There is in Russia, furthermore, a strange relationship between the attitude of the government and the number of child suicides. Thus in St. Petersburg in 1903, before the revolution, there were 113 cases; at the beginning of the revolution 70; during the revolts in 1905 only 46; in 1906, when the government began to prevail, 77; in 1907, when repression was at its height, 151.

As the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal well says: "Few persons except the students of such subjects are aware how common suicides among children are, or in response to what trivial-seeming causes they are committed." When "Jude the Obscure" was published Mr. Hardy was assailed hotly for the scene of the children's suicides. "Absurd," "preposterous," "incredible," were the mildest terms applied to it. And so before him Charles Reade was laughed at by the wise for certain details of the flood in "Put Yourself in His Place," as when the force of the water stripped shoes and stockings from women's bodies. But the scene in "Jude the Obscure" had occurred in England within the memory of Hardy's youngest reader, and it has since often been repeated in several countries with slight variations since; and floods in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have played precisely the pranks described by Reade, who was scrupulously careful in matters of detail.

Even the Prussian statisticians wonder at child suicide and talk of the joyful, happy-go-lucky period of youth. As a matter of fact children are as sensitive as grown persons, probably more sensitive. They realize first of all that they are children and are therefore regarded as not wholly responsible beings; that they

are generally misunderstood and often unappreciated. They are singularly alive to injustice and petty tyranny. Too often they are ruled by caprice rather than judgment and, brooding over neglect, misapprehension or ill-deserved punishment, they are forced to believe that they are superfluous beings and should be out of the way.

OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The announcement of the death of John B. Studley, the actor, was of no significance to the younger generation of playgoers. If by some miracle he had been enabled to act before them last season as in years long gone by he acted with Forrest or Laura Keane, they would not have understood his art; they would have found him robustious, stentorian, for he belonged to the old heroic school, heroic in tragedy or melodrama. He was once a favorite at the Bowery in New York, though he never appealed to the newsboy with the force of the illustrious Kirby. "Wake me up when Kirby dies." And what plays produced here last season would Studley have thought worthy of his skill? An old man—for he was eighty-two when he died—poor, but too proud to ask for help, he dreamed of the days when "Plzarro" and "Jack Cade" thrilled audiences, when "The Duke's Motto" crowded the theatre, when Shakespeare's Richard the Third was accepted as a historically truthful character. We are told that he had no sympathy with the modern school of plays and actors.

The old melodrama and the majority of the old tragedies in which Studley shone, an imposing figure, tall, stately, deep-voiced, are seldom seen now on our stage. The elderly theatre-goer at times thinks to himself that he would like to see "Venice Preserved" again, "The Tower of Nesla," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and plays that once were favorites with them. Even "Belphegor the Mountebank" is not known to the elderly playgoer's grandson. Is the younger generation sophisticated, or was the older one naive? Perhaps the grandfather would now find the old plays preposterous and dull, as impossible in 1910 as "The Stranger." And if the plays were to be revived, where are the men and women to act in them? There may still be veterans in humble strolling companies, or in little scenes given in western shows. Now and then one appears in a minor part in some modern play and makes his or her colleagues seem as amateurs. But the great majority, reared in the old manner, careful in accuracy and diction, acquainted with the traditions of the "grand style"—the style that now seems to us artificial if not ridiculous—are doddering in an Actors' Home or quiet in the graveyard.

Studley was one of the school that is now extinct, and while he was not among the great, he was a sound and well trained actor. No wonder that in his last years he preferred to sit in Charley Britting's place with the sight of old play bills and relics of those whom he once knew and honored; no wonder that he could not understand the plays, the actors, or the audiences of the last years.

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald has received a letter from a Bostonian, deeply interested in all things that pertain to humanity, an honored citizen who has lived in Europe as an exile for several years.

"So Johnson has licked Jeffries, has he? Well, I don't mind, though my sympathies are generally with the old established champion. But I don't like Jeffries' face; his physiognomy looks to me distinctly criminal. It is high time, though, for the anti-prize fight folk to shut up; we don't want any more sentimentalism in sociology. I hardly think I could stand seeing a prize fight myself; for I know I have never yet seen even a close play at baseball—I have always found my eyes shut when the time came. But

GHOST STORIES.

A writer in the Literary Post asserted that ghost stories are easily written, for there is no need for the observance of probabilities. For this statement he is taken to task by the London Globe, which replies that to write a modern ghost story is a difficult matter, that this manner of tale has gone through three stages. There was first the plain narration; then the story that tricked the reader; now there is the story that deals with "delicate theories of hypnotics and balances itself between pure science and applied occultism."

Probably the most impressive ghost story ever written is "The House and the Brain" or "The Haunted and the Haunters" as it is also called. This story undoubtedly upset the nerves of every one who read it and it haunted the memory as long as memory lasted. But the writer, Bulwer, was singularly interested in occult subjects, and this story though it was written years ago, is still modern. It is far removed from the ghost story as understood by Anne Radcliffe and her disciples or by compilers of such works as "Tales of the Scottish Border." Fitz James O'Brien wrote two ghost stories that are still modern. "The Lost Room" and "What Was It?" Le Fanu was a master of the mystery that brought a shudder, but his tales were of the old school, and his purpose, as that of others whose stories now provoke a smile, was that of the Fat Boy in Pickwick; to make the flesh creep. The stories by Bulwer and O'Brien are to be classed with the singularly disagreeable ghost story by Henry James, with Kipling's

"They", with the plague tale of the incubus published some years ago in Macmillan's Magazine. The London Globe is safe in saying that a modern ghost story is not easily written.

Nor is the reason of this difficulty far to seek. The old stories with headless horsemen, walling apparitions, clanking chains at midnight, cold blasts preceding the entrance of a sad-faced woman in the long-closed bed-chamber, are hopelessly out of fashion. The thought of a rocking chair in motion in the gaunt room of a remote farm house, rocking without cause and only at a certain time makes a stronger appeal to the modern imagination. As in Hood's poem the suggestion of a haunting spirit is now more terrible than the sight of the spectre would be. The late Frederick W. H. Meyers gave the reason in his "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." The crop of fictitious ghost stories furnishes a proof of "The persistence of preconceived notions." "For they go on being framed according to canons of their own and deal with a set of imaginary phenomena quite different from those which actually occur."

A man may well be uncomfortable from a vague dread while attempting to sleep in a house that has observed the lives and deaths of generations; for he has discussed the theory that walls may be receptive and under certain conditions give out what they have seen and heard long after the actual crime or horror.

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald has received a letter written by Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his most serious vein as an Earnest Student of Sociology.

"WAUKEEPIT, Aug. 12, 1910.
"To the Editor of The Herald."

"I have been visiting for a week in a village near Clamport and often wearied by the conversation on my host's veranda, disconcerted by the amazing activity of the young at tennis and in the ocean when they are not on the links or motoring at the rate of 50 miles an hour, afraid of afternoon calls or teas at the Casino, I have spent much time at the store with profit to myself and, as I fondly hope, to humanity, for I have acquired valuable material for my magnum opus, to which I have before this referred, but not immodestly. Making myself welcome by buying a box of smoking tobacco at a ridiculously low price, I have listened to the talk of the storekeeper and his customer.

Mustard and Cress," a page that the Pall Mall Gazette once referred to as "Custard and Mess." Mr. Sims was for a long time entertaining with stories about the theatre and actors, gypsies, good eating, ghosts and especially mysterious murders. Of late he has been too much interested in politics and in hurrahing for protection. Ten years ago he would have risen superbly to the opportunity presented by Dr. Crippen. This is what he did write: "We are told that the description given by Scotland Yard of the decaying 'doctor' was a perfect pen picture. Quite so—a Crippen picture." Does not this take us back to the burlesques of our younger days when the British Blondes first came over with "Ixion"? Mr. Sims also writes: "A button inscribed 'I am not Crippen' is having a large sale among clean-shaven middle-aged men with gold glasses." And he is guilty of this, for which there is no possible excuse: "There is no truth in the rumor that the doctor's favorite quotation is 'Where early fa's the Dew.'" It is easy to see that Englishmen still revere the pun and maintain stoutly that the worst is the best one.

The modern male American novelist wisely says little about his heroine's dress. He leaves this information to the illustrators whose heroes all resemble the young men in the back of the magazines recommending a particular brand of collar, whose women are gleefully slipping some substitute for alcoholic drinks or playing on a mechanical piano to the delight of three generations assembled in the parlor. M. Gomez Carillo contributes to the Revue Bleue an article on "Psychology of Fashion." He informs the world that Mallarme, the exquisite symbolist and potent influence in French literature for many years wrote the fashion article in a well-known Paris weekly, not because he needed the money, but because he liked the subject. Even the Parisian novelists with all their study of women are shy or hopelessly wrong in description of costumes. We remember that M. Paul Bourget awakened the laughter of fashionable Paris by representing one of his heroines, a grande dame, wearing corsets that no woman of the Faubourg Saint Germain would have looked at, so loud was the color, so absurd the price. It is said that M. Anatole France also makes a sad mess of it when he attempts to particularize dress. Guy de Maupassant had little to say about material, color, or fashion of cut. The much despised Georges Ohnet is praised as the most skilled in matters of dress and ornament.

The minute Richardson allows Mr. Greville to describe the person of the celebrated Miss Harriet Byron for four pages, but there is not a word in this description about her dress. Anthony Trollope described some of his women at amazing length. Take the portrait of Caroline Waddington in "The Bertrams." There are nearly 150 words about her eyes. We are informed that her hair was "very dark—not black, but the darkest shade of brown"; that it was long and soft and glossy, and that no stray jagged ends showed when the bonnet was removed. But a quotation will show the old-fashioned manner, the grand style as it seemed to novel readers of the late fifties: "She had the forehead of a Juno; white, broad and straight, not shining as are some foreheads, which seem as though an insufficient allowance of skin had been vouchsafed for their covering. It was a forehead on which an angel might long to press his lips—if angels have lips, and if, as we have been told, they do occasionally descend from their starry heights to love the daughters of man." Now Trollope was a matter-of-fact novelist; photographic in his manner, conventional in his view except toward the church life in a cathedral city, not underrating the worth of an income that would insure good hunting, a well furnished dinner table and domestic happiness; yet he thought he owed these flowery descriptions to his readers. Thackeray was more impressionist and discreet—witness his description of Beatrice coming down the stairs or of Ethel with Clive or Parintosh. Charles Reade was epigrammatic. His strokes of description were few, nudacious, vivid. But the more modern heroine is supposed to describe herself by action and by speech. We are sometimes told that she is tall, or that she is a brunette, or that she is red haired; for the most part she is left to the imagination of the reader, and the novelist does not assume the task of the society reporter.

To go back to Mr. Sims for a minute. He is sorely distressed at the scarcity of fruit in London. "On a certain day last week one of the principal salesmen in Covent Garden received 600 boxes of foreign fruit. On the same day last year he received 12,000 boxes." Let us not forget that the best apples of New England are exported and are sold in London at a price cheaper than that asked for the best that remain and are sent to Boston.

Who reads the poems of "Barry Cornwall" today? Yet his name is not unknown in villages of this commonwealth, for in a little store far from literary reviews and critical discussion we saw a few days ago a box of Barry Cornwall cigars, and the price made the poet's name familiar among the humblest Portuguese.

known as the *Book of the Divorce Court*, has written out of his experience a book entitled: "Thirty-Five Years in the Divorce Courts." We learn from it that the ready and volatile witness usually falls victim to the opposing counsel; that servant girls make the best witnesses; that many of the well dressed women who frequent the court do so because "they've got no other 'ome"; that the writing of love letters is an art constantly practised. There are carefully drawn portraits of eminent judges, among them one of Lord Gorell, who expressed his opinion that the divorce court was a "social hogstye," and sought relief by living in the country and raising Berkshire pigs. He complained that scent, one of the curses of his court, gave him headaches. This reminds us that consumptives at Davos complain bitterly of women at the hotels who use such strong perfumes that only Oriental scents are to be breathed. Instead of mountain air, Russian, German, Austrian and Italian women are said to be the worst offenders.

Mr. Fenn states one curious fact in connection with the divorce law as it exists in England: "A husband may no longer put duress on his wife to remain in his house longer than she wishes. If she chooses she may leave him at the church door, and the marriage which has been effected in the church may be broken at that moment by the wife walking away, and there is no power which can bring them back to a state of marriage."

There is a good story about the first brief held by the late Sir Frank Lockwood. Several companies were concerned in the case and Mr. Lockwood thought the solicitor had marked his brief in an illiberal manner. "Immediately after his talk, stately and imposing, but then unknown, figure had risen, he was checked by a distressed voice from the bench, saying: 'And pray, what do you appear for?' 'One, three, six, my lord.' Instantly answered Mr. Lockwood, naming the smallest sum for which a barrister may come into court, and feeling that he had secured his point."

MEN AND THINGS

A contributor to the New York Sun argues that the derisive epithet "chump," meaning "a dull, thoughtless, stupid person," may be derived from the Italian "ciompi." Florentines, who in the 14th century belonged to the woolen art, one of the arts and trades known as "arti minori," were known as "ciompi." "Is there any likelihood that the appellation 'ciompi,' whose pronunciation is Italian, excepting the last vowel, is so much like ours for 'chump,' as descended to us with no variation in its sense or meaning, that is, as a slang word for blockhead?"

This reminds us of Eugene Field's explanation of the origin of "corker," the well known laudatory epithet. "Corker," said Mr. Field, "comes from the Greek word 'korka,' meaning the adorable one." It should also be remembered that according to the ingenious Montesinos, the country of Peru was the ancient Ophir to which Hiram, the king of Tyre, sent "in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon" to fetch from thence gold and take it to Solomon to add to his glory. By a "very natural translation," Ophir was corrupted into Phiru, Peru, Peru. We omit the well known derivations of Fohi, the Chinese Noah, and Canandaigua, N. Y.

Why should not "F. A. B." be content with the derivation of "chump" suggested long ago, or rather the suggestion that the word is akin to the Icelandic "chumbr," meaning log? "Chump" has long meant in English provinces a thick log of wood for burning, hence also the thick end of a loin of veal. Then there is the chump-chop, in Southern Worcestershire, according to Mr. Jesse Salisbury's little dictionary, "chump" was applied to the head. "He's off his chump" meant "He's out of his mind." What need of going to Florence and the Florentines?

The Sun, in a headline, characterizes the word as "grand and impressive." An admirable characterization; yet there are some who would like to know whether "chump" is among the comparatives or superlatives. To us it is more condemnatory than "bonehead" or "fathead." Is a sensitive man more hurt when he is called "ass" or even "wise ass"? An ass may be an honest one, good-natured, with a cheerful, invigorating bray. There have been little books written by wise men in praise of the ass, showing that he is not necessarily the ass he has been called; but who has ever spoken even in jest a good word for the "chump"? The "smart Aleck" has a certain amount of brains; he often stands at the head of his class in school; he may be a counsellor-at-law, a specialist in medicine, looking anxiously from the pulpit to see whether a reporter is in the congregation, prominent in town meeting, a ready letter writer to newspapers. It is true that a chump is not necessarily a cad, but he is inclined to be sullen, and he is often malicious in his dulness. A "smart Aleck" would be the first to move from the end seat in a street car; he would do it with a flourish and insist on conversation. The chump would not budge, though a cripple or a blind man were helped to the running board. But how would an exact person differentiate "chump" and "lump"? Johnny the lump? A lump is certainly slow-witted, but is not his nature finer than that of the "chump"? The lexicon is all imperfect—even the New English one and Wright's Dialect Dictionary.

Mr. George R. Sims has for years written and compiled a page of the Referee, and this page is known to

be a sound argument against the betting on general principles. Neither is the commercialism of the thing a good basis for argument against it, any more than against the singing. And if any one is not up to the level of our times, let him consider the draught it has to drink numbers don't take in all that money. I dare say a well-to-do mill is rather above than below the ethical plane of more than half its audience. Probably 60 per cent would prefer to see foul play on the side they were betting on. The thing is truly an object lesson in honesty and fair dealing."

We take exception to our correspondent's remark about the appearance of Mr. Jeffries' face. This face was seen by him only in a newspaper cut, and the statesman with the Cleonorian features, the mild-eyed philanthropist and the fairest maiden with a spotless soul generally appear in the newspaper as if they were degenerates who had been stilled by Lombroso. Furthermore, Mr. Jeffries, when photographed, was probably not wholly in mental repose. Young Mr. Wispertoo, who, in his white flannel suit, tempts women to sell him American Beauty roses, if plucked when he was hearing a new topical song or a symphony by Brahms, would undoubtedly look like a desperate villain.

The revolving years have brought back the dear old familiar story of the attention of the Italian government to the Imperial galleys at the bottom of Lake Nemi. "The minister of education," it is promised to contribute. The under secretary has been sent to investigate, accompanied by a lawyer and a diver. It would manifestly be out of place for the upper minister to undertake the task, and again there is the old question whether the galleys were built by Calligula or by Nero, or whether they belonged to the heroine of "Diana Taurida" or to Cleopatra. This time the story is told a little in the Pall Mall Gazette. Who should the name of Calligula be associated with one of these galleys to rely because a pipe that was recovered bears his name Calus? It is true that the Emperor Calligula had two famous galleys. Suetonius describes them in the section beginning "The devices of his profuse expenditure," he surpassed all the prodigies that ever lived, inventing a new kind of bath, with strange dishes and couches, washing in precious unguents, and wearing and cold, drinking pearls of the value dissolved in vinegar, and serving to his guests loaves and cakes that were modelled in gold; often a man ought either to be a philosopher or an emperor." This translation is by Alexander Dumas, revised by T. Forester. Would that we had before us the version of the London Herald, to whom words were as ropes and phrases as ropes of predilection. Now for the galleys: "He had two ships with 10 banks of oars, after the Lombardian fashion, the poops of which were blazed with levels, and the sails of various parti-colors. They were fitted up with ample baths, galleys, and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and other fruit. In these he would sail in the month of August along the coast of Campania, feasting and dancing and concerts of music. But how did these galleys find their way to Lake Nemi? It should be remembered, however, that under the name of Calligula theatregoers were protected, for he ordered the manager of the theatres to be scourged in fetters during several days successively, and he named a ve to the centre of the sea. An ingenious gentleman who had retired to a large estate with a domestic menagerie, The Emperor William and his predecessors in the censorship of art."

And what was this temple of "Diana Taurida" on the hillside? It will be remembered that according to the story told by Euripides, Artemis saved Iphigeneia from the knife, took her away and set her down to be her priestess in the land of the Tauri, who possessed an image of the goddess which had fallen from heaven. Orestes bore away the image with Iphigeneia and was ordered by Athena to build a temple at Halae in Attica, where Artemis was to be worshipped as he observed:

At each high festival,
A sword in record of thy death undone,
I touch a man's throat, and the red blood runs—
Ow'ning, for old religion's sake.

But why should there have been a Diana Taurida near Lake Nemi?

The Figaro of Paris apropos of the show in the Court-la-Reine inquired whether dogs are stupid. The inquiry seems preposterous. Only the other day a little dog venturing from his home to go some distance on a state of the Cape, ran into three or four dogs near the bridge between Centerville and Osterville. He fared badly, but contrived to run back to his home. There he told his story to his master, and a huge mastiff, who went back with him to the bridge and gave the dogs a sound thrashing. But the Figaro cited the case of Mr. Jean Richemont, dog named Cantal, who, one day, knew that he was lost. Cantal did not attempt to smell his way home. He jumped into a cab, held out his neck to the coachman and thus showed his master's name and address so that he might be driven home. M. de Croisset told the story and said Cantal should not be applauded for his sagacity, for he did not act on canine principles; he forgot that he was dog and he had lost the faculty of finding his way. "Thus when we have a dog for being stupid, we are really, and unclosely, administering praise that dog has refused to accept in relation to a milieu; he has been shown something in the category of stupidity in which he was created."

Mr. H. J. Jones, a London journalist,

port when it was in all its glory. The men and women sojourning there for the summer formed a colony with simple views of life. They rested, they talked on subjects that were of advantage to the soul, yet they were not pigs, but human beings, who found pleasure in fishing, bathing, driving along wood roads, over moors, by ponds and cranberry bogs. Loving the wild flowers, they did not feel the need of elaborate gardens with carefully prepared clay beds. They dressed plainly, but they were at ease in their clothes, which became them. Some were well-to-do, but there was no talk about money, and any one that daily advertised his wealth would not have enjoyed his stay.

"Now all this is changed, and the change was inevitable in Clamport as it was in villages of Long Island or at any colony like that of Ontario in the Catskills. The rich have so much; why cannot they let the men and women of moderate means lead a quiet, unpretentious, contented life like the things that made this life desirable to the first-comers. They are not on friendly terms with Nature; they are rather afraid of her, and they are not comfortable with artificial sights and sounds. Their restlessness is contagious. Their extravagance raises the cost of living for all. Little by little they obscure favorite places that have for years been open. They close paths and woods that have been free since the Indians fished and hunted.

"There will soon be no spot along the shore where the man of small income will be safe. He will be forced to move, as were the first dwellers by the invading whites. And if cottagers are thus affected, how is it with the villagers?"

"Yours in the bonds of sociology,"

"HERKIMER JOHNSON."

LONDON SUMMER SEASON WEAK

By PHILIP HALE.

The Pall Mall Gazette dismissed the summer theatrical season of 1910 in London as not a remarkable one. It was darkened by the death of King Edward VII., and it caused many managers anxiety. "The management of a London theatre seems to become a more desperate gamble each year. There are a great many theatres; the seats in them are very expensive; salaries get higher instead of more reasonable; and the ideas some managers hold of what constitutes an attractive dramatic entertainment are really beyond all comprehension. Any number of bad plays have been produced—including several from the French, as though our own dramatists had been proved incapable of originating bad plays—and the ever-present necessity of providing this or that 'star' actor or actress with a sufficiently long and dominant character has been a further contributory to the public gloom and to that 'deadly stillness of the inner sepulchre' which has prevailed in a good many theatrical box offices during the past six months."

It appears that the most interesting event of this season was Mr. Charles Frohman's experiment with a repertory house. New plays by Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie and Barker were produced in quick succession. Several of these plays did not meet with success as far as the paying public was concerned. "H. M. W." the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, writes sensibly about those productions, believing that a repertory theatre in which new plays are produced at the rate of one or two a week has little chance of success. "Each play is at once reviewed at length in the press; the memory of the one before is driven out by the clash of its successor, and the public become bewildered as to what they will see if they visit the house. The first essential in an institution of this kind is to establish a reputation, not for the production of new plays, but for the artistic acting of good plays, new or old."

This does "H. M. W." perhaps unconsciously, echo the opinion of Goethe talking about his experiences as a theatre manager in Weimar to Eckermann. Goethe deplored the passion for producing new plays or operas that might be seen only a few times in a season. He regarded the time in preparation as wasted when new pieces were performed in rapid succession. The players did not have opportunity to master thoroughly their parts and bring out all that was in them. Audiences did not have time to make up their minds about the play. For practice is as necessary to an audience as to a company of players.

Another feature of the London summer season was an elaborate Shakespeare festival at Her Majesty's, in which a larger number than ever before of the poet's plays were presented. Miss Neilson-Terry "suddenly sprang into sympathetic notice by a very easy and technically finished performance of the part of Viola." Still another feature was the Othello of the Sicilian actor Giovanni Grasso. The Irish Players met with deserved success in two "almost ferociously pessimistic" pieces by Mr. S. L. Robinson, "A Couple of Entertaining Comedies by Mr. William Boyle and a delightful farce by Lady Gregory called 'The Image'."

Mr. Lewis Waller produced "a fine play called 'The Strong People,' dealing with the relations of capital and labor in America, but his admirers de-

clined to accept it, representing it as a play that dealt with ideas and real life rather than with situations. "Mr. Bernard Shaw is credited rightly or wrongly, by some of his friends with hopelessness as to the immediate prospects of the Theatre of Ideas. He is quite needlessly pessimistic. The comparative failure of certain plays at the Duke of York's was the inevitable consequence of the conditions under which they were presented. If 'Misalliance' had been given, as the much inferior 'Getting Married' was, at the Haymarket, for a 'run,' it would have drawn the town, in spite of the perfectly conscientious dislike which some of the critics displayed toward it. The Intellectual Theatre is not dead. The recent successes of 'Don' and 'The Blue Bird' and of the revival of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' prove that."

Winthrop Ames has been talking amiably with a representative of the New York Dramatic Mirror about the prospects of the New Theatre this coming season. As his company will visit Boston in April his remarks are of interest to us. Is it possible that the production of unfamiliar plays "Don," "Strife," "The Nigger," "Sister Beatrice," disconcerted the public of Boston last season and that this public would have preferred old plays? I do not believe that was the reason for the shabby reception of this excellent company.

"Twelfth Night," beautifully produced, drew a pitifully small audience, which could not have guessed beforehand how ineffective Miss Russell would be as Viola.

Mr. Ames will produce this season Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and eleven other pieces. "By the nature of our policy one-third of them must be classical productions" and by "classical," Mr. Ames means plays which have been accepted as standard for more than 100 years—a definition that might easily excite discussion.

He was asked whether he would give new authors a chance, and he answered shrewdly: "There are so few really good plays written. Of the large number read for us last year only a very, very few showed the least signs of dramatic instinct. Thousands of persons are writing plays without knowing the technique of the drama."

There was talk of Mr. Baker's young men at Harvard University. Mr. Ames thinks the course is of value "in that it will inspire, if nothing more, an appreciation of the drama; it will at least furnish intelligent theatregoers; it certainly furnishes an ingredient which will grow." Some of the young men may turn out dramatic critics, and Mr. Ames admits graciously that a dramatic critic may be "useful to managers for advertising purposes," and they may "furnish theatregoers with sufficient information to make a selection of what they want to see." But the highest service that a college course in the drama does for the theatre, according to Mr. Ames, is "the recognition that it gives to the art of playwriting."

The season will open at the New Theatre about the middle of September with "The Blue Bird." Mr. Acton Davies says that one of the actresses has already begged, for superstitious reasons, that she should not be compelled to take the part either of the Lime Tree or the Lemon. There is only one out in this pleasing jest. There is no lime tree or lemon in the list of personages. The trees are the oak, elm, beech, linden, fir, cypress, chestnut, poplar, willow; and there is the ivy plant.

And will this charming play be "popular" in America? It has great success in Russia—it was first played at Moscow, in 1908; its success in London is known to all that are interested in theatrical matters. Mr. Ames, wishing to correct the impression that the play is for children, says that while the piece will please children, the poetry, the philosophy, the "real essence of the story" will escape them, as the satire in "Peter Pan" escaped them. "Though 'Peter Pan' was one of the biggest successes of the decade, it failed to please many adults because they were blind to its real meaning. You know in every brain there is a blind spot; it may be a blindness for color, which is the most commonly known, or it may be a blindness in understanding the subtlety of meanings. For that reason, 'Peter Pan' seemed childish and silly to the poetry

blind. 'The Blue Bird' in the same way will be thought by many to be worthless beyond its spectacular value. There is, however, a deep meaning in 'The Blue Bird,' which is the real raison d'être of the play. Children will enjoy it—yes, for the reasons I have already given—but it is not essentially a child's play."

At the New Theatre the leading parts will be taken by grown actors.

The Herald reviewed not long ago Mr. Hector Fleischmann's "Rachel Intime." The memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino, second series, contains a frank criticism of the actress, who in 1838, the time of this criticism, was taking Paris by storm and making the dry bones of the classic drama live.

"I was not at all pleased. They all acted very badly, though Mlle. Rachel is not so bad as the rest. They played 'Andromaque,' in which she took the part of Heroiné, the part of irony, scorn and disdain. She went through it accurately and intelligently, but there is no sympathy or attraction in her acting. She has a thin voice, is neither pretty nor beautiful, but very young, and might become an excellent actress if she had good training. The rest of the company is wretched. I was very bored, and returned home numb."

It is announced that Mr. Weingartner, the conductor and director of the Court Opera House at Vienna and the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, purposes to resign his positions and there is already talk of his successor. Dr. Muck is named by some, and he is reported as saying that the musical life in Vienna offers greater inducements to him than does the life in Boston. If he should be chosen as Mr. Weingartner's successor, he would probably accept, and this would be a disappointment to many who have been looking forward to his return to this city. That he is not wholly happy in Berlin is the secret of Puccini's. His colleagues, Richard

Strakos, purposes to resign his office. If the report be true, Dr. Muck may have a more enviable position in Berlin and be willing to keep it.

"Percival," the Paris correspondent of the *Referee* (London), noting the death of Delphine Ugalde, once a famous opera singer in Paris, writes about his visit to her last summer when she was "36 years old." "She was a tiny, beautiful old lady, in a big sun bonnet very neat, almost blind, and charming still. She talked to me about the late King, Eduard, whom she remembered as 'un babilin délicieux.' For her great pride was that she sang to Queen Victoria, and that among her audience that evening were seven reigning kings and queens. The quavering, high-pitched voice which told me this had charmed Europe when our parents were in knickerbockers. She could remember Patti's first performance, had been a patroness of Gounod, and had lent money to the elder Dumas. And she died a few days ago! But the thing I shall always remember from that afternoon's conversation at Merville is the last sentence of it: 'Forgive me,' she said, as I went, 'forgive me for being no longer young.' She was one of the last of the grandes amouresses of the last century, and she could not forget it, though she was eighty-six."

According to Riemann's "Music Lexikon," Delphine Ugalde, who was born Beaucé, was born Dec. 3, 1823, so she was only in her 81st year when she died. She sang first at the Opera, then at the Opera Comique, and afterward at the Theatre Lyrique. In 1866 she was manager of the Bouffes Parisiens. She not only taught singing; she wrote the music for an opera. "Percival" says she was the first French actress who "went out on tour." This statement is a surprising one. Rachel toured in the French provinces before Mme. Ugalde was famous, and Rachel was by no means the first. It has often been said that Gounod had Mme. Ugalde in mind for Marguerite; but she preferred to take part in an opera by Massé, "La Fee Carabosse," that was forgotten long ago.

Mme. Georgeite Leblanc and her husband, Maurice Maeterlinck, are making preparations for a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at their castle at St. Wandrille.

"Macbeth" as an opera, with music by Bloch, will be produced at the Opera Comique, with Lucienne Breval as Lady Macbeth. No opera based on this tragedy has succeeded.

Mme. Rejane and Lucien Guitry will play in "The Child of Love" at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, next January.

"A concert hall that will cost 4,000,000 crowns will be built in Vienna." Is not the cost exaggerated?

The patient Griselda has again inspired a composer. Richard Mandl has written a symphonic poem which he has named after her. It is in five movements and for mezzo-soprano, female chorus, organ and orchestra.

The "Société française des Amls de la Musique" in Munich will hold a music festival Sept. 18-20, to show systematically the development of French classic and modern compositions. There will be three orchestral concerts and two concerts of chamber music and songs. Among the prominent German and Austrian musicians interested as "patrons" are Messrs. d'Albert, Draesike, Fried, Humperdinck, Mahler, Richard Strauss, Weingartner, Mottl, Neitzel, Nikisch, Sauer, Steinbach. The name of Siegfried Wagner is also on the list. We miss the name of Dr. Muck, although his associates in the Berlin Opera House are among the patrons.

An opera, "Der Tailsman" (book by Fuida), by a woman, Adela Maddison, will be produced at Leipzig in November. A pupil of Gabriel Faure, she has lived for some years in Berlin. As a composer she is known only by a few songs.

The first act of Richard Strauss' new opera is already printed, but it is kept jealously from the public.

Mathilde Maier, to whom Richard Wagner wrote over 80 letters, died recently, very old, at Mayence, and bequeathed the letters to the firm of Schott's Sons.

There is no satisfactory life of Robert Schumann in English. It was said a few years ago that Mr. Richard Aldrich of the New York Times was at work on one. Probably the most important biography of Schumann is by Von Wastielewski. A fourth revised and enlarged edition has been published by Breitkopf & Haertel. It contains additional letters, an investigation of his sojourn in Vienna, and more information about his relations with Wagner and the nature of his insanity and death.

Max Bruch, who is in his 73d year and not in the best of health, retires from his duties as teacher at the royal academic high school for music in Berlin and from all governmental duties.

What will become of the autograph score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," now that Pauline Viardot is dead?

D'Annunzio's "Citta Morta" has been arranged by the author as an opera libretto. Raoul Pugno, well known here as a pianist, and Nadia Boulanger are writing the music.

A new symphony of little worth by Mozart has been found in the archives of the Royal Library in Berlin. It was written in 1770-71, when Mozart was in Italy, and about 14 years old.

When "Thais" was performed a few weeks ago at Odessa, Miss Vanbrandt as the heroine was dressed chiefly in garlands of camellias. The Menestrel says the effect was such that the audience left the hall and the performance was abandoned.

Here is a pleasing commentary on the life of a musician in France. The position of choir organist at the Church of Notre Dame in Rennes is vacant. An advertisement assures candidates of a salary of \$200.

Mr. Heldane, speaking in the House of Commons about the report on army expenditure, said that the excess of outlay in 1908-09 was due to the play "An Englishman's Home." The play encouraged

"Nor do these village girls see that they are more in harmony with country life and are the ones to be envied. There are rich persons who are trying to outdo other cottagers. I remember Clam-

...the House cried out: "Well, you can't expect two plays like that." An adaptation of Mr. H. G. Wells' "Kpops" will be produced in London. Mr. W. J. Locke's new play "The Man from the Sea" will be produced about the middle of next month, with Robert Lorraine as the hero. Mr. Lorraine as "Mr. Jones," does reckless things in an extreme, for he is enthusiastic about living.

Miss Cecilia Loftus' imitation of Miss Pavlova is called "A Suggestion of Pavlova."

Mme. Liza Lehmann brought out some of her new songs at a concert in London July 21. A setting of Leigh Hunt's "Ahu Ben Adhem," "Five Little Love Songs," and Browning's "Incident of a French Camp." "It cannot be said that any of these compositions show advance of the composer's talents. Too often it seems as though the music had been written with a low estimate of the vocal abilities of amateurs."

When Mr. Beecham brought out Mozart's little opera, "The Impresario," at His Majesty's Theatre July 23, the first scene from the second act

of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was interpolated, for Mme. Pfeil to prove her abilities as an actress to the Impresario Frank.

A Parisian journal recently published the following advertisement: "Dramatic author, 35 years old, tall, dark, witty, dresses well and has a certain situation in the world of fashion and letters, would be willing to marry a young lady or a widow with a dot of £500,000."

They have been giving Shakespearian out-of-door performances in Germany. Actors and actresses attached to the School for Acting of the German theatres, accompanied by a full orchestra gave a performance in a suburban of "Midsummer Night's Dream," with woods for a background, and the moon for chief light. The Pilgrim Players of Birmingham appearing in London in Mr. Yeats' "The King's Threshold" were censured for constant and deliberate mispronunciation. "E" and "of" were turned into "a." "Thus we had an answer to an 'old' pupil," to "them" instead of them, "Gard" instead of God, "barled" instead of called and other strange flowers of speech too numerous to mention."

This brings to mind the Pall Mall Gazette's review of Mr. Yeats' "Green Helmet," and as it is not too long, here it is: "We had Mr. Yeats in his symbolic vein again last night as the author of the one-act play, 'The Green Helmet.' As one of the characters sang: 'Himself on the wind is the god that he gives.' Its period is 'the heroic age.' It is a mere fable, and its objective theme a gentleman who asks another to cut his head off on condition that the beheaded shall be permitted subsequently to repay the little attention to the beheader. The offer is accepted, and the head is duly whirled off, and a year later the victim turns up again, vividly complete and perfectly comfortable, and pleasantly proposes the payment of the other part of the contract. And when the executioner of twelve months before honorably, but much to his wife's distress, offers his head to the visitor's sword, magnanimity steps in, and he is allowed to keep the head. The curtain falls upon what may be described as a happy ending. Subjectively, it is all no doubt very profound and subtle and far-reaching, but as nine separate persons whose opinion we asked as to its meaning were prompt with nine entirely different interpretations, and as our own, the tenth, had nothing in common with the other nine, we propose to leave that side of the work alone for the present, and to leave interpretation to others until we have either seen it again or read it. At present it strikes us as based partly on the story of Saint Denis of France, who, having had his head cut off promptly tucked it under his arm and walked about with complete ease and partly upon the rhyme of Koko in 'The Mikado.' To be effect a 'Who's next to be decapitated? Cannot cut off another's head? Until he cuts his own off.' One point, however, is perfectly worth noting now. Although it is all written in a rhyming ballad metre, an even more artificial medium than the rhymed Alexandrines of the French stage such of it as was heard also sounded quite natural, and there were times, particularly towards the end, that had a good deal of energy in them. On the whole, however, and pending a full illumination as to the meaning of it all, we rather wish that 'himself on the wind' was not quite so excessively self-centred. We prefer 'himself on the earth,' even though he were but daintily touching it, as a Pavlov with one delicately-extended toe."

A one-act piece, "Le Reportage de Monsieur Plouf," has been successful at the Ambigu, Paris. "Plouf," in the interests of his paper, pretends to be a burglar, and breaks into a museum. He goes in through a window, tips the guardian, and while he has gone off to get supper a real burglar comes. The guardian takes him for another journalist and lets him burgle. The whole thing is, of course, absurd, though something very like it really happened at the Louvre."

Caocinet, the clown of the Nouveau Cirque, Paris, has received the "academical palms" for his beneficence toward children. For many years he has visited children's hospitals and amused the suffering.

There is another drama with a "skillfully managed" fight in it, this time between a wicked professional and a virtuous blacksmith. "Groina Green," a "pugilist playlet" was produced at Sider's Wells, July 12.

"A Modern Medea," in one act (Rehearsal Theatre, London, July 8), is not so agreeable. Jeannie, a middle-aged model is being painted as Medea, who wishes to introduce a young girl, who is of being a nursery governess, to the artist. But Jeannie has her eye on

warding from her sad experience, for she had been abandoned by her lover. The young girl, Ellie, is to pose as Galatea, and Jeannie learns, when she is draping her, that the girl is her own daughter by this lover. Ellie declares that she is prepared to make any sacrifice for the sake of living in comfort, and she welcomes the advances of a rich Frenchman. A vulgar model, Freda, who dislikes Jeannie, plots her with all the until she becomes intoxicated, "when in the early morning of the next day the Frenchman breaks into the room, the girl, disgusted with the turn affairs have taken, stabs herself to the heart in the presence of her horrified mother." A woman, Mrs. Alice Chapin, wrote the play. She also took the part of Jeannie.

An adaptation of Tennyson's "Princess" was produced in the grounds of Asburton House at Putney June 25.

Another word about the repertory theatre. Mr. Herbert French of London names these practical difficulties of the repertory plan: "Extreme costliness through the need for additional advertising, to explain the change of bill to the public, and for cartage of scenery, complexity and laboriousness for the theatrical staff and unattractiveness for authors who lose the profits of long-run royalties." He believes in the straight-run method in a theatre partially endowed. "How easy it would be for a group of wealthy and artistic men to relieve some one first-class theatre of the burden of rent, which often amounts to £200 a week. It would then become possible to risk producing in the evening bill plays of ideas such as Shaw's 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' Granville Barker's 'Waste,' Galsworthy's 'Justice,' aesthetic or poetic plays, such as Mr. Yeats' 'Green Helmet'; in alternation with plays in which the lyrical idea is paramount, such as Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' Synge's 'Playboy of the Western World,' 'Hannele,' Ibsen's 'Pretenders,' 'Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier,' 'La Course du Flambeau,' Julius Caesar, and 'Hamlet,' because bankruptcy would not stare the management in the face even if a series of plays ran for a month or six weeks only. Then, and for the first time in London, it would become possible to provide a drama both of variety and of quality. Long runs would not be debarrd, but they would not be absolutely required, and authors might be appeased for their shorter runs by higher proportionate royalties."

George Rignold, who as Henry V. was for a time the matinee idol in our cities, now lives in Australia in a house overlooking Sydney harbor. An actor writes of a visit to him: "I went out to see George Rignold, now 74 years old. He lives up a remote creek on the side of a pre-plein, with the sea at the bottom. We dined on the verandah, and the view was sublime. He is the great Henry V. of our boyhood, and has kept up to the end his days; but he still sits up like an old Viking, chief and hale and hearty. He has the Henry V. Agincourt flag flying over his bungalow with a swan on it, and he is worshipped out here by everybody."

11 B. Irving and Miss Dorothy Baird will make a tour in Australia next year.

MEN AND THINGS

It is a pleasure to learn that Prof. Dall Osso has discovered the sepulchres of two Amazons buried at Belmonte "in their panoply of war beneath their chariots," and it is also a pleasure to know that these Amazons wore ear-rings of amber, possibly as a remedy against bleeding at the nose, or against the lightning stroke; for amber has several uses. The Rev John Wesley did not believe in Amazons. Reading Mr. Dobbs' "Universal History," he noted in his journal: "I still doubt of many famous incidents, which have passed current for many ages; to instance in one, I cannot believe there was ever such a nation as the Amazons in the world." Yet Wesley believed implicitly the wild stories told him by visionaries, old and young, of their adventures in the country of spirits. And thus did he resemble Mr. Bickerstaff's little godson, who, according to Sir Richard Steele, did not delight in Aesop's fables because he did not believe they were true, for which reason he had turned his studies into the lives of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, and the Seven Champions. The essay is one of Steele's most delightful compositions, but would Sir Richard be welcomed today by the editor of any magazine or tea-table miscellany?

Now we believe in Amazons past, present and to-come. Amazons have lived in divers ages and provinces. We accept the African Queen Medusa, as well as Lampelo and Marthesia. The warriors in Scythia; Penthesilea who inspired a grim tragedy by von Kleist, a poor symphonic poem by Hugo Wolf and a fair overture by Goldmark; the cruel Northern Queen who bent trees that they might spring back with captive men as ripe fruit; the glorious Thulestris, who went out "with three hundred ladies of her sex, all well mounted and completely armed" to woo Alexander the Great as he was marching through Hircania. We believe in the Amazons seen by Lopez de Acila and his men. These women fought in Brazil with bows and arrows, but only to aid their husbands. "There were only to aid their husbands part of this river, when seeing the Spaniards fighting with their husbands came in to succour them, and showed themselves more valiant than their husbands, for which cause it was named, the river of Amazons." Sir Walter Raleigh writing about his discovery of Guiana admits that "a not have the opportunity to see these

loved in their existence and others disbelieved. He gained much curious information about them, and it seems that they received plates of gold in exchange, for a kind of green stones, which the Spaniards call Piedras hijadas, and we use for spleen stones. Of these I saw divers in Guiana."

There are Amazons today even in the United States. We do not refer to young women in riding dress who, making their way to the school, ape man's strut and swagger; nor do we have in mind women who do surprising feats on the tennis court or in vandyville. We read a few days ago of a 17-year-old girl in Soranton, daughter of "a prominent building contractor residing on fashionable Newton boulevard, a zealous worker in the First Baptist Church." This interesting young woman can lift about six times her own weight, or, to be exact, 675 pounds, without harness. "She is not gigantic; she is not muscled; unlike a Queen of England, who did not wholly please Henry VIII., she does not resemble a Flemish mare; on the contrary, she weighs only 117 pounds, is pretty, with a wealth of black hair and a complexion that incites envy. She has 'issued a defi to athletic womankind.' This is a pity. If she had issued a challenge, or even a defiance, the world would have applauded. But a 'defi'!"

Then there is the wife in Pittsburg who shot her husband because she thought he was a burglar. "I would do it again under similar circumstances. Men who stay out late at night should answer when their wives call. Every woman should know how to handle a gun. They should take lessons in target practice just as I did when I was married, 18 years ago. Women should be taught how to shoot to kill." Her husband expressed himself as pleased with her courage and her accuracy of aim. But did she shoot with a rifle or a revolver, a musket or a bedroom cannon. "Gun" is vague in these days, though many associate the term only with the revolver. A young woman that issues a "defi" should always shoot with a "gun" and the intention to "win out," so that her skill can be "proven."

There are essays on amazons from that in Heywood's "Book of Women" to Sir Richard F. Burton's excursions in his account of Dahomey and his journey to soften the heart of the King, but there is no authoritative treatise on amazons as there is on maccottes. No doubt Mr. Herkimer Johnson will do full justice to the subject in his "Man as a Political and Social Beast"; possibly there will be a volume devoted to amazons; for a circular just received announces that this colossal work will be extended to 23 volumes (elephant folio, sold only by subscription) and the first volume will positively appear on the 15th of next December. There has been delay on account of some ridiculous pecuniary misunderstanding between the publisher and the gifted sociologist. Mr. Johnson will of course make use of Prof. Dall Osso's discovery at Belmonte.

Senator Heyburn of Idaho should not be so funny. "Dixie," the tune to which he objected when the band played it at a reception given to a congressman, is a good tune, the most characteristic tune associated with the national spirit of this country. The tune, with the words, was invented by a northern man, a negro minstrel, Dan Emmett, and sung by Bryant's minstrels in New York before the flag on Sumter. That the South chose it with other tunes as a national song simply shows that the southerners had good taste. It was first a northern tune; then a southern tune; now it is the tune of a whole and united nation. The tune "America," English by birth, serves four or five countries as a national anthem. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is an old English drinking song "To Anacreon in Heaven." It is almost as hard to sing by reason of compass and intervals as "Jerusalem the Golden." It is true that the senator in "The Dodge Club" was thrilled, hearing it on the Pincian Hill. "There is our national anthem—the commemoration of national triumph, the grand upsoaring of the victorious American eagle as it wings its everlasting flight through the blue empyrean away up to the eternal stars!" "Yankee Doodle" is a mystery. No one knows the origin of the tune or of the words, though much has been written on the subject, and half-trigger, cocksure opinions have been printed. James de Mille, a Canadian, characterized the air by a list of adjectives as long as lists strung together by Rabelais. "The air is rash, reckless, gay, triumphant, noisy, boisterous, careless, heedless, rampant, raging, roaring, rattle-brain-lah, devil-may-care-ish, plague-take-the-hindmost-ish; but solemn, stern, hopeful, resolute, fierce, menacing, strong, cantankerous (cantankerous is entirely an American idea), bold, daring—words fail." And how much more could be written in praise of "Dixie!"

A student of life among the mountaineers of Kentucky is delighted because they use the good old English words, "buss" for "kiss," "gorm" for "muss," "poke" for a small bag. Buss is a good word. Falstaff uses it in "Henry IV," and it is common in old ballads. We have never heard it in New England, but "gorm" is an old Northamptonshire word, to smear, to dirty, and we have heard it frequently in village usage, sometimes with reference to a greedy, sloppy, hoy; "There he sat, gorming a way." "Gauzy" in the same English proverb means sticky, as with smeared sugar or treacle, and the New England word with reference to smearing gluttony may thus be spelled. We all speak of "having a pig in a poke," for poke used to mean a small

sack; but in this commonwealth we have heard countrywomen speak indifferently of a small handbag as a "poke" or "reticule." It is not necessary to go to the Kentucky mountains to drink moonshine whiskey and eat saleratus bread in order to hear sound old English words and phrases.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

A letter, dated Boston, was published recently in the New York Sun. The writer, or writers, for the letter was signed "Two Victims," complained that manners are decaying or are already decayed. It appears that there are young men, "unattached young cubs," who accept invitations to dinner and never return the courtesy, "even by making the conventional dinner call." A "scion of a fine old Southern family" invited to dine with a young lady visiting the two victims and made one of a theatre party, did not call afterward, although the guest stayed for three weeks. "He is a man of some leisure, not to say means." Another man, about to marry "a woman who is a stranger to Boston, ate two meals on a holiday in the victims' house; he was afterward invited to a week-end house party, which he accepted, but he did not put in an appearance, nor did he send a letter of explanation. The "two victims" are sure that his bride will find Boston chilly. These offenders, and others like them, come of "ostensibly good families, and are college bred."

It is true that in the old books on etiquette and in manuals for gourmands and gourmets there was rigid insistence on the duty of an after-dinner call, the "visit of digestion." A time for this visit was appointed, and any delay was regarded as an act of unpardonable rudeness. But we have changed all that. Visiting has gone out of fashion as far as the male is concerned. He may drop in at afternoon tea, if he thinks that he will meet women worth his while—without regard to the hostess—or if he have nothing better to do. But the formal call in Boston is a thing of the past except among families that preserve the old traditions, families that lead quiet lives and do not welcome newspaper notoriety.

The young men specifically complained of may not have liked the dinner, the visiting young woman, or the play. Their conduct was undoubtedly rude. Nor would it be any reasonable answer if one of them should say: "I did not know that 'Two Victims' kept a set of books and entered 'one dinner' or 'one theatre party' against any one of us." Visitors from other cities sometimes express the opinion that neither the young men nor the young women of Boston wear the fine flower of courtesy; that the girls show little respect toward the middle-aged; that the young men at house-parties and balls are barely civil toward young women who come from another town even though their hostesses are willing to give satisfactory certificates concerning birth and rearing and the strangers themselves are attractive. This apparent rudeness may come from shyness, as insolence is sometimes a defence for self-consciousness. The modern parent in Boston seems almost helpless in the presence of the assertive child. Frank Stockton described amusingly the parent at bay. In these days the parent does not have the courage to stand at bay.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morison Stock Company in "Quincy Adams Sawyer," dramatized from the novel of the same name, by Justin Adams. Cast:

"Quincy Adams Sawyer"..... Theodore Friebus	Zelick Pettigrell..... John Meehan
Quindiah Strout..... Edward F. Sannery	Arthur Hastings..... George F. Connor
William Maxwell..... William DeWolf	Deacon Mason..... William Mason
Abner Stiles..... William Lohr	Bob Wood..... Paul Lohr
Sam Hill..... R. T. Freeman	Reynold Hill..... Frank Monaghan
Jim Cobb..... William Carey	Hill Cobb..... William Carey
Alice Pettigrell..... James Strong	Mrs. Hepsibah Putnam..... Eleanor Gordon
Samantha Green..... Katherine Clinton	Mrs. Crowley..... Mary Smith
Lindy Putnam..... Valarie Valarie	Nandy Skinner..... Holly Hollis
Huddy Hawkins..... Grace Lohrhop	Mrs. Hawkins..... Goldie Penherton

OPERA HOUSE—"The Shoe"
author's name omitted on the
program. Cast:

Shore Pate..... Jack Sharkey
John Peterson..... Jack Sharkey
John Peterson..... Thomas W. Faber
John Peterson..... John H. Moore
John Peterson..... Arthur A. Francis
John Peterson..... Gladis Wilcox
John Peterson..... Miss Hattie Rempel
John Peterson..... Miss Marie Harrison
John Peterson..... Miss May Noble
John Peterson..... Harry Fields

"PITONOF KICK" DEMONSTRATED

Miss Rose Pitonof dived into vaudeville last night at Kelt's and seemed to enjoy it. The audience did, too, and she smiled her frank and boyish smile and retired amid handclappings with a basket of flowers almost as big as herself.

George Decost, Miss Pitonof's instructor at the Dorchester bath, introduced her. First he told all about the swim to Boston light—how difficult it was, how many strong men had tried it, and all but one had failed, and then how his pupil did it. Miss Pitonof came running out in a little white dress, looking in the glimpse the audience got much younger than her advertised 15 years.

A moment later she pranced back on the stage again in short red tights as the curtain went up disclosing the familiar mirrored tank. She showed the "Pitonof kick," a swimming stroke much like the ordinary breast stroke except for the action of the legs. Then she dived, after the accepted fashion and seemed to get a lot of fun out of it all. Every once in a while the audience clapped.

It was a kindly crowd, and very curious to see the girl who had done the long and difficult swim. In Boston, the turn is interesting because everybody knows where Boston light is and what a job it is to overcome the difficulties of getting there by dint of sheer muscle and courage. That was why the spectators were so pleasant toward the young swimmer. In New York, for instance, where nobody but the seafarers ever heard of Boston light, it is possible to imagine that audiences wouldn't be greatly interested.

There were some other enjoyable things on the bill, Billy Gaston and Isabelle D'Armond, late of musical comedy, for instance. She is very pretty, and he has a nonchalant way of dancing and singing and talking nonsense that is usually effective. Their act is novel and dainty; a pleasure because it is different and done with enthusiasm that is catching.

Then there are Avery and Hart. They are a colored man, only a trim young chap with a nimble tongue; the other a long, awkward fellow in a perpetual state of dazed wonderment. The slender one upbraids the lanky one for his conduct at a party, and it is very ludicrous. Then they wind up with what starts out, apparently, to be the time-worn speech of thanks and ends up in a way novel and laughable. The comedy of the pair is fresh and clean, their business happily conceived and carried out with skill.

"The Horse Trader" is a dramatization of the trick mule, only the mule is four horses. A fat, retired English merchant, who doesn't know a fetlock from a headstall, tries to ride them. The opportunities for comedy are obvious, and equine and human performers let none of them slip.

Julie Ring and Company play a familiar sort of farce. It is all about a girl who gets in a college boy's room by mistake and has a difficult and embarrassing time getting out. Done with spirit, it wins much laughter.

Another sketch on a program which abounds in them is "The Twin Plats," done by C. B. Ward, Kathrin Klarc and Alice L. Ward. The younger woman and the man provide most of the fun.

Mrs. William Annis and her company, which includes a tenor who stalks before the footlights with one white glove and the other dangling carelessly in his hand, furnish a little music. Alfred Gill the violinist, played "The Mocking Bird" to the great delight of everybody. He might have given an encore, though none of the rest got the chance.

Others on the bill were Vittoria and Giordetta, hand balancers; Phil and Nettie Peters, comedians. The knetograph showed how New York looked before it grew up.

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MR. RUSSELL'S RULES.

Mr. Henry Russell, director of the Boston Opera House, has made two rules for next season which will commend themselves to subscribers and others. The first rule is this: No one will be admitted to the Opera House after the curtain is raised until the end of the scene. Boxholders are exempt from this rule, "as the location of their seats permits them to enter or leave without inconvenience to others." This rule is reasonable in all respects, although we would have it extended so that nobody would be admitted after the overture has begun. The boxholders deserve their privilege if only by reason of their

exemplary behavior last season. There was no instance of chattering about topics of the day or laughing either in a general or boisterous manner during a passionate or dull scene on the stage. There was the utmost respect shown toward others in the audience and toward the singers. Some may say that this rule will inconvenience dwellers in the suburbs and "they that go down to the West in broughams"; that there will inevitably be delay on stormy nights; that those in carriages and automobiles at the end of the long line will suffer. But grand opera is a thing of pomp and ceremony. The swell in Punch, when asked how he succeeded

in tying a miraculous cravat, answered: "I give my whole mind to it." The operagoer should give his whole mind to the performance; he should prepare for it; he should sacrifice everything else to it. A similar rule about latecomers has worked advantageously for years at Symphony concerts. They that purposely enter the Opera House late that they may be seen will have ample opportunity for self-display during the intermissions.

The other rule is even more commendable: "In the future it will be considered a breach of the rules of the Opera House to accept encores or in any way acknowledge the audience during the acts." The singers have been notified of this, and Mr. Russell asks the co-operation of the audience. In this he does well, for the audience last season was as much to blame as any singer. It is true that certain singers, and they were among the most prominent, evidently expected applause the moment they came on the stage; anticipated a repetition of a favorite aria; bowed gratefully and thus interrupted an emotional scene, but the audience encouraged them. There are moments when unusually fine singing or acting compels the tribute of instantaneous applause. This should be thunderous, but not long continued. The time for general appreciation is at the end of an act.

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MEN IN THE KITCHEN.

Mr. George R. Sims, dramatist, poet, journalist, and as mere man interested in the sale of a hair tonic, is urging in the Referee the whole and rounded education of the British boy. This education should be free and it should include sewing and cooking. Not that this ideal boy should necessarily be trained as a chef, as a dazling virtuoso to be ranked with Vatel and Soyer, but as a plain cook for home use. He should be a good roaster and broler and he should be "versed in the art of pie, pudding and tart, and the lucrative skill of the oven." Southerners will not agree to Mr. Sims' belief that "men are invariably better cooks than women if once they take to it," and they will point with pride to "Mammy" in the quarters, but it is not now necessary to discuss this question. Mr. Sims argues that woman is ousting man from the labor market. "Every year the number of girls and women whose employment takes them from home all day long increases, and in many homes the women are now the wage-earners. The domestic side of home life must, then, either be neglected or the men who are kept at home because their places have been taken by women must learn to undertake the domestic duties."

Anthropologists will at once say that there are historical precedents for this division of labor; that in old times there were nations among whom the custom prevailed that the women should govern, wage war or repel invaders, hunt and fish, while the men were expected to look after the house, weave, cook, and do other things that now are regarded as essentially feminine tasks and occupations. These men were undoubtedly trained from boyhood, for no man is suddenly a cook or an expert in chamber work. Any husband who assures his wife departing for a sum-

mer outing that he will run the house "nicely" in her absence soon finds out the vanity of his boast. Mrs. Jellyby, deeply interested in Borribooola-Gha and the natives, neglected shamefully her house and dinners were served almost raw by the young woman with a flannel bandage in a slovenly manner, but it never occurred to the eminent philanthropist to train her mild, bald, spectacled husband to roast the beef, to make the pudding and to serve them.

There are households in America where men successfully take the place of women as cooks and second girls. These men are generally Japanese, Chinese, Italians or negroes. The orientals are admirable in every way. Their quietness alone commends them. In a story by Guy de Maupassant an escaped convict was an exemplary lady's maid until he was detected in his disguise. But the average New England woman, no matter how ardent she may be in her labor for women's rights, would ill brook the idea of a man puttering about in the kitchen. Nevertheless hundreds of young girls marry without the slightest instruction in housework and are dependent on what are ironically termed intelligence offices. Is there not something in Mr. Sims' proposal? And is it necessarily humiliating to the pride of man?

MEN AND THINGS

There was cheering news from Newport, R. I., early in July. The cottagers decreed that early-to-bed should be the fashion. Entertainments beginning with an elaborate dinner and ending with dancing were all over before midnight, and at 8 A. M. the cottagers were seen riding or driving or walking or sitting on the veranda reading some improving book, as George Finlay's "Greece Under the Romans" or the Life of Daniel Drew. They had perhaps pondered the dictum of Sir Robert Anderson: "Work will not really hurt any one who can eat and sleep."

Many were persuaded by these reports to think better of the fashionable world. These men and women, after all, were not idlers, frivolous, eager to sit at table with a chimpanzee as guest of honor or to give a dinner to sumptuously stabled horses. They had been maligned. Nor were observers, sociologists and humanitarians seriously disturbed when on Aug. 12 there was a "departure from the sands to the music of negro mandolinists, with dinner served in a tent. Some deplored the fact that after the dance the guests all took a sea bath, and feared evil results, for there was comparatively little time between food and bath, but as long as peacock was not served the risk was comparatively slight. In the days of the ancient Romans, when they began to be corrupted, the eating of peacock supplemented by a bath, hot or cold, invariably led to death.

The news that was published on the 13th inst. was a wind that scatters the fog of doubt. A cottager who is most prominent this season for her dancing parties gave a brilliant ball. She has "an eye like an eagle, scanning her guests for two purposes, one to see they are having a good time, and the other to see that no person is present that shouldn't be." A third eye would be useful in watching the spoons. The ideal hostess, it appears, should be a bit of a detective. She at last spied an elderly man whom she did not recognize. She did not go up to him and say: "Sir! How dare you?" She did not even call the old and trusted family bouncer. She asked a guest who the stranger was. The guest named him and said that of late years he had lived in Washington, D. C. "He's all right." The hostess answered: "But I never invited the man. Still if you say he is all right, I shall not bother," and the unbidden guest was greeted warmly by many "prominent persons."

This pleasing incident in the summer life of high society at Newport suggests an essay on unbidden guests as they are to be observed in melodrama, farce, opera, ballad and romance. The mysterious stranger is sometimes the Flend himself or some poor ghost who must be snug in his grave before cockcrow. Sometimes he is the lover in disguise, who either bears off his bride or makes a mess of it all as Edgardo in Donizetti's opera. Sometimes he is practical joker or the victim of one. He may be a mildly insane person. At the Newport party he was Mr. —, who formerly lived in Newport, but had spent several years in Washington, where perhaps formal invitations are not regarded as of high importance. His unconventional behavior should surely give him desirable distinction, for we are informed by the reporter that "young society" in Newport "likes to be thought sporty and original." "Sporty" is a detestable word; to be ranked with "tasty," but it is not so abominable as "clasy," a word which, being interpreted, means nothing. Surprise is an ingredient of wit, and every brilliant party should have at least one surprise. A deliberately planned "surprise party" is a cruel imposition that is both a bore

and an expense to a friend. A man, Sunday school teacher, mill superintendent. It is not to be confounded with a party, enlisted by a surprise. In this instance the surprise would have been irresistible if no one had known Mr. —, now of Washington, D. C. And what a relief to hostess and guests the arrival of a man wholly unexpected and unknown must be! Even the waiters will serve with a lighter heart and more airy steps. The fiddlers will scrape with wilder freedom. "Hallo! Who's the strange guy?"

"That portion of young society that likes to be thought sporty and original." As though there could be anything original in entertainment at this late day! As though everything had not been done and seen in the Rome of the emperors, in the Bagdad of Harun al-Raschid, in the Nineveh of Semiramis, in the London of Charles II. and the Paris of Louis XV. There was a fine old Roman swell who had seen it all and was the Sir Charles Goldstream of his day. He wrote on his tablets: "I am tired of doing the same things," and then he killed himself. In this way perhaps he found something new and at last experienced a thrill.

In like manner are not hosts and guests bored beyond measure by seeing the same faces at dinners and dances? There is the same succession of dishes; there is the same chatter, the same anecdote, and the variations on a theme of scandal are necessarily cast in the old form. The theme itself cannot be new; there is only a change of name. Again we say: how welcome an unbidden guest, some one from a foreign court or far-off isle over which he may rule. Clunies-Ross over the bolos and Keeling Islands, some editor of a comic weekly, a hunter after dime museum freaks, or some talkative person escaped from his keeper.

Sergt. Mitchell is described as a pleasant faced young man with a fresh English complexion and of average size. "There is about him nothing to suggest the sleuth." On the steamer he was suspected of being a stock-broker. But how should the ideal detective look? We pass over Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for he was a detective only for magazine purposes and for Mr. Gillette, Inspector Bucket was stoutly built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed, of about the middle age. He dressed in black. So did Sergeant Cuff in "The Moonstone"; a grizzled, elderly man, miserably lean, hatchet-faced, with a dry and yellow skin, steelily light gray eyes. "His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long, lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker, or anything else you like, except what he really was." The sergeant wore a white cravat. This thing is certain. The ideal detective must have a searching eye. "The eye that never sleeps"; and it is still more melodramatic when he has two of them. What did those voyagers on the steamer expect? That Sergeant Mitchell should appear each day in a different disguise? That he should have a variety of false whiskers, ranging from Piccadilly weepers to Galway slugs, from mutton chop to zymos? That handcuffs should clatter in his left coat tail pocket and that he should flash a dark lantern on his midnight ale and Welsh rabbit? That he should stop this woman or that man on the deck with "Husssssss! I'm a detective," or go about shouting the fact like Hawkshaw in Tom Taylor's play? Sergeant Mitchell for the time being was not a-detecting; he was merely a passenger. It is doubtful whether he would have said anything if he had seen the appearance of a cold deck in the smoking cabin.

There has naturally been much comment, serious and flippant, on the substitution of a collection of "up-to-date short stories," standard works of fiction and volumes of railway statistics for Dr. Elliot's five-foot shelf in the cars of the Burlington Railway Company. A New York bookseller said not long ago that the author read by almost everybody is Alexander Dumas the elder. "All kinds and conditions of people ask for Dumas. I sell one copy to a man in overalls and the next to a wearer of a high hat. There seems to be no distinction of race, creed or color when it comes to Dumas, and I figure it's because we all of us like a 'real story.'" And yet no volume of Dumas was included in this railway library. A volume of short stories about railway accidents and about murders and ghosts connected with railways would please the ironist who going to sea would choose "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" or "Foul Play"—the list might be extended at great length. The Chinamen who lately crossed in the chain room of an Atlantic steamer should have been provided with Capt. Mayne Reid's "Boy Tar," whose discomforts must have been akin to theirs.

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OYSTERS ON TREES.

The travellers who told strange tales and were regarded by their contemporaries as liars, entertaining persons, ingenious, but liars, are nearly all vindicated. Herodotus is now considered as too scrupulous concerning truthfulness in narration. Marco Polo, we now know, could not tell the whole truth, as Mr. John Masfield puts it; "he had to leave his tale half told lest he should lack believers, when he came back from the East"; for the East was then, to the European, "a misty unknown country, full of splendours and terrors," and all that he

It was that "it was mysterious and that our Lord was born here." How Bruce was laughed at and scorned because he insisted that the assassins cut steaks from living cattle, and there was a race that lived on lion's flesh to keep down the number of the destroyers! When the daring, heroic giant of a man died of a fall in handing a lady to a carriage, there were some who saw heaven's ironical vengeance on a fabulist. Witness on our own day the abuse heaped on Du Chailly and Landor.

We know now that there are pigmies and gorillas; that there are sheep whose tails weigh fifty pounds or more. Nearly all the "ancient lies" about men, women and beasts turn out to be truths, and again we are reminded that oysters grow on trees. The report to the Bureau of Insular Affairs from San Juan, Porto Rico, confirms the story that to some has been a preposterous legend. Capt. Kerr of Baltimore has seen these oysters, no doubt eaten them. "Oysters of good flavor," says the report, "are quite plentiful on the south side of the island, they are usually attached to the roots and lower branches of the mangrove trees at the shore." And so the early voyagers to the islands of the west were not reckless liars. Mr. John R. Philpots alludes to these "legends" in his "Oysters, And All About Them" (vol. I, pp. 67-69). The common mangrove and others of its tribe, rhizophorae, along tropical shores root in the mud and form forests below high water mark. Numerous root-like projections support the stems, and these stems, when the tide goes out, and on margins of great rivers, are often covered with oysters. This species is called the tree oyster, "Ostra arborea." The negroes, wishing to eat, lop off a branch which is usually heavy enough for any one man to carry. Mr. Philpots judiciously says, referring to "legends" that are now recognized as matter of fact truth: "How wise is it, then, to gurn against extremes! The scepticism on which some pride themselves is closely allied with the credulity they affect to despise."

And now we may confidently expect a sensational report that will prove the existence of the unicorn with all his pleasing traits elsewhere than in heraldry. Vertomanus saw two in an oriental preserve and they were tenderly cared for, but since his day they have been so scarce that they are now reckoned fabulous. Even Mr. Roosevelt did not kill one in Africa.

MEN AND THINGS

The story of Mrs. Elena D. Smith, who for five years as Albert C. Martinez, wore male attire, escorted freely with men in business relations and in parties for recreation, is an extraordinary extra-ordinary chiefly for the fact that she escaped detection. Yet there have been other instances of similar behavior, all that have been still more extraordinary, as that of Catarina de la Cruz, known as the nun-tenant, who escaped from a Spanish convent where she was a novice, donned a man's dress, embarked for South America, and made, almost incredible adventures for 16 or 17 years, was finally detected by being wounded severely in a duel fought at Cuzco, returned to Spain in 1874, was penitenced by Philip IV., and in 1880 disappeared mysteriously on a stormy night at the landing place of Vera Cruz.

Catarina was thus described by a contemporary historian: "She is of middle size for a woman, without having the stature of a fine man. She has a full face, but to speak of her figure, neither good nor bad. She has been dressed like that of a man, and passed it off as such. She is dressed like a Spaniard. Her gait is elegant and graceful. She carries a sword well. She has a martial air. Her hands alone have a something feminine about them, and the more in their pose than in their shape. Finally, her upper lip is covered with a slight down, which, without being actually a mustache, yet gives a certain virile aspect to her physiognomy."

Her memoirs, purporting to be written by herself, were made the subject of an article by Alexis de Valon in the Revue des Deux Mondes (1841) and from this article Thomas De Quincey undoubtedly derived the material for his story, "The Spanish Military Nun," which is good reading for summer or any other season. De Quincey was curiously written, but De Quincey is "lequinceified" and glorified. He is the sole authority for the statement that Pope Urban VIII. heard Catarina's adventures, gave her a papal bull to wear her dress, boots, and a variety of other things, and that she was a thing that was

and the House of Austria. De Quincey upon? A portrait of her was discovered at Aix-la-Chapelle, and there is a tradition that Velasquez was amongst those who painted her, for, idolized by all classes in Spain, there was a great demand for her portrait.

And where did De Quincey find authority for a curious foot note? The text reads: "Biscuit is one of the best things I know, even if not made by Mrs. Bobo." The foot note is as follows: "Who is Mrs. Bobo? The reader will say, 'I know not Bobo.' Possibly, but for all that, Bobo is known to Senates. From the American Senate (Friday, March 10, 1854) Bobo received the amplest testimonials of merits that have not yet been matched. In the debate on William Nevins' claim for the extension of his patent for a machine that rolls and cuts crackers and biscuits, thus spoke Mr. Adams, a most distinguished senator, against Mr. Badger: "It is said that this is a discovery of the patentee for making the best biscuits. Now, if it be so, he must have got his invention from Mrs. Bobo of Alabama; for she certainly makes better biscuit than anybody in the world. I can prove by my friend from Alabama (Mr. Clay) who sits beside me, and by any man who ever stayed at Mrs. Bobo's house, that she makes better biscuit than anybody else in the world; and, if this man has the best plan for making biscuit, he must have got it from her." Henceforward I hope we know where to apply for biscuit." According to De Quincey, this remarkable debate took place in the Senate in 1854. The allusion to Mrs. Bobo in the text and the foot note could not therefore have been in De Quincey's story as first published in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine in 1847, two months and a half after the appearance of the article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and they were probably added when he reprinted the story in 1854 in a volume of the collective edition of his writings.

There have been other famous instances of women escaping detection and passing for men until death. There was a highly esteemed surgeon in the English army, one that was honored with decorations and medals. It is said that his sex was suspected at a dinner of military officers, but he passed as a male as long as he lived. There was Mlle. de Maupin, who dressed as a man and had wild adventures. Even when she was a prisoner of the Paris opera, she was fond of donning man's dress and selling forth to pick quarrels. It is related that she slew three men in duels in one night. It was she that suggested the heroine of Theophile Gautier's romance.

She and Mary Frith and the Ambree woman, successors to such martial ladies as Mardias, Brindamant and Bloniamart are not to be confounded with women like Catarina and Mrs. Smith, who wished to be taken for men. Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, or the Baring Girl, an adroit fence and an accomplished highwayman, the friend of distressed cavaliers and an admirer of Charles I., the first English woman to smoke tobacco, wore male dress for convenience. Nor is there any place here for a diseased child, confining the true character of the Cavalier d'En.

It is a lamentable fact that in certain instances women have adopted male dress because as women they were unable to obtain work. Their purpose has been honorable, and they have often prospered and been classed as men until the end. When women, who have committed crime or been associated through sentiment with criminals, have disguised themselves to throw the police off the track they have generally been caught. Some little action is played them, on they did not walk like a man; they shuffled, tripped, trotted, ambled, waddled, crawled, dragged themselves on, to use the words of Anthony Trollope in his contrasting picture of the walk of Miss Caroline Wollington—we were tempted to write Wollington moved by the demon of perversity, which urges even sentimentalists, or expectant heirs, to snicker at funerals. And how few women on the stage, when they wear male dress, are able to walk like a man! Peg Woffington, they say, was one, and Charles Reade refers to her gait in his romance. Adelaide Phillips walked like a man in "Patience." Edyth Walker bore herself like a man as the Page in "The Huguenots," but the list is not a long one. Nor is it given to many to wear male dress to their own advantage, as far as concerned. There are men who can masquerade as pretty girls. This has often been seen in Boston in ballet and college shows, and recent instances of this are known to all frequenters of vaudeville houses. The ordinary page in opera, the girls in soldiers' march are too evidently women inconspicuously dressed.

In connection with the pageant at Peterboro, N. H., with music by Edward MacDowell, it may interest some to know that the late composer was eminently successful with his use of the divining rod for finding water on his farm. He himself would smile at the suggestion that there was magic in his skill, yet he was a Celt and there were times when he dreamed dreams and was conscious of the gift of second sight. That there are men who can find water with a rod is beyond doubt and peradventure, but that there are many more who with the same rod cannot find water is equally certain. The evidence for the faculty of "dowsing" is given in Prof. W. F. Barrett's two articles, "On the So-called Divining Rod," published in the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (vol. xiii., pp. 2-282; vol. xv. pp. 120-333). It would appear that this power of discovery does not depend on the dowser's conscious knowledge or observation. "It forms a subliminal uprush, but whether it is akin to genius, as being a subconscious manipulation of facts accessible

through normal channels, or to heteraesthesia (resting on a specific sensibility to the proximity of running water), is a question which will be variously decided in each special case." The dowser is not hypnotized before he finds the water; but he is often thrown, perhaps by self-suggestion, into a state that resembles a light hypnotic trance. "The perceptivity of central organs, in an unfamiliar direction, is stimulated by concentrated attention, involving a certain disturbance or abeyance of perceptivity in other directions." Divination by rods, or "baguettes," is common in the East. Marco Polo tells a singular story of this practice by which the astrologers and magicians of Jengiz-Khan declared to their master whether he would conquer Un-Khan in battle.

IN THE MIND'S EAR.

Many will mourn with Mr. Edison the loss of certain records for the talking machine, records of voices, as that of Gladstone, of Edward VII., of Tolstoi. The chief singers now living and in the exercise of their profession will be surer of immortality in this respect, and their willingness to sing for a record has no doubt been more liberally repaid than that of Count Tolstoi for example. It seems hardly possible, however, that there are no records of the voices now lost; or was King Edward only once persuaded to gratify the curiosity of posterity?

Theophile Gautier in 1847 apropos of the death of Mlle. Mars wrote prophetically as follows: "Some day perhaps when criticism, made perfect by the universal progress, will have at its disposition the means of stenographic notation to fix all the nuances of an actor's art, there will be no cause to regret all this genius dispensed in the theatre, a loss for the absent and for posterity. As men

have forced light to shed images on a polished plate, so they will arrive at the reception and preservation of sonorous waves by a matter still more subtle and more sensitive than iodine, and thus they will conserve the performance of an air by Mario, a tirade of Mlle. Rachel, or a couplet of Frederick Lemaire; they will thus preserve, hung on the wall, the serenade in 'Don Pasquale,' the imprecations of Camille, Ruy Blas' declaration of love, daguerreotyped one night when the artist was in the vein. What a loss for Talma and Malibran that they came too soon!"

And yet is it not better to hear in the mind's ear the voices of famous men and women? The tones of Cleopatra wooing Mark Antony are surely more caressing now that centuries have passed than when they were uttered on the barge or in her palace at Alexandria. Malibran never sang as she sings in the verses of de Musset. There was never a contralto that haunted the hearer as this one imagined by Gautier. Would Cordella's voice be soft, gentle and low in any record? The Eustacia Vye of Thomas Hardy had a voice like unto the viola. Had we heard her speak, there might have been a disturbing provincial accent. Lincoln's voice is still nobly sonorous in the Gettysburg address. A man or woman throwing tone into a phonograph cannot be wholly free from self-consciousness. Suppose that Tolstoi could be represented by the talking machine as querulous, Gladstone as merely the rhetorician of Disraeli's taunt, King Edward as a man of years with a rich, fruity German accent? There is a privacy that magnifies, embellishes, endears. Why should a machine be allowed to disturb or destroy illusion?

MEN AND THINGS

In the volume of Mme. Jenny Thérard's memoirs published recently, the recollections of a highly esteemed member of the Comedie Francaise, there is a portrait of her great-grandmother as Hermione in "Andromaque." The picture is after the portrait by David, and Madeleine as Hermione displays a coiffure and wears a head-dress, hat or cap with tall and waving plumes, that would today seem extravagant if seen in street or at an afternoon tea. The costume itself was almost or wholly contemporaneous rather than classical. There was not even the attempt to give the effect of a window curtain worn as classic drapery. And so when Voltaire's "Semiramis" was revived at Paris in 1837 one of the actresses wore a mediaeval costume with the crown of

a countess and a deep-pointed waist. Mlle. Georges, who took the part of the Queen, was praised by Gautier for the magnificent and antique character of her costume. She wore a starry diadem, sharply pointed, glittering with gems, Asiatic and Babylonian in style, something between the aureole of a goddess and the crown of a queen. This pressed under a golden circle her black hair studded with diamonds, as the hair of Night. From her white shoulders fell in rich and abundant folds an imperial cloak, green hued and sown with palms of gold over a white and embroidered tunic. Mlle. Georges thus answered the idea conceived by Gautier of Semiramis, "the colossal queen of an immoderate world; Semiramis, whose powerful hand sustained in air the hanging gardens, who from the height of her throne ruled a circle of demigods and nations of kings."

Seeing this picture of Hermione dressed for the French stage of 1783, we were reminded of an interesting article by "S. K. P.," published in the Pall Mall Gazette. The writer, compelled by a youthful relative to inspect her collection of picture post cards bearing photographs of her favorite actor, discourses agreeably about old prints of actors, which were bought "plain" and then colored by children. (Robert Louis Stevenson wrote an essay about such portraits, "A Penny Plain and Two-pence Colored.") After the paint was applied, details of dress, ornaments, weapons, were adorned with a tinsel jewel, gunned on the plain print. There was "Mr. Smith as the Pirate of the Black Sea." Thus was he represented: "His blue silk coat is lined with black, and he wears a short kilt of crimson satin, the genuine material, let into the picture. A breastplate of shining silver scales covers his black heart, and he is armed to the teeth. A pistol, silver and crimson, is truculently levelled in the direction in which the pirate is not looking; its fellow hangs in his belt, balanced by a wicked, sharp knife, and the left hand brandishes a silver sword. To complete the horror, the Pirate wears in his daring cocked hat a silver skull and crossbones, and a row of these cheerful emblems adorns the skirt of his clothing. Pirates were pirates in those days, and knew how to dress."

And yet what was this pirate of the Black Sea to Capt. Hook in "Peter Pan," sporting a three-holed cigarholder, preparing the poisonous draught, or listening for the warning clock within the belly of the monster? Nor could any old print of once favorite theatre pirates equal the rude cuts in "The Pirates' Own Book," published at Portland, Me., a half century or more ago. Query: Why "Pirates' Own Book"? "The Boys' Own Book" was the delight of hundreds of youngsters in the sixties. The book stood on a shelf with a little volume in green boards, which related the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, with the Franconia stories, with the Marco Paul series, and a few of the Rollo books. The wondrous tales of Capt. Mayne Reid came later. This "Boys' Own Book" was a treasure house of curious information about out-of-door and indoor games. There was no book like it. The "American Boys' Own Book" followed and it was more sumptuously published, but the appeal to patriotism was not a compensation for the quaint wood cuts of the earlier volume. Would that we could see a copy of "The Boys' Own Book" today? The old editions were out of print years ago. Have there been reprints? But we should pirates wish for a hook that reflected bitterly on their views of life and methods of business? The title "Pirates' Own Book" would lead even the warlike under the Jolly Roger to expect pages of practical advice concerning the more profitable routes, a chart of the Spanish Main, the care of cutlasses, directions for finding the treasure, ingots, moldores, doubloons, pieces of eight, altar equipage buried by illustrious predecessors, the proper way of arranging the plank for the celebrated and final walk, etc., etc. The disappointment of these black-bearded purchasers must have been keen.

Thrice fortunate is he that now in the philosophic years is able at leisure to look over the books he read as a boy, to pore again with joy over the same pages. Neither Burton's nor Payne's edition of "The Thousand and One Nights" is comparable with the big thick volume, a translation from Galland's French, with the queer and abundant pictures copied from a French edition. There is no handbook of this city that equals in interest "Marco Paul's Adventures in Boston," with the picture of the phosphoric light on the Common, and of Franklin place with the shrubbery that hid for a time the fishing pole bought by Marco against the better promptings of his conscience. On page 125 there is proof that the Common was an orderly place, even on Fourth of July night. "It was not yet dark, so that Marco could see the various groups of which these long processions were composed very distinctly, and he observed that all their countenances indicated satisfaction and pleasure. They advanced in an orderly and noiseless manner, except that now and then a group of sailors or rude boys came crowding by, disturbing the quiet of the scene by singing, or loud vociferation." It is a mistake for boys or their parents to give such books away or to let them be thrown into the dust-bin. They should be handed down from generation to generation.

Time-honored tomes! The same eye scanned before, The same my grandsire thumbed o'er, The same his sire homeward bore.

Here, for instance, are the works of Laurence Sterne, A. M., printed by John Yeth, at Harrisburgh, in 1804. The set was broken long ago, and there is

and only a volume of "Tristram" stands and one of sermons, but who would exchange them for a new, complete, singing set? There is a portrait of Sterne with the traditional forefinger applied to the traditional forehead, and under the author is a scene from "Tristram." On a flyleaf is "No. 78. This book belongs to Chelsea Social Library. Price \$1.00." The Chelsea is probably that of Vermont. And in what year did some grandfather, or father, forget to return the two volumes? And are the other three now in this Social Library, or were they thoughtfully retained in some moving or thrown away? Nor should school books be sold or cast aside. It is a pleasure to feel the covers of Fenton's "Greek Reader," though the owner no longer can translate the simple sentence of Aesop or Lucian, and Parnesius Nepos is still sententious, though unintelligible. But we have wandered far from actors and their portraits.

It may justly be said that nearly all pictures of famous actors and actresses are amusing, in fact, comic portraits, 30 or 40 years after they were taken. This is especially true of actresses on account of coiffures and costumes. Look at the charming women in the days of chignons or of hoop skirts. Look at portraits that decorate the foyer of a theatre or the walls of a shop-house. There are portraits of the Cushman sisters, Forrest, the Booths, that are now burlesque figures. The group of the Vokes family gives no idea of the three women. They are conspicuous by reason of wild arrangements of hair, strangely fashioned dresses and ornaments and concrete. Go farther back, many the portraits are more and more ludicrous. Nor have many illustrators of Shakespeare's plays been fortunate. The once admired Boydell gallery is as a chamber of horrors. There are excellent pictures by Smirke, Meadows, Leslie, Gilbert, but old editions illustrated with portraits of actors and actresses in various parts provoke homeric laughter. Fifty years from now the photographs of "personalities" reigning in 1910 may also excite mirth and derision.

BOSTON OPERA PROMISES WELL

Prospectuses are generally agreeable reading, and that of the Boston Opera Company for next season is no exception. The list of the singers inspires confidence, even if a few of the old guard are retained, who might better be allowed to serve in some company that delights audiences in Lisbon or Buenos Aires. I mention the latter city, knowing full well that opera is performed there on a grand scale, but if audiences in the Argentine Republic applaud deservedly Mr. Constantino they also, according to the newspapers, give rapturous approval to such strident and tremendous baritones as Mr. Stracclari, who stabbed the ears of Bostonians when he sang here as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Mefistofele" will introduce a new Russian singer. He will replace in this opera Mr. Mardones, who last season as the Flo, did the best he could and was best was creditable in view of natural limitations of size, personal authority and intellectual grasp of the character.

Much has been said about Debussy's "Prodigal Son," which will be produced early in the season. This cantata was not intended by the composer to be sung as an opera. It was the composition with which, as a student at the Conservatory, he took the prix de Rome, and it reveals little of the Debussy that is famous. The melodic lines and the general musical spirit remind the hearer much more of Massenet than of the author of "Pelléas and Mélisande." When "The Prodigal Son" was brought out as a cantata at an English music festival, Debussy revised the score and made it a little more idiomatic according to his later formulas. The work was produced last season as an opera in London, but it made no strong impression and was heard as a pleasant idyl.

There is a promise of "Tristan and Isolde," and it is to be hoped that Mr. Toscanini will conduct, otherwise the performance will not be eagerly anticipated, for Mr. Hertz is a rough laborer in the orchestral vineyard, and it is not pleasant to think of what he will do to the score of Humperdinck's "Kings' Children." We all still remember his boisterous and coarse reading of "Hansel and Gretel." There will naturally be much interest in the production of Mr. Converse's new opera, with its Mexican life and color. A production of Laparra's "Habanera" is promised, which has been described by a critic, writing about the performance at Covent Garden July 13, as "a curious and not uninteresting work, rather an experiment, perhaps, but, at any rate, promising well for the composer's future. He has been his own librettist, and has constructed a gloomy text, which is, to some extent, saved from being merely painful by its supernatural treatment. The idea apparently is to portray the effect of remorse upon the mind of a man who, in a fit of jealous rage, had murdered his own brother, the brother being betrothed to his sister, he himself had secretly loved. It is done by the appearance of the murdered man's ghost and by mysterious voices chanting at his grave while flowers and the girl lay flowers

on the opera house with an unconscious influence exerted on the girl, which ends in her death. This is very fantastic, but there is a decided touch of imagination in the way it is done, and it is not unimpressive. This last act, as a matter of fact, is much the best musically, and the atmosphere of the scene has been well caught. It should be explained further that the musical possibilities of the story centre round a habanera, the tune of which is associated with the remorse of Ramon, as at the moment of his crime the girl had been taking part in this characteristic Spanish dance. In the second act it is danced again while the ghost appears, and it is heard once more at the end. * * * The opera is extremely short, three quickly-moving acts (and a prologue not given last night) and, but for the habanera, there is little else to arrest the attention, there is no need for anything else and the composer has cleverly enough seen this, and has not unduly hampered the action by solos for the characters. * * * The music flows along easily and is not overburdened with elaboration of effect; the expression is direct."

There was talk of producing this opera in New York with Mr. Victor Maurel as Ramon. The dramatic nature of the part appealed to Mr. Maurel strongly.

It is not at all improbable that "Habanera" deserves still warmer praise. The London critics are not always courageous in the expression of opinion concerning the merits of an unfamiliar work, operatic or symphonic. They also follow traditions in criticism. Thus the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, who has just been quoted, did not hesitate to write last month: "Meyerbeer's operas, like those of Verdi, respond well enough to the qualities of representation, they are so immensely effective, so that given these, one need not spend a wholly dull evening, for, of course, it is always interesting to hear executive skill of a first-rate order if the whole result may not be exactly opera in its most appealing form." Only a Londoner would think of running together the names of Verdi and Meyerbeer.

This same critic hearing "Lakmé" was moved to write: "Dell'es was most inspired when writing pure French music, and with a different locale the opera, while gaining in homogeneity, would also have been on a more uniform level." Now the one charm of "Lakmé" is its exotic flavor. Delibes was always a graceful writer, a fluent melodist, with a fine sense of rhythmic values and marked taste in his instrumentation. His talent is best displayed in the ballets "Coppélia" and "Sylvia." In "Lakmé," the purely French music is conventional in suavity or glitter. Take for instance the quintet in the first act; it is only Opera Comique music in Aubrey's interior manner. So, too, the duet for women's voices in the first act is commonplace. But when Delibes made up his mind to leave the boulevard and give oriental expression he was interesting and often successful—as in the ballet music; as in Lakmé's temple song.

There will be dispute over the "Bell Song" as long as the opera is in the repertory. The Pall Mall Gazette says this aria is "tiresome, with its absurd tricksy refrain." Whether it is tiresome or not depends on the manner in which it is sung. When it is sung only as concert air with regard to smoothness and elegance of performance or as the triumph over technical difficulties it may well be called a bore. The aria may be sung with true dramatic significance so that the music seems to be the natural expression of the reason for the song and the singer's emotions when she knows that this air well worn to her may betray her lover to her father's vengeance. As the "Bell Song" was not only sung, but interpreted here by Mme. Lipkowska, its effect was great, though the notes themselves have been sung here more brilliantly by others. Mme. Lipkowska, as Lakmé, was thinking first of her lover, then of the song. The great majority of singers think only of the music. Gerald to them is out of sight and out of mind.

The list of singers for next season is an imposing one, and not merely because Mr. Caruso is named. The mere tenors of reputation in a company are better, for when a company boasts of only one first-class tenor he has the manager and the audience at his mercy. Nor is it a good thing for any tenor to be convinced that he has a proprietary right in any part. Mr. Caruso still has a great name, although it would be foolish to say that his voice is now as pure as it was a few years ago, or that it still has that peculiar and magnificent quality that once set him apart from other tenors. It was

this quality that gave him his reputation, for as a singer of bel canto he was surpassed by Mr. Bonci when he first came to this has neither force, grace, nor distinction. The success of next season in the Boston Opera House will fortunately not depend on Mr. Caruso's appearance or on that of any other singer. Mr. Russell, as is well known, is a believer in an ensemble of merit, rather than in the display of a star, and Boston audiences are no longer contented with the mere announcement that the distinguished Signor X, or the celebrated Mme. Y, will take the leading part.

Mr. Pierre Lalo in his savage and evidently prejudiced view of the late season of the Metropolitan opera company in Paris was particularly severe on Mr. Caruso. Mr. Lalo says that the tenor never had "a great voice" and that there may not at once be contradiction, he analyzes the voice: "When we heard him before, he had a very pretty voice of demi-caractère, whose distinctive qualities were charm of timbre and ease of emission—a charm and ease which were truly incomparable. We which were the unpleasant surprise this year to find that this celebrated voice has lost in freshness and radiating power, and seems to husband and hold its power in reserve, only now and then giving out a few brilliant notes with agility and strength as one might throw a ball, or holding them with languorous skill, and

so giving the public a false break into applause. Yet even these few notes were enough to show that the voice of the illustrious tenor is still at times a voice to charm." Mr. Lalo finds no compensating qualities of interpretation. (The Herald quotes from the translation of "S. D." published in the Evening Post of New York.) "The voice is the only merit of this tenor, as of other singers of his kind—take away his voice and he is nothing. He is neither a good singer nor a good actor. Of the art of singing he has never possessed anything but the most mediocre and vulgar parts—how to spin out a sound, prepare a cadence, multiply the opposition of shades, and accomplish all sorts of voice effects out of place. Along with these voice effects, isolated and factitious—nothing. He is neither appearance of style; absolute incapability of giving to a melody that has any beauty or form or line the continuity which the melodies of the classic masterpieces which the illustrious tenor has never tried to interpret; you have only to hear his pitiable singing as Don Jose in "Carmen."

"The only music in which he finds himself really at his ease—the only music which he has the habit of singing—is the poorest music of Young Italy. No more expression than style; no care for expressive singing; not a suspicion of that which, for the great interpreters, has always been the essential and supreme object of singing—to employ the deepest knowledge and most perfect possession of the art to make art itself forgotten. For the veritable artist singing is a means, not an end, the means of reaching the intensest and truest expression. For our illustrious tenor singing is merely the complacent showing off of tricks, first and foremost, the means of 'doing sound'; the higher parts of his art are unknown and closed to him."

Moreover, this incomplete and vulgar singer is completely null as an actor. Of course, his stature and features are not such as naturally seem made to represent heroes and lovers. But no one would think of that if, like so many others as little favored, he knew how to transfigure himself by expressive intelligence of countenance, by suppleness, force, and depth of play. The misfortune is that we see in the illustrious tenor none of these things, not even the desire to have them. Whatever the piece and role he has to play he shows himself imperturbably indifferent to the character and the situation. He walks through the action as if he were a stranger to it and his sole preoccupation is to plant himself before the footlights and give out his voice effects to the public. It is enough that he should appear on the stage, with the "sans gêne" of his bearing and his commonplace gestures, for the illusion to flee straight away, for drama and poetry to vanish."

The quotation is a long one, but Mr. Lalo's remarks are worthy of careful consideration. They may be prejudiced, for Mr. Lalo is first of all chauvinistically French, nor has he natural sympathy for Italian operatic expression or Italian singers of the modern school, but the analysis is carefully made, and it needed not the heightened, fervid rhetorical expression that reminds one of an advocate before a jury. There is much truth in what Mr. Lalo says about Caruso's lack of artistic taste and his indifference of late years toward the public an indifference that occasioned comment when he sang last season in the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Lalo speaks of Verdi's "Aida" as a mediocre work in which the orchestra plays only the part of an accompaniment, and, hearing performances of this opera and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," it was impossible for him to say whether Mr. Toscanini is really a great orchestral leader. The Italian led "Otello" and "Falstaff" with animation, movement and color, "but these are gifts which appear in all his countrymen when they direct works of their own blood." Mr. Lalo wishes to hear performances of Bach's Passion according to Matthew, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and "Parsifal" led by Mr. Toscanini before he can make up his mind as to the Italian's precise rank in the list of conductors. Mr. Lalo is evidently a prudent person, except in the case of tenors. Cannot Mr. Toscanini oblige him next season? Does he not owe it to himself that Mr. Lalo should have abundant opportunity for a mature—and belated—judgment?

The rules governing late comers and applause, rules recently announced by Mr. Russell, have already been discussed editorially by The Herald. They will surely be commended by everybody commended in theory; but when Brown's dinner is late, so that he is tardy; Jones' street car is stalled and Robinson's automobile breaks down, will there not be a clamor in the foyer for exceptions to the rule? will there not be an attempt to cajole or frighten ushers?

The audience is asked to co-operate in the work of governing applause, so that this recognition of singers will take place only after the fall of a curtain. The request is reasonable and compliance should be advantageous to all. A tenor who has been singing in opera houses of southern Europe and South America is not easily convinced that a northern audience is not impatient to applaud him. He has hardly learned that a singer addressing another singer on the stage should look at the man or woman, and not face the audience and throw out tones of an emotional appeal to the chandelier; that when he has sung of the flower he kept in prison, he should not turn from Carmen and bow gratefully to the applauding audience. Mr. Russell says that the singers have been instructed not to appeal for recognition, and not to be aware of any. Instructions have no doubt been given that they should not in future give tickets to sharp-sighted enthusiasts who will welcome noisily their entrance and

reward immediately every vocal or histrionic endeavor.

Would that it were possible to abate the nuisance of late comers in theatres of Boston! The evil has grown greatly within the few last years, and few first scenes of plays are intelligible to those promptly in their seats. Some may say that when performances are announced to begin at 8 o'clock they often do not begin until 16 or 20 minutes later; that when the hour for the raising of the curtain is announced, as 8:15 the play is even then late in beginning; but though this may be so in certain instances, there are always late comers. Some months ago an ordinance which made it a misdemeanor for the manager of a theatre to permit late comers at a playhouse to be seated till after the curtain was rung down on the act being presented was brought before the council judiciary committee in Cleveland. The city solicitor recommended that the penalty of imprisonment should be eliminated and the fine imposed for violation of the ordinance should be "not less than \$50 nor more than \$100." But an ordinance like this would not positively reform the manners of the public; it would exasperate both managers and late comers. At present many are annoyed in the theatres not only by late comers but by persons who insist on going out at the end of each act, to smoke, to drink, to breathe street air, to talk about the play, or from sheer restlessness, and there are some who would think all enjoyment lost were they not seen going up and down a theatre aisle.

Even if the audience in the Boston Opera House will be persuaded to abstain from applause in the course of an act, there will always be some to applaud boisterously at the end without regard to final orchestral measures, especially when these measures are piano. They that are fond of preserving illu-

sions in the opera house would ask that there should be no applause until the end of the performance. There was talk about "mistimed applause" in London last June, and one critic wrote: "Applause, however, is not only mistimed at the end of scenes, but there has been a great improvement of late in this respect, principally, of course, in operas of a modern type, and would-be interrupters are quickly silenced as a rule. In more old-fashioned works it would probably seem strange for an act to proceed without any demonstration of approval, and might even create an impression that the performance was going badly. Wagnerians know the places where applause is to be dreaded; the most tiresome outburst of all, perhaps, is at the close of the second act of 'Siegfried,' for here the orchestra suddenly drops to a piano and gives us one of the most delightful little bits of scoring in the whole 'Ring.' It is very annoying not to be able to listen to this quietly."

Some have found the waits at the Boston Opera House too long. There is no reason why the majority of the operas performed should end at a late hour. When there are unusually heavy and elaborate scenes there is reasonable excuse for a long wait; but there are many operas that could end easily at 10:45 or surely by 11 P. M. It is said that long waits give the audience an opportunity for "social reunions" and thus heighten the pleasure of the evening; but much can be said in 10 minutes and after 15 minutes there is generally a forced draught for gaiety and there is ill-disguised yawning. Then there are the persons living in the suburbs who should be considered.

The operatic season promises to be a brilliant one. The public knows that the operas will be carefully and handsomely put on the stage; that there will be attention to details; that the chorus will be a feature of the performance. Now that the prices of seats have been raised, the public has a right to expect grand opera given in all respects in the grand manner, and all those who considered intelligently the performances last season have no doubt concerning the success of the future as far as the works put on the stage are concerned. Whether the great public is ready at present for so many performances at the prices now established remains to be seen. It is certain that the public last season was liberally educated, and that there is general interest and pride in the institution which Boston owes primarily to the musical enthusiasm, the uncommon generosity and the civic pride of Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jacques-Dalcroze, the Swiss composer and writer about music, stated recently in an article on "Education by Rhythm," that schools of music, which formerly were frequented solely by born musicians highly endowed with the talents of audition and innate rhythm, now attract all those who merely like music, though they may be naturally devoid of the qualities that make a musician. He also asserted that out of 10 pianists with conservatory diplomas there is at most only one capable of distinguishing four measures in an original or merely agreeable manner, "or of interpreting music on his own account, without the help of those ever-increasing annotations with which present-day composers are obliged to burden their pieces."

Nor does he regard the present curriculum of musical studies as satisfactory. "Unless a pupil be already a musician, he will never become one by means of those studies. The course of studies is exactly the same as in the days of Bach and Mozart. Today, as then, the pianist or violinist is obliged by conservatory rules to study harmony, counterpoint and the history of music. But musical teaching in Bach's time was fitted to the aptitudes of the pupils of his day, who were musicians of natural talent. These same studies are, however, insufficient in this generation, since the type of student has completely changed, and lacks, for the most part, the essential qualities of a musician. These qualities comprise delicacy of hearing, emotional temperament, sense of rhythm, not to mention imagination and the power to express it. It is only when these different qualities are united,

...in the future
musician that musical study will be
capable of making a real artist of him."

Mr. Emerson Whithorne, an American composer, gave a concert of his works in London, and made this announcement: "In giving this recital of my own compositions, I have two motives: I wish to show my colleagues (musical) and the critics some of my ideas (musical) and to show the public, who care to pay, what I consider the best work of my first period."

Mr. Arbos, who was for a year the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra and the leader of the Arbos quartet, has returned from a tour of Spain and Portugal as conductor of the Madrid Symphony orchestra. Seven years ago he was appointed the permanent conductor of this orchestra and then four concerts were given. Last season the concerts numbered 45, and the receipts were over \$40,000. Mr. Arbos gave the highest class programs, and introduced works of Bach, which were received with the greatest possible interest—in fact there was perhaps more interest shown in the works of this composer than in any other, and in the smaller cities, where an orchestral concert had never been given before, the enthusiasm was often surprising.

WORCESTER CO. FESTIVAL.

The 53d annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will be held in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, beginning Monday, Sept. 26, and continuing through Friday, Sept. 30. There will be five concerts and eight public rehearsals. The works to be produced are "Omar Khayyam" (first part), music by Granville Bantock, Wednesday night, Sept. 28; Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Thursday night, Sept. 29, and artists' concert Friday night, Sept. 30. There will be symphony concerts Thursday and Friday afternoons. Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist, will play Friday afternoon a Liszt concerto. Miss Nina Dimitrieff, the Russian prima donna, who sang in America for the first time, after which she will join the Metropolitan opera company. She will be heard in Berlioz's work Thursday night and also on artists' night. The other soloists will be Berlioz von Norden, tenor; Margaret Keyes, contralto, and Frederick Weld, bass. Sixty-five players of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be led by Mr. Strube. The festival conductor is Dr. Mees.

August 22 1910

REAL CHARACTERS.

Sir Edward Fry, ex-lord justice and a member of an archaeological society, has carefully examined into the story of Lorna Doone as told by Blackmore in his well-known novel. He now hands down the opinion that Lorna and Ridd never lived; that there were no marauding Doones on Exmoor. "Lorna Doone" is a magnificent story, but the efforts to give it basis of fact provide painful reading for those who desire the progress of historical studies." O fame and impotent conclusion!

If Lorna and Ridd never lived as far as the postman and the tax-gatherer were concerned, they nevertheless met and loved and there were Doones that went marauding. For the great poet and the great novelist have the power of creating characters that are more real to thousands than are the dwellers in apartment houses or those elbowed in the street. Don Quixote is a more familiar figure than any King of Spain and he still lives, though he no longer charges with lance at windmills on the Cape, but is interested in business, philanthropy, political and social reforms. Squire Western is still the Tory squire opposed to new-fangled notions. Major Morden has his chair in every club and is arranging an advantageous marriage for his nephew. Mr. Micawber is the chief of promoters and Mr. Casby now benevolently collects his rents through a grasping agent. The Three Musketeers are the flower of the French army and Monte Cristo is a greater power than Mr. Rockefeller. The Westerner eagerly seeks the place where Hester Prynne was humiliated in the sight of stern-faced women. We talked with Col. Mulberry Sellers only yesterday. Last week Eustacia Vye left her husband and her portrait was in the newspapers.

The historians may assure us that William Tell never existed, but every school-boy knows better. We are now informed that Richard the Third was an exemplary monarch and gave an enlightened patronage to boy choirs, but the scowling villain of Shakespeare and Clibber was the real ruler that called for a horse on Bosworth Field. Lucrezia Borgia poisoned her husbands and lived a shocking life, in spite of the learned Italians who attempt to prove that she was

something of a pirate and founded a woman's club.

Let us enjoy the thought of famous men and women without the application of Bertillon measurements and the taking of thumb prints. The boy is to be pitied who proudly asserts Wonderland hand-in-hand with Alice is sadly old and sophisticated.

August 23, 1910

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald has received a long letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. He has much to say about the misunderstanding with his publishers that has retarded the appearance of his colossal work to the disappointment of sociologists, amateur and professional, in Europe, Asia, Africa, the three Americas and the islands of the sea; but what he says is confidential and should be respected. Yet we may be permitted to state that the first volume of "Man as a Political and Social Beast" will be published on Dec. 23, instead of Dec. 13—still in time as a Christmas gift. Mr. Johnson gives a plausible reason for not repaying a small loan—but this, too, is confidential, and also personal—unfortunately. The letter contains a few pen-portraits of prominent cottagers at Clamport, but although Mr. Johnson might swear that like Hamlet he is not splenetic and rash, yet there is a tendency to caricature, and one description seems incredible; that of a wealthy cottager who claiming Scottish ancestry, is preceded by a bagpiper in the appropriate and correct costume and playing native airs every time he goes to the postoffice or enters the store to leave a princely order from golf balls to an agate funnel, from kerosene to print butter. But here is a passage that may entertain the general reader.

"I read with lively interest the statement that Dr. Crippen, leaving Canada, presented Mr. Labbe, his personal guard, with a copy of Anthony Trollope's 'Barchester Towers' and gave other volumes by Trollope to Gov. Moran and Mrs. Phillips. The fact that Dr. Crippen appreciates 'Barchester Towers' with the delightful account of Signora Medeline Vesey Neroni at Mrs. Proudle's reception, and with the description of the Rev. Obadiah Slope's person and adventures, will lead many to think better of him, and to hope that he may be cleared even of suspicion. For Trollope's novels are not enjoyed by restless, changeable souls. There are some who put off learning golf and say, 'I am keeping it for my old age,' and after they are tired of golf, there will still be time for backgammon and Trollope's stories. We no way approve this opinion. Trollope wrote for men and women of all ages. If the young would read him thoughtfully, they would be saved from many a sad mess in love and in other business. There are golden lessons also for the middle-aged and the old.

"I took some books to Clamport this summer for 'light reading,' for what is known as 'light reading' is invaluable to the student of sociology. Among the novels were Trollope's 'Three Clerks,' an admirably told story which should be put into every young man's hands together with William Cobbett's 'Advice to Young Men' and Benjamin Franklin's 'Autobiography.' I doubt whether this novel is well known to the present generation, that encourages quick sellers. I also read 'The Bertrams,' another excellent story. When it came to the latest novels—for there is a book-club in the village—I found reading them weary work, and I preferred to read again some novels by Dickens, Charles Reade, Henry Kingsley, Mortimer Collins—by many that are now looked at rather contemptuously by the young literary lions. Is this a sign of age on my part? I also read Prescott's 'Conquest of Peru' to gain an idea of the present condition of that marvellous country now annoyed by the bubonic plague, and Mr. Thomas Secombe's preface elicited my heartiest admiration. There are fine things in Burnet's 'History of his own Times,' as in the description of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper: 'He had the dotage of astrology in him to a great degree, and fancied that our souls, after death, lived in stars,' and in that of Sir Henry Vane: 'He was a man of dark notions in religion, inclinable to Origen's opinion of universal salvation, and the doctrine of pre-existence.' Some one recommended to me 'Goethe's Conversations with J. P. Eckermann' and though my German was painfully acquired by listening to waiters in beer halls and restaurants in Munich and Berlin, I am ploughing the two volumes with fair success, guessing at the meaning of the longer words. I wish to call your attention to a prophecy by Goethe about the Panama Canal, especially as I have never seen an allusion to this forecast either in connection with the French endeavor that stripped hundreds of middle class Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of their savings or apropos of the present work.

"It was in February, 1827, that Goethe spoke to Eckermann about Alexander von Humboldt's book concerning Cuba and Colombia. Humboldt's views about a canal through the Isthmus of Panama interested Goethe greatly, and he spoke of the possibility of finding a more advantageous region; of the use of streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico; of the incalculable effect that a canal would have on civilized and barbarous nations. He then wondered whether the United States would allow

this work to slip out of its hands. The United States had a decided tendency to extend westward. 'In 30 or 40 years this country will have acquired and peopled the great tracts of land the other side of the Rocky Mountains.' Then there will be large cities on the coast, for nature has provided a safe harbor, and there will be much traffic between China, the East Indies and the United States. It would then be absolutely necessary as well as highly desirable that there should be a shorter route for merchant vessels and warships between the East and the West than the tiresome, disagreeable and expensive one around Cape Horn. 'Therefore I say again, it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to bring into effect a passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and I am confident that the United States will obtain this.'

"I should like to live that I might see this," said Goethe, 'but I shall not live so long. I should also like to live to see a connection between the Danube and the Rhine, but this undertaking would be so gigantic that I doubt its accomplishment, especially if our German resources are taken into consideration. And, thirdly, I should like to see the English in possession of a Suez canal. I should like to see these three great things, and for their sake it would be well worth the trouble of enduring some 50 years more.'

"There are two other things that now impress me after having read nearly 370 pages of this correspondence. I observed in The Herald a short time ago a discussion of the word 'chump,' its origin, the precise degree of vituperation in this epithet. The question was raised whether a sensitive man would prefer to be known as a 'chump' or a 'lump.' Now Goethe was insisting that a man who wished to raise himself, to be a complete and well-rounded being, should study Shakespeare, Mollere, and above all things, the ancient Greeks, and always the Greeks. To this Eckermann answered that if this were true all philologists and theologians would be excellent persons. Goethe made the reply: 'A "lump" remains always a "lump." "Lump" in German means a rascal, a scoundrel, a blackguard, a ragged, dirty, shabby fellow, also a skink, a curmudgeon, and 'Ein alter Lump' may well be translated 'an old hunk.' But the word also means a good-for-nothing fellow. It is my belief that in Goethe's sentence 'lump' should be Englished 'chump.' Perhaps the Goethe Society will consider this question in its next 'Yearbook.'

"The other thing that impressed me was Goethe's olympian calm when he was informed that his plan for the new theatre at Weimar would not be adopted. Eckermann was highly excited. Goethe soothed him. 'A new theatre is always only a new woodpile which an accident sooner or later will set on fire.' And Goethe applauded the Grand Duke for saying that his new theatre should make money. 'Shakespeare and Mollere had no other aim. They wished first of all to make money with their theatres.' Goethe reasoned in the Duke's ease that if a theatre were to make money the performances would necessarily be of a high order.

"It must have the ablest management, the actors must be of the best, and good plays must continually be given so that the attractive power to fill the house every evening will not wane. What a contrast to the talk of certain modern uplifters of the stage who chatter about art and blunk if mention is made of the pecuniary result! And Goethe was for many years a theatre manager. But I must go to work in my own little garden. The proofs of the section on 'Bar-room Towels: Their Origin and Proper Use,' are now before me."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

The mother of Mr. William de Morgan in the biography of her husband says that the latter used to read to her the novels of Dickens that came out in monthly parts. "He would say, 'We shall have a Pickwick (or whatever it might be) tomorrow'; and on the first day of the publication we had read and commented upon it." Their pleasure was once the pleasure of many in the days when novels by Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Reade, Wilkie Collins, Hardy, Black, Blackmore and others were published in serial form in monthly magazines and in some instances in weeklies. Each part as it appeared was widely and often hotly discussed and there was the excitement of anticipation, as there was in Paris when coachman and "grande dame" followed the adventures of the heroes of Dumas the Elder and Eugene Sue as related in the newspaper 'feuilletons'. In the case of Collins there was curiosity, chiefly concerning the development of the plot and the solution of a mystery. Sometimes there was curiosity concerning the authorship, as when the opening chapters of Hardy's "Far From the Madding Crowd" were attributed by some to George Eliot; or when there was wild guessing as to the author of "The Woman Hater" until the individuality of Reade was unmistakable.

There are serial stories today in magazines, but how tamely they are welcomed by the public! Is it because the form of publication is ill suited to the time in which we live, or are the

novels themselves devoid of that which might excite discussion? Many of us remember the year when it was asked in the street, "Who stole the moonstone?" When the "morality" or the "immorality" of "Griffith Gaunt," "Two on a Tower," and "A Terrible Temptation" was a subject of debate. Later there was excitement over "Tess" and "Jude the Obscure," although as serial stories they were blue-pencilled by editors in fear of prudish readers.

The great race of English novelists seems to be extinct, for Hardy, though living, writes no more in prose of men and women contending with nature and with fate. Even if there were novelists of a high rank, it is doubtful whether the public of today would be excited over instalments of their stories. When the serial form of publication was in fashion, there were rebellious voices, as is shown by the story of the New Yorker who arrived late one night in a Western town. There was a torchlight procession and bells were ringing. "What's up?" asked the New Yorker. "Don't you know that 'Judith Shakespeare' is at last completed?" replied a native. "Yes," answered the New Yorker darkly, "but 'Nature's Serial Story' is still to be continued." Whatever the cause may be, readers have now lost one of the greatest of joys—the joy of anticipation.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," a biblical drama in four acts. The cast:

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| David..... | Wright Lorimer |
| Jesse..... | Daniel Giffether |
| Mother of David..... | Bernice Belknap |
| Ozem..... | E. Melrose |
| Shammah..... | W. H. Brown |
| Abinadab..... | Paul Burnham |
| Ella..... | Alex Bergstrom |
| Ahimelech..... | O. E. Roth |
| Adora..... | Ruth Copley |
| Jonathan..... | Charles D. Herman |
| Jonathiah..... | J. Irving White |
| Princess Michah..... | Margot Merriam |
| Princess Merab..... | Alma Chester |
| Prince Phalti..... | W. J. Connolly |
| Capt. Doeg..... | H. E. Humphrey |
| Omar..... | Harry Cowan |

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morrison Stock Company in "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones. Cast:

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Christopher Deering..... | Theodore Friebs |
| Edward Falkner..... | John McLean |
| Gilbert Nepean..... | Edward F. Nannary |
| George Nepean..... | James Herblin |
| Freddie Tatton..... | Wyrley Birch |
| Archibald Coko..... | Harry Brooks |
| Mrs. Crespin..... | Rose Morrison |
| Beatrice..... | Valerie Valaire |
| Dolly..... | Mary Sanders |
| Feris..... | Holly Hollis |
| Rosamond..... | Katherine Clinton |
| Jessica..... | Eleanor Gordon |

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Morrison and Hefferlin present Ellnor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Cast:

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Paul Verdayne..... | William H. Ferris |
| French waiter..... | John Payette |
| Dimitry..... | Jack C. Grey |
| Vasil..... | George Z. Herbert |
| King of Sardalia..... | William H. Barwald |
| Anna..... | Marcella Forrester |
| Verchoff..... | E. T. Comans |
| Queen of Sardalia..... | Miss Jeanne Towler |

KEITH'S.

Rose Pitonof Begins Her Second Week on Stage.

Miss Rose Pitonof, the 15-year-old Dorchester girl who greeted the light-house keeper at Boston Light, after swimming from Charlestown bridge, is the head-liner at Keith's again this week.

Since making her vaudeville debut a week ago Miss Pitonof has acquired more poise, and her act yesterday showed the effect of her greater familiarity with the stage. She has added several new styles of diving to her repertoire, but the feature of her turn, as before, is her exposition of the Pitonof stroke.

Her act is one of many good things on the bill. Two plays have places on the list, but they are of widely different character. One is "The Little Stranger," a story of the race track, and in it can be seen the hand of George V. Hobart, who has written several successful sketches along similar lines. It tells the story of an old trainer who plays his last \$5 on Little Stranger, a 50 to 1 shot. But like race track players he believes in "hunches" and the "hunch" in this instance happens to be that a little stranger is expected shortly in the trainer's home.

Little Stranger doesn't win, but the trainer is made to believe so by a wealthy owner who cashes the Little Stranger ticket calling for \$305. Joseph Hart presents the piece with George Pierce as the horse owner, Paul Dullzell as the old trainer and Richard Webster as the old servant.

"The Soldier of Propiville" is the title of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde's play. They are at Keith's for the first time. The sketch is even more dramatic than the name might indicate, and affords Mr. Esmonde opportunity for an excellent portrayal of Old Jim, the old soldier, at once porter of Propiville Tavern and several other things

the clowns and flying ring ex-
to not always stir appreciation,
the two acts of that nature on the
are exceptions. One is by Rice,
and Scott, who have an elevated
act. The other is by Wood brother-
formers of unusual muscular
development. Alf Grant and Ethel
with Jingle and Jest; Buff and
s, a hard shoe dancers, and
res Miller who told stories and
were others on the list.

MEN AND THINGS

In spite of the high price of food, all over the country are advertising for wives, and perhaps the high price of food is the cause of this imperious desire for the state of matrimony. It is said that when times are hard the booksellers and the managers of theatres reap rich harvests. Many of these advertisers specify their wishes and their needs. They are not like Mr. Richard Bowler of Minnesota. Mrs. Bowler last June sued for a divorce in the Hennepin county court, and alleged that her husband had a spirit affinity with whom he flirted. As she said in her complaint, "Neither mirth, melody nor music will attract her husband from his spiritual love." In street cars he humiliated her by flirting with his "etherial goddess." The distinction drawn by Mrs. Bowler between "melody" and "music" shows that she has observed acutely the tendencies of the ultra-modern composers, but this gift of discrimination does not console her for Mr Bowler's dropping the substantial in his wish to catch the shadowy and immaterial.

Mr. Bristol of Connecticut describes him as having steel blue eyes and an assured position. He is well set up, athletic and only 30 years old. As a boy he was poor; life was a struggle; now he wishes to choose a wife from "the ranks of poor and honest working girls." He argues that the poor girl has a warmer heart and is more appreciative of a good husband. "Rich girls are vain and do not know how to run a house." He is not particular about beauty. His bride must be between 20 and 30 years old, and she may be a widow, provided she have only one child. He is not fussy about her creed, and she may be American, German, Irish, French or Italian-American. As an ethnologist Mr. Bristol is apparently narrow-minded. His horizon should be extended. Were we to marry, we should think seriously of a Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian or Montenegrin. Spanish women are said to grow rapidly obese, but they are wonderful creatures when they are caught young. There are Scandinavian women like unto a page of Grieg's music. Russian women of the middle or peasant class make devoted wives. There are women of Asia that should be thoughtfully considered when a man has all the world before him. The polygamist in the earlier centuries, when the custom was approved, should have had all nations represented in his happy home.

It is impossible for an earnest student of anthropology and sociology to commend Mr. Bristol's reason for preferring a poor girl. As a matter of fact, a poor girl, one that has never known the vanity of riches and the vanity of things attainable through the possession of wealth, often turns out to be capricious, discontented, extravagant. The more she has, the more unhappy she is. A girl brought up luxuriously, who has every wish gratified, has often shown the world her contempt for her life and her indifference toward the material things valued preposterously by climbers, snobs of all sorts, and those born envious, by marrying a man in moderate circumstances or even a poor man, and helping him make his way. She gave as an absurd reason that she loved and respected him; that she believed in him; that she wished to see her husband doing something. Nor does it follow, Mr. Bristol, that because a girl is poor, she is therefore not vain; nor because she is poor, is it safe to argue that she can run a house. There are many poor girls who know little or nothing about cooking and will not be persuaded to learn.

plained. Mr. Armstrong of Lee is less explicit, though he admits that he would prefer a woman from New York. He is 62 years old and consequently wishes a young wife. "I want someone I can call my own." This is a pathetic cry, though Mr. Armstrong probably does not realize the pathos. "Fifty photographs of young women have been sent to him." Has he no friend in whom he trusts, no friend who will whisper in his ear: "Never judge a woman by her photograph." Mr. Armstrong should read Mr. Leonard Merrick's novel, "The Quaint Companions," and see what disappointment, what agony was caused by the rejection of a photograph which was that of a handsome woman than the sender. Mr. Armstrong is a farmer, a prosperous one. He would not buy a horse or a cow, seeing only a photograph.

Years ago there was a favorite song with music, by Blumenthal if we are not mistaken. This song was entitled "My Queen." Rising young tenors used to sing it with great expression (young women also used to sing it, often in parlors at dusk, and thus it turned to bashful wood, that they called the bill for remembrances). The older men wondered when or how they should meet her; what the first would be. He then expressed his preference in the matter of size.

tain characteristics, chiefly mental and spiritual. When he found her, he purposed to take her to himself and to keep her for himself till death. And he announced this purpose with a force that shook the chandelier, made the windows rattle, set the dog a-bowling and disturbed the parents in the room above. The young man of the ballad was a fine example of an egoist and prig, but the song was exceedingly popular. We hear it now: "When or how I first shall meet—heat her." There were other songs of this period: "Looking back;" "Oh, Fair Dove! Oh, Fond Dove;" "If Thou Could'st Know," "Douglas."

These advertisers are in general more particular than the hero of "My Queen." Here is a miner in Denver who, wishing a wife, has written to Mayor Fitzgerald. He would like a beautiful blonde from 25 to 35 years old. She must weigh from 125 to 150 pounds, be of a loving nature, and she must have a "nice, snug sum of ready cash." The writer is a miner and he would probably prefer a Boston blonde with some shares of Calumet and Hecla. He adds: "Find the right lady for me among your many fine ladies in Boston." Some one should send him the Social Register so that he could write directly to Miss — or to Miss —; but we are told that the Social Register does not specify whether a subscriber is a blonde or a brunette. "I want a romance with an Eastern blonde." Of course if the Denverite wishes a blonde he should have one; but it is now recognized that a brunette wears better, both in pleasant or stormy weather, she resists the approaches of time and preserves her lines for a longer period.

No one of these advertisers has thought of trying the plan of Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." Perhaps we have told this story before, but it is one that should be told at least once a year. Mr. Day had a fortune of £1200 a year. Educated at Oxford, he spent some summers in France, where he heard the gospel of education according to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and he made up his mind to marry a girl thus educated. He visited orphan asylums and foundling hospitals and selected two girls, Sabrina and Lucretia. Taking them, he gave a written promise that within a year he would place one of them with a respectable tradesman, giving £100 to bind her apprentice, and that he should maintain her, if she should turn out well, until she married or commenced business, in either of which cases he would advance £500." He took the two to France in order to discover and discipline their characters. They quarrelled. The girls caught the smallpox and he was obliged to nurse Sabrina, who was only 12 years old, and Lucretia. He got rid of the latter by apprenticing her to a London milliner. Later she married a linen draper and received her £500.

paper and a feather. Then Mr. Day endeavored to make Sabrina a fit companion as his wife, but when he dropped melting sealing wax on her arms, she flinched and she would scream when he would fire pistols at her. To test her fidelity, he would tell her pretended secrets, which she would at once divulge to the servants. Bitterly disappointed, he nevertheless endeavored to train her, but when she wore thin sleeves or worn thick ones for warmth, he sent her off to boarding school. She married a barrister, and when he died Mr. Day pensioned the widow. Mr. Day finally married a woman whose opinions nearly coincided with his own. She abhorred all pomp and display in dress. Satisfied with her, he tried to discipline a horse. The horse kicked him and he died. Reading "Sandwich and Merton," any one might well wonder how any woman could have consented to live with its author. He surely was a trying person. Perhaps the advertisers do well, not following his example.

MEN AND THINGS

In the country the summer cottager is persistent in his zeal to ornament nature. He honestly believes that a flagpole—a liberty pole as we used to call it in our village—is decorative. The smaller his house, the taller the pole and the bigger the flag. Some fly a flag to show that they are "in residence," for there are snoblets as well as snobs. Now the flag as a national emblem is too fine a thing to be used on all occasions, to be regarded as an indispensable article in the country, like a wheelbarrow or a watering pot. If the flag were plain white with the name of the owner "Johnson" or "Ferguson" in staring red letters, with "At Home" or "Welcome," it might serve a useful purpose and be of advantage to passing automobilists.

An order has been issued that all brakemen, train announcers, and gate-men of the Erie railroad shall henceforth wear crossed trousers and be clean shaven. This order should soon be revoked, especially in the case of brakemen. The brakeman should be a heroic figure. He should at once inspire confidence and command respect. A clean shave may betray a weak mouth, a chin like unto a poached egg, as was the chin of the late Algernon Charles Swinburne. What would a brakeman with this mouth or chin do in an emergency? There was a time when boys collected the names of locomotive engineers and entered them in a book. In those days engines had character and individuality. They were named after mythological heroes and heroines, after animals, after the towns through which they passed, after public men including officers of the road. There were engines of the Vermont Central whose tenders were ornamented with views or portraits. In those days the smoke stack was of magnificent proportions, not a shabby funnel like a comic plug hat on a fat

men. We have seen the old brakenau who surely saw the manners of various men and the customs of many towns. He was rather addicted to jewelry and rings were of a pronounced taste and those of moss-agate were the best modest. His trousers, when they flapped overalls, were roomy, and they flapped in the wind of ruin. A brakenau with creased trousers may be a composite of the Hon. Robert Fitzsimmons and of the Chesterfield, but the trained sociologist will suspect him of effeminacy.

In one respect the modern brakeman is an improvement on the friend of our youth. His tonal emission, his enunciation, his diction are clearer and he has not lost in authority. The name of the next station is not something vague and mystical as he proclaims it. There is a sharp distinction between East Sattleck, North Sattleck and Sattleck Centre. Is it not possible that if the brakeman is compelled to consider the cronches of his trousers and maintain them even when conditions are adverse, he may be negligent in more important matters? With the gateman, the case is different. As he stands with a lordly air, his trousers should be a thing of beauty to draw all eyes unto it.

The Italian barbers of New York are sorely disturbed because the city authorities are determined to enforce the ordinance limiting the height of barber poles to live feet. They have held a meeting for indignation and also deliberation, to which barbers of all other nations were invited, and have written letters to the newspapers. Lovers of the picturesque in city streets will sympathize with them.

thelze with them.

How many bright-eyed boys, who are well acquainted with Caesar and are not dull in comprehension of the ingenious rules of arithmetic, can tell the origin of the barber's pole? This is the tale as it was told to us. The pole dates back to the time when barbers were also surgeons, and the denomination of Barber Surgeons, or Barber Chirurgeons, and others were not allowed to "let blood." To assist this operation," says the chronicler, "it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or a pole was always kept by the Barber Surgeon, together with the file or bandaging used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it, that they might be both forthcoming when wanted. On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done, it was again tied on, and in this state the pole and tape were often hung at the door, for a sign or notice to passengers that they might there be bled. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandagings, and thus came the sign."

The Barber Surgeons' Company of London was long a right honorable and pompous body on which kings cast favorable eyes. Charles II. gave it a cup of silver, partially gilt, with stem and body representing an oak tree from which acorns hung in the shape of little bells. This cup was a memorial of the tree that sheltered the King at Boscobel, and his chief physician was the master of the Barber Surgeons' Company. The cover of the cup represented the royal crown. This cup was passed about at festive gatherings before the fear of microbes made cowards of us all.

Chambolin in "Le Pardeau de la Liberte" by the ingenious M. Triston Bernard, visits an old clo' man for the purpose of buying a decoration. He tells the dealer that he was born in mediocrity and reared in it, nor has he ever departed from it. He has rendered substantial service to his countrymen, for since his childhood he has never set before them the pernicious example of a brilliant action, and he has thus not unduly excited them. "I have seen persons drowning in the ocean, and I have restrained myself to call for help and to applauding the rescuers. I have never founded an asylum, I have never presided at a shooting match. I have never shown industrial products at an Exposition. I therefore ask of you, Monsieur Requin, the favor of wearing illegally and illegitimately the ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

The craze of Frenchmen for wearing a ribbon in the lapel of the coat has long been the subject of jesting. Frenchmen themselves wrote amusingly on this theme before M. Bernard put his Chambelin on the stage; witness "Decore," the droll tale by Guy de Maupassant; witness the story of the Frenchman, who, having left Paris for some unworthy reason, was finally caught and identified because he was the only man in the province who had not received the desired ribbon. We are now informed that when a Frenchman is not entitled to display a governmental decoration, he sports the insignia of some private society, and the badge, ribbon or rosette, is often a close copy of an official decoration, so that the Ministry of the Interior has sent a cir-

to protect ourselves from them
take action against the wearers of
these private badges.

But are the French alone in this passion? Are not decorations eagerly sought in Germany and lesser countries? About thirty years ago an Italian decoration was openly marketed in Berlin. There were a few American musicians who bought it at a comparatively low price and were thus associate members of some mysterious academy of arts and sciences. Musicians are as eager in Germany as town officers and owners of factories for these ornaments. Singers, from Theodor Reichmann to Mine Schumann-Heink have sported a glittering row in Boston at Symphony concerts. On the other hand Anton Rubinstein, who had all the decorations that were really worth while, wore no one of them. Some of the little kingdoms decorate natives and foreigners for the sake of revenue.

Within recent years the free-born American has developed a singular fancy for buttons as ornaments of lapels. This button is the badge of one society, and that one is the badge of another. "Button, button, who's got the button?" is one of our national games. The child is father of the man.

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Francis H. Skrine sent recently to the Pall Mall Gazette a curious record of social life in the 17th century. Esquire Wallop on a July day in 1696 gave the young men of White Church half a buck and also a guinea. There were about 30 at the feast, and they then agreed upon articles. Among the articles were these: "2nd. that no married persons be invited to the feast except William Butler, John Temple, Thomas Allen and Alexander Neave, who were the first actors in getting the beast, and that they shall have the same privilege as the young men except in voting for stewards. 3rd. that immediately after dinner the stewards shall bring in a bill of the charge, and gather the money of the company. 4th. that the present stewards shall nominate four persons, out of whom the company shall choose two for succeeding stewards every year. 5th. that the new elected stewards shall give one shilling apiece, to be spent for the good of the company."

Mr. Skrine is pleased to consider this meeting as a dining club. "Our clubs originated in the convivial gatherings which became general after the confiscation of the property of the mediaeval guilds and confraternities by Henry VIII. A knot of men on jollity intent used to dine or sup together at some tavern, and 'club' their pence to pay the score. This new departure foreshadowed, and perhaps suggested, the co-operative principle which is destined to revolutionise our economic relations. Its later development is undoubtedly an instance of co-operative housekeeping."

Reading this, we remembered dining clubs that met in Boston for a season or two and were then dissolved without agreement and to the regret of some of the members. We do not refer now to any club formed for a specific purpose; to discuss politics, social or economic problems, business in general or to further any particular industry or art. We do not refer to any club where a member was expected to speak standing or was allowed to propose a toast. Nor do we refer to large social clubs that "tender a banquet" to a leading citizen. The word "banquet" was not applied originally to a pompous and swollen feast. A banquet was what we now call a dessert: Fruit, sweet meats, etc. and it was usually placed in a separate room, whither the guests went after they had dined. Buford says in the "Unnatural Combat":

We'll dine in the great room, but let the music and banquet be prepared here.

In private houses the banquet or dessert was often eaten in an arbor or garden house. But a banquet today is an elaborate performance, generally with music and speeches, and, although temperance and prohibition and "natural food" societies give banquets, the modern word implies the consumption of "wine," which is "opened" in floods.

A dining club should not consist of over a dozen members and if four of them are absent at a dinner, all the better. There should be no reciter of monologues, no punster, no one that drops into a foreign language, no unduly sensitive person. A man that has just returned from a long European journey should be ineligible for at least a year, and he that is for the first month enjoying his own automobile should be allowed to ripen before he is picked. There should be no guests. Jones may be fond of Robinson; he may speak of him as a clubbable man, and even as "one of God's own"; it does not follow that Smith and Brown and Ferguson, who like Jones, will like Robinson. This is an elemental principle of good fellowship, but it is daily ignored. Hence the curse of spontaneous introductions. "I want you to know Johnson," or "You must know Johnson," or "Two good fel-

The price ranges from a sum of ten cents to \$1, or \$1.50. The edition is a little dearer than the one which was revised. A few things for a journalist or writer to write a book to which the title "The Hat" is given. The first is the 18th and 19th century were thus written. Sometimes the memoirs were self-laudatory and lofty discussions of art. Sometimes they were published chiefly to annoy the world's associates. And there are some purporting to be authentic memoirs that are only gross libels on the writer. Mme. Clairon thus suffered. There are autobiographies of French comedians and singers that were written by literary men, as the one of Michael Kelly, published as an autobiography, but really written by a more book. It is often said that the life of Pauline Markham was written by no less a man than Richard Henry White.

"American men this summer are gradually getting inured to the 'no hat' crucifix, which is well started in London and Vienna. The hat is a superfluous article of man's wearing apparel. It deprives the head of needed air and sunshine, retards the growth, and in many instances kills the hair, and is a source of inconvenience and considerable expense." And so on, and so on.

All this is singularly behind the time. It should have been published two or three seasons ago, when it was the fashion for boys and young men at the resorts to go about hatless. There were some men who adopted the fashion, some were seen hatless and endeavoring to be at ease in city streets. The fashion even then was not a new one. In Massachussetts always went bare-headed in sunshine and rain, in cold or hot weather. The Emperor Severus also went about bare-headed. That prying gossip, Suetonius, informs us that when Caesar, at the head of his troops, marched with his head bare in all kinds of weather. Yet Caesar was sensitive about his baldness, and he therefore used to bring forward the hair from the crown of his head and he valued highly the privilege of wearing a laurel crown. Hannibal is reported to have eschewed a head covering.

Heaven's ruine and mad-raging showre. This is a shabby translation of the famous passage in *Sylvius Italicus*:
 Jam vertice Nudo,
 Expulsi insanos imbres, coelique ru-
 inam.

We are also aware that Plato recommended no other covering for feet and head than that allotted by nature and that Varro was of the opinion that when we were appointed to stand bare-headed before the gods, or in presence of the magistrates, it was done rather for our health and to inure and arm us against injuries of the weather, than in respect of reverence.

These captains, philosophers, rulers and writers were pretty fellows in their day, but why should their precepts be a law to men in 1910? Heads are less sculptural than in the old years. Spectacles and eye-glasses are not ornamental. There are men whose heads rise up to a peak, others have heads that remind one of a jack-o'-lantern grotesquely illuminated. For them and for the great majority a hat is advantageous. A modern hat is a sore trial to a sculptor, but a modern statesman, philanthropist, warrior, hatless in size or marble out of doors seems dressed and uncomfortable. Julius Caesar represented in faultless evening dress and a plug hat would seem a grotesque figure. Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt clad in a toga, hatless, speaking violently from the back platform of a parlor car would also be grotesque.

Meanwhile Dr. D. B. Delavan calls the idea that undue exposure of the neck and throat tends to strengthen parts a popular fallacy. It is a fallacy, he argues, because the Eskimos do not indulge in this practice. He might as well argue from this sentence of Montaigne, maintaining that all living creatures are furnished by nature, as are plants and trees, with sufficient furniture to defend themselves from the injury of all weathers: "A certain man demanded of one of our boyrting rogues, whom in the deep of frosty winter he saw wandering up and down with nothing but his shirt about him, and yet as blithe and lusty as an other that keeps himself muffled and wrapt in warme furs up to the ears; how he could have patience to go so. 'And have not you, good sir,' answered he, 'your face all bare? I imagine I am all face.'"

To go back to hats. We are assured by our London hatter, the one with whom Alice dined, the one whom Tenniel drew, that the Homburg hat will be the proper "headware" this autumn, the correct thing, the cheese, and to be wholly definite the Stilton. The colors range from pale sage green to dark grays and browns. Our hatter shows 36 different tints, "all of which are in perfect taste." We have ordered them all: One for each day of the month and five in case of accident to the others.

A NOTE ON NAMES.

A young woman whose name is Fanny Streimer sued as Fay Darling for a breach of promise. The defendant demurred and set forth that the latter name was assumed for the purpose of litigation. Judge Smith of New York overruled the demurrer and said that the plaintiff had a right to assume a name and sue under it without the aid of judicial sanction. "At common law a man could change his name without intervention of either sovereign, the courts, or parlia-

ment, and the common law, unless changed by statute, of course obtains in the United States. In like manner Judge Vann has ruled that a man may legally name himself or acquire a name by reputation, general usage, and habit.

Men change their names for various

reasons; to inherit property; because their parents had no sense of humor and did not foresee that a grotesquely named son would suffer in business, or not live up to the name; or they are influenced by reasons that to the great majority seem snobbish, for Thomson suddenly determines to be known as Thompson with a "p"; Smith prefers to be Smythe, or there is the use of hyphen between a second Christian name and the surname. The hyphen is thought to confer distinction. John S. Smith was esteemed as a business man and as a citizen. His wife developed social ambitions. The name developed with them. John Sagamore Smith served for a while; J. Sagamore Smith succeeded in turn; and now the highly respectable family is known to fellow-climbers as "the dear Sagamore-Smiths." But in the street and at the club "Sagamore Smith" is still called Jack Smith; he is counted a good fellow and is not held responsible for his wife's darling performances on the social ladder.

The ancient Romans were superstitious about names, and thought that some brought good luck and others were guide posts to disaster. Their superstitions prevailed, so that even in the 17th century the ingenious Mr. Bayle felt himself obliged to combat them, which he did with fine irony in his curious book, "Divers Thoughts Written to a Doctor of the Sorbonne, on the Occasion of the Comet which appeared in the month of December, 1680." There is much in a name, in spite of Juliet's question. Foreigners who settle in this country find that names honored in the land they left are ridiculous, or in some instances indecent, when spoken in English. Their petition for a change is reasonable. Parents, wishing to preserve family baptismal names, often do their offspring much harm. Bible names are no longer thought indispensable even among the most strait-laced, and if there are three daughters in a family they are now not named Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch, even though the father rejoices in the name of Job. There are names that belle characteristics and the station of the bearer, names of distinguished heroes, geniuses in art and science. Some years ago a seedy-looking person, penniless and rude in speech, gave his name in a New York court as Harold Plantagenet. The judge frowned and asked him for his real name. After hemming and hawing the prisoner admitted that he had been baptized Percy Fortescue, and that his surname was Montessor.

THE NEXT OPERATIC SEASON.

The official prospectus of the Boston Opera Company for the second season has just been published. There had already been various announcements concerning singers engaged, new operas to be performed, rules adopted for the convenience of the audience and for the aesthetic development of the institution. The list of singers is now complete—and yet Mr. Russell, an indefatigable discoverer of voices in foreign and remote nooks, may add to it at any moment. This list is an imposing one. It is especially strong in dramatic and lyric sopranos, in tenors and in baritones. Some may miss the name of any truly famous coloratura soprano, but the repertory contains comparatively few operas for which a great interpreter of florid song is demanded, and there are singers already known to the public who will be adequate in these operas of a brilliant if bygone school.

The unfamiliar operas will be Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," Laparra's "Habancera," Massenet's "Werther," Converse's "The Sacrifice" and Debussy's little cantata, "The Prodigal Son," his earliest work of any importance, music that he did

not write for the operatic stage. These unfamiliar operas were not in undue proportion, and the repertory, as a whole, includes works that are known and approved. Operas to be performed for the first time in this house are Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Massenet's "Manon" and "Thais," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Verdi's "Othello," Converse's "The Pipe of Desire" and Thomas' "Mignon."

There will be performances at popular prices on Saturday evenings, and the promise is made that "some of the best artists" will then be heard. There should be good performances at popular prices. The public plainly showed last season that it did not care to hear inferior singers even at low prices. Such indifference is to a manager one of the disadvantageous results of generous education of a community. The higher the standard set on subscription nights, the higher must be the standard on "popular nights" if the house is to be filled. Nor will a Boston public be satisfied with one good singer whose associates are mediocre or bad.

The list of conductors has been strengthened. Mr. Andre Caplet is already known here as a composer whose music of the ultra-modern school has been produced by the Longy Club. Nothing is said about the reappearance of Mr. Toscanini. No doubt, the management is as yet unable to make any positive announcement about him. It is to be hoped that he will be a frequent visitor, and it is not easy to think of a fine performance of "Othello" or "Tristan and Isolde" without him.

All in all the prospectus should encourage support and quicken anticipation. Some have feared lest the Boston Opera House should become merely an annex of the Metropolitan. This fear is groundless as long as Mr. Russell is director here; for he is a man of strong individuality, an ambitious man of constant surprises, who would never consent to play second fiddle, though the instrument were made at Cremona by a master.

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald a letter that is of a personal and sociological nature. We did not know that Mr. Johnson was so sensitive. His exterior, if not rude, could hardly be called super-refined; his clothes, even in winter, are suited to the woods and marshes rather than to the opera house or receptions to distinguished foreigners. He smokes a brand of cigars that must be manufactured for his sole use. They do not look like any cigar in the market; they do not burn like any other cigar; their stench is incomparable. But to the letter.

"Clamport, Sept. 2, 1910.

"The editor of The Herald: About a month ago I sent you notes on cottagers by the sea or among the mountains, and commented on their influence over the life and manners of native villagers. I wrote as an observing sociologist, without undue prejudice, without passion. There were reflections on the uneasiness, the restlessness of the rich, especially the suddenly rich, when they are close to nature. The reflections were of a general character, and they were applicable to cottagers from Eastport to the Gulf of Mexico. With your customary courtesy, you published these notes, which are mere sketches of nature, elaborate pages of my magnum opus, concerning which it would not become me to speak at any length, lest I might be suspected of soliciting subscriptions. Last week I received a letter of a most unpleasant kind. It was, of course, the letter of an anonymous, to use the word invented by Charles Reade. Even you, probably accustomed to the receipt of anonymous communications, would blush, reading certain gross terms and phrases of abuse addressed to your correspondent. Let me outline this anonymous man's complaint. Perhaps it is better to quote passages, after they have been expurgated.

"Why are you, Mr. Johnson, railing in print against the rich when in private life you like to consort with them, to be seen with them? When they invite you to their dinners, do you not accept? Do you not gladly sit in their automobiles? Have you not eaten and drunk on their yachts? Do you not even go to their afternoon teas? Do you not refuse a cigar or a cooling drink offered by a host? Don't you know that you are a fraud, a poseur? Your neighbors look on you as a humbug, also a bore. If a man has money enough, why should he not have an elaborate summer place with tennis courts, the latest devices for obtaining water, a bathroom for each guest, telephones on the lawn and under the pergola—in other words, why should he not be as comfortable as in the city? Why should not his wife and daughters indulge themselves in striking coiffures and in handsome costumes?"

"It is much more of this Mr. Editor, but here is enough to show the nature of the complaint and the animus of the writer. Although as a student of sociological subjects, as an investigator whose only object is to ascertain the truth, I must at times oppose accepted theories, I have endeavored to keep free from personal encounters of the kind that disgraced so many theologians, tarnished the fame of Milton and lessened the glory of discoverers, inventors, masters in science, art and literature. Renan was once asked why he did not reply speedily to a villainous attack. He answered in substance that only a foolish man replied immediately, as though he were hurt or offended. 'Write nothing,' say nothing, but wait your opportunity. Your antagonist will at last think you have forgotten the incident, and he will be off his guard. He will make some grievous slip. Then, when he is least expecting an attack, hammer the life out of him.'

"It is true, Mr. Editor, that I have sat at rich men's feasts; that I have been bored on yachts; that I prefer to ride from the railway station to my cottage in an automobile rather than in the stage—chiefly because I feel safer, for the devil-wagons do not respect the stage even when it has the right of way and is carrying the United States mail. It is also true that I have smoked the cigars of the rich and sampled their rum. I use the word 'rum' in its generic sense, including all stimulating drinks from burgundy to port, from charrutose to apple brandy. It is also true that I am occasionally seen at an afternoon tea—for I am married, and marriage has its obligations. By going to a tea, though secretly against my will, I sacrifice a pawn, and obtaining in return a willing consent to visit the city for a few days—for the purpose of working in the Public Library I gain a queen.

"I have nothing against the rich, whether they inherited from ancestors who imported black ivory and shipped back strong waters to the heathen, or acquired vast sums by their inventive skill, Napoleonic daring, or by methods that are not approved by stern moralists. These rich persons amuse me; they entertain me; they furnish me material for my colossal work; they are indispensable to me. Posterity would not forgive me if I did not study them. The men are not half-bad, as our English friends say when they would be eulogistic. They are often delightful companions. The rich, through long inheritance, are often simple in their views of life. Their swelling dinners and the luxuriance of their homes are for their guests rather than for themselves. The wives and daughters of these men are never flamboyant in their dress. They are not laden down with jewels for veranda display. And what man, especially as he hears the grave, does not like to see a woman tastefully dressed and adorned?"

"On the other hand there are rich men who are a long time in recovering from the shock of wealth thrust upon them. Alone with them, you often find them companionable. They are at times conscious of the fact that money is not the only thing desirable. They ask you questions that they may learn. They indirectly compliment you on your skill shown in a game, your acquaintance with artists, your stock of miscellaneous and useless information. But when a man of this type is in a crowd he often shows the characteristics of the 'boulder.' He is blumptious, overbearing, too auriferous. He, too, has had losses, and he named the sums with a jaunty air, as though a beach plum bush had failed to bear this summer. Why should not this type be discussed in print? Why should not his influence on weak men and women of humble life, and on villagers to whom money necessarily means much, be injurious?"

"It is also true that cottagers of small income are little by little made uncomfortable by the thoughtless and extravagant rich. Women feel the contrast more than men. When everybody in the neighborhood owns two or three automobiles and uses one to go only half a mile, the wife and daughters of him that cannot afford even a second-hand machine are at last unhappy. Their state of mind is not to be commended; it is not philosophical; but it is human. The husband finds that the prices of food and labor in the village rise in proportion to the invasion of the rich. There is no longer simplicity in dress. Women wear expensive costumes at little entertainments as though they were at a formal luncheon in the city. The man, if he have a sense of humor, smiles at all this—except the advance in the cost of food. He smiles at the incongruity, the absurdity of this spurge in the face of indifferent nature. Women are not all constituted in this manner. They begin to find themselves out of place. They would prefer to live where everything is simple. And where is this place to be found? They are not consoled by the reflection that everyone is kindly disposed toward them; that they are invited to the various parties. That is not enough; when they accept, they are disturbed by the pretentious costumes, by the pompous nature of the hospitality. They say to themselves: 'I never can return this.'

"There are as many snobs among those of moderate means as there are among the rich; and the snobbishness of the poor is perhaps the more objectionable. Let us accept even the suddenly rich, as we accept any phenomenon of nature. Let us study them; let us acknowledge their good qualities, and be warned by their example. It is all only a question of degree. If we had their money, we might be more absurd and wholly intolerable. To refuse their acquaintance when they are amiable, would be not only foolish, it would be snobbish, and to a complete and rounded sociologist this acquaintance as I have said is necessary.

"HERKIMER JOHNSON."

COURT LIFE AND DRAMA

Mme. Jenny Thenard's Views

By PHILIP HALE.

The earlier pages of Mme. Jenny Thenard's "Ma Vie au Theatre" were reviewed in The Herald last Sunday and the article ended with an account of the manner in which Edmond Got prepared Jenny for the Comedie Francaise.

There were other teachers, her grandmother, who was then 81, vivacious and exquisite in matters of the toilet, for she said to Madeleine Brohan, who complimented her on her elegance: "Constant care, Madeleine, is the beauty of the old"; there was also Mme. Plessy, the once famous Mme. Arnould-Plessy, the woman of supreme distinction and perfect diction, of whom noble dames took lessons in deportment. Jenny first met her in the foyer of the theatre. This foyer was not sumptuously furnished, but it was richly "inhabited." Besides the actors and actresses, Dumas, Feuillet, Marcel Canrobert, Lavoix, the painter Grand frequented it. The vulgar society were not welcomed, nor were strangers who entered dressed as if they were about to visit the catacombs.

Mme. Plessy had a mind of her own. Waiting one night in the foyer for her call, she saw a prominent banker. He hardly touched his hat with a finger, but cried out in self-satisfied tones: "Good evening, Ma'me Plessy! How are you?" She arose, and fixing her eyes on his hat, answered: "Good evening, sir I do not know you." She left the foyer. The banker also left, hat in hand, and never returned. And she could be malicious. Sophie Croizette wished to take lessons of her, but Mme. Plessy was unwilling: "No, she has her own style, and I do not see how I can train her in my way." Sophie came to play a part in "L'Aventuriere" that Mme. Plessy had played some time before. The latter asked Jenny: "How did Madame Croizette play the part?" "Very well indeed," "Poor woman! so much the better for her." And then Mme. Plessy added: "There are surprises which truly afford pleasure."

Jenny took her lessons of Mme. Plessy at 7 o'clock in the morning. Her teacher never kept her waiting. "To be well," she said, "it is necessary to get up in winter at 6 and in summer at 5."

Got called that Mme. Thenard, though she was only about 20 years old, should play character parts and also the Ulenas.

"Understand, the older you grow the better you will then be."

Mme. Thenard answered: "This is a dreadful idea. And as I shall be the mother of Mme. Plessy, and of all the others. This will be ridiculous." To add to her disgust Perrin, the director, meeting her, said crossly: "You have an idiotic idea of playing old woman parts with your physique! It's foolish. But after all, that is your business."

The night of her first appearance approached. Mme. Thenard sent cards to influential critics. There was need of protection for Mme. Jouassin, angry because the newcomer took her parts, was not only disagreeable, but threatening, and on the first night as soon as Mme. Thenard came on the stage, there were hisses in the balcony where the supplanter and her husband were sitting. Afterward this bilious woman acknowledged her wrongdoing and the two were friends. The reconciliation was the reward of Mme. Thenard's attention to Mme. Jouassin suffering from seasickness on a channel boat.

The newspapers were well disposed toward Mme. Thenard: she enjoyed the life on the stage and she was impressed by the rank and brilliance of the subscribers whom she met, from the Duke de Massa in the Princess Metternich. "What charming relations there were then between the audience and the artists! We were not curious less dressed to make a reputation of costumers at their pleasure. Our dresses had very little to do with our success, and the audience as a whole cared much less for that which we wore than for what we spoke. I remember that in the winter of 1876 I played with my dear Coquelin cadet and Reichenberg in over 20 performances, and I was dressed practically in the same costume. This did not prevent me from having at least as much success as many women now have who are exceedingly dressed, or undressed, as you please. M. de Beyer, then the Belgian minister, answered charmingly when I excused myself one night for the simplicity of my costume: 'I hear you with too much pleasure to look at your dress. My attention is divided between your eyes and your mouth, and never is paid to your costume.'"

Mme. Thenard observed that in those years the young members of the company were always interested in the newcomers; the old members were hostile. Mme. Favart, for instance, was reproached by them for a fault in articulation. She had all her teeth taken out and a full set of false teeth put in so that she could speak better; but this act of heroism did not serve her, and at the Comedie Francaise she was always effaced. I saw Mme. Favart at the Odon, in Paris, in the eighties, when she played the tragic part of the mother in Daudet's "L'Arlésienne," and her performance was memorable for its authority, intensity and pathos.)

Mme. Thenard slips pleasantly about Mme. Bernhardt at the Comedie Francaise. How Sarah young and ardent did not hesitate to play the part of the mother in "L'Arlésienne" and how her performance was memorable for its authority, intensity and pathos.)

her own taste; now with her whims and caprices she was constantly the talk of Paris. There is the story of her ascensions in a captive balloon written by her and illustrated by Clairin.

It is the fashion for some to sneer at the Alsatian tales of Erckmann-Chatrian. Zola was ponderously funny at the expense of some of them. The production of their "L'Ami Fritz" on the stage naturally was anticipated in Paris with emotion. For the world Alsace was as a trumpet call to revenge. The rehearsals were conducted by Chatrian. Mme. Thenard denies indignantly the rumor "the odious legend," that he was not at heart patriotic. Every tone of his voice, she says, betrayed the immense love he had for his country. During rehearsals he would tell tales of his province. Straddling a chair, he had the appearance of riding through a land of dreams. He saw again the great plains, the footpaths, the shady nooks. "Ah! if you knew how beautiful it is there, these cottages with flowers and climbing vines, these fine forests of fir trees which throw out perfume and let fall from their limbs a blue light. But we should not think too much of all these things, we can no longer be gay." The actors learned from him sane and generous ideas, love of country, nature and labor. Erckmann was seldom seen; it was Chatrian who was "maid of all work" in the collaboration.

Victor Hugo is not so pompous, so pontifical in these pages as in the journal of Edmond Got. He is always gallant at rehearsals, rather given to kissing the younger members of the company to show his appreciation of their talent and beauty. "When he indicated an intonation, a movement, he did not show impatience, and he was exceedingly polite in his speech. He always began his remarks with: 'I should prefer you to do this,' and he always ended 'I am sure, gentlemen, that you will not forget this. I thank you.' He was favorably disposed toward Mme. Thenard, who was playing Dona Josepha in "Hernani." "With that wig, my child, you remind me of a rose under the snow; but you should lessen the fire of those

eyes or the snow will soon melt." He asked her to his house, where he was always glad to see "young and true artists." Mme. Drouet was the hostess. "She was indeed the worthy friend the poet needed. Her face, that once was beautiful, preserved a serene spirituality; she was the soul of the house." It appears that Hugo's dinners were not "very sumptuous, not even very abundant," but the guests came to talk, and, above all, to listen to Hugo. Dinner was at 6 P. M. At 8.30 the poet received all comers, often workmen who only wished "to see him." He would talk simply and kindly with them, while Mmes. Mourou, Macquerie and other admirers and intimate friends were grouped around him. The conversation was about art, the theatre, literature, and the guests left at 10.30.

In those days the players did not think they had "arrived" because they had stepped on the stage. There was the utmost attention paid to diction. The public of 1875 when it went to the theatre demanded that prose or verse should be spoken perfectly. It came to be a habit that it should be able to hear. There was care for "la mise au ton."

"We did not then know those managers whose artistic ignorance is equalled only by their rapacity. We would have been astonished if any one had told us that some day persons would be born who, without dreaming of the high art of the theatre, would put comedians in trunks and make them play anywhere, in city halls, dance halls, markets, barns and occasionally in theatres, with troupes pitched together."

There are moralizations over the pitiable lot of the actor. Bressant farwelled the stage in 1875. Today, if the name of this actor is pronounced, people gasp and say, "Who was this Bressant?" "Is not this, alas, the fate of all actors? The picture is sometimes found in the front of a junk shop, the book on the quay in the box of pamphlets for five sous; the score on the desk of a musician of a single-tongued; but what remains of the actor or the singer? Doubtless some names come sounding down the corridors—Lekain, Rachel, Talma, Friedrich, and how many people of talent fall in oblivion at the end of some years! The idea may still smile, remembering that they have harmed them; but apart from this, not a reminiscence, not a regret." It was to Bressant that Lavoix said one day: "In your case the spectators have at least the pleasure, when one announces 'Monsieur the count,' to see a true count come on the stage."

Madeleine Brohan was unwilling to have a farewell benefit. "Why this manifestation? Those of our associates who detest us are so happy at our departure that it is not necessary to give them the joy of seeing us publicly withdraw, and we leave on the right of afflicting those who love us by the sight of our own trouble. It is better to leave, simply to leave." "She was right," adds Mme. Thenard. "I would go so far as to say that for a woman it is best that she should leave the stage at the height of her talent, so as to escape the terrible word which one day falls on her as a club wreathed in roses: 'She is still charming.'"

There are entertaining views of life behind the scenes. The mother of the actress does not escape good humored observation. "One day I heard this remark of a mother of tragedy to a mother of song: 'Madame, when my daughter dines with her 'gentleman friend' I make myself a lettuce salad with red eggs. You understand? I am then alone, and red eggs are more gay.' Another, although her daughter had a large income, was constantly watching the servants. As she was once about to take coffee, she uncovered the sugar bowl and broke

out in rage: 'The witch has stolen my sugar!' 'But the bowl is full.' 'Yes, but the fly is not there.' 'What do you mean?' 'Every night I catch a fly and put it in the sugar bowl. If the fly is there the next morning, the maid has not touched the sugar; if it is not there, she has robbed me.' Then, pointing to the bowl with a melodramatic gesture, she cried out: 'You have all seen that the fly is not there. I'll put the rogue out of doors.' And then this mother began to measure the amount of wine in the bottles.

There was the mother of a dancer who was mixing something strange in a cup for her daughter who had not yet left her bed. The stuff looked something like chocolate, but it had a strange color. It was not cold cream, face wash, paint. "No, I am preparing Sibylle's breakfast. You know the subscribers adore my girl. The gentlemen send her boxes of caramels, candy of all sorts. So that nothing should be lost, I boil them all together, skim that which is on top, and Sibylle drinks the rest. It's good; it comes from the leading houses."

The trip of the Comedie Francaise to London in 1879 is described. Mme. Thenard playing in "Ruy Blas" was suffering before the journey from an abscess in the ear. This led her to remark that she did not feel any pain

while on the stage. "The public will perhaps be incredulous, but all artists know that physical suffering ceases before the footlights. You do not cough, you do not blow your nose, you do not sneeze on the stage. You are as though hypnotized by the audience. I have even endured on the stage mental agony more atrocious than physical suffering. It was abolished for the moment by the influence of the character I incarnated. This strange phenomenon should in my opinion result from the conviction and the sincerity of the player."

In London the company saw much of Lady Brassey as a sumptuous entertainer. Sarah Bernhardt, who had promised to entertain her guests by reciting, did not arrive and afterward gave this excuse: "It was so hot and I was so comfortable in my room that I did not have the courage to bore myself in society."

Mme. Thenard came to the conclusion that in England the profession of an actor is as honorable as any other. "The species 'Cabot' does not exist; all the actors are true gentlemen." H-m-m-m! Mr. Jarrett, the American manager, appeared and besought Mme. Bernhardt to go to America. He offered a special train "arranged as a suite with parlor and bathroom—note that in 1879 house-wagons, interpreters, valets, lady's maids, cooks, etc., had not been invented." She was then earning only £18,000 to £20,000 a year, but she did not wish to leave her son and friends, or the Comedie Francaise. Jarrett was not discouraged. He had the tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon. "This man of slow speech, cold, far-seeing, bearded like Father Anchises, set himself to work at Sarah, to spy her bad humors, her caprices, her discouragements." She consented whenever she rowed with the manager; but the next moment she would exclaim: "Jarrett bores me! Tell him I'm not at home when he calls," and she would tear up the contract that Jarrett had left. He always had others ready in his pocket, and "like the Indian in the jungle" he waited for the "beautiful panther" to fall into his trap.

It was about 1883 that Mme. Thenard began to lecture in Paris. She chose for her first lecture a book by Legouve and she combated his opinion on the art of reading and speaking, theories which had this one fault, they were not practical. Legouve was present and was the first to applaud her. She gives her own theories concerning the art of lecturing. The man who for more than an hour remains with his nose in his manuscript, between a water bottle and a sugar-bowl, cannot hope to catch the attention of his audience; if he thinks he does, it is pure illusion on his part. "The art of the true lecturer consists especially in knowing well what he wishes to say, not in knowing it by heart—for that demands qualities of the experienced reciter—but in being wholly penetrated by his subject, so that he can talk securely and leave room for improvisations, that is to say, for those spontaneous reflections and sudden sallies which are inspired by the place, the circumstances, or the audience that happens to be before him."

Lecturing and reciting, Mme. Thenard saw in many cities after she left the Comedie Francaise, where her life had become unhappy. In London she was made much of and she writes enthusiastically of the Waddingtons, Grandvilles, Ponsonbys, Rothschilds and others, including "Les Astors." She also speaks of Johannes Wolf as a "great violinist." She recited poems before Queen Victoria, who complimented her on her entrance courtesies. After a poem by Hugo, the Queen, in "Impeccable French," asked: "Is it true that he did not love God?" "The poets," answered Mme. Thenard, "always love God; otherwise they would not be poets." And here is a profound observation: "It should not be forgotten that formerly in England the doors of great mansions were not easily opened to strangers; but when you show yourself truly ladylike, when your respectability is indisputable, you are treated everywhere as well as any member of the gentry." The words "ladylike," "respectability" and "gentry" are in English in this volume.

In Denmark she was struck by the simplicity of the court life. (It is a pity that she was not at Copenhagen when Dr. Cook was rapturously received.) The King was about to give her a lemonade prepared in the Danish manner, when the Queen advised her not to drink it. "It is very bad for the stomach." For the Danish queens have stomachs, even if the queens of Spain have no legs. Mme. Thenard thinks that the northern people, in spite of their coldness and rudeness, are often more sincerely and promptly cordial than the French. The late King Oscar showed her his books, prints, pictures, medals. She presented a letter to him, but he waved it aside. "I wish to talk with you," he said. "Women who do what you do are as interesting as beautiful poems." Mme. Thenard says she

blushed at this, and the King remarked it. "What are you timid, you, an actress, a comedian? It's curious!" "Your mastery, artists are often more modest than they have the reputation of being, and at this moment I feel rather foolish."

Sleighting in Finland, the actress wondered why her hostess returned suddenly after seeing a white cloud on the horizon, a sort of light curtain that came near them. They drove furiously. When they were before the fire the hostess exclaimed: "We fled before a band of wolves. That white vapor you saw was the snow which they raise in running, and if we had pursued our course I do not believe that you or I would ever have seen Paris again."

In Russia the poems or scenes that she recited, whether by Moliere, de Musset or Hugo, were first shown to the censor, even when they were to be spoken in drawing rooms of the nobility. There is an interesting description of Gen. de Gresser, the head of the police, whose manners were, to say the least, brusque. There is also a curious account of necessary tipping of a highly respectable official. Mme. Thenard gave him 50 roubles. He returned her 30. She told the story to Gen. Gresser. "You are crazy," said he; "10 roubles were enough. Ah, these French women, always prodigal!"

Engaged to recite at a reception at Gen. Georvitch's, she spoke a piece in which the reciter is supposed to fall in memory. The general's wife was at once indignant. Mme. Thenard had exclaimed: "Help me, I do not remember." The hostess spoke from her chair: "Madame, when one asks a fee of 400 roubles one ought to remember." The others burst out laughing, and the hostess, recognizing her break, said quickly: "I said that in fun."

The face of "Carmen Sylva" made a deep impression on Mme. Thenard at Bucharest. "Something mysterious drew me toward this noble woman; everything about her pleased me; her luminous forehead, her deep sad eyes, her voice with inflection so sweet that you would have thought a harp was swept by a light breeze. She had the weary gesture and the mournful attitude of the woman who has suffered much. And there was Mme. Gairolon, who became blind when a girl. She adored her husband, a French architect, and wrote poetry. She read her verses printed for the blind, and her husband said to Mme. Thenard: 'We are never bored at night; on the contrary, I put out the light and Bertha reads to me.'"

Mme. Thenard had many adventures in Constantinople. She was amazed by the thievery and the dirt. When she had the honor of reading before the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, she was asked to select amusing pieces. She was conducted to the room by men bristling with weapons. The Sultan, after two pieces, raised a finger, "which was with him the expression of the maddest gawey." There were women behind grilled boxes. They laughed freely, and at the end the Sultan condescended to smile on the reciter. She was served with helva—a kind of almond cream and honey—and with a glass of singularly pure water. She was permitted to kiss the Sultan's hand. He murmured, "Enjoyed myself much! Fine!" As she was leaving an officer gave her a purse of gold and a tuberoses: "This flower, madame, which I bring you from the Sultan, is one of the greatest favors that he can grant you." She asked if the women of the harem understood, her easily. "Of course, madame." "Do they know French?" "Nearly all of them know it, and several of them are Belgians."

Soon afterward Mme. Thenard saw the Sultan on his way to the mosque. As he passed she waved her hand and exclaimed: "God, how beautiful it is!" Abdul Hamid recognized her, smiled and bowed. She was told that he found her behavior "very French." Mme. Thenard added a few words in closing, and says she may write a book on dramatic instruction.

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ON MIGHTY PENS.

The French are supposed to be enthusiastic over flying machines, and yet in a French town where there was recently a congress of aeronauts, a newspaper did not hesitate to declare on the day after the festival that aerostation had made no real progress since the balloon flights of Montgolfier, and this in spite of the fact that the direction to be followed in order to arrive at a practical result is now better known. The French writer thinks that there is nothing new under the sun.

It is true that the preacher, king in Jerusalem, declared that there is a time to every purpose under the heaven, and he named several of these things; "a time to fly" is not among them. It is true that Jean Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries crossed the channel, starting from the top of a cliff near Dover Castle and reaching the forest of Guines near Calais in less than three hours. It is true that in 1784 the English feared the balloons of the French, for a caricature of that year represents Montgolfier as blowing soapbubbles and making a valinglorious speech: "We

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Ball 3.

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...the war against our
...we will make des English
...by Gar. We will inspect their
...we will intercept their fleet,
...and we will set fire to their dock-
...ards, and by Gar, we will take Gib-
...raltar, in de air balloon." Nor if the
...French were to fight duels in the air
...would it be for the first time. In
...1803 two Frenchmen fought over
...an opera singer. They shot not at
...each other, but at each other's bal-
...loon. The signal for firing was given
...when they were half a mile in the
...air. One of the duellists with his
...second was thus dashed to pieces.

M. Remy de Gourmont is inclined
to support the statement of the jour-
nalists. The old balloon and the latest
aeroplane are alike at the mercy of
the element in which they move, for
the air is conquered only when it is
still, and the aeroplanist who wishes
to struggle against the wind is in
more danger than the balloonist, who
could mount toward calm regions or
let himself be carried by the current
without inevitable danger. The ad-
vantages and the dangers of the two
systems are about equal. The ad-
vantage of a machine heavier than
the air is a limited obedience, one
subject to natural conditions which
are not found for two hours in a
hundred days of the year. Thus does
M. de Gourmont argue and he be-
comes epigrammatic: "This machine
intended for the kingdom of the
wind is built for regions that know
no wind." He recommends inventors
to find another form and not to be
hypnotized by the flight of birds, al-
though some birds take advantage of
the wind. The aeroplane cannot thus
use an auxiliary that is in fact a foe.

...auts will not meekly accept
...Gourmont's views. They will
...be inclined to take seriously
...fancies of Horace Wal-
...ho. In 1784, amused himself
...thought of seaports becoming
...villages and Salisbury Plain
...all the towns being used for
...yards; and there would be air-
...news, as "Arrived on Brand-
...the Vulture, Capt. Nabob;
...Fortoise Snow from Lapland;
...breadnought from Mount Etna,
...V. Hamilton commander," and
...tisements, as "The good bal-
...Daeualus, Capt. Wingate, will
...a few days for China; he will
...at the Monument to take in
...neers."

MEN AND THINGS

M. Remy de Gourmont, in spite of his
brave talk about philosophy, is a fussy
person. Mr. G. R. Sims is always writ-
ing about his little excursions from
London into the country: "What deligh-
ful Inns he finds; how genial the host
is; what wonderful tarts and jam are
set before him; and he is able to give to
the Referee his impressions without
paining the reader by the thought of
the correspondent's laborious task. M.
de Gourmont actually whines over his
vacation because it is not like that of
those who are not obliged to write for
a living. He pictures himself loaded
down with copy paper that he must
blacken. The literary man "would like
to take a train or a boat, to look at
landscapes or the movements of the
waves; but it is time to shut himself
up in the miserable Inn and ask for
writing materials." He draws a pa-
thetic picture of the intellectual person
at ease with a strange pen and
strange ink, writing on a restless, com-
plaining table. "How things seem far
distant and how little interest he takes
in them. They no longer have color;
they no longer seem them; a mist veils
the life. Is there really anything
outside of those in which he
participates?" And, in this
manner, M. Remy de Gour-
mont, nearly a part of the space
of him in the, Mercure de
France, is vacating is merely a
scene, as though he had
gone to another street. And to how
s yesterday a day free from

Herbert Tree revives "Henry
...is a pageant rather than a play.
...the drama before the produc-
...tion: "It is a straightforward play, but
...it wants splendor. It was so written by
...Shakespeare; his stage instructions show
...us that. In order to be any success it
...must be produced with the splendor that
...was characteristic of the period. Cal-
...igula's state begared that of Cal-
...igula." It is easy to make these com-
...parisons, but Sir Herbert, now that he
...is knighted and has grave responsibil-
...ties, should be more discreet. Caligula
...is a fine fellow in his way. Suetonius
...tells us that he was individual in his
...taste, also splendid. "In the

...of his dress, shoes, and
...rest of his dress he did not wear what
...was either national or properly civic, or
...peculiar to the male sex, or appropriate
...to more mortals." And thus Caligula, in
...spite of Sir Herbert, is the man for our
...money. This emperor would now blaze
...with jewels on his coat and wear costly
...bracelets on his arms; and now he
...would go all in silks. On special occa-
...sions he would wear a trick golden
...beard and hold in his hand a thunder-
...bolt or a trident. And there were times
...when he donned the habit of Venus. He
...was sumptuous in his ordering of games
...and he would overspread the circus
...with vermilion and chrysolite. Does not
...Sir Herbert know that Caligula in his
...reign of three years and 10 months, a
...reign of peace and not of war, spent
...besides the current revenue the sum of
...\$108,984,375 left by Tiberius?

Let us return to France. A company
has been formed in Paris for insurance
against the loss of keys. You pay four
francs and you are insured for 10 years.
Giving your name and address, which
are guarded as secret by the agent, you
receive a tag of identification, with a
number. If you lose your keys, the
finder will learn from this tag attached
to the key ring that he will receive five
francs if he takes the keys at once to
the company's office. The company will
telegraph you, and on payment of five
francs you will recover the keys. What
a beautiful system!

A Parisian journalist wisely comments.
He argues that there are some who
never lose their keys, and there are oth-
ers who lose them once in a lifetime. It
is when you need your keys at once that
you discover your loss, and you are
obliged to have new keys made. Your
insurance is worth nothing to you until
the keys are in the company's office.
Then the recovery costs in all nine
francs.

"Producing managers" do not intend
in future to engage gold-toothed chorus
girls. Yet American girls a few years
ago appearing for the first time in Lon-
don excited admiration and rapture. The
Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing the
performance of some musical comedy,
chantered the praise of "The long, thin;
glittering line of American dentistry"
that stretched on the stage from box to
box.

The following announcement was made
recently in a New Hampshire newspaper:
"In connection with the lawn mow-
er and lawn mowing business, I wish to
announce that for the remainder of the
season I am prepared to clean head-
stones, monuments and curbing and
as inducement to owners of lots in the
village cemetery I will clean five head-
stones as an advertisement at very low
rates. I am still handling new and sec-
ond-hand lawn mowers and garden hose
and lawn sprinklers. It's a good time
to save money on rubber hose." The
advertiser might have offered to clean
six headstones—a half-dozen—or, better
still, seven, which is a sacred number.
Headstones should certainly be cleaned,
for if the grass, as Whitman sang, is
the beautiful uncut hair of graves, tomb-
stones might be regarded as the teeth.
To the sentimentalist the headstone in
an old graveyard should be moss-cov-
ered and also venerable. To the dead
it probably makes little difference.
When Tytlyl, alone in the cemetery of
Martelink's fancy with his sister
Mytlyl, turns the diamond and the
graves are opened, the place is trans-
formed into a sort of fairy and nuptial
garden with glistening dew, murmuring
breezes, buzzing bees and birds singing
their hymns to the sun and life. Mytlyl
searches in the grass and asks: "Where
are the dead?" Her brother, also
searching, answers: "There are no
dead."

The English journals, apropos of the
centenary of Martin F. Tupper, tell
amusing stories about the poet. Edmund
Yates called on him one morning and
found him pasting in a scrap-book jokes
on "Proverbial Philosophy," that had
been published in Punch. Tupper tells
the story in his Autobiography. "He
(Yates) adjured me 'not to do it.' 'For
heaven's sake, spare me!' covering his
face with his hands. 'What's the mat-
ter friend?' 'I wrote all these, added
he, in earnest penitence, 'and I vow
faithfully I'll never do it again. Pray,
don't make so rash a promise, Edmund,
and so unkind a one, too. I rejoice in
all this sort of thing. It sells my books.'
But the good fellow kept his promise, so
I have lost my most telling advertise-
ment." Tupper was a curiously vain
man. He used to visit the book shops
in any town where he might be and
search the shelves until he saw his once
celebrated work. "Then remarking: 'Ah,
I see you have my book,' he would in-
form the bookseller that he had the
honor of being addressed by the author
of 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

We met Tupper when he was in this
country. At the time, one Christmas
week, he was the guest of Mr. John
Bigelow the secretary of state at Al-
bany, N. Y. Tupper made some astound-
ing statements, among them that the
Christmas box was well known in the
east, and was called "bakshish." There
was a supper for the guests, but Tupper
was disappointed. He looked at this
dish and at that one, and finally said to
us in a hoarse whisper: "Isn't there go-
ing to be anything 'ot?" He was a rest-
less, amiable little man, who courted
constant attention.

It is said that by 1881 no fewer than a
million copies of his "Proverbial Philo-
sophy" had been sold in America and a
quarter of a million in Great Britain.
What has become of all those copies?
Does any one read the book today? The
poem of Dr. Curtis Guild, Jr., published
recently, suggests the metrical form of
the proverbial philosopher.

While there is room for anecdotes,
let us not forget one about the late
Lindsey Sambourne that we have not
seen reprinted in this country. Sam-
bourne in his youth was apprenticed
to the firm of John Penn & Son of
Greenwich, marine engineers. One
day the apprentice was spending his
employers' time in drawing a carica-
ture of the elder Penn, who happened

to look over his shoulder. Nine em-
ployers out of 10 would have dis-
charged the irreverent youth. Penn
looked at the caricature carefully
and said: "Sambourne, you ought to
be on Punch." The caricaturist re-
gained his composure and replied:
"Yes, sir; but how am I to get there?"
Penn said: "I will give you a letter
of introduction to my old friend,
Mark Lemon, the editor." But let no
young man with a gift for caricature
at once imitate Sambourne's choice of
subject. There are few employers who
have a well-rounded sense of humor.
They may joke and cruelly at the ex-
pense of a clerk; they will not easily
forgive his exaggeration of their nose
or mouth, however admirable the tech-
nical skill displayed.

'MATTER OF MONEY'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Open-
ing of the season. First performance
in Boston of "A Matter of Money," a
new play in four acts by Paul Harness:
Produced by Henry B. Harris.

Lex.....Harris L. Forbes
Alan Hubbard.....Frank Mills
Edith Carten.....Helen Macbeth
Grace Wilkins.....Margaret Schayne
Ned Farrington.....William Harrigan
Mrs. Penoyer.....Ida Glenn
Rags.....Elsie Ferguson
Rice.....Joseph R. Garry
Jennie.....Rene Grau
Wyman.....Edward See
John.....Joseph R. Garry
Howard Carten.....Paul Everton
Mrs. O'Brien.....Maggie Fielding
Secretary to Senator Hubbard.....Charles D. Pitt

Reporter.....Harris L. Forbes
The theme of this drama is the in-
iquity of child labor in factories, and
the theme is well exposed in the first
act, an act, interesting in itself, that
suggests a future strongly dramatic
treatment. Young Hubbard is made
superintendent of a cotton mill. He
is in love with Edith Carten, the
daughter of a leading stockholder.
Hubbard's attention is drawn by
Rags, a factory girl, to outrageous
abuses. Girls are set at work when
they are not 10 years old; they are
handled roughly by the foremen;
they become addicted to whiskey and
dope; in a word, they are ruined body
and soul. To genteel visitors look-
ing at the looms these girls are dirty
and picturesque. Hubbard's interest
in the condition of his help leads to
an investigation. Wretched little
Jennie tells her story of seeing
threads even in her sleep; the fore-
man, Rice, looks and voices his brut-
ality; Rags pleads for all the girls,
and she is fair, and Hubbard is
strangely moved by her face and her
figure and her voice.

With the exception of the chatter at
the beginning and the needless intro-
duction of a dimly comic stockholder
with an insatiable stomach, this act is
direct and dramatic. The leading char-
acters are well defined, and although
Jennie is dropped overboard, like the
boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe," she
haunts the audience till the end. And
in this act Miss Ferguson showed that
she could be as passionate and intense
as she was graceful and charming in
"Such a Little Queen," which justly
gave her renown last season.
With the beginning of the second act
there is a return to the old fashioned
melodrama of the New York Ledger
brand when the name of Robert Bon-
ner was a household word. It is not
necessary to tell the story. Hubbard
loses his position and is suddenly elect-
ed United States Senator. Rags turns
out to be the true heiress of the Carten
estate, abominably treated by her uncle.
Edith, a haughty person, not know-
ing the truth, snubs Rags, makes fun
of her clothes and in every way shows
the insolence of the bloated rich. When
she refused to go to the factory girls'
picnic Hubbard's love for her dies. Nor
will Edith consent to develop Rags'
mind or taste in dress.

Hubbard's child labor bill is defeated,
for Carten in the frock coat and the
plug hat of the prosperous villain buys
a majority of the senators. Hubbard
cannot prove at first that Rags is the
niece of Carten and the rightful heiress,
for the court would not grant her
claim merely on her resemblance to
an old photograph of his mother's best
friend, Carten's sister-in-law, who died
thoughtlessly at sea. But an intelli-
gent reporter discovers the missing
Mrs. O'Brien, who knows all about the
horrid plot, and Rags comes into her
own. After she has succeeded in mov-
ing Edith to tears by asking her if it
is hard work to be kind to a little girl,
she leaves her and the seemingly re-
pentant Carten in possession of the
"palatial residence" that is legally no
longer theirs, and she embraces rap-
tulously Mr. Hubbard, whom she pre-
viously refused to marry, for a sena-
tor's wife should at least have a name.

It is a pity that a strong subject
should thus be shabbily treated. After
the first act the characters become
merely puppets. Rags herself soon
loses individuality in spite of Miss Fer-
guson's personality and art. There are
one or two sharply epigrammatic lines
at the expense of bowless corpora-
tions and grinding capitalists, but in the
second and third acts fustian runs riot.
Nevertheless this fustian—of which Rags'
trade in the third act is a fine exam-
ple—will undoubtedly arouse applause
with future audiences as it did yester-
day afternoon when signs of apprecia-
tion were unmistakable and frequent.
The curtain calls were spontaneous and
hearty.

The company deserves a better
play. Miss Ferguson was wholly ad-
mirable in the first act and in other
scenes whenever the part was true to
nature, whenever there was an oppor-
tunity to reveal character. With all
her sincerity she could not give plausi-
bility to that which was inherently
insincere, and in the long and singu-
larly artificial speech in the third act
the girl Rags was obliged to wear a
passion to tatters to very rags. Her
entrance in the first act, the simple
eloquence of her appeal, her tragic
force free from extravagance, and in
the second act the gradual revelation

of her love for Hubbard, her facial
play when she listens to his reading
lines of a lover's confession—these
were conspicuous features in a per-
formance which was less interesting
only when the dramatist gave her no
opportunity or openly deserted her.

Miss Macbeth played a disagreeable
part with the requisite insolence. Miss
Grau gave a vivid impersonation of
Jennie. Mr. Mills acted Hubbard in
manly fashion, and Hubbard might
easily appear a prig. Mr. Everton gave
emphasis to a good old trusted variety
of villain. Minor parts were well taken
by Ida Glenn, Maggie Fielding and Mr.
Garry.

"Love Among the Lions," with A. E.
Matthews, will be produced at the
Hollis Street Theatre Sept. 19.

STUART THEATRE—"The Belle of
Brittany," a musical comedy in two
acts. The cast:

Marcelle de St. Gaudier.....Frank Daniels
Raymond de St. Gaudier.....Melvin Stokes
Compte Victoire de Caeseroire.....E. D. Wood
Pequellin.....Francis Learned
Baptiste Boubillon.....Wilmer Bentley
Bertrand.....Jack Dellett
Eugene.....Fred Marshall
Philippe.....E. D. Wood
Vivien.....Harold A. Lockwood
Toinette.....Emma Francis
Mlle. Denise de La Vire.....Florence Rother
Mrs. Pequellin.....Annie Myers
Babette.....Christine Nielsen

There is a great deal of music in the
piece provided by Howard Talbot and
Mary Horno, and a lot of it is good; not
especially inspiring, but substantial as
to workmanship and pleasingly tuneful.
There is much more music than dia-
logue and a great deal more than there
is plot. The story is about as flimsy as
ever a musical show had for a founda-
tion.

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Round
Up," a melodrama in four acts, by
Edmund Day. The cast:

"Slim" Hoover.....Rapley Holmes
Jack Payson.....Mitchell Harris
Dick Lane.....Joseph M. Lothian
Bud Lane.....Sidney P. Cushing
Jim Allen.....Ernest Allen
Sage Brush Charlie.....William Conklin
Fresno.....S. L. Richardson
Show Low.....James Asburn
Parentesi.....Jacques Martine
Buck McKee.....Orden Crane
Peruna.....W. N. Bailey
Echo Allen.....Grace Benham
Josephine.....Mettie Edwards
Polly Hope.....Paula Gloy

TREMONT THEATRE—First produc-
tion in Boston of "The Aviator," a farce
in four acts by James Montgomery.
Cast:

Robert Street.....Edward Ables
James Brooks.....Albert Perry
Hopkinson Brown.....John Dovereaux
J. H. Douglas.....John Alden
M. Gaillard.....Frederick Paulding
John Gordon.....W. J. Brady
Sam Robinson.....Edward Begley
Miss Grace Douglas.....Miss Helen Holmes
Mrs. J. H. Douglas.....Miss Emily Lytton
Miss Madeline Riley.....Miss Dawson McNeighton

GLOBE THEATRE—"Mary Jane's
Pa," a comedy in three acts, by Edith
Ellis. Cast:

Hiram Perkins.....Max Egan
Portia Perkins.....Helen Lackay
Mary Jane Perkins.....Dorothy McKay
Rome Preston.....Robert Wayne
Barrett Sheridan.....Raymond Walburn
Link Watkins.....Edward Chapman
Lucile Perkins.....Dorothy Phillips
Ivy Wilcox.....Nina Anscoe
Claude Whitcomb.....Tony West
Joe Skinner.....J. H. Huntley
Star Skinner.....A. O. Huhn
Miss Faxon.....Helen Hartley
Eugene Merryfield.....Charles Merrywell
Lewellyn Green.....Edwin Chapman, Jr.
Mrs. Wilcox.....Mrs. McKay
Amos Whipple.....James Ferguson

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Check-
ers," a dramatization of the book of the
same name. The cast:

Edward Campbell ("Checkers").....Harry D. Beaumont
"Push" Miller.....Dave Braham, Jr.
Arthur Kendall.....Daniel Jarrett, Jr.
Judge Martin.....John C. Fenton
"Uncle Jerry" Halter.....George E. Merritt
Adoniram Barlow.....Marshall R. Spens
Murray Jameson.....John Munding
"Chick" Allen.....W. A. L. Hokey
Philip Kendall.....William H. Diestel
Simpkins.....John Munding
Pert Barlow.....Florence Heston
Sadie Martin.....Laura Oakman
Cynthia.....Gertrude Ryan
Aunt Deb.....Georgina Branden

Castle Square Theatre: The John
Craig Stock Company presents George
Edward's "The Circus Girl." The
cast:

Biggs.....Donald Meek
Sir Stag Wemyss.....George Hassell
Dick Capel.....John Craig
Vicome Gaston.....Wilfred Young
Hon. Reginald Gower.....Bert Young
Drivell.....Walter Walker
Alberton.....Garfield Thompson
Rudolph.....W. A. L. Hokey
Toothick Pasha.....William Mason
Commissaire of police.....Al Roberts
La Favorita.....Gertrude Binley
Lady Diana Wemyss.....Marie Curtis
Dora Wemyss.....Florence Shirley
Mrs. Drivell.....Mabel Colcord
Fælle.....Mary Young

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Bothwell Browne, Female Imperson-
ator, Makes Bow in the East.

Bothwell Browne, the San Francisco
impersonator, made his first appearance
in this city last night, when he headed
a well balanced bill at B. F. Keith's
Theatre. He appeared in "Girl Types,"
and the pleasing dainty way in which
he showed feminine characters won for
him much applause.

His three "types" were, "The Belle of
the Broadway Show," the "Pantaloons
Girl" and the "Fencing Maid of 1910."
He concluded his act with a dance,
called "The Serpent of the Nile." It
represented Cleopatra's death dance

Attire in a gilded costume and with elaborate settings, Mr. Browne did the Oriental dance with much grace.

Eleanor Gordon and Theodore Friedman, well known to Boston theatregoers, began their second week with a new sketch, "Helen's Husband." It is adapted from the French, and deals with the experiences of a man who surrenders his wife of love for another man. Harry Brown was the third member of the cast. The act was well received.

Sam Chip and Mary Marhle, always favorites here, presented their "In Old Edam," a dialogue replete with droll sayings and capital songs.

Clifford Walker, who, judging by his accent is an Englishman, gave a monologue in a pleasing manner. His recitations were especially witty and his recitations were good. An especially lively act was Amy Butler's. She had the help of four comedians and sang several new songs.

Among others on the bill were Sansone and Dellah in a balancing act; the R. A. G. trio in singing, banjo and piano playing; Lavine Cimaron in a physical culture travesty; Brown, Liza and Moll in a grotesque exhibition on the bars.

ORPHEUM THEATRE.

Harry LeClair, Truesdell and Company and Other Headline Acts.

Harry LeClair, who has won distinction by his impersonations of female characters, heads the bill of continuous vaudeville at the Orpheum Theatre this week. Mr. LeClair succeeds admirably in conveying the illusion of femininity and wears gowns which are striking enough to make the women in the audience envious. Among his characters which get the most applause is Cleopatra, a splendidly barbaric figure in an elaborate stage setting.

There are two sketches on the list, both of them farces. The skit played by Howard Truesdell and company is called "The General Salesman," and kept the house laughing yesterday at its uproarious nonsense. The other piece is by Seard Allen and company. It is an ingenious comic bit and was much enjoyed. The star's playing in the broadly humorous role is especially commendable.

Grace DeMar is a comedienne of winning personality, who has an act which differs from the usual in turns of that nature. Her fun making was infectious and a pleased audience was reluctant to let her go.

A blackface act is performed by Al Herman called "A Prince in Cork." As singers and dancers Ingels and Reading amuse, and Libby, in tramp get up, goes through feats of wheel difficulty and juggling.

Some mock acrobatics were done by Mon and Wertz. Two other singers and dancers on the roster are Brown and Williams. Capretta Chafalo puts on a pretentious magical act with many surprises, named "The Garden of Mystery." Moving pictures in serious and comic form are shown between the vaudeville numbers.

Sept 8 1910
MEN AND THINGS

"Kuklos" contributes to the Pall Mall Gazette an article that should interest the aviators in and near Boston, and also all those who are now looking skyward to the neglect of their business on the earth or in the howels of it. This article is entitled "The Sin of Aviation," and it is derived from a little book, "Nature Display'd, Being Discourses on Such Particulars of Natural History as Were Thought Most Proper to Excite the Curiosity and Form the Minds of Youth." The fifth edition was published in 1740. The discourses are in the form of imaginary conversations in an English country house between the host and hostess, who are described as the Countess and a lady, a youth called the Chevalier, and a person known as "The Prior Curate of the Place."

There is talk one night about the flight of birds. The Chevalier thinks it is not impracticable for man to imitate them. The churchman admitting that "we have in the feathers of birds and in our linen cloth and oil materials of a seeming fitness to form wings," argues that "God, in consequence of his providential care of mankind, has opposed an insuperable impediment in the way," for the art of flying would be the greatest calamity that could happen to society.

The Chevalier points out the commercial advantages of carrying "cargoes and passengers through the air." The conversation grows warm. The Count takes a dismal view: "This is certain that were men capable of flying, no avenue could be inaccessible to vengeance and inordinate desires. The habitations of mankind would be so many theatres of murder and robbery. What precautions could we take against the enemy. Who would be capacitated to surprise us both by day and night? How should we preserve our money, our furniture and fruits from the avidity of a set of punderers furnished with good arms to force open our houses, and as good wings to carry off their booty and elude our pursuit? This sort of trade would be the refuge of every indigent and improvident person." The prior curate went further. He saw in his mind's eye the whole face of nature changed: "We should be compelled to abandon our fields and the country, and to bury ourselves in subterraneous caves, or in little eagles and other birds of prey. We should retire, like them, to inaccessible rocks and craggy mountains, from the view of the world and from time to time fly down upon the fruits and animals that accommodate our necessities; and from the plain we should immediately soar up to our dens and charnel rooms." The Countess trembled at the thought; but her husband reassured her by saying: "We need not be under any apprehensions about the art of flying, which, indeed, is an absolute impossibility; nature herself has formed an obstacle against it—that is, in some measure, made invincible by the exceeding disproportion between the weight of the air and a human body. The hollow machine that one must imagine capable of sustaining the body of a man, and placing it on an equal balance with the air, would be so immoderately large and cumbersome that learned men have judged the management and use of it to be altogether impracticable and as much forbidden to man as the perpetual motion."

After this statement as a composing draught, they all went tranquilly to bed.

Only a few weeks ago a contributor to the Yorkshire Observer asked whether St. Paul's Cathedral should be exposed to the risk of flying machines. The gentle maiden lady and the elderly couple who find pleasure in driving a pony carriage in country lanes have been driven to their gardens by the automobile; but in their gardens a flying machine may find them out. There is now no privacy "Kudos" answers. "As I think I have noticed that the average aeroneut breaks every time it lands, I refuse to let the picture alarm me of Grahame-White forging his way through the solid fabric of St. Paul's, twirling the columns to left and right, or of a gentle maiden lady dodging a huzzling biplane round a gooseberry bush."

And "Kuklos" remembers how a presiding magistrate in 1890 characterized bicyclic as "abominable and dangerous nuisances"; how "Ouida" wrote in 1896: "Only the cyclist, lord of all, may tear along and leave broken limbs and bruised flesh of others behind him at his will"; how in 1905 a member of the Wigan town council lifted up his voice in public and said: "The appalling record that the motorists of this country have in the sacrifice of human life renders it necessary for the municipalities to take action" and asked, "for an end to be put to the peril and nuisance created by the selfish indifference of men and women who would down their fellow creatures at will."

Observing the succession of complaints, "Kuklos" concludes that the first man to use a wheelbarrow was denounced as a dangerous nuisance by those who had no wheelbarrows. "I can imagine the popular outcry against mechanical locomotion when the prophet went up to heaven in a harlot of fire." The wheelbarrow in certain respects is still dangerous. Spirited horses have learned not to shy at automobiles, even when the machines are not in motion. The horses are still rative or curiously timid at the sight of a wheelbarrow in or near the road.

"Kuklos" does not refer to a passage in John Wesley's Journal (April 25, 1747). The preacher was visiting at Tullamore. "Have all the balloons in Europe done so much good as can counterbalance the harm which one of them did here, a year or two ago? It took fire in its light and dropped it down on one and another of the thatched houses so fast that it was not possible to quench it and most of the town was burned down."

Has anyone drawn up a list of novels in which the balloon figure? Not novels of today quickly written for quick selling, novel is written around a flying machine. There is a balloon in Bret Harte's condensed novel in the style of Charles Reade, a balloon of the old-fashioned kind, but in "Square Wilchester's Whim," a delightful romance by Mortimer Collins, there is an airship that would excite admiration today. The villain, Nugent, flirts himself on the island of Guernsey, and superstitious, makes a magic square on the name of the English girl whom he is vainly wooing. He makes only imperfect squares, for three vowels followed each other in her name. In these imperfect squares occur the words "octave," "ostler," "aerial," so he concludes that he should begin his attack in eight days with an ostler as an accomplice and carry away the girl in a balloon. He meets an ingenious young man, Gilet, who is endeavoring to construct a diving ship to remain under the seas as long as the captain pleases and a balloon that can be glided through the air. He asks Gilet what he would do if the balloon fell where there were no gas works. "If they will let me build a brick furnace of rough material, I shall have a retort with in the car." In this balloon the aeronaut and a giddy creature, Miss Lily Le Lacheur in boy's clothes, leaving Guernsey descend on the English coast where the villain is to meet them. And Collins made these remarks: "A balloon on a quiet day does not to the aeronauts appear to move, though it may be travelling faster than express train, a view, you can exercise the senses in a vertical direction more easily than in any other since there is no refraction; an aeronaut five miles above Paris has seen the water weeds in the Seine, has heard the band playing in the Tuilleries gardens."

The balloon quickly disappears from the story, for it was wholly wrecked in a thunder storm, after it landed safely. "Squire Wilchester's Whim" was published in 1873. It was dedicated to Frederick Locker, and Collins' idea was to show that a girl and boy could be educated without learning to read and write. The story is as fanciful and rambling as are the other romances of Collins which are sadly neglected today, and like them it contains epigrams, verses, quaint comparisons, reposterous dialogues.

Here we have the Collins' Parlor. How I like the word! A room for chat talk, gossip. A room without stiffness. A room for afternoon. It had no antimacassars; and the big mastiff lounged in to see who called, and there might be a volume of Swift or Fielding on the window seat."

Sept 10 MEN AND THINGS

The statement is made that Mme. Nordica will sing this season at the Boston Opera House in "the French version of 'Tristan and Isolde.'" This statement is hardly credible. Now that there are intimate relations between the Boston Opera House and the Metropolitan, is it not more likely that Wagner's music-drama may be performed here, as it was last season, with Mme. Fremstad as Isolde, in German, and above all, with Mr. Toscanini as conductor?

The Herald commented editorially last Thursday morning on the report that the late Prof. William James had sent a reassuring message from the spirit world to friends and admirers at Harwickport on Cape Cod. Artemus Ward once invited his landlord in London to attend the "lecture" of a "Trans-Melton." "When he slings himself into a trans-state, he says the spirits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev'ril em'inent persons will speak through him—among others, Cromwell."

"And this Mr. Cromwell—is he dead?" said the landlord.

"I told him that Oliver was no more. 'It's a shame,' said the landlord."

When the late arrived at the hall the "Melton was just then assumin' to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin' about the Atlantic Cable. He said the Cable was really a merry-go-round affair, and that messages could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin' there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idea, and much quicker than by steam or canal boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritist's intellects partly. The audience was mostly composed of rather pale people, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner. But they were well-behaved, and the females kept saying 'How beautiful! What a sublime thing it is!'"

American singers are now applauded in many European opera houses. It is a pleasure to see that American actresses are also commanding respectful attention in Europe. The Penny Illustrated Paper informs us that Miss Violet Hall, "an American actress," is preparing a novel costume to wear in St. Petersburg next season. A hat is making for her. Its brim will be 12 feet in diameter. When the curtain goes up Miss Hall will be seen standing with her head bent forward, so that the audience will see nothing but the flower-decked top of the hat, which will screen the actress. Then she will passionately raise her head and be revealed in a "stunning" costume, with the hat brim behind her as a background.

The hats that George Fox, the Quaker, objected to and called "Skimming-dish hats," were only 2½ yards in circumference.

Another American actress who is already admired in London is Miss Beatrice von Brunner. A "small provincial town" in Iowa proudly claims her as her daughter, but the family moved to Boston, where, as the Era (London) assures its readers, she was "reigning belle." (Society editors please copy). And indeed there was some "hesitation between the stage and social allurements," but an artist was saved to the world, and after dancing—it is our impression that she was for a time with Miss Lole Fuller here and in New York—she is now in a musical comedy in London, and, incidentally, "still in the first bloom of girlhood." But let the Era chant her praise, "Miss Beatrice von Brunner has that beautiful coloring of complexion and of hair which comes from that admixture of German or Scandinavian blood with the Anglo-Saxon or Cel. In the population of America, Masses of hair as fair and almost as yellow as the ripe corn in the field surround a face with soft, large, blue eyes and features that have the archness of the young girl still full of the joy of life."

These things should not be hid, yet we are told that she leads "a somewhat reclusive life," and "laughs at the reports which constantly appear in the columns of American journals, and describe her in advance as the fiancée of this or that well known young American millionaire."

America is not the only home of the passionate press agent. They do these things well in London.

"Ethony is being extensively used as Greenwood in the state of Sinaloa," and it costs only the ridiculously small sum of eight pesos a cord. And so mahogany was first imported into England by one Gibbons, a West India captain, as ballast, at the beginning of the 18th century. The planks were rejected by workmen as useless, for the wood was too hard for their tools. There are woods now burned recklessly in the United States which will soon be classed as rare and valuable.

A wife in Marion, O., charges her husband with cruelty because he obliged her to kiss his wooden leg before he would stop tickling her. This instance of harassing domesticity leads one to inquire whether a man is ever proud of his wooden leg as wearers of small clothes were of their well turned calves in the days of wigs, snuff-boxes, rapiers and lace ruffles. Some months ago a reader of the New York Times wrote to the editor of the Question and Answer column, asking him to "Identify and classify" the following superb line: "Aha!" she cried, and waved her wooden leg." The editor answered: "The

line quoted is from the poem, 'Let Us Lean Against the River, Father, Dear.' It will be found in the last unexpurgated edition of Col. Abe Gruber's 'Fireman, Save My Child,' and other poems. The entire poem is as follows: There was a young lady named Maud, 'Who had a face like a West Farms express. 'Aha!' she cried, and waved her wooden leg; 'They have shifted Willie's grave to build a sewer.'"

Is it not possible that the editor trifled with his correspondent? The name of Col. Abe Gruber does not appear in any anthology at hand, not even in H. W. Emerson's "Parnassus." Nor have we seen his volume named in the catalogue of any western railway train library.

Miss Gertrude Hall's translation into English of Rostand's "Chantecler" has been warmly praised, especially by those who have not read the original. Miss Hall's version is certainly free and she has not hesitated here and there to fatten the poet's lines. At the beginning of the third act, the Guinea Hen says of a row of pumpkins: "Des ceramiques d'art." This exclamation appears as follows in Miss Hall's version (we quote from Hampton's Magazine for August, page 190): "Art pottery! Rather good of its kind, if I do say so!"

On the next page of the magazine Miss Hall again improves on Rostand. The Blackbird says:

"Comme sous un chapeau! Mais en me debattant j'ai renverse le pot."

Miss Hall translates: "Exactly as if a hat had been plumped down over me. But I managed, by beating my wings, to throw off the beastly pot." Why "beastly," Miss Hall? A few lines after this Miss Hall thus paraphrases "et je viens voir!" "And am here to keep an eye on the wicked lot of you." These are only a few of many instances.

Bibliophiles will sympathize with the man in Fall River who has sued a fellow-townsmen because he has not returned a book lent to him two years ago. The book is entitled "Rapid Calculations," but the borrower has evidently not mastered or memorized the systems, for he has paid no attention to letters of entreaty, persuasion or threat. It is a singular fact that there are borrowers who resent the wish of the lender to recover, and there are also borrowers who keep books which they have not read simply for the pleasure of seeing them on their centre table. The one that borrows is often more able to buy than the one that lends, but he has not acquired the habit of haunting book shops, or even of ordering books according to shelf-room and the color of the walls. There are lenders who force a book upon you. "You must read it. Please take good care of it, for although it is not an expensive book, it is not easy to find a copy. I sent to London for mine. You know I do not lend books to every one." Foolish is he that borrows a book after this speech, compounded of fear and warning. Often the borrower brings back the volume just before the return to the city and says: "I am sorry, but I have not had time to read it. Before you know it the summer is over, and what a damp summer we have had. Perhaps you would be willing to let me take the book in the city." The most provoking borrower is the man that in turn becomes a lender; passes the novel or collection of essays along, recommending it highly and without reference to the owner.

Sept 11 1910 MEN AND THINGS

A clergyman, sentenced last week to a term of imprisonment, rejoiced openly because in jail he would have an opportunity of learning a trade that would be of use to him when he was set free. "Happy man!" says Count Mirahel to Captain Armine in Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple." "You fortunate you are to be arrested! You will have leisure to read Paul de Kock." And so Alfred de Musset, arrested for debt, asked why he was bored in prison, and exclaimed in a graceful little poem: "Is it because I am in debt? The Lord be praised, I am in a safe place. No one is arrested here."

We knew a man, an editor of a newspaper and a politician, who was sent to a penitentiary. He was accused of being concerned in a case of shameless bribery. Some thought him innocent, and when he had served the allotted term he was appointed editor of another newspaper to which he contributed brilliant articles. He once said to us that the years in prison were the happiest of his life. He learned two languages so that he at least could read fluently in them, and he had time for reading, long stretches of time without an interruption. This editor, now dead, was a man of more than local reputation and he wrote in a city that was then famous for the high character of its daily press.

In more modern days men of poetic tastes and abilities have enjoyed their prison life—witness Paul Verlaine, whose little books, "My Prisons" and "My Hospitals," are in strong contrast with the memoirs of famous prisoners of old. And in the time of Thackeray and Dickens the sight of literary men imprisoned for debt was then unusual. The debtors' prison was then a province in Bohemia, the Bohemia that has disappeared as completely as the kingdom of Is, or the prosperous island that was taken so seriously by an eminent Baconian in the West. Journals sprang up like Jonah's gourd and disappeared as quickly. As now, there was some simple angel, and then as now he was easily frightened. In Edward Whitty's novel, "Friends of Bohemia," there is an account of the birth of the Teaser. The Teaser, as first started, was the result of two eminent men—one poet

...the other literary being so
...circumstances that they
...but one hat between them. In-
...as was their fraternity, they
...not both wear the same hat at
...they therefore resolved to
...round—for subscriptions." In
...journal every possible side of
...every possible question was ventilat-
...Whitty tells how "atheism was
...defended, marriage declared an anom-
...destroying the lives of animals
...food maintained to be monstrous-
...wicked, the eminent literary man
...reviewed Holywell street, and the
...political man said that prop-
...was a fiction." Whitty traced the
...Teaser through several phases,
...and finally remarked: "Fassell doesn't
...now lose more than five a week by it." And
...it was this Whitty who declared
...that rule is relaxation to some Bohemians.
...After years of struggle, in
...perennial brain fever, the certainty
...of there being no hope—the repose of
...a prison—the 'Lasciate ogni speranza'
...lounge in a commissioner's court—are
...sensations of relief." But this clergy-
...man looks forward to prison life be-
...cause he can there learn a trade by
...which he will in future support him-
...self honorably and without fear of
...falling into debt.

Julian Edwards, who died last week,
was a minor composer, and, like many
other minor composers, he had given
pleasure to thousands. He was a thor-
oughly trained musician, one that had
been brought up in the sound and nar-
row English school, but he himself was
by no means narrow. He wrote the mu-
sic for many comic operas that he might
support himself and his family; that he
might also at last afford the leisure to
compose a great work. From time to
time he composed religious cantatas,
but his ambition was to write a grand
opera in the modern manner, an opera
that would show a marked superiority
over his own "King Rene's Daughter."
Writing operetta music, he still re-
spected his art, and his scores showed,
even when they were lightest and most
popular, the technique and the taste of
a true musician. He was eager to hear
the music of the ultra-modern compos-
ers, and he studied these men that he,
some day, might make his magnifi-
cent more enduring. The last time
that we saw him, he, with his friend,
Mr. Jefferson De Angeli, the comedian,
was at the dress rehearsal of Strauss'
"Salome" at the Metropolitan Opera
house. Mr. Edwards was deeply im-
pressed by the beauty and the passion
of this grossly abused music drama.
Mr. De Angeli was also enthusiastic,
and perhaps, seeing the remarkable per-
formance of the neurotic Herod by Mr.
Burrian, he, too, had his regrets and
was reminded of his early ambition.
As an operetta composer, Mr. Ed-
wards had for some years a large in-
come, but he lost money by his display
of courage in backing one of his own
works, which in spite of pretty music
and the engagement of a distinguished
operatic singer as leading woman, did
not please the general public. An Eng-
lishman, born and bred, he became an
American in the old sense of the word.
He was a most agreeable companion,
modest about his own achievements,
preferring to praise the music of others;
a man interested in everything pertain-
ing to humanity and willing to listen
though he had much to say that his
companions would have heard gladly.
Operettas are short-lived though they
are of the best quality, and that which
pleased a year ago may now seem flat
and stale. Cantatas have their little
day or are as still-born. Julian Ed-
wards, the musician, may not escape
the fate of many who had ambitions
that outstripped their ability, but in
whatever they did display true mus-
ical equipment. The man himself will
long be remembered and missed by
those who had the pleasure and the
honor of knowing him. Ave atque vale!

Many, not actively interested in art,
were no doubt surprised to learn of
Holman Hunt's death, for they would
have said that he died years ago. There
are also many who remember the criti-
cisms passed on "The Light of the
World," when engravings of this pic-
ture first came to America. The say-
ing of Ruskin that "The Light of the
World" was "the most perfect instance
of expressional purpose with technical
power which the world has yet pro-
duced" was not accepted by those who
carped at the details; the ivy, the jew-
els, the coping plants, the moonlight.
"There never was a lantern like that,"
"Look at those ridiculous trees." Yet
there were some who, uninfluenced by
any religious emotion inspired by the
subject, felt the strange power of the
artist's conception and workmanship.
The painter of this picture was at the
time accused of plagiarism. It was said
that he copied a German print. Ruskin's
defense—if a defence was needed—was
good reading today. "It is indeed true
that there was a painting of the sub-
ject before." But what was still
more singular (the verse to be illus-
trated being, "Behold, I stand at the
door and knock") the principal figure
in the antecedent picture was knocking
at a door, knocked with its right hand,
and had its face turned to the specta-
tor! Nay, it was even robed in a long
robe, down to its feet. All these cir-
cumstances were the same in Mr. Hunt's
picture; and as the chances evidently
were a hundred to one that if he had
not been helped to the ideas by the Ger-
man artist, he would have represented
the figure as not knocking at any door,
as turning its back to the spectator,
and as dressed in a short robe, the
plagiarism was considered as demon-
strated. Of course no defence is pos-
sible in such a case. All I can say is,
that I shall be sincerely grateful to any
unconscientious persons who will adapt
a few more German prints in the same
manner."

A London journal published recently a
thoughtful article entitled "Slippers
are." It advised all those who suffer
from tired feet after long walks or
from standing much over household
chores to remove their shoes as quickly
as possible. Persons making a long
journey in a railway train should don

...slippers. Nothing is said to
"drawing a boot" for keener enjoyment
of a drama or symphony. There have
been men and women who thus seeking
comfort were unable to put back the
boot at the final fall of the curtain or
at the last thunderous chord. In Van-
ity Fair at the beginning of the civil
war, was a picture representing a
guest returning from a walk and asking
for slippers. His host, a heavy swell,
was shocked. "Never wear slippers, my
boy; they spoil the feet. I'll bring you
up a pair of cold boots from the cellar."
It was only a short time ago that the
Baroness Mohr began to preach the gos-
pel that big feet in a woman are health-
ful and beautiful, and there is now a
society of noble dames in Munich which
has for its object the cultivation of big
feet. Probably there are already cor-
responding members in other cities (we
omit the usual slur on Chicago). In the
old English novels, the jaded traveller,
arriving at an inn, was furnished with
slippers, which had served others and
were to serve many in future.

SUNDAY THEATRES.

Mr. Charles Frohman a few days
ago announced his intention of secur-
ing, if possible, a modification of the
New York state law that prohibits
dramatic performances on Sunday.
He hopes to see theatres open on Sun-
day for the performance of plays that
have "a sound moral lesson," plays
chosen "by an appointed committee of
citizens in each community who have
been identified with humanitarian
projects," plays performed under "the
strictest civic supervision."

Mr. Frohman had been hitherto
known as an opponent of Sunday
theatres. The scales have fallen from
his eyes. He now feels "in common
with a number of prominent social
workers, particularly Jane Ad-
ams," that the church is not solving
"moral and ethical problems"; that
men and women are willing to swal-
low the pill of education, provided it
be coated with the sugar of amuse-
ment. "At present," says Mr. Froh-
man, "the stage is the most powerful
influence for good or bad among all
the American institutions." Mr.
Frohman, as a manager, prescribes to
himself too preposterously. "At present"
the stage in America has little
influence either for good or bad, for
the great majority of the plays pro-
duced are without character, spine-
less, silly pieces, which do not even
amuse. We are referring to the
drama, not to farces with music,
vaudeville and moving picture shows,
although it might be said that the
leading vaudeville houses provide
clean entertainment.

But to the main point. Suppose that
the prevailing public sentiment in
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or
in any city, should favor the perform-
ance on Sunday of serious dramas,
tragedies that purify the passions,
comedies that chastise abuses and evil
practices, melodramas that make vice
repulsive and reward virtue; the
manager would then only be at the
beginning of his troubles and the
public would still be treated as a
child. Would any "appointed commit-
tee of citizens," especially when they
have been "identified with humani-
tarian projects," ever agree as to the
character of a play? Does not the
"strictest civic supervision" now im-
ply favoritism or graft? We are not
yet dwellers in Utopia.

There are plays that undoubtedly
"teach lessons." There are many of
these plays, although their authors
were not always moved by the desire
to raise the standard of morality or
to set audiences a-thinking over the
eternal problems of life and death. To
some "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a
profoundly moral play; to others it is
as a sink of iniquity. There are some
who would like to see "Ghosts" used
as a reading book in schools. There
are others who object strongly to a
public performance of this drama,
just as there are some who are dis-
turbed by the plain language of the
Bible. Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife"
might interest many, yet it is doubt-
ful whether capitalist or laborer could
state clearly the lesson taught or is
wholly satisfied with the conclusion
drawn by the characters, not by the
dramatist, who is impersonal, un-
prejudiced. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"
and "Sister Beatrice" are as well
suited to Sunday as to Monday, but
would a Sunday audience appreciate
the symbolism of the former or be in-
terested in the simple pathos of the
latter? In other words, would a Sun-
day audience be less impatient of
preaching than on any other night?

Make up a list with the utmost care
and it is doubtful whether three com-
mitteemen out of five would be in
agreement over half of the plays in
the proposed repertory. The scheme
would be far more practical if an ex-
perienced manager, desirous of cul-
tivating public taste and of bettering
the moral conditions of a community
and of individuals, were permitted to
make his own selections. The next
step would be to educate audiences
that have been fed on the plays of
Mr. George M. Cohan to the apprecia-
tion of dramas by Shakespeare, and
others down to the latest English and
French dramatists, who all wrote
with the intention, first of all, of filling
the theatre.

NOTES OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

How a Frenchman Would Treat the Child Labor Problem of the Stage.

By PHILIP HALE.

The theme of "A Matter of Money,"
produced at the Hollis Street Theatre
last week, is one that admits of realistic
and spectacular treatment. As the play
now stands, the spectator is told about
the iniquities of child labor in factories,
he does not see the children fainting at
the looms, or the brutality of the fore-
man, or the homes of the children. It
is true that in the first act he sees Jen-
nie, sullen, half-doped, revengeful, hope-
less, and Rags, who also is a sufferer,
but one of a higher grade and of an
indomitable will. He also sees Rice,
the foreman, a singularly unpleasant in-
dividual, yet one imbued with a fine
sense of loyalty toward the stockhold-
ers who demand large dividends. After
this first act, there is nothing but rhet-
oric as far as the abuses are concerned.

A Frenchman writing for any of the
minor Parisian theatres that might be
called Chambers of Horrors would jump
at the theme. His play would be a
series of shocks. The audience would
surely have a look at the looms in op-
eration and see cruel and revolting sights
and hear the language of the gutter.
Rags would never be allowed to de-
velop into a high-toned young lady. In
this French play she would fall vic-
tim to the superintendent, and Rice
would be jealous and murderously dis-
posed. The superintendent would marry
the naughty daughter of the important
stockholder and there would then be
thrilling complications. Little Jennie
would have a more prominent part. It
would not occur to this dramatist to open
the old bag of melodramatic tricks and
bring out the well-worn puppets of the
villainous uncle and the old woman who
alone knows the plot. He would say to
himself: "Here is a theme, an abused
factory child; let's have a factory play
with scenes in the factory." The
naughty young woman might have her
hair and scalp torn from her by the
machinery, or Rice might do some
dreadful deed to Hubbard in the mill.

The return of Paul Harness to old
fashioned melodrama after the first
act of "A Matter of Money" was as un-
expected as it was unnecessary. Many
years ago I saw a theatrical bill board
representing a squalid room, and in it
a woman was appealing to heaven with
outstretched arms while a man sat
with his head in his hands. Under-
neath the picture were these lines:
When greed of gold makes man to man
Inhuman, workman seeks the needed
Starvation stretches out her bony hand
And sad mechanics mourn throughout
the land.
The melodrama of Mr. Harness is of
this order.

Xanthias, accompanying Dionysus
disguised as Heracles, asks at the be-
ginning of "The Frogs":
Sir, shall I say one of the regular
things
What people in a theatre always laugh
at?

Audiences at the Hollis Street Theatre
were highly amused last week by the
uncontrollable longing of Mr. Wrenn
(played by Mr. See) for things to eat.
Whenever there is talk of the stage
and eating, or whenever there is eat-
ing on the stage, the majority in the au-
dience is both interested and amused,
amused so that it laughs right out. It
was so, no doubt, in the days of the cart
and the sheep. But neither Sully nor Ber-
son, philosophizing about the causes and
phenomena of laughter, has shown clearly
why talk about eating should provoke
laughs.

The stale comedy goes with the stale
melodrama in this play that is supposed
to discuss a modern and tragic subject.
In Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife," a play on
the strike question, a virtipotent du-
ctor is not prejudiced against lunch-
ing, but he, through his wish to avoid all un-
pleasant thoughts, as well as discussion,
heightens the tragic irony of the scene.

It was a pleasure to see Miss Ferg-
son again even in drama that gave
her little opportunity. In these days to
say of an actress "she has personality"
is almost equivalent to saying that she
is not a well trained actress, or that
she has only one string to her bow, for
the word has long been used recklessly.
Miss Ferguson has more than "person-
ality." She has native force, dramatic
instinct, a sense of proportion, a fine
self-restraint. She sees the character
she impersonates as though she were
outside and analyzing it, and at the
same time she lives the part. That the
part of Rags becomes absurd is not at
all the fault of the actress, and the
only way to get through the foolish
trade in the third act with a straight
face is to shout it in the old melo-
dramatic fashion. As a matter of fact,
women do occasionally shout and scream
in everyday life. But Miss Ferguson
is more effective in scenes of quiet in-
tensity, and it is not likely that the
Rags of the first act would in life have
been the Rags of the third—that extra-
ordinary fact in which strange things
are said and done in Senator Hubbard's
room.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" has
at last reached London. The Pall Mall
Gazette characterized it as a very gentle
play. "In fact, notwithstanding its gen-
tleness, it bored us slightly. We failed
to feel very much interest in Aunt Mary
or her rejuvenation. Indeed, she im-
pressed us chiefly as a very theatrical
old lady, with a trick of pathos sud-
denly changing into comedy that got
laughs, but seemed quite artificial." Miss
May Robson's effects seemed to the
critic grossly exaggerated "and very
seldom as smacking of spontaneity." "The
most sincere performance of the
evening was that of Miss Nina Saville
in the part of the aunt's quaint maid,
Lucinda, one of those vivid and intensely
humorous character sketches which
American actors and actresses carry out
so exceedingly well."
The Nottingham (Eng.) Watch Com-
mittee has been censoring theatre pos-
ters. The two last words in Walter Mel-
ville's drama, "The Girl Who Lost
Her Character," were obliterated. "The
Girl Who Went Astray" was billed as
"The Girl Who Went." A dagger in
the "Monte Cristo" bills and a pistol in
"The Silver King" posters were pasted
out. "The committee also decline to
allow posters to be sent out on which
policemen are depicted."

"F. L." in the Pall Mall Gazette,
writes thus curiously of Schumann,
who was a poet before he was a com-
poser. "German poetry is not easy to
appreciate, but M. Bouvier is doubtless
right when he says that Schumann was
the most impressionable of men, and
that he felt always, in his own words,
'the submission which energetic natures
imposed upon him.' Perhaps it was
the want of backbone, or perhaps the
complications of his love affairs, which
caused the composer to die in a lunatic
asylum; but he early speaks of his pas-
sion for the cultivation of sad ideas,
and his predisposition to suicide. Some-
times one wonders whether the lot of a
poet is so very happy after all." So
"F. L." finds the poetry of Goethe,
Schiller, Heine, Burger, Uhland, "not
easy to appreciate." The whole quota-
tion is a delightful example of modern
English philistinism.

The competition for the prizes at
the Paris Conservatory was marked this
year, as in certain years before, by
a singular attitude of the audience
toward the jury. "All Paris" goes to
the competition as it would go to
Vernishing day at the Salon, or to the
races. The correspondent of the Era
took the affair seriously and waxed
indignant. "If these well dressed so-
ciety loafers only applauded those
who receive awards, there would be
little cause to complain; but if the
jury's decision does not meet with
their approval they shriek, hiss and
insult the gentlemen who sit in judg-
ment on the competitors. In England,
where people are taught to respect
the chair, half a dozen policemen
would put these cads into the street
as a lesson to others."
Journalists were not in good humor
at this competition. They complained
of the number of seats given to people
who had no just claim for admission.
A well known critic was refused a
seat. He bought one for 15 francs.
Inasmuch as the admittance is only by
invitation, it was evident that one of
the invited had a commercial soul.
The critic made a fuss, and the direct-
or of the Fine Arts is "going to look
into the matter." This no doubt will
be the end of the affair, and next sea-
son there will be similar protestations
and also a sale of tickets.

Mr. Arthur Pougin, a learned man,
formerly a violinist, author of many
valuable biographies of musicians, critic
of a fine old crusted taste, who is dis-
concerted at the age of 76 by the har-
monic schemes of the ultra modern
French school, also found fault with
features of the competition. He was
especially disturbed by the choice of a
piece for the violinists to play. This
piece was Dr. Max Bruch's third con-
certo. Last year it was the concerto by
Dvorak. Seldom do pupils, jurymen and
other listeners have such hard luck
twice in succession. Mr. Pougin begins
his diatribe: "I should like to know the
name of the artist, who evidently in-
spired by a burning hatred of the violin
and desirous to share his hatred with
his fellow-countrymen, had the idea,
foolish rather than unadvisable, of pro-
posing for the piece of competition this
year the absurd third concerto of Max
Bruch and seeing to it that it was ac-
cepted." The only thing to be said of
this excellent artist is what Sosie says
of Mercury in Amphitryon: "This man
surely does not like music."
This concerto of Bruch, according to
Mr. Pougin, is the abomination of deso-
lation, and many will agree with him.
"It would be hard to find a work more
anti-musical, more void, more insipid
and at the same time more atrociously
torturing to the ear than this pretenti-
ous concerto, which has neither form nor
color nor style, nor any quality what-
soever." There is not the embryo of

"The Arcadians" Heartily Welcomed by a Large Audience at Colonial.

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Arcadians," a fantastic musical play in three acts by Mark Ambler and A. M. Thompson, lyrics by Arthur Wimperley, music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot. Production by Charles Frohman. Watty Hydes conductor.

James Smith.....Frank Moulton
Simplicitas.....Percival Knight
Peter Doodly.....Alan Mudie
Jack Meadows.....Harold Clemence
Sir George Paddock.....Lawrence Grant
Elise.....A. B. Gulliver
Eileen Cavanagh.....Julia Sanderson
Mrs. Smith.....Constance Ediss
Sombra.....Ethel Cadman
Chrysea.....Mary Mackid

"The Arcadians" was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, April 23, 1909. It has been a long time in coming to Boston, and now that it is here its stay should be long. A crowded theatre gave the piece a hearty welcome, and many of the songs and dances were repeated so often that the performance was unduly lengthened.

"The Arcadians" is an uncommonly good entertainment of its class, the best that has been seen here for several years. The libretto is based on an idea that admits of poetic and also humorous treatment, and this pleasingly fantastical idea is not dropped to introduce vaudeville features, but it is maintained to the end. The music is melodious, graceful, well rhythmized. The melodies often have character, even a distinction that is rare in musical comedies.

The concerted numbers are effectively written. There are certain passages of what may be called conversational music which have the fluency and the vivacity of the Opera in the repertory of the Opera Comique. The dance tunes have the apparent simplicity and make an immediate effect; and at the same time they have a certain finish that is akin to elegance. The instrumentation is varied, well nourished, tasteful.

The story, like those of all good librettos, is simple and frankly told. A Londoner falls from his flying machine among the Arcadians, who know the English only by report and as monsters. The Arcadians cannot tell untruths. Smith, lying, is plunged into the well of truth, where he loses his trousers, his whiskers, and in nature, one that must tell the truth. He, with Sombra and Chrysea, goes to London to convert the monsters, male and female, and to teach them the beauty of Arcadian simplicity.

They arrive in England at a race where Sombra, who can talk to animals, is assured by Jack Meadows' vicious horse, that he is not after all hopelessly ill-tempered. He has killed jockeys, he will not allow the melancholy Doodly to keep his seat, but if she can find a rider, he will win, and thus Meadows will gain the race and Elise. Smith, now known as Simplicitas, mounts and wins. The scene of the race is admirably managed and is an unusually effective one, especially for this species of play.

In the third act the Arcadians are the fashion, Simplicitas, who, as Smith, had managed an unsuccessful hotel, now, through his wife, who not recognizing him, makes foolish love to him, runs an Arcadian restaurant. And here Arcadia is mocked and made vulgar. The poetical idea serves as a motive for burlesque.

The sentimental in the audience sympathize with Sombra as she goes about mourning and proclaiming that this parody of her land is all a sham, but the parody excites loud laughter, and a small sentimental minority could not insure success to a play. Simplicitas is caught lying, for he is still Smith by nature, and thrown into the well he emerges again, the vulgar Londoner, while the two Arcadians leave the monsters to return to their country, simplicity and truth.

The performance was excellent in all respects save one. Mr. Moulton saw fit to play in a spirit of farce comedy with mugging and horseplay. He could learn much by observing the methods of the jockey, while it was mirth-provoking by its expression of settled gloom was legitimate acting; an impersonation carefully conceived and thoughtfully carried out. Only in the additional verses to "My Motter" did Mr. Knight throw off artistic restraint and frankly clown it.

Mr. Mudie gave a clean-cut and manly performance of Meadows, and Miss Ediss was amusing in her extravagant manner as Smith's vulgar wife.

Miss Julia Sanderson as Eileen Cavanagh made a much more favorable impression than when she was seen here with Mr. Humbley in "Kitty Grey." Last night her triumph was complete and indisputable. She spoke her lines with a delicious accent and a bewitching falsetto. She sang discreetly; she danced with exquisite lightness and grace. Seldom has a more charming apparition been seen in musical comedies, native or imported. Miss Cadman sang easily and with technical skill the music that called for both agility and expression.

The chorus was unusually good, and the orchestra was under firm control. The place is handsomely mounted, and the stage management was flawless. The evolutions of the chorus were not too artificially contrived. There are many features in "The Arcadians" and in the performance that should fill the Colonial to overflowing for weeks to come, and chief among them is the dancing of Miss Sanderson, alone, or with Mr. Mudie.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.—The John Craig stock company presents "Zira," rewritten by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller from a dramatization of "The New Magdalen" by Wilkie Collins. In the cast were:

Rev. Gordon Claverling.....John Craig
Capt. Arnold Sylvester.....Donald Meek
Sir Frederick Knowles.....George Russell
Bishop of Wapping.....Walter Walker
Arthur Fielding.....Bert Young
Lady Constance Claverling.....Mabel Colcord
Ruth Whilding.....Marie Curtis
Nellie Ganthorne.....Florence Shirley
Zira.....Mary Young

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "Paid in Full," a four-act drama by Eugene Walter. Cast:

Joseph Brooks.....Thomas Coffin Cooke
Emanuel Brooks.....Mabel Acker
James Smith.....Albert Andrus
Capt. Williams.....Frank C. Barton
Mrs. Harris.....Agnes Herndon
Beth Harris.....Lillian Claire
Sato.....Adrian Rosley

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Elffe Fay, Some Humor, Trained Horses and Other Things.

"I like potatoes. I like them stewed."
"I like anything stewed."

Loud laughter on the part of the large and intelligent audience that filled B. F. Keith's Theatre from gallery to pit.

Of course, there were other things on the bill besides this joke. There were some trained horses, for instance, very fine looking beasts, who cavorted at the behest of the brothers Herzog. A very small boy perched on a bassoon on an orchestra seat didn't seem much impressed. Perhaps he was sleepy. Then there were the three Charlinos, acrobats. One of them slid down a miniature scenic railway on his head.

And there were The Models of the Jardin de Paris. Fooled again. It wasn't a miniature burlesque show. Very little of the turn was models. The rest was comedy, furnished by Carl Henry and George R. Raymond. Everybody laughed hilariously. The potato joke was in this act. At the end the performers kept coming out and bowing, though the applause was for Grahame White, who blushed in a box, after Mr. Henry "discovered" him.

But Elffe Fay sang, "The Belle of Avenue A." At least she started to and stopped in the middle to say she had been singing it since 1776. She halted frequently, indeed, once with a cough and the remark that "she couldn't do a thing with her neck since she washed it." In fact, she just cut up, and the more she cut up the funnier it was.

Her face is as loose as ever. And she twists her hair into a little stick-up pug at the back of her head and capers and grimaces and sings some, and it is all original and side-splitting, except for those who like jokes about potatoes—stewed. The musicians in the orchestra grinned and snickered all the time she was on the stage, and just consider, they see 626 vaudeville shows a year.

Amy Ricard and Lester Loneragan do a sketch called "An Idyl of Erin." It is pretty and well acted. Miss Ricard sings a few little Irish songs delightfully. William J. Coleman's monologue is entertaining, and some of his asides are especially funny. Henry Armstrong and Billy Clark sing some of their songs and win much applause. Billy Farnum and the Clark sisters have a vivacious turn, with an unexpected wind-up.

MEN AND THINGS

About two months ago The Herald published Mr. Lucien B. Henderson's theory that the force of negative gravity might be utilized in overcoming the tendency of drawers worn by belted men to approach the ground in hot weather while undershirts climb toward the neck. Summer is gone on swallows' wings and the blue jays and the crows are the songbirds on the cape; nevertheless many men are wearing belts and on days like last Tuesday drawers show natural depravity.

We are much interested therefore in the invention, as yet not perfected, of Prof. Boris Smerdiakoff, who visited us yesterday. This eminent Russian scientist, suspected of sympathy toward nihilists, found life uncomfortable in St. Petersburg, spent a winter in Paris where his lecture on azurite, hydrodynamics, new and extraordinarily effective explosives, and antidotes for absinthe excited even the attention of leading Apaches. He came to this country with the Russian dancers last season. There is a romance in this matter-of-fact statement, but we respect the eminent professor's confidences. It is enough to say that when the London newspapers wonder how Anna Pavlova still has an exquisitely graceful form, while great dancers usually lose their shapeliness in the development of their skill, they do not know the story of Prof. Smerdiakoff's devotion. They do know that he is even to the barge-men on the Volga a man of strange spells, a wonder worker, with power over age, wolves, rheumatism.

Prof. Smerdiakoff wishes to show his gratitude toward Bostonians who have received him kindly, entertained him in their winter and summer palaces, and in some instances made it possible for him to conduct costly experiments. Seeing snug and respectable citizens fishing under their belts and disturbed as to their faces, he inquired into the cause, and at once endeavored to find a remedy for the evil.

We are not now at liberty to describe minutely the invention that will make the name of Boris Smerdiakoff a household word and as blessing to speak. It

is enough to say that the use of belts and electro magnets, lists of pulleys and weights. Prof. Smerdiakoff hopes to exhibit a working model early in October. The model of the man will be of life size, and the drawers will be Balbriggan, No. 28, "made in France." Query: Why "belted earl"? Do not dukes and marquises ever wear belts in summer or when hunting or yachting? Do earls never wear braces, suspenders, gallowases, or the variant "galluses"?

The English are still shocked because "religion in various forms" was associated with the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno. It may be remembered that negroes in certain cities held prayer meetings before the eventful day and that Mr. Jeffries' father was untiring in supplication. One of the English journals recalls the fine conduct of Tom Sayers after the memorable fight with John C. Heenan in 1860 at Farnborough. Some one signing himself "Anti-Flistiana" wrote to a newspaper: "Is the rumor correct which affirmed that the fight received the Episcopal countenance of the Bishop of Oxford (Samuel Wilberforce) as a look-on during the combat?" Sayers, a good churchman, was indignant and replied as follows: "I beg to state that neither peer nor bishop was present at the late encounter in which I was engaged. It is from a pure sense of justice I write this, and I scarcely think it reasonable that such repeated onslaughts should be made upon me and my friend Heenan."

Mr. Brander Matthews is a full fledged professor and he has written learnedly and entertainingly about the English language as it is spoken by Englishmen and also by Americans. He should be heard and read with respect. Characterizing the Narragansett Club as a "joint," he was asked to define the term, and this was his definition: "A place where people are steered in sober or drunk to lose money, and this definition of a 'joint' is true of every gambling place in the world."

It seems to us that this definition is restricted, parochial. In New York state, as at Albany, Troy, Syracuse, and also in towns of New England, we have often heard rooms in which liquors, wines, ale and beer were sold, from a well conducted hotel bar to a vulgar drunkery, described as "joints." "What sort of a joint does he keep?" is a question often asked. The "term" is applied also to disreputable places, not gambling houses, which are watched by the police and too often in New York have contributed to the police.

A correspondent of a New York newspaper wrote a few days ago about words and phrases that have been overworked. He rejoiced in the passing of "gruelling" as in "gruelling contests." He recalled the time when a novelist never failed to describe one of his characters as "speaking in a raucous voice." "There seems to be always in use some word that is sorely overworked. It was a good word may be originally, and it catches many writers' fancy. And then they wear it threadbare, old decrepit, till the very sight of it wearies."

Would that this correspondent had made out a list of these wearying terms and phrases! There has been a long run on "good red blood." The young lions of the "muck raking" magazines, and the editors and publishers of these magazines used the phrase ad nauseam. "Bulk" is another abused word: "He bulks large," "it bulks large." When a paragraph begins: "It is a far cry, there are persons who, like Francesca and Paolo on a sentimental occasion, read no more. Perhaps the most objectionable word now used by thousands is "classy." To begin with, there is no such word. In the second place, it is meaningless except in a vague way. A musical comedy is "classy"; an athlete is "classy," etc., etc. "Vehicle" is another overworked word. So is "proven" for "proved." "Proven" is an irregular form, without a literary history. It was first known as occurring in the phrase "Not proven"—a Scotch verdict. We are pained to find "proven" for "proved" in the Evening Post of New York, and in the Evening Post, but on the editorial page, and in reviews of books. When William Cullen Bryant sat in the editorial chair of the Evening Post there was a list of words not to be used by his subordinates. If he would have stormed at "proven!"

There was a time when a man, although he was stealing flour, was "caught red-handed." No one falls to-day "with a dull, sickening thud." We have a foolish liking for this phrase. Nothing so descriptive has taken its place, not even in Mr. Jack London's books.

It is said that a famous old stallion, Red Wilkes, hitched to a cart and feeling his disgrace, although his owner had treated him carefully, respectfully and affectionately, and put him to a cart thinking thus to exercise him for the benefit of his health, would have no more of life and jumped over a high cliff to his death. There has long been dispute over the question whether animals deliberately kill themselves. There is the story of a little dog who some years ago was seen to hold himself under water either in the Frog pond, or in the pond of the Public Garden, and there are other well attested stories of this nature. That dogs, mourning over the death of a master, have refused to eat, and thus have starved, is beyond doubt and peradventure.

There are judges in America who, sentencing a murderer to death, still find delight in improving the occasion by preaching a sermon. We had hoped that this practice had died out. There was a hanging judge in England who had positive opinions about this world

WHICH the Carolinian, and the Howard, and the ironical play was Englished as and Miss Barrymore played part of the misunderstood and here boy, but the drama is to the general.

It appears that Mr. Schlosser is always having and often writing about things and drinkables. He considered "The Lost Art of Pickwick," a "safer" thing about things, well meaning persons "who" on providing gastronomical non-actor. He believes that at a picnic there should be some individual effort. He encourages the amateur in the "mixing up of a salad" and doing with a chafing dish. If a chafing dish is not at hand, "a cherry twig fire" and a "frying pan" will do. Here is a suggestion: "Put a pound or so of mackerel, best or mutton into thy skillet. They can hardly be too small. Cook up two eggs (with a fork and a dash of nutmeg, two chopped, hard-boiled eggs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and half that quantity of chopped onion. Mix it all up well. Put some kitchen-paper and put a little of the mixture in an eighth of a paper, folded in papillote, and then then in a pan of boiling olive oil, or butter. But thus does a picnic become an elaborate affair. There was only one picnic that we are sorry to have missed. The one at which Mr. Pickwick shone.

NECKS AND WRISTS.

A correspondent of the New York Sun inquired plaintively not long ago: "Do I have to wear cuffs just because other people do? I don't like 'em; they annoy me. I say darn stiff collars and cuffs, especially in hot weather." Many of a timid nature, disliking to be thought unconventional, will echo this wail. And yet the remedy is around their own necks and wrists. The American dresses in summer more sensibly than he did even half a dozen years ago. He has learned the value of soft shirts of becoming patterns. He has given up the starched bosom that in a sultry day was soon a clammy poultice of paste. But too many cling to the convention of starched collars and cuffs. "Cuffs"—a hideous word, expressive of discomfort, imprisonment; nor does "wristband" make the thing itself less obnoxious. Surely it does not require great courage to wear the collar and the cuffs unstarched. There are mortals who in the hottest day and at the end of it wear the highest collar with apparent comfort, and the collar is spotless, but they are of kin to the immortals, or, instead of being comforted and envied, are to be pitied as victims of suppressed perspiration. The average citizen sweats; the collar of the neatest soon looks like a chart of the various geological periods with emphasis on the carboniferous, while his cuffs are moist, unpleasant things, an abomination in the eyes of the wearer and of the observer. Nor is the reversible cuff a saving help for any length of time, even if a decent man can abide the thought of hidden dirt.

It may be said in reply that the unstarched cuffs of a "fatigue shirt" soon look fatigued. This is, in nine cases out of ten, the fault of the shirt-maker, a slave to tradition. The customer may reason, entreat, threaten. The shirtmaker humors him, his "client," as he would agree to the wildest statement of an acknowledged lunatic. He shortens the length—on paper. He shows his notes—his scenario of the shirt, dramatic by reason of stripes or dots. But when the shirt goes home, the cuffs flap idly over the knuckles. Does the customer hurry to the shop with his remonstrance? Does he lift up his voice in indignation? "They will shrink after they have been washed." But they don't shrink. They seem to grow longer. The time to be firm is when the first measurements are taken. The effectual remedy would be the return of the shirts with the request that the sleeves should at once be shortened. But man in the presence of a tailor or shirt-maker is for all his swagger and bluster a poor, weak thing.

The soft collar, alas, is not for everybody. The stovepipe necked require a high collar and a high collar must be starched. Soft, gentle, caressing, cool cuffs are within the reach of the humblest that dares to assert a right to be comfortable.

lectured on late playgoing. He re-
 members that when he was a child
 certain performances at the Opera
 Comique began at a quarter to seven.
 "The Theatre Francais played a
 curtain raisers pretty pieces in one
 act, performed by the best members
 of the company. By half past seven
 the house was full of eager specta-
 tors. Today the audience scarcely
 comes before nine o'clock, and



MME. JEANNE JORRELLI



EMMY DESTINN



MELBA



GERALDINE FARRAR



JOSEF HOFFMAN



HEINRICH WARNKE



FRANCIS MACMILLEN



MME. KIRKBY-LUNN



ANTON WITEK



FERRUCCIO BUSONI



CHARLES GLIBERT



MISCHA ELMAN.

little plays have been suppressed or given over to the understudies." The plays are now, as a rule, much shorter, and in three or four acts, whereas the grand dramas were in five. Mr Maetier looks forward to the time when the evening meal will be taken after the theatre and called 'supper'. The play will then begin at a reasonable hour—for there will be a recoil—and the late supper will bring back "the pleasant customs of the 18th century."

The dinner hour exerts an influence over drama and opera. The later the dinner, the later the hour of raising the curtain. There was a time when even lords and noble dames dined at 11 A. M. There was then no opera, but when they dined at noon there were theatrical performances that began in the afternoon. If dinner is to be served at 8:30 or 9 P. M., opera may well begin at midnight, for no one stuffed with food can appreciate music—except the tingle-tangle ditties of musical comedy—and the darkening of the house induces a disposition to sleep. The German is in the opera house at 7 P. M., or at 6:30 P. M., in case of Wagner's "Ring" or "Mastersingers"; but he does not rush from a heavy dinner. The opera is out at an hour that will allow him to sup, to drink leisurely his beer, to indulge himself in criticism of the performance. Between the acts he can stay himself with sandwiches, ham and beer.

Even now in Boston there are complaints that the opera at 8 P. M. interferes sadly with dinner. Why should not the experiment of midnight opera be tried? Singers are night birds, and the later they sing, the better their voices. There would be time for a pompous feast, and possibly a game or two of bridge. After the opera there should be breakfast parties. The chief objection might be this: that in the hour before dawn the eyes of middle-aged bucks look like plovers' eggs and the beauty of middle-aged women is tarnished even if it is not artificial and an impression rather than something that admits of analysis. Yet if the hour of midnight, there

BOSTON SYMPHONY HAS NEW SOLOISTS

The 30th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin Monday morning, Sept. 26, when the auction sales of seats will open at Symphony Hall. There is every indication that the season of 1910-1911 will, at least, be as good as 1909-1910 and there is no reason to fear that it will not show an improvement. Certainly the season of 1910-1911 for the Orchestra outside of Boston will be even more successful than a year ago for everywhere indications point to an increased subscription.

Neither Mr. Fiedler nor the management has spared pains or money to make the 24 programs as attractive as possible. The list of works published a week ago, will enable the conductor to build programs that should arouse keen interest. The management has provided a list of soloists more brilliant even than that of last year. Especially is this true in the matter of singers. Musicians who excel in instrumental music will be scarce in America this year. Last year the season was generally disastrous for wandering virtuosi. Neither Josef Hofmann nor Mischa Elman would have considered an American tour this winter had not each

of them been assured of engagements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The retirement of Willy Hess brings to America for the first time Anton Witek of Berlin. Much is expected of him. Only 38 years old, for 16 years he has been the concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra. He has made a name for himself on the continent and in England as a solo violinist. Mr. Witek was born in Saz, in Bohemia, on Jan. 7, 1872, and was a pupil in the Prague Conservatory.

Alwin Schroeder, after an absence of seven years, will share the first desk of the cello section with Mr. Warnke and will divide with him the solo work.

The engagement of two additional musicians will bring the membership of the orchestra for the first time to 100. A new first trombone will share the work with Mr. Hampe. Another bassoon player, a nephew of Mr. Sadony, has been engaged as "utility" man, so there will now be five bassoons. A new leader of the double bass has been engaged, a new viola and a new second violin, while the retirement of Emanuel Fiedler from the first violins promotes from the second violins Herman Goldstein.

The orchestra, or at least the major part of it will assemble for the first time in the last week of this month for the Worcester festival. The first rehearsal of the year is called for Monday, Oct. 3.

The auction sales of tickets will follow the established custom of the past year. On Monday, Sept. 26, at 10 o'clock, the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold; on Tuesday, Sept. 27, the \$10 seats will be sold; on Thursday, Sept. 29, the \$18 seats for the concerts will be sold; on Friday, the 30th, the \$10 seats for the concerts will be sold. The rules of

past years will be in force. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only and not for the choice, and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Particularly brilliant is the list of singers: Mme. Melba, Geraldine Farrar, Emmy Destinn, Mme. Jeanne Jorrelli, sopranos; Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, contralto, and Charles Glibert, baritone. It will be three years since Mme. Melba has been heard in Boston, and her appearance this year with the orchestra in Symphony Hall will be positively the only chance to hear her in this city. She arrived in this country in August, and is now engaged in a concert tour in Canada. In the latter part of October will fulfil engagements with the orchestra. She will then appear with the Metropolitan opera company in Chicago the Metropolitan opera company, New York, and sailing for about the first of 1911. Mme. Jorrelli has been spending much of the last three years in Australia. She has very large interests. She is going to take thither a year's fall a grand opera company, and here with the orchestra to be the only chance Boston to hear for several years the beautiful female voice in the

s Farrar and Miss Destinn here they have won fresh the season of the Metropolitan company in Paris last spring. It was the principal woman in the opening performance and gave unqualified approval. Additional interest is attached here for she is the principal woman's part

the Go. West. Miss Farrar is so much in the affections of the Boston musical public that the reannouncement of her coming insures a full house. In the past summer Miss Farrar won great praise in Paris as Tosca at the Opera Comique and at the Mozart Festival at Salzburg last August, when she sang Zerlina in "Don Giovanni".

Mme. Jomelli, a sterling singer has never sung here with the orchestra, although her appearances with the Handel and Haydn and at other concerts have won for her many friends. Mme.

Kirkby-Lunn likewise is well known and well liked here. Mr. Gilbert is always welcome.

Josef Hofmann has not been in Boston for a number of years. Today he is one of the two or three really great pianists of the world. Ferruccio Busoni was here last year, both with the orchestra and in recital, and his performance with the orchestra of the "Emperor" Concerto were features of the season; Carlo Buonamici, well known as a resident of this city, is an admired pianist and easily able to take a commanding position. Recognition of Boston talent by the management of the orchestra is always grateful to the public.

Mr. Elman enjoys a greater popularity in America than any violinist now actively before the public. Francis McMillan, an American, will make his first appearance with the orchestra. He has had genuine success in Europe, and he won applause here in his own concert. There will be much interest in Anton Witke, the orchestra's new concert master. Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, made a very favorable impression last winter. Messrs. Schroeder and Warnke, who have scores of admirers in this city.

WHY "ARCADIANS" IS WELCOMED

Pleasing Features of New York Production Explain Its Long Run in London.

NOTE OF CAVALIERI AFFAIR

Program of Worcester County Music Festival; Dramatic Novelties of Europe.

BY PHILIP HALE.

It is no wonder that "The Arcadians" has had a long run in London and pleased the critics and the public in New York. No doubt the performance in London was better in a few respects than the one now given here at the Colonial Theatre. The men in the English choruses wear evening dress with greater ease and confidence than our Americans, and they look and bear themselves as though they were to the manner born. This might justly also be said of English women who play small parts in comedy and drama.

Surely the young woman who created the part of the Irish girl in London could not make us forget Miss Julia Sanderson, whose brogue and naïveté are delightful, whose dancing, charming by reason of its lightness, grace and spontaneity. And so Miss Sanderson with skirts, now heavier now revealing, as though the dancer were unconsciously the sport of admiring breezes, one might well ask whether the bare-legged symbol dancers have any advantage over her in the display of beauty, or whether they are at once recognized as more delectable. Hazlitt, considering the comic writers of the 18th century, declared that the costumes worn by belles of former days "assisted wonderfully in heightening the mystery of the passion."

"A woman and Vanbrugh," he wrote, "could not have spared the dresses of Vanbrugh. These strange fancy costumes, of various disguises and counterfeits, gave an agreeable scope to the imagination. . . . The senses were not to be gratified in an instant. Love was entangled in the folds of the swelling mantle, and the desire to get it away for ever round the circumference of a quilted petticoat, or had it lodged in the folds of a ruffled stomacher. There was room for a year's patient contrivance, for a hundred thoughts, schemes, conjectures, hopes, fears, wishes. There seemed a world of obstacles and delays; to overcome so many difficulties was the work of years. A mistress was an angel, aAT

chance behind wheelbarrow, dunces at hand. What an undertaking to penetrate through the disguise! What a knowledge to give to the blood, what a knowledge to the tongue! Mr. Snodgrass is a brisk man; was then for a most significant commendation for a woman can be but a dress!"

The play and music of "The Arcadians" are above the level of the average, and it was a pleasure to see the play without hearing the music.

about a half a century ago. The singularly quaint child in "My Man" and flags in "A Matter of Money" were "hulky Geelings." It is all the phrase here in "The Arcadians." The dialogue of "The Arcadians" is surely of English invention, for the Englishman, although he may wear a straw hat in the House of Commons when the season is favorable, is still conservative in the matter of puns.

The Pall Mall Gazette, referring to the success of the little burlesque company called "The Follies," recognizes the fact that there is in London "as large a public as ever for that particular art form." It recalls the popularity of the burlesques of Italian operas produced at the Gaiety a quarter of a century ago. "They were witty and cleverly written in rhymed couplets, sprinkled with the most far-fetched puns, and interspersed with tuneful music and lively lyrics. And with such artists as Edward Terry, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, E. W. Hoyle and W. Waide playing the chief parts they attained historically to a very high level."

It is doubtful whether any of these old burlesques would please an American audience today. Revivals of "Evangeline" have drawn spectators for the sake of old associations; but would a Boston audience laugh at the situations and jests in "Ixion," the burlesque in which Lydia Thompson and her British blondes were first seen in this country? And were the old burlesques at the Gaiety so "cleverly" written? The puns were indeed far-fetched, atrocious, and the puns in "The Arcadians" bear the old family likeness.

The Pall Mall Gazette added: "Mr. Edward Terry once said to an interviewer that the old Gaiety form of burlesque was dead for two reasons: there was no successor to L. B. Farnie, Robert Reece or H. L. Byron, who could write so wittily and so pungently, and if there were there was no one on the stage who could deliver the lines with the proper point and speak the places as they should be spoken. It would be interesting to see the attempt made. How delightful a travesty could be written, for example, on Strauss' opera, 'Elektra,' and its performance. In the days to which we have referred such a skit would have been presented long ago, and the town would have been rocking with laughter over it."

But would a burlesque of "Elektra" be so funny that it would make a man laugh even if he were all alone, in the woods, by himself, to quote the guarantee for a good joke given by the late Honnibal of Yale University? Years ago at Dan Bryant's theatre in Fourteenth street, New York, burlesques of this nature were in fashion, and "Luciferina" and "La Sonnambula" and other operas were travestied. But laughter in the theatre is often only for a season. Taste changes quickly, and the son words, how his father could have been amused by the plays which he describes lovingly from recollection.

There are many entertaining features in the Chandler-Cavalieri tragedy-comedy, and perhaps the most amusing is the report published in newspapers of New York that the directors of the Boston Opera House are so pained and shocked by the "disclosures" that Mme. Cavalieri will not be allowed to sing at this house, although she has been advertised as member of the company.

It is not easy to imagine Mr. Henry Russell as director of singers' private life, provided the indications did not let us see his usefulness as a member of the company. Not is it easy to imagine any one of the directors of the Boston Opera House greatly exercised over reports of impending divorce suits brought by or against these members. It is more to be right supervision of singers' morals in any leading opera house the company might lose some of its most brilliant stars. Singers are, after all, human beings, mere mortals. They, too, have their love affairs, as do the people that applaud them. There are, of course, women on the stage, and there are also greedy women, unscrupulous in the pursuit of them.

There is this to be said about Mme. Lina Cavalieri: She has never let anything interfere with her work as a singer and she has always treated the public with respect. She has been ambitious ever since she began her career as a dancer and singer in music-halls. Her ambition was an honorable one. She wished to win fame in grand opera. To attain the goal she has worked like a galley slave. Mr. Victor Maurel said to me last winter that in his life as a singer and teacher he had never known a woman who worked so hard and so intelligently as Mme. Cavalieri had worked under his instruction. When she first appeared in New York she was known chiefly as a "professional beauty," and the critics were distinguished to view her seriously as a singer.

She is a beautiful woman, a radiantly beautiful woman. Beauty is not a crime. Take the case of Helen whose face and body brought ruin to Troy. Her beauty was so wondrous—for she possessed the thereby three attributes of perfect beauty—that even they who had every reason to curse her, were lost in admiration when once they looked upon her. She was a rare creature of the gods, they said; it was fated that she should "launch a thousand ships," bring about the sacrifice of Iphigenia, make old Heecuba and send the widow of Hector into slavery. In the eyes of the Greeks and Trojans she herself was blameless by reason of this beauty. But Mme. Cavalieri is not content with the gift of the gods.

We saw her here in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut"; we saw her and applauded. We would all fain see her in "Tosca," and in "Thais." It was her wish, a foolish one, to appear as Carmen, although Mr. Maurel protested vigorously, saying that the part was not for her voice or art. She persisted and failed. But what woman does not wish to shine brightly in Ritz's opera? Miss Mary

Garden announces her intention of taking the part that tempted Mme. Fremstad and others who have been associated with far different operas.

Nor is there in these "disclosures" anything that should prevent the appearance of Mme. Cavalieri on any operatic stage. The little domestic episode is one in which she and her husband are interested. It is in no way the business of the general public.

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. Henschel, dated Allentown, Pa., Aug. 26:

To the Editor of The Herald: I am sure it will interest and please your musical readers to know that Mr. Arthur Foote's new suite for strings was performed for the first time in England at the Queen's Hall, London, under Mr. Henry J. Wood, on Thursday, Aug. 25, and met with great success. Believe me, yours truly, GEORGE HENSCHL.

The annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will begin in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Wednesday evening, Sept. 28, when "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz will be performed. The solo singers will be Miss Nina Dimitrieff, and Messrs. Hamlin Witherspoon and Weld.

The program of the concert Thursday afternoon, the 29th, will be as follows: Beethoven's funeral march from "Eroica" symphony (in memory of Carl Zerrahn); Cesar Franck, Symphony; aria sung by Miss Florence Hinkle; Strauss, overture to "Puck"; Saint-Saens, violin concerto played by Miss Maud Powell; Massenet, ballet music from "The Cid."

On Thursday evening, Sept. 29, a part of Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" will be performed for the first time in New England. Miss Margaret Keyes will sing the music of "The Beloved"; Berriek Von Norden, that of "The Poet," and Frederick Weld, that of "The Philosopher."

The program of the fourth concert Friday afternoon, the 30th: Dvorak's "Carnival Overture"; Liszt, concerto in A Major (Miss Yolanda Merol); Wagner, prelude to "Lohengrin"; Leoncavallo, aria from "Zaza" (Berriek Von Norden); Beethoven, Variations.

The program of the fifth and last concert (Artists' night), Friday evening, Sept. 30, will be as follows: Mendelssohn, overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Mozart, aria from "The Marriage of Figaro" (Mr. Witherspoon); Debussy, Little Suite; Tchaikowsky, aria from "Pique Dame" (Miss Dimitrieff); Sibelius, Elegie and Minuet; Strauss, songs with orchestra, "Heinliche Aufforderung," "Morgen," "Cecile" (Mr. Hamlin); Coleridge-Taylor, Rhapsodie; Hummoula, A. Thomas, aria from "Le Cid" (Mr. Witherspoon); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish airs; Debussy, aria from "The Prodigal Son" (Ground, motet, "Gallia."

Arthur Maurel will be the conductor of the festival and Gustav Strube the associate conductor.

Harry M. Vernon gave to a play in the art, produced for the first time on any stage at Manchester, Eng., Aug. 22, the title "The Third Degree." Casey, an old offender, is accused of robbing a bank. He is innocent of this charge. The New York police subject him to the third degree. A Mrs. Van Huden calls and wishes to find the man who had rescued her child from her burning house—and then disappeared. She sees the photograph of Casey on the Inspector's desk and recognizes the face of the savior of the child. Casey is cleared, and when the Inspector asks him why he did not plead an alibi and explain the injury to his hand, he answers that his explanation would not have been believed. The Inspector, seized with remorse, repents the error of his ways, orders all records against Casey to be destroyed, and otherwise shows that it is the system, and not always the administrators of it, that is so seriously at fault.

"The Lyons Mail," condensed into a "dramatic sketch" in three scenes and entitled "The Robbery of the Mail," was produced at the Bow Palace, London, Aug. 22. The Era says "this is the first occasion on which the story in tabloid form has appeared on the music hall stage."

Max Reger has set music to a poem in praise of Zeppelin. The music is for a male chorus and in the nature of a simple hymn. A version for solo voices and piano has also been published. The poem, "An Zeppelin" is by J. C. Gluecklich.

"Simson und Delila" is the title of a tragic-comedy produced at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, last month. The play is by Sven Lange, a Dane. Krumbak, a writer of plays, has finished a drama which treats in verse the story of Delilah and Samson, and his wife, a professional actress, will take the part of the heroine. He has a confidence in her which is pathetic, for she has had many lovers, and the latest is Meyer, a low fellow, and a rich merchant. The second act shows the rehearsal of Krumbak's piece. His wife and Meyer behave in a manner to enlighten the husband, who at first proposes to kill them and there, but he wanders about the city and returns only on the night of the production. The wife and Meyer are at supper. Krumbak pulls his revolver, but his nature is not that of a murderer; he shoots himself and falls dead at his wife's feet.

A series of prizes ranging from \$750 to \$250 is offered by August Scherl, newspaper proprietor, for German waltzes in the style of "The Beautiful Blue Danube." Anyone may compete.

The late Capt. Robert Marshall, dramatist, left a personal estate valued at about \$110,000. The rights in 13 of his plays are valued at only \$125 each. "Yet one week's royalty due by Mr. Charles Frohman for performances of 'His Excellency the Governor' amounts to \$18 18 94."

Cleo de Merode has been dancing at the Hippodrome in London. She was described as fresh and pretty and looking about 23 years old. Her dresses, also were very fresh and pretty, and

she moved about the stage and struck fresh and pretty attitudes to quite fresh and pretty music. But although she appeared three times and purported to dance on each separate occasion, we cannot truthfully say that, in our opinion, she danced more than once, for her first two efforts chiefly consisted of posturing on what are regarded in the vaudeville theatre as classic lines, interspersed with some rather pathetically crude attempts at the more orthodox proceedings of the premiere danseuse assoluta. On her third entry, however, in an abbreviated skirt, she gave us something that did distinctly resemble a dance, with something of a folk character in it, and much clashing of a pair of wooden shoes which she held in her hands. And at the finish the audience, which had been distinctly lukewarm over the two previous efforts, became quite demonstrative, and called the young lady twice before the curtain—once to applaud her for her dance, and the second time just to see her bow and smile once more. For her bow and her smile, like her raiment and her music, are distinctly fresh and pretty." It was the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette that wrote about Miss Cleo in this fresh and pretty manner.

Hall Caine's new play, "The Eternal Question," was puffed extravagantly in London newspapers before the first performance (Aug. 28, at the Garrick Theatre). The play itself is characterized as "cheaply sentimental, insincere, hopelessly inartistic." The Pall Mall Gazette was unsparing in denunciation.

"Mr. Hall Caine is very popular," and when a new play by him is announced nowadays everybody knows perfectly well what to expect—infinite vocal energy combined with very little real life; a turn for being didactic without the power to be severe; failure in the humor, fury in the phrase. And the play of it all is that this writer has done splendid work of its kind in the past. Many of us still reckon his novels, "The Deemster" and "The Bondman," as among the really fine things of their day, and

every writer will always be grateful to him for what he has done in the cause of authors' copyright. The critic shows by illustrations how the incidents in this new play strain the laws of probability to the breaking point. He describes the first two acts as "simply childish." And the two remaining acts are occupied chiefly with similarly mediocre matter, embellished with long and platitudinous speeches on the "sexual question," chiefly interesting as recalling Mr. Oscar Wilde's famous description of Mr. Hall Caine as "one who writes so much at the top of his voice."

Nor were the actors spared. "A great deal of the acting was worthy of the play in what we may call its earnest insincerity." "Mr. Guy Standing smiled and murmured in slinkier fashion as the diabolical Premier, and lived up to his official greatness by invariably entering rooms with his hat on."

The incidental music was written by Mascagni.

At Salt Lake City on Sept. 1 the Tabernacle Choir of 300 singers sang 12 pieces for phonographic reproduction, and the Desert Evening News began its account of the performance by saying that it "may, without stretch of the imagination, be considered the most interesting effort in local musical history."

"Operations began at 8 o'clock" and "at the expert's request, the ladies all removed their hats." Prof. McClellan, the organist, had to play all of his accompaniments double forte, "and the two soloists, Mrs. Edward and Horace Ensign, were placed with their faces in one of the horn bells. Of course fine shading was out of the question."

The program included the soldiers' chorus from "Faust," the "Hallelujah" chorus, the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," "Unfold Ye Portals," "Hymn Sweetheart" and other pleasing compositions, sacred and profane. Prof. Stephens, the conductor, was delighted and "his face beamed like the rising sun."

The performance of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's Theatre, produced by Sir Herbert Tree Sept. 1, lasted from 7 o'clock until nearly 11 in spite of liberal cutting. Sir Herbert and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were reproached for slow delivery of speech. "Slow acting is as dull as a slow sermon and worse than slow cricket, and 'Impressiveness' gets its wrong effect when it nearly sends people to sleep." The production was a gorgeous one. Each scene, even the briefest and least important, was a delightful picture.

And now there is dispute again concerning the authorship of "Henry VIII." "It is very uncertain how much of it (the play) is Shakespeare's and how much Fletcher's, but undoubtedly a good deal of it is very indifferent drama and still more indifferent poetry."

Jane Harding's father, M. Hadingue, celebrated his 91st birthday last month. He was a good actor in his day and his daughter says that she sheds his advice to her the moment she has to make her entrance on the stage. "Remember who you are. Whence you came. Whither you are supposed to go." She made her debut at the age of three as the Child in "Le Bossu" and was held in her father's arms.

The Era gives an account of Richard Strauss' new opera, "Der Rosenkavalier." "Dr. Strauss says concerning the work: 'I have followed this time the path of poetic yet wild merriment, which never oversteps the boundary of gracefulness.' The second act closes with a genuine 'Vienna Waltz,' and the duet between 'nail' (Kammerkatzchen) Oktaviane and the Baron Ochs in the 'chambre separe' is entirely composed of waltz melodies." The plot of the new opera is, briefly, as follows: In the dressing room of the Princess Werdenberg—one of the ladies at the court of Marie Theresa of Austria

Myron W. Whitney was not only for many years the most famous oratorio bass singer in this country; he was one of the first Americans to gain reputation in London, as his friend and associate, Charles R. Adams, the tenor, won renown in opera houses of Vienna and Berlin. Mr. Whitney was by nature an oratorio singer. It is true that he was well known later in his life as a singer in grand opera and in operetta, but he had little dramatic force and he was inclined to be pontifical even in "Fathnitza," "The Sorcerer," "Pinafore" and other light operas then in fashion. Gifted by nature with an unusual voice, which was impressive rather than sensuous, he studied indefatigably and intelligently under able masters, and his singing commanded the respect of musicians and excited the admiration of the general public. He was first and always a singer, not an interpreter in the present meaning of the word: a declaimer who occasionally shows some vocal ability. Singers of Mr. Whitney's school are now rare, and this is to be lamented. His standards were of the highest, and, modest, he was his severest critic. He was not only modest; he was simple and manly, rejoicing in the success of those that were worthy, not given to censure, a man truly without guile. He enjoyed life, especially outdoors, for he was a born fisherman, and at home in the woods. His last years, spent on his farm near Saratoga, were happy, and if he then remembered his triumphs in concert hall and theatre, it was without bitterness or discontent.

The proprietor of a well-known restaurant may well be ranked among the leading citizens of a town, and when he dies the horizon to many seems contracted. The individuality of the landlord shapes the character of his restaurant. This was as true of the late Andreas Tomfohrde, as it was of men whose names were as household words in London or Paris. Mr Tomfohrde was one of several men whose restaurants and taverns in Boston had more than a parochial reputation. There were visitors who identified by his name the district in which his restaurant was situated. There are strangers as well as citizens who have cherished associations with the rooms, the table equipment, the dishes served and with the host who for years was a familiar and directing figure. Such men in the course of time become traditional characters, almost legendary, and stories will be told of the old days when Tomfohrde ruled and ministered to the comfort of his guests.

Mr. Frederick Boyle, a London journalist, writes entertainingly about red hair at least once a year. He does not frankly announce his subject, but lures the reader on, no matter how wary the reader may be. Mr. Boyle's latest article begins: "Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Havelock Charles told the British Medical Association that the kind of man best suited to live and work in the tropics is a 'good ordinary' type of Britisher, with a good head well screwed on, a good temper, and no over-intellectual." Who would think that this quotation would lead to the reading of Mr. Boyle's pet stories about the detestation of red hair among barbarians and semi-civilized

"Col. Charles added to his list of qualifications that the ideal man for the tropics "should not be over-much of the blonde type." The experienced have long believed and preached the doctrine that "the fair suffer less from tropical maladies in proportion to the degree of their whiteness," and Dr. Shrubbsall is quoted as one who proved that persons of a certain complexion are liable to certain diseases and comparatively immune from others.

"It is certainly believed on the West Coast of Africa, and especially by the negroes, that men of "flint-white" complexion seldom suffer from the diseases of that region. A Mr. Harris, possibly the husband of Mrs. Gamp's friend—declared that "if he had to choose men for service in Africa he would have them all red-haired." There is no doubt of the tradition, the belief; and is the belief, after all, a popular delusion? Blondes have died on the West Coast of Africa.

Mr. Boyle hopes that science will demonstrate the comparative immunity of the red-headed, for, in his opinion, they need compensation. "Is there any people, ancient or modern, of whom we have information that does not dislike and distrust this color?" And then Mr. Boyle ransacks the records of ethnologists and anthropologists; the Tartars are often red-haired, hence the detestation of the color among the Chinese; the Egyptians did not forget the outrages of the fair shepherd kings; the laws of Menu forbid marriage with a red-haired girl, and long before the time of Menu a fearful curse was pronounced on the Pishachis, "who are red-haired and utter frightful yells!" The Saga remarked apropos of murdered Canute, the Dane, "What possessed him to put faith in a red-haired man!"; red-haired families in the parish of St. Just are perpetuated because others will not mate with them; and of course there is the old tradition about Judas Iscariot.

Yet there were savage races, Mr. Boyle, that were feared and mistrusted in China and nothing was said about their complexion. We shudder as we read about the men of Kon-cha. They ate human flesh, not from any desire of appropriating in this manner the virile qualities of their foes, but as a sacrifice to gods, but because they liked "long pig," as more delicate than other meat, provided the death of the person had not been due to disease. "When they advance to combat," wrote an old traveller, "they throw loose their hair about their ears, and they paint their faces of a bright blue color." Their favorite beverage was human blood.

There were the Venetian blondes, the gorgeous women painted by Titian. Mr. Boyle forgets that in the time of that painter there was a craze for hair of "Titian red," not only in Italy, but in other countries where brunettes by nature were in an overwhelming majority. Poets sang the praises of the blonde in terms of adoration. The Venetian women, sumptuous creatures of pleasure, were cunning in the use of hair washes and dyes. Many recipes for red or golden locks have come down to us. It should not be forgotten that many, probably most of the women who sat for Titian and painters of the voluptuous school were born brunettes. In those years the red-haired were envied; not the carrot-heads, not the sandy complexioned, but the red.

Mr. Boyle finds, as before, this cause for the old and widespread feeling against red hair; that the red-headed were generally restless and combative, foremost in mischief. "Their blood runs quicker and hotter—they lead a forlorn hope like Wolfe, or follow an idea to the very end, like Columbus." No wonder that the less energetic fear and dislike them. "It is significant to me," says Mr. Boyle, "that all the morsels of skin removed from old church doors—skins of captured Danes flayed alive, as legend tells—which have been examined under the microscope prove to have belonged to red-haired men. They rashly pushed in advance of their fellows, or obstinately lingered, seeking plunder."

It is frequently said that Americans have much to learn in the art of colonization. We are classed with the French as inferior in this respect to the English, the Germans and the Dutch. Why should not the government see to it that officials in the Philippines and in Porto Rico, that men in charge of the Panama canal should be blondes, so that the deported may have a fairer opportunity? The statement was made recently that the blonde type is disappearing. Statements of this nature are loosely made, as when it is said as from a tripod blonde woman at 40 years is less attractive, less desirable than the brunettes. There are blondes that are pulpy, and there are others firmly knit, with flesh as hard as nails. There are brunettes that are acrid, nervous, sassy; there are others that are as gorgeous and indolent as Walt Whitman's summer sun. To be broad, unprejudiced, amoral, blondes and brunettes are among the choicest dispensations of Providence. Nor is he, like Paul Verlaine, fussy about the nuance; he is contented with the color. To argue seriously that a blonde is necessarily a finer type than a brunette may serve for academic discussion, but the disputants choose their wives without prejudice. Perhaps Mr. Barle himself has red hair, as there are fierce Jew-baiters in Europe whose ancestors were indisputably of the chosen people. There are lovers of beauty who maintain that the Hindus have the most wonderful skins and complexions; witness the men that were with Miss Ruth St. Denis last season. Then there is a strange fascination in contrasts. A radiant blonde with coal black eyes and eyebrows; a dark skinned woman with tawny hair; these have their ardent admirers. The quadrangulo, the octoroon, the marabout, the griff, the mulatto—they, too, may be wondrous works of nature. And as a matter of fact there have been women, not easily classified, who have deen

"Wine openers" have read with consternation the unfavorable reports about the champagne of this year, but they should not be disturbed. No matter what the grape crop is, filled champagne bottles will arrive in great quantity. New Jersey now has a rival in Maldstone, Eng., where a beverage labelled champagne has been manufactured. It contains concentrated grape juice, and "probably gooseberry and rhubarb for reason or other, perhaps for some of the stuff too medicinal, complained in court. The defence admitted that it was wine of Maldstone, but urged that it was made from "specially imported pure French grape juice hy specially imported pure Frenchmen, nor were the grapes gathered by stableboys smoking long pipes." The sale was at auction, and the purchaser, an iron merchant, paid seven pence a pint. What did he expect at this price? Like others, he put his trust in the label, and in this instance read "Carte Blanche." No doubt he buys old port at two shillings a bottle with no extra charge for the beeswing.

And as champagne, whether it be the Maidstone brand or the wine which—
Madame de Provence gulped gaily—"Elle sabloit fort bien le champagne"—
give a heightened complexion, so either blonde or brunette face unstimulated may be as the Maidstone label. Mr. Auguste Rodin, discoursing for the pleasure of the readers of the *Matin*, finds beauty everywhere. "Greek women were beautiful, but beauty resides in the mind of the sculptors who represent them. . . . In the union of the beautiful with the ugly, it is always the beautiful that finally triumphs." The modern women as beautiful as those who stood at Phidias, and as for the beauty of the Greek Venus"—artists, then, had eyes to see it, whilst today they are blind, that is all the difference. Beauty is character and expression." Beauty, then, like the landscape, is in the eyes of the beholder, hence the futility of the discussions and analysis; hence also the desperate and fatal passions that fill the parish with amazement. "What could he see in her?" The only answer is: "He saw."

"Love Among the Lions" Well
Played at the Hollis
Street Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Love Among the Lions," a farcical romance in four acts by Winchell Smith, founded on a novel by F. Anstey. Produced by Charles Frohman.

Theodore Sanders.....A. E. Matthews
Prof. Charles Polkinton.....Ira Simpson
Archibald Chumley.....Charles Sterling
Chevallier.....Wilson Reynold
Rev. Albert Skipworth.....Ernest Cossart
Hannibal Sawkins.....Clarence Handyside
Gustave Brinkerhoff.....Robert Bessie
Henry.....George T. Barber
Attendant.....George Spalvin
Lorana de Castro.....Jane Oake
Mile. Monte.....May Blayney
Ruth Rakesberry.....Ellis Sumner
Mary.....Amy Short

This farce was played for a short time early this year in New England. It was produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, Aug. 8, when Mr. Matthews made his first appearance in that city.

Among the Lions" is extravagant in situations and in dialogue, in its caricature of the laws of probability, in its caricature of human weaknesses and foibles. The startling point, however, is not preposterous. The bride and women have insisted that the wedding ceremony should be performed in some unusual manner. They have been married in balloons and in the shafts of mines; on mountain tops and in gloomy caves. Here the wedding some years ago there was a wedding in a cage of wild animals. The event was widely advertised in advance. The ceremony drew a crowd, and there was soft and voluptuous bridal music played on a cabinet organ. The romantic Loredana, therefore original in the form, sight of her wish to win fame in the eyes of the people. Indeed, she knew of the couple in America, and envied the bride who gave her hand and received the ring in the case of lions.

Lorana's love is a gentle, timid youth, and his profession, that of tea taster, has not developed his body or his courage. Loving Lorana desperately, he consents to share her romantic folly, and then endeavors to thwart her plan. Fate is against him. Obstacles that appeared insuperable are removed. Dressing in the lion tamer's room, after a struggle to be brave, he faints from fear, and the lion tamer thinks that he himself is married to Lorana. She believes that her Theodore has been married to Mlle. Leonie. Hence complications for a final act with grotesque characters are introduced. Grosesque characters are introduced, as Lorana's stepfather, the professor, as a modern system of elocution; Watkins, the proprietor of the circus; Nalino, the lion tamer; a queer clergyman and a stupid maid.

In the third and fourth acts the main idea is beaten rather thin, and the ending of the third act is the weakest situation in the farce, whereas this ending should be the strongest. Yet in the fourth act the professor of elocution is more amusing than in the first, and there is opportunity for Miss Oaker, as Lorana, to give an eccentric exhibition of her own talent. As a whole the

Cowardice on the stage always amuse audience even when the actor's art is mediocre or crude. Thackeray asked whether the popular admiration of the soldier was not based on the fact that we are all coward at heart. Mr. Matthews, who played for the first time in Boston, was effective for many reasons, and first of all because he represented Theodore as a human being who behaved as nine tenths of the men in the audience would have behaved in the same situations.

This Theodore was never too aggressively a coward. His betrothed, in fact, thought him brave. The impersonation of Mr. Matthews was in every way plausible—after the farcical premises were granted—consistent, and very human. There was a fine crescent of timidity. Little by little the natural shrinking from the ordeal grew to abject terror. And this growth, free from extravagance at every step, reached its climax inevitably. Theodore could not have acted otherwise.

There were many delightful bits of business in this impersonation that added to the general effect and were not as disquisitions for the sake of arousing laughter. Take, for instance, the inconsequential packing and unpacking of the portmanteau, and the attempt to shave. Mr. Matthews made his points neatly, and was irresistibly amusing by indirection, by reserve, by the willingness to admit a certain degree of intelligence in the audience. Perhaps the crowning merit of a constantly admirable performance was this: Theodore, even when he was most cowardly, was never contemptible. The sympathy of the spectator was in direct ratio with the timidity of the character.

Miss Blayne gave a finely composed and finely acted impersonation of the cold woman. Physically charming, she held attention by her grace and by her diction. Miss Oaker was eminently successful in portraying the romantic, mooning spirit of the girl who wishes the world to know her aspirations. Mr. Handyside was excellent as the circus manager of more strongly marked performance of the professor and the lion tamer. Mr. Cossart gave character to the part of the Clergyman.

The farce was greatly enjoyed last night by an audience that filled the theatre. It will surely be enjoyed by many during the engagement, and it deserves success.

Nathaniel Duncan.....	John Barrymore
Henry Kellogg.....	Francis Byrne
George Burnham.....	Walter Horton
Sam Graham.....	Forrest Robinson
Mr. Lockwood.....	Charles Fisher
"Hi".....	George Centre
"Watty".....	John C. Brownell
Betty Graham.....	Mary Ryan
Josie Lockwood.....	Eda Bruna

Count Arnheim.....	James L. Stevens
Thaddeus.....	Paul Victor
Floresten.....	Maurice Lavigne
Devilshoof.....	Charles Gallagher
Captain of the Guard.....	Ralph Nicholls
Officer.....	Ralph Nicholls
Servant.....	C. Drumheller
Gipsy Messenger.....	H. Ben All
Queen of the Gypsies.....	Freeman
Arline.....	Miss Bettina Duffield
Buda.....	Miss Blanche Childs
	Miss Bernice Childs

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Reproduction of "A Gentleman from Mississippi," a play in four acts, by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise.

Principals in the cast:

SHUBERT THEATRE: Fritz Scheff
and company in "The Mikado," comic
opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, Cast:

The Mikado of Japan.....	William Danforth
Nanki-Poo.....	Frank Rushworth
Po-Ko.....	Digby Bell
Koo-Koo.....	H. S. Waterous
Poor-Tush.....	Arthur Cunningham
Yum-Yum.....	Mme. Fritz Scheff
Pitti-Sing.....	Hattie Fox
Peep-Bo.....	Marie Rose
Katisha.....	Kate Condon

Frank Beresford.....	John Craig
John Silkstone.....	Bert Young
Capt. Vere.....	George Hassell
Reuben Armstrong.....	Donald Meek
Matthew Brookfield.....	Wilfred Young
Joseph Thorndyke.....	Walter Walker
Capt. Salem.....	A. L. Hickey
Patrick Desmond.....	Al Rossi
Toby.....	Edgar James
Dorothy Tremble.....	Francis Shirley
Mary Brown.....	Mabel Colcord
Sam Desmond.....	Gertrude Shirley
Fusim Brookfield.....	Mabel Curtiss

ugs;	Rev. J. n Douglass...	Herbert Barrington
	Deacon Strong.....	Leslie Newman
	Deacon Elverson.....	Walter V. Milton
main	Doctor Hartley.....	Howard Lindsay
endu-	Hasty Jones.....	William Henchey
ntu-	Uncle Toby.....	David R.
ding	Big Jim.....	Julius Ferrar
the	Joe Barker.....	Alfred Trueschel
is in	Wes. Willoughby.....	Lillian A. Jackson
and	Will Willoughby.....	Edgar Shaw
, as	Julie Willoughby.....	Flora Wyman
ation	Julia Strong.....	Victoria Hannaford
tho	Mae Perkins.....	Eugenia Forde
tho;	Mandy Jones.....	Marie Platt
	Polly.....	Elliot Speare

Aeroplane at Close Range—Marshall P. Wilder and Some Shadowgraphs.

That the interest created by the aviation meet has not died out was demonstrated last evening by the interest shown at B. F. Keith's Theatre, when a Herring-Curtiss biplane was exhibited. The machine was the one that was used by Curtiss at Rheims, France, last year. There is a short talk with illustrations about the history of the aeroplane, and moving pictures are shown of the meet at Los Angeles. The workings of the biplane are carefully explained by a young man who appears to know all about flying.

The bill this week is unusually well balanced. Chasing called the world's greatest shadowgraphist, lives up to his reputation. Not only did he amuse his audience with his hands, but used his feet, too.

J. W. Sherman's first presentation in this city of "Enchantment," a series of tableaux in which living models are made to appear and disappear in full view of the audience, won much applause. The act wound up with the vision of St. Catherine, the figure coming into sight and fading from view on a well lighted stage.

Marshall P. Wilder is just as entertaining as ever, and has several new stories which keep the audience laughing. Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich have a novel singing act which is a complete success. The voices of both are good, and they perform with a vim which is contagious.

Robert Henry Hodge and his company present a farcical sketch, "Troubles of Bill Blithers, Bachelor." Mr. Hodge is droll in his role of a bachelor, whom three women persist in making love to.

The Rolfeons made their first appearance here in their musical act. B. A. Rolfe, the cornetist, was ably aided by Miss Marjorie Riley, soprano, and five other men and two women who played.

Henry Clive, who was assisted by Miss Mal Sturgis Walker, proved himself an entertainer of ability.

Sept 21 10

"THE CUB" OPENS AT THE GLOBE

Douglas Fairbanks Gives New Impersonation of Himself in Buchanan Play.

BY PHILIP HALE
GLOBE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Cub," a comedy by Thompson Buchanan. Produced by William A. Brady.

Steve Oldham.....Douglas Fairbanks
Judge White.....Charles Stanley
Zeké King.....James A. Marcus
Hop Gibbs.....R. A. Wessels
Charlie Hall.....Elmer Booth
Jack Bentley.....Ernest Baxter
Noah Renlow.....Charles Macdonald
Thliden McFields.....Joseph Green
Alice Bentley.....Millicent Evans
Beckie King.....Blanche Latell
Mrs. Minerva Renlow.....Louise Rial

Mr. Buchanan calls his play a comedy, but it is now a roaring melodrama, now a farce comedy, and at times, to use the language of the young woman at the graduation exercises, it is a sweet mingling of both. A reporter of the Louisville Courier-Journal is sent into the mountains of Kentucky to write an impartial account of the White-Renlow feud. Viewed at first with suspicion by the White faction, he is adopted by the members. Falling in love with Alice Bentley of the Renlow faction, he falls into the hands of the leader and the "killer," nearly loses his life, and at last is discharged by the managing editor of the Courier Journal for sending a faked story, the story which saved him from being shot and buried in a molon patch. The play ends abruptly, inconsequentially, absurdly, as though the dramatist had grown weary of his task and realized the futility of his work. Even if Col. Henry Waterson and the "star eyed goddess" had been introduced in an apotheosis, the ending would not have been more propitious.

It is true that Mr. Buchanan's task was not an easy one. He wished perhaps to treat dramatically a feud, as tragic as any known to Corsica. It is evident at times that he thought of treating it seriously. His seriousness is that of the perfervid melodrama, with his McFields, the slayer of men, nobly generous at the end, with the superstitious old crone seeing ominous signs in the cabin fire. But there was Mr. Douglas Fairbanks standing waiting for a part, which, though it is really Steve Oldham in the play, is really Douglas Fairbanks. If this comedian should play any other part, he should impersonate any other character, the public would be disappointed.

It likes Mr. Fairbanks, his peculiar voice, his mannerisms, his quickness of repartee, his imperturbability based on a freshness that is appalling, his unflagging good nature. Introduce him at once the audience become farcical. And so the action could not be taken seriously by the audience last night. They laughed at every line spoken. Mr. Fairbanks did not wait for the comedy to be completed; they in-

stead on a scene, and, supported by the commendable shortness of it, Mr. Fairbanks was amusing in farcical manner; as a compound of nerve and cowardice, as a man of ingenious resources and equally ingenious questions, answers, comments and reflections, as floor manager at the school-house dance, as captive in the mountain cottage, as brisk or sentimental wooer. In other words, he was constantly and consistently himself.

There are scenes in this play that suggest the drama that is yet to be written on the subject of a Kentucky feud, a drama that might be as grim and romantic as any Corsican tale by Prosper Merimee. And even in "The Cub" there are a few scenes, as those in which Alice appears in the first act, and that of the schoolhouse dance that stand out prominently; the former by reason of the charming apparition of Miss Evans; the latter on account of plausible realism.

The play, as it is, will undoubtedly be popular. Audiences delighted with the touch-and-go, slap-dash vitality of Mr. Fairbanks, laughing uproariously at his quips and pranks, will not stop to inquire what might have been done with the subject, or whether the mountaineers, with due allowance for exaggeration, are true to life.

The company is fully adequate. Miss Evans was a pleasure to the eye and ear and Miss Latell was sufficiently grotesque as Beckie. The acting of Messrs. Stanley, Marcus, Macdonald was especially to be commended, and Mr. Green had moments when he rose above conventional melodrama. With Mr. Fairbanks, effervescent on the stage, it was not easy for his associates to play their parts with straight faces.

It appears from this play that a new and unfledged reporter of the East he is called by many names, chiefly complimentary, but the term "cub," descriptive of one of ironical endearment, is unfamiliar.

This afternoon Thomas A. Wise will play a minor part in this farce, Thursday afternoon at the Majestic Theatre, Mr. Fairbanks will be seen in his old part of "Bud" Haines in "A Gentleman from Mississippi."

Sept 22 10

MEN AND THINGS

Newspapers of New York stated recently that Senator John Kean of New Jersey was graduated at Yale University in the class of 1876. The statement was incorrect. Senator Kean was a member of that class in freshman year, but he did not graduate. His brother Julian, of the same class, received his degree. The senator's arch-foe, Mr. Charles N. Fowler, formerly member of Congress, also graduated in 1876. The senator was not a hard student, and in college he was interested in class politics rather than in his textbooks.

There were other men in '76 at Yale who afterward won reputation, and in some instances notoriety. Mr. Edgar E. Saltus, the novelist, left college in sophomore year. Mr. Otto T. Bannard was graduated with honors. Walker Bingham, police commissioner of New York long ago, left the class before graduation to enter West Point. "Bob" Cook, originally in '75, received his degree in '76. Mr. Elmer B. Howe, the distinguished lawyer in Boston, was an honor man. Messrs. Lispenard, Stewart and Creighton Webb were then as now interested in society news and events. Mr. Victor H. Metcalf, ex-secretary of the navy, left college to study law. He was known for his skill as a sculler.

It was stated in the obituary notices of Myron W. Whitney that he was organist and choir master for several years at the Church of the Advent. The late singer was thus confounded with Mr. S. B. Whitney, whose name will long be associated with that church. Myron W. Whitney never played the organ and never went through the drudgery of training a boy choir. Mr. S. B. Whitney came from Woodstock, Vt., where his father was an innkeeper well known the country round.

One of the singer's chief characteristics was his unfailing humor, which was often sharpened into wit. This wit was kindly, never malicious. After he left the stage and concert hall he was persuaded to teach for a time in Boston; but teaching was not congenial to him and he gladly returned to his Cape Cod farm and fishing. His sons, William L. and Myron W., are professional musicians. The former, a well rounded, admirably equipped musician, teaches the art of singing. He at first intended to be a concert singer, but a curious shyness, not to be overcome, has robbed the public of pleasure. And, although he studied composition at Munich and elsewhere and has written songs of such pronounced merit that publishers have sought to add them to their catalogues, he has not yet been prevailed upon, and the songs are still in manuscript. The younger brother is widely known as an accomplished concert singer, and he has appeared in opera in France and in this country. Some may remember his duet with his father at a Handel and Haydn concert.

Mr. C. G. Oyston of Seattle receives as a visitor the ghost of the late Lord Byron. The ghost is described as "superbly beautiful" and "more glorified" than the poet was represented when he was in the flesh. This spirit appears preferably to "the clairvoyant vision" of Mrs. Oyston in the "quiet seclusion" of her home. "His voice is as musical as a silver bell, his bearing as graceful as that of a Castilian nobleman, and his manner courtly and dignified." When he leaves, "the room seems comparatively gloomy." Mr. Oyston says that the ghost is accompanied by a "delicious, spicy perfume." Byron was passionately addicted to

drinking gin is a habit, but the romantic will be relieved when they learn that the ghost held before Mrs. Oyston a sprig of myrtle.

There have been men who by reason of a wonderful constitution of body breathed forth delectable odors while they were alive. Plutarch relates of Alexander the Great (in the brave translation into English by Sir Thomas North) that "the conqueror was thus favored." "I remember I read also in the commentaries of Aris-totenus, that his skin had a marvellous good savor, and that his breath was very sweet. Inasmuch that his body had so sweet a smell of it self, that all the apparel he wore next unto his body, took thereof a passing delightful savor, as if it had bene perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be, the very temperature and constitution of his body, which was hot and burning like fire. For Theophrastus is of opinion, that the sweets savor cometh by means of the heat that dryth up the moisture of the body. By which reason also it cometh, that the drie and hot countries peached with heat of the sunne, are those that deliver unto us the best spices; because that the sunne drieth up the moisture of the outward parts, as a matter of corruption. This natural heat that Alexander had, made him (as it appeareth) to be given to drinke, and to be hasty."

Another man well favored in this respect was Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was not chary in recounting his own gifts and accomplishments, and in his autobiography this curious passage occurs, in the section beginning: "I shall relate now some things concerning myself which, though they may seem scarcely credible yet, before God, are true."

After stating that he had a pulse on the crown of his head, he adds: "It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats and other garments I wear next to my body are sweet beyond what either can easily be believed or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco, which toward my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time."

Prof. Brander Matthews has been taken to task for her definition of the word "joint." He stated in court, as the readers of The Herald may remember, that the word is applied to any place whither men and women are lured to gamble.

The term is not a very old one. It was unknown to the early compilers of slang dictionaries. Mattell of New York knew it not in the fifties. The first reference quoted in the New England Dictionary is dated in 1883 (Harper's Magazine), and the term was then applied to an opium den. The definition in this dictionary is as follows: "A partnership or union; or a place of meeting or resort, especially of persons engaged in some illicit occupation, specially (in America) a place illegally kept (usually by Chinese) for opium smoking, an opium den; also applied to illicit drinking saloons." In students' slang "joint" means "a club."

In Henley and Farmer's "Slang and Its Analogues," the definitions include "a gambling house." But to nine persons out of 10 "joint" is coupled with "opium."

To C. E. F. We do not know the age of Mr. A. E. Matthews, the English comedian. His first appearance in the West End, London, was at the Princess Theatre, in April, 1896, as Mr. Wentworth in "The Star of India." We understand that Miss May Blayney is the wife of Mr. Matthews. This is his first visit to the United States.

"Skin-the-Goat," Fitzharris, the man who drove the murderer's in a cab to Phoenix Park, Dublin, died a fortnight ago. We have seen no reason given for his nickname, but the Pall Mall Gazette says that he was as picturesque a ruffian as his name was quaint. "The butt and sport of every 'hazard' in the city of Dublin, he was none the less cunning because he had a face like a damaged Greek god and wore a grimace that concealed an evil propensity toward crime."

Old church records and traditions in Great Britain furnish Mr. Herklimer Johnson with entertaining material for his colossal sociological work. The Scottish Episcopal chaplain to Lord Ogilvie administered the exorcism on the field of Culloden with oat cake and whiskey and without a thought of irreverence. No liquid refreshment was taken in the old days without a formal blessing. The minister of Dunrossness wrote in 1778: "After baptism he brought a dram. Offering to take it without a blessing, I checked him. I am afraid that soon forgetting what had been told him he gave loose to daft mirth, and, going out, was struck dead."

Sept 24 9 10

Fagan's "The Earth."

When Mr. James B. Fagan's play, "The Earth," was produced at the Kingsway Theatre, London, in April, 1909, The Herald soon afterward gave the substance of the criticisms pronounced upon it. "The Earth" is now published in an attractive form by Duffield & Co., New York, in the series entitled "Plays of Today and Tomorrow."

The leading character in "The Earth" is a newspaper king, whose three chief papers have a combined circulation of 4,000,000 a day. To the proprietor this figure is unsatisfactory. When his

editor remonstrates him that circulation has a limit of elasticity, he replies: "It has. When there isn't a man or woman in the world who doesn't read one of my papers in the morning, I'll admit you've reached it." The manager of "The Earth" says "Amen" to this and adds: "Man, dear by that time we'll be in communication with Mars, and be running a wee special edition of our own up there."

To gain this circulation Sir Felix Janlon, whose mouth shuts like a steel trap, this burly man, who is "uncomfortably alive," pursues the sensational, and has no respect for even domestic privacy.

"Before I went into journalism," he says to his editor, a decent, well educated man, trained in the old school of the London press, "Wives used to ask over the breakfast table, 'anything in the paper, dear?' and the husband invariably replied, 'nothing, darling.' Well, I changed all that. If a man says that with one of my papers in front of him, he's a liar; if he isn't, my editor's a fool." And if there are days when nothing happens, then it is the business of the editor to make them happen. "You've got to make things happen, that's what you're there for. * * * Things are always happening—if you can't see importance into them, you haven't got the journalistic eye." Sir Felix complains of a correspondent's account of a first-class railway smash. The editor insists that the essential facts were reported. "Facts! What's that got to do with it? There's no color, no details, no imagination. He's got to make you see this accident—sling his news at you in spasms—hurting at you in raw chunks of bleeding humanity. If he can't, let him go and grow flowers somewhere—we've no use for him. When people open their papers in the morning, let them think the world's upside down. Take their breath away—hit them in the eye, bang, every day. They like it—it's a tonic. It makes them think they're jolly lucky they're alive."

This roaring exponent of "modern journalism" is bound to defeat a wages bill to be introduced by one Trevena, who is in love with the wife of a dissipated and spendthrift nobleman. Trevena's love is returned. Sir Felix discovers the intrigue and threatens Trevena with public disgrace unless he withdraws the bill. Trevena yields, to save the honor of his beloved one, but she goes to Sir Felix and declares that she will visit the offices of other newspapers and tell them the whole story. "The Enrth" has already announced that the bill will be withdrawn. Beaten by the woman's heroism, Sir Felix acknowledges his defeat and publishes a contradiction.

The play is entertaining reading, and that it is an "acting play" is well known. All the characters are sharply drawn; the dialogue is brisk, natural, human; there are strong situations; the moralization is by inference and it is not thrust upon the audience. With Dessler's "Don" and Galsworthy's "Strife" Mr. Fagan's drama belongs to a new order of English plays that command respect—plays with ideas that are dramatically presented.

MEN AND THINGS

The Washington Post, discussing the all-important question, whether the mint in the pulch should be crushed or bruised, exclaims: "But why debase whiskey by mingling it with meaner elements? Why not take it straight? That was the one virtue of Dickens' immortal miscellan', Daniel Quilp."

Daniel Quilp did not drink whiskey. He drank rum, and he did not always drink it straight. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" (chap. iv), Mr. Quilp returns home unexpectedly and finds his wife drinking tea with her neighbors. He invites them with fine irony to stop to supper "and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable." After the guests leave he punishes his wife by compelling her to sit through the night, while he smokes and drinks. Rum is set before him in a huge case-bottle. He orders cold water and he mixes grog.

There was a famous night on which Mr. Quilp drank rum hot and straight; when he entertained Mr. Sampson Brass in the cabin on Quilp's wharf. It will be remembered that Mr. Quilp drank about half a pint of the bubbling and hissing liquor from a saucepan; that he refused to give the lawyer any water; that Mr. Brass, much against his will, took a few short sips, coughed violently and was heard to declare that it was "beautiful indeed."

The Washington Post also says that whiskey taken straight "made Nelson's bullocks gain Trafalgar." We doubt whether these sea dogs drank whiskey. They were fired to heroic deeds by rum or gin or brandy. It is well to be accurate in these matters. The great book on "The Demon Rum" is yet to be written. Of what profit is it, then, for the United States Brewers' Association to make arrangements for a "wet five-foot shelf," a shelf of books by authors ranging from John Stuart Mill to Mr. Holman Day?

There are barkeepers' guides, books on ale and brewing, treatises on wines and strong waters, cocktail lexicons, but there is no vast and authoritative work that will at once command the respect of two-handed drinkers and peacemakers, aesthetes and humanitarians, ascetics and prohibitionists. We are told that this brewers' shelf will include "Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England." This is good news, but it should also include "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye" and "Wild Wales" by George Borrow, for no one ever wrote more intelligently, fascinatingly and lovingly about ale than this English gypsy. He judged the quality of a parish by the ale at its tavern. Thus did he also determine the character of the inhabitants. Mortimer Collins, walking through

and, followed in Borrow's footsteps and had a nice knowledge of ale in a noble first of his "Pen Sketches." The did not come up to the stature of George Borrow in life and literature, although Mr. Ernest Newman of Birmingham had the courage to state some years ago in an English review published in Paris that the friend of Isopel Berners and Mr. Petulengro was not better than a bounder.

A self five feet long is all too small. George Arnold's poems should have a place, if only for the "Ballad of Applejack," and "Beer," which begins:

With my beer
I sit
While it's moments fit
Unheeded by.

The brewers should make no mistake; George Arnold, not Matthew. There is a great storehouse of bacchanalian ditties from Anacreon to Capt. Morris; from Selley to Francis S. Saltus, whose "Planks and Flagon" would be peculiarly appropriate with its poetical characterization of wines, malt liquors and the stronger waters. Mr. Saltus, alas, did not write an address to rum, but only to rum punch. His rum punch would not have appealed to Mr. Quilp:

The wine to give thee lasting fame comes
Jamaica sends thee sugar-cane, o'er seas;
And pungent spices from the Antilles
Lend thee the perfumes of the southern vines.

France gives thee the crimson sorcery of her wines,
Mongolia wishes her yellow leas,
And to endow thee with rare mysteries,
She yields her lemons and sweet pines.
Thou dost recall to me days debonaire,
And visions of the Quartier Latin, where,
Chatting around thy bluish spectral light,
Insouciant students and alert grisettes
Drink thee, while puffing regie cigarettes,
Making with merry song the startle
night!

Neither this poem nor the brew itself would have appealed to Mr. Quilp. What would he have done with cigarettes, he who furiously smoked rank cigars? Mr. Saltus wrote sonnets in praise of Irish whiskey and of Scotch whiskey, but he ignored American red-eye and Bourbon. The poet, alas, did not write as a theorist. Perhaps he would have written better verse if he had confined himself to toast and water, slippery elm tea, and to bingo, that delicious summer drink, mentioned by John Phoenix: Three parts water gruel, two of root beer; thicken with a little soft squash and strain through a cane-bottomed chair. And yet root beer, according to report, recently did Senator Lodge much harm. A middle-aged statesman should not run such risks. To drink root beer safely one must have been accustomed to it from his youth up.

And in this praise of rum punch, Mr. Saltus found weak adjectives and halting rhythms, and he struck false notes. "Insouciant!" "Alert!" The grisette had disappeared from Paris when Mr. Saltus was old enough to pronounce the word and wonder what it meant. There were students' girls, as there are today and will be for years to come, but the grisette as sung by Beranger and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the grisette of De Musset and Murger, has long been as extinct as the dodo.

Dr. William Maginn's "Maxims of O'Doherty" should be within easy reach, and the volume should contain the song in honor of gin-twist and the still finer one celebrating the pewter quart. Browning's "Nationality in Drinks" should not be ignored and Tennyson's poem about the Cock tavern should stand beside it. We do not recall at present any page of Wordsworth or of Mrs. Felicia Hemans that is claiming for room. The United States Brewers' Association in filling this shelf has a solemn duty to discharge. The choice should be made with the utmost care. There should be no favoritism. The reader, taking down a book at random, should not be allowed for a moment to entertain the suspicion that he has in his hand an elaborate and ingeniously disguised advertisement.

The Washington Post may say that it spoke of whiskey as a common term for many alcoholic drinks. It is true that "rum" is used generically, as explained by Dr. Holmes when the question was raised at that ideal boarding house: "Do you go in for rum as a steady drink?" But whiskey is whiskey. There are many varieties of it and in spite of the Kentucky saying some of them are bad. There are various rums, as New England and more specially Medford, Santa Cruz, Jamaica, pine-apple, hot rum and butter—the season for it is approaching, yet, writing in a no-license village we hear no joy bells and see no bonfires building—but rum is something nearer and farther than these; its horizon is cosmic. If there be liquors in the mysterious worlds of Hierules—toward which some say this solar system and all other systems are tending—they would be legitimately included in the all-embracing, robust, sonorous word "rum."

Mr. George Gokino, meeting Mr. Richard Taylor in Pleasant street, pointed to Mr. Taylor's "neckwear" and exclaimed joyfully: "That's my necktie and that's my collar," and by reason of this identification Mr. Taylor was removed by Judge Wentworth from the madding crowd for four months. He was removed to a place where niceties in dress are not regarded. This shows the advantages of wearing cravats and collars that display originality in taste. Had Mr. Gokino been as cowardly as most of us who, at ease, in haberdashery shop or at the hatters buy weekly articles that the clerk says are good now by our best people," had Mr. Gokino selected cravats and collars as good ones to convention, he

might have said: "This necktie, this collar, and thousands are slaves to it." We should have welcomed a description of the cravat. Perhaps it was of a peculiarly defiant red; perhaps of an exquisite Nile green or porpoise blue. Was the collar of the Gladstonian order of architecture or was it cut abnormally low? It matters not.

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald of last Thursday, mentioning in this column the nickname "Skin-the-Goat," by which James Fitzharris was known in two hemispheres, said that it did not know the origin of the nickname. Since that statement was made, we have learned from the Dublin correspondent of the London Times that Fitzharris was thus nicknamed "from the fact that he once killed with his clasp knife a goat that he discovered eating the straw out of his horse's collar." We should like a more romantic or a more brutal story, one that called to mind the splendidly savage days when kinks ruled in Ireland and they and their wives and daughters and the "good people" were providing material for Mr. Yeats' tales and dramas.

How nicknames stick! We frequently see a man who is highly respected in this community. He has land and beehives. He holds positions of authority. He is outwardly imposing, with a swelling and untached dome. His name is always on the list of "leading citizens." A judicious father and an irreproachable husband, his word is law in his household. Yet we can only think of him as "Guffins." This nickname was given to him in school on account of the size of his feet, for boys are cruel animals. His feet are still large, and the nickname is therefore still descriptive. Would he answer to it if we were to shout it when near him? Is he still conscious of the fact that he was thus irreverently known? Does he ever speak the word when he is restless in the night watches?

The dignity of middle age is no protection against the early nickname, whether it were unerring or wildly fantastical, nor does the sanctity of office clog the memory of the man's early associates. A judge of the United States supreme court was still known as "Stump," even when he was vigorous and in the performance of his duties. The nickname at school or college, surviving, may be caught up by the crowd and speed a citizen to high office, or it may ruin his chances. There are persons singularly gifted in the invention of these names, and they are to be feared. William Cobbett was a shining example, for the nicknames he found out for his political foes made them squirm at the time, and in some cases preserved their memory as a fly is preserved in amber.

Parents often do lasting harm to their children by bestowing on them at baptism names that are laughably incongruous or are in themselves ridiculous. Montaigne said through John Florio as interpreter: "Every several nation hath some names, which I wot not how are sometimes taken in ill part, as with us Jacke, Hodge, Tom, Will, Bat, Benet, and so forth." Why Tom and Will and Jack should be taken in ill part is not now easily explained. We doubt whether any one was so irreverent as to call William the Conqueror "Bill" to his face, and there is no mention of the cardinal showing his unbounded stomach to the point of calling Henry VIII. "Hank, old boy." After the parents have done their worst, schoolfellows complete the job. They take advantage of some physical weakness or deformity. They attribute some mental disability and imagine some unenviable trait and brand their playmate with a nickname. These condensed, epigrammatic judgments are often unjust, and the belief that boys are keen judges of character is a popular fallacy. They are quick to see the vanity, meanness, pretensions, hypocrisy of older persons, but their judgment of a playmate is often wholly wrong. Yet there are men who persist in estimating their contemporaries through the recollection of school days. And so villagers can with difficulty be persuaded that the boy who left them to make his way really amounts to anything as a man. They remember his foolish performances, his exploits in apple trees and in watermelon patches, his tricks played on tripe-faced neighbors and shake sceptical heads when they hear of his success in Boston, Chicago or New York.

Where there are many boys of the same name nicknames are inevitable. It is said that at a great feast given by a Duke of Normandy, the guests were seated for the sake of convenience by their names, and at one table sat 110 knights named William. This recalls Byron's lines about the Englishmen of pith at the siege named only Thompson and Smith. Guests thus arranged might easily complain of uncongenial associates, and the disposition that pleased Normandy's duke seemed no better to Montaigne than the practice of the Emperor Geta to have his dishes served according to the first letters of their names; as, for example, those that began names, as, for example, those that began with P as pig, pie, pike, puddings, pouts, pork, pancakes, were all brought together. Here is a pleasant game for bright-eyed children beneath the evening lamp these fallow nights. "What dishes beginning with A could be served?" And the father, wishing to impress his brood and also his doubting wife by a display of infinite wisdom could make pleasing digressions and add improving glosses. Thus under the let-

ter A might he remark with a flourish: "The Dutch, my children, did not formerly sit at table men together and women first, as in England, but always with a man between the women, and it used to be considered a mark of good breeding to carry away a piece of apple pie in the pocket."

It has been decided for the benefit of custom house officers that slippers composed of cotton and leather are "shoes" and not "wearing apparel." We know of no treatise, historical and anecdotal on slippers, unless, perhaps, M. Octave Uzanne treated the subject daintily as he did the fan and the glove. There is an entertaining book on boots and George Augustus Sala's pamphlet about the hat is good reading, even if the author wrote commissioned by a hatter. We spoke not long ago of the prejudice entertained by some against slippers as spoilers of the foot's shape and now prodigious swells preferred cold boots for a change and chest temperature.

Do men wear slippers in former days? We spoke about the weary traveller arriving at the inn and exchanging his boots for public slippers. The thought is not a pleasant one, but the practice was common. Not many years ago, a man returning to his home was greeted by his loving wife, who at once ran for his slippers. Schiller spoke of the one returning, happy one, for whom there was the open door and arms mutely embracing. The picture would have been complete in the eyes of sentimentalists of the sixties if one hand of the mute embrace had held a pair of slippers.

Women, of course, still wear slippers, and not only as an irresistible weapon of coquetry—but as a comfort and a relief. There is no more delectable picture than that of a woman, slipped, before an open wood fire, which gives forth heat and also a favoring light, not, perhaps, so advantageous as the light of wax tapers, but far to be preferred to that of cynical gas or exposing electricity, however artfully softened. But a strong young man in slippers is not her fit companion during the sentimental hours. The male may have his slippers for the bathroom, for the privacy of shaving—the whole body should be relaxed during this operation—and for the return at a late hour and the necessarily stealthy step to his bedroom.

When a man has reached the apathetic years he may toast his feet, careless of observation and remark, before an open fire. Slippers are not then incongruous; but they should be chiefly of leather and they should have no heels. Few now in the city can indulge in open fires. It is true that there are gas logs in fireplaces, but they are a hollow mockery. The steam radiator is not for tired feet, and it has no fender. Decorated slippers, those worked lovingly with worsted, with heads of animals or with radiant flowers, are no longer regarded as indispensable tokens of affection. Dr. Landwer wrote a prescription for Lord Burghley to ease his gout by medicated slippers. That was in the 16th century when men were removed by poisoned boots. Slippers, as noble dames were no longer dangerous after the presentation of a fan or a bouquet or by the honor of an attending torch held before them with regard to the direction of the wind. Public slippers would now be thought poisonous, as four centuries ago the sprinkling of easing powder in hoots would have been confounded with murderous intent.

EAGERLY ANTICIPATED

It has been said that if any man should frankly tell the story of his life and set forth his views and opinions, the published record would be interesting reading, no matter how humble or insignificant that life might outwardly seem. Few have been recklessly honest in autobiography. They that have written without reserve, as Casanova, Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, Franklin, are assured of a certain immortality.

Many were delighted when they read that Mr. Abe Hummel purposes to write his memoirs. He knew many men and women in his professional career, which was so rudely interrupted. His experiences include those of prison life. He has been around the world. His memory is unimpaired and on the witness stand of his own erection he need not be mute through fear of cross-examination. Furthermore, during his absence he has made a study of sociology. His memoirs will breathe forth peace and good will. Did he not, arriving at Chicago, last week, exclaim in a fine burst: "God forbid

that any act of mine should give publicity to matters involving those with whom I have been in professional contact."

Having been counsel for actors and actresses in the dear dead days beyond recall, Mr. Hummel will naturally have much to say about the people of the stage; "but it will all be kindly." He will describe temperaments; thus there will be a whole chapter devoted to Miss Fay Templeton, "one of the grandest little

women of the stage." "Fay" is here probably a term of endearment, as is the German diminutive, for Miss Templeton is neither temperamentally nor physically slight, not even a "fausse maigre." There will be pleasing reminiscences of Edwin Booth and Tony Pastor—Mr. Hummel couples them—of Mr. Belasco and Gov. Hughes, who was once Mr. Belasco's counsel; of John McCullough, Clara Morris, Mr. John Drew and other lights.

Nor will there be in this volume any trace of foolish and unworthy race prejudice. There will be pages about Mr. Michael J. O'Brien, "the most courteous Irishman in the greatest Irish city in the world." Nor will "Bob" Ingersoll and "Joe" Choate be neglected. Mr. Hummel has long called them and others by their first name, so his intimacy with them will be unquestioned. The wonder is he does not now refer to Booth as "Eddie," to McCullough as "Jack," to Gov. Hughes as "Charley."

Alas! this book, like the colossal work of that other eminent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, is as yet incomplete. It may now be only in Mr. Hummel's mind. The present generation and those to come will never forgive him if he does not make himself the central figure and strip himself as did the illustrious predecessors we have named. One chapter should be written with especial pains: "Advice to Young Men Entering on the Practice of Law."

QUEER NEW PLAY ON LONDON STAGE

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Torrens, in George Paston's play, "Nobody's Daughter" (Wyndham's Theatre, London, Sept. 3), is the wife of Col. Torrens, who before his marriage had a child by Mrs. Frampton before her marriage. The girl, Honora, grows up. The Torrens and the Framptons are all intimate friends when Honora is 19 years old. "You have Mrs. Frampton and Col. Torrens taking considerable pains to explain to the audience how very repugnant they are to one another and how unaccountable to their passion of 19 years ago seems to them both. This may make a little inhuman, and Col. Torrens seem a little inhuman, a little too eager to sacrifice their past selves upon the altar of conjugal felicity and respectability—but, thank goodness! morality is satisfied. Whatever injury Mr. Frampton and Mrs. Torrens may have suffered, they don't know it. After all, what injury have they suffered? (1) They are the victims of pre-conjugal infidelity. Is that a very grave matter? Whatever rigid moralists may say, common sense answers No. But (2) they have been deceived and that is indeed a grave matter, seeing that, in a play, they are bound before the play is out to learn the truth. For, of course, it is inadmissible that the truth shall never come out. That would be cynicism, and English plays designed for a general audience must never be cynical."

The critic of the London Times has other entertaining things to say. The secret is divulged. Mr. Frampton at last sees the truth and addresses his spouse: "Wretched woman, you have deceived me! Your life has been a lie! How can I be sure that your sin was purely ante-conjugal? Once a paramour, always a paramour!" or words to that effect. "Mrs. Torrens takes it much more quietly. In fact, you will already have guessed it, not merely because the play is written by a woman, but because it is a convention of all plays to magnify woman's instinct. . . . She (Mrs. Torrens) is not only a triumphant example of woman's instinct; she also illustrates woman's large tolerance and woman's power of arguing down an impulsive, stupid, primitive man. Mr. Frampton's chief grievance is that his wife is exiling her daughter for all those years and denying her her proper social advantages, has been a bad mother. Here, of course, is a fine opening for Mrs. Torrens (evidently George Paston is determined that the 'whig dogs' shall have the best of it.) Just like you men! Talking fine about motherhood, when we women who have the work of it, know better. Will you never understand that motherhood is not a holy sacrament but an animal instinct? And Mrs. Torrens clutches her remarks with various striking physiological illustrations, including one drawn from the reproductive capacity of the salmon! You suspect that Mrs. Torrens has been getting into this tremendous form of hers by speaking at some of the recent woman suffrage meetings."

The guilty ones are forgiven, and Mr. Frampton adopts his wife's daughter and promises to advance the interests of Honora's young man, an industrious and respectable mechanic.

The Times clari-fies the play as "interesting" and "distinguished," though the story is not without traces of artificiality, and though its morality, with all its air of braving the conventions, is rather conventional. Good his-

speech might be applied to actresses, who, in the world as it is, will not or cannot leave the stage. It should not be said of Mme. Bernhardt, if current report is to be accepted. She is still brilliant as an actress, graceful and fascinating as a woman. She still delights her audiences; she is still working for them she loves.

Sept 27 1910

MEN AND THINGS

A Boston publisher received not long ago a letter from an earnest soul in a western town, from one discontented with the present condition of the drama, and eager for the elevation of the stage, although it be only by the aid of k screws.

A playwright who desires to keep a record of the best plays of today, but who lives in a provincial town, has a list of plays: Wilde, then on Bernard Shaw, then on Maurice Maeterlinck. It is hard to say now just who my favorite is. He should be a monist, and an artist, a composit of Ernest Haackel and Robert Browning. Is there such a one?

Ibsen's plays haven't the vitality of monistic psychology. I sometimes think that Spencer didn't write stage dramas. Where are the Goethes of today? I see Stephen Phillips has a list on his list. Is it possible he has improved the German poet-scientist? After gormandizing on drama for the past 20 years—more or less—I am afraid I have developed a hypercritical taste. I hunger for good plays—and, alas, can find none!

Why should the ideal dramatist be a "monist"? Monism, as we understand the word, after a hasty glance at the dictionary—a book that should be constantly within reach of the humblest—is "the doctrine of cosmology that attempts to explain the phenomenon of the cosmos by one principle of being or ultimate substance." Perhaps Mr. George M. Cohan, the most successful American dramatist, is a monist without knowing it. Certainly his explanation of cosmic phenomena is clear to his heroes who have only one and a noisy principle of being. Herbert Spencer wrote foolishly about music, not in his attempt to trace its origin, but as a student of its development and as a critic. It is not easy to think of him as a dramatist. Browning's plays never met with genuine success on the stage; they lacked the light touch, the dramatic intensity, the knowledge of theatrical effects that Haackel would have given to them had it been possible for him to collaborate with Browning.

It is hard to answer the inquiry: "Where are the Goethes of today?" There should be at least one in Indianapolis, Ind., which is not only the literary centre of the United States, but the Omphalos of the literary world. What was Weimar in comparison? Meanwhile this student of the drama is as one thirsting in the desert, and to him applauded dramatic springs and fountains are as mirage. Can not some of Prof. Baker's young men do something for him? Possibly there is a monist in the class.

Mr. G. R. Sims, considering the fried fish question in London, gives a record of the daily fare of a poor family, consisting of father, mother and four children, whose ages are 16, 12, 10 and 4 years. This family lives in three rooms, and the rent is \$8. 6d. The eldest boy earns 18s. 6d. a week. The next oldest boy is dying of consumption. The father, when Mr. Sims wrote, had had work for only two days in a fortnight.

The breakfast for all the days in the week consisted of bread and "butter" and tea. The dinner on Sunday was bread and what was called butter, but on the Sunday before there was a "potatoe" made from one pound of "pieces" of potatoes, onions and carrots. The Monday after this stew the family ate the remnants with a half-penny worth of pickles. Tuesday, bread and butter; Wednesday, fish and "taters"; Thursday, bread and drippings—the drippings were sent by a cousin in service; Friday, fish and "taters"; Saturday, bread and butter. The evening meal consisted of bread and butter and tea, but on one night the father had a haddock at 1 1/2 pence and the mother shared one with the children, and on Sunday there was "cherry"—three heads a penny.

Messrs. Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg wrote a story, "A Matter of Mind Reading," which was published in Hampton's Magazine for October. There are advantages in collaboration. In this story is the following sentence: "But Mr. Leach, since you are so to say—the subject on which this case turns, you will not mind leaving Mr. Tyson and I alone in the office for a few moments and allowing him to retain your bid?"

If Mr. Balmer is reproached for the solecism in this sentence, he can gaily say: "MacHarg is always careless"; and if the finger is pointed at Mr. MacHarg, he can shrug his shoulders and intimate that he furnishes the ideas and Mr. Balmer puts them into shape. Or the two may speak angrily of the proofreader.

The Pall Mall Gazette has published recently a number of articles on the "drug habit in England." "Well known" and "West end" physicians have spoken freely to the reporter and told us many stories, some amazing and all pathetic. One of these "well known" physicians is all these cousins in

America as in London of the prominent gentleman who did not wish his name to be mentioned. "It is a strange but true thing," said I, "that with all responsibility, drug-taking is more prevalent among medical men and the nursing profession than in any other class today. In America it is worse still." For they are working with morphia, and it exercises a kind of fascination which almost compels them to try its effects."

This same well known physician believes that the hypodermic syringe is one of the curses of the profession, and that the younger men are "particular sinners in this respect." "No qualified doctor need use the hypodermic needle at all." And the following statement is made that the mind is impressed and that of morphia, there is more than the common interest, and at the beginning the mental operation does more harm than the drug itself. This illustration is given: "If I made up a mixture of ordinary sugar and water, put the same in a bottle and gave it a high-sounding name—say, Saccosone—told my patient it was a highly dangerous drug of great soothing properties, commenced to inject the same with some ceremony, in a short time that person would be craving absolutely for that simple solution. A slave to sugar and water."

Some of the stories told are familiar; as that of the brilliant doctor who had reduced himself to abject poverty and to a terrible state of emaciation by the use of morphia; others are still more melodramatic, as that of a neurotic mother inflicting her two daughters into the use of the drug, with the family physician declining to continue his visits, and a young, struggling doctor succeeding him and making hundreds of pounds out of the family. Another medical man of conspicuous ability, a slave to the social scale, drifted into the Salvation Army, later became a hawker, and died of pneumonia. He would take 80 grains in 24 hours.

Then there is the story of an author's downfall; how he lost his personal appearance counted for nothing; "to have submitted to the attentions of a barber would have proved an ordeal beyond his endurance, and the end came as a happy release."

A Berlin "society leader," returning from her annual visit to the United States, declares that "American women nowadays are doing nearly all their own housework." She is a close observer, more observing even than server. She also informs her country women that the Americans, on account of the craze for automobiles, have given up expensive clothes. These statements were so important that they were cabled to New York, and there can be no dispute concerning the accuracy of them, for they were made "at a fashionable luncheon party one day this week." The cablegram was dated Sept. 17.

A week ago we spoke of the old prejudice against the red-haired and of Mr. Frederick Boyle's annual article concerning it. Mr. Herkimer Johnson sends to The Herald the following note: "D'Arvilleux, praising the generous attentions of M. Sauvan to him, said that it was the general belief that little should be expected of the red-haired; but the Turks had observed, and perhaps others who had, that the red-haired are wholly good or wholly bad; that they are good when they are fat, but they are good for nothing when they are thin."

An English medical journal says: "Many university graduates, really clever men and eminent in the medical profession, are unable to write three consecutive lines without a spelling mistake." They should not be discouraged. Robert Louis Stevenson, witness Mr. Sydney Colvin, could not spell in "a quite accurate and grown-up manner." George Meredith always spelled "judgment," "judgement," and Queen Victoria preferred the spelling "seperate."

MISS MARIE DORO IN "ELECTRICITY"

By PHILIP HALE. PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Electricity," a new play in three acts by William Gillette. Produced by Charles Frohman.

John L. Shine Duncan K. Twimbly.....Edwin Nicander Samuel Twimbly.....Shelley Hall James Hollenden.....Marie Doro Emily Twimbly.....Mark Murdoch Ruth Draycott.....Harry Barfoot A. Baker.....L. De Bellefrais Ninette.....Francis D. McGinn Thomas Brockway.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen Mary Brockway.....Henry Hall Bill Brockway.....Allan Fawcett Joe Madison.....Myrtle Tannehill Jennie Parks.....

Mr. Gillette's play is a farce, a farce with a few sentimental scenes, with a curious travesty on socialistic theories, and an infinite amount of rapid and dull dialogue. "Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!"

The motive is a simple one, and in the hands of a more skillful dramatist, a more unctuous humorist or a keener wit, might be a restless daughter of the Twimbly, a corrupt corporation, has head of a corrupt corporation. She will not pick up a man who does not work honestly, according to her definition of honesty, the workman with the paper cap, his brow wet with honest sweat, is he ideal husband. Rich Mr. Hollenden overhears her moanings and at once repudiates young Brockway, who is repairing the electric lighting in the plutocrat's house, to let him play the part of electrician.

Thus as Bill Brockway he is able to woo Miss Twimbly. She visits the Brockways at their home. They are wondering at the absence of Bill, who

is a student of the town of the guidance of Hollenden's classmate, Samuel Twimbly. As Bill is betrothed to Jennie Parks, complications arise that can easily be imagined, and the final explanation and the happy ending are as easily foreseen.

The elder Brockway, a locomotive engineer is introduced that he may indulge in a force trade against bloated bondholders and heartless corporations. Twimbly's son is a fresh youth, disrespectful to his father, wholly without manners—witness his greeting of Miss Draycott in the first scene—a purely theatrical character, but as valuable as are the men and women with whom he is associated. No one of the characters is life like. They are all mere puppets controlled by an untiring ventriloquist, and surrounding the "personality" of Miss Doro.

No one should complain of a farce because it is wildly extravagant. Extravagance is, in fact, to be desired. A farce should never be dull, and "Electricity" is dull, often to drowsiness. The fault is not in the leading, the motive which, while it is not original, for the rich man or the prince has often taken the part of workman, is pleasant on the stage—might have suggested an entertaining play. The fault is in the dialogue, which as a rule is pointless and idle chatter.

Miss Doro has many admirers, who welcome her and applaud her without regard to the play in which she appears. It is better to accept this fact, as we accept a phenomenon of nature. The woman herself pleases many. They overlook her extreme artificiality, the evident absence of thorough dramatic training, her mannerisms that to some are irritating, her constant and unmeaning little gesture. They applaud her when she does the thing she should not do and when she leaves undone the thing she should do. Last night the large audience was warm in approbation, and she was often called before the curtain.

The supporting company responded adequately to Mr. Gillette's requirements. It was a pity to see Mrs. Whiffen in the thankless part of Mrs. Brockway. Messrs. Hall and Fawcett furnished the audience much amusement, and Mr. Hull as the lover had romantic moments, in spite of his mawkishly sentimental lines.

One of the most amusing scenes in the farce was that in which Miss Doro was consciously or unconsciously giving an imitation of Miss Maude Adams, while Miss Murdoch was at the same time earnestly endeavoring to give an imitation of Miss Billie Burke.

Mr. Frohman relied courageously on the "personality" of Miss Doro when he sent her forth in this play.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig Stock Company presents "When Knights Were Bold," a farce by Charles Marlow. The cast:

Sir Guy De Vere.....Donald Meek Wittle.....A. L. Hickey Barker.....Al Roberts Charles Widdicombe.....Wilfred Young Mr. Brian Baltimore.....George Hassell Sir Isaac Isaacson.....Bert Young Rev. Peter Pottleberry, D. D.....Walter Walker Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave.....Mabel Colcord Millicent Eggington.....Florence Shirley Marjorie Eggington.....Gertrude Shirley Kate Pottleberry.....Frances Mann Alice Isaacson.....Marie Curtis Miss Barker.....Lillian Stewart Rowena Eggington.....Mary Young

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: The Smart Set company in "His Honor the Barber," a musical comedy. The cast:

Mose Lewis.....William Ramsey Capt. Percival Dandelion.....Will Grandy Wellington White.....James Lightfoot Lily White.....Lottie Grady Caroline Brown.....Ella Anderson Ella Wheeler Wilson.....Alberta Ormes Babe Johnson.....Andrew Tribble Patrick.....Tom Donkey In her specialties.....Aida Overton Walker Raspberry Snow.....S. H. Dudley

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

A Great Deal of Comedy and Some Other Features.

Variety is one of the things most necessary in a vaudeville show and that is what the program at B. F. Keith's Theatre lacks this week. There is too much comedy.

Otto brothers, German comedians, furnish the first batch of humor. Their parodies and dancing are better than their conversation. H. F. McConnell, the next comedian pretends he is an amateur put on to fill in, and at times is a trifle laborious. The acts winds up with a colloquy between a boy selling song books in the house, a man in an orchestra seat and the performer on the stage. Of course it ends with all three on the bright side of the footlights.

McIntyre and Heath, in "The Georgia Minstrels," are funny, but they are a long while about it. The downcast air of one of the team, his plaints about an empty stomach, are laughable, but there is some unnecessary talk before they get to business. They won much laughter and applause.

Jock McKay labors under the handicap of being a Scotch comedian. That is to say, everybody immediately thinks of Harry Lauder, and this performer, with his first song, helps along the suggestion. Even as good an entertainer as Mr. McKay runs the risk of thus being unfairly judged. Mr. McKay has some jokes that are new—perhaps he imported them with his delicious dialect—sings a song or two, and plays the bagpipes. He did not receive as warm a welcome as he deserved.

Clara Belle Jerome, with William Seymour and the eight dancing Toodles, provided true sprightliness and spontaneous gaiety with their novel dances and pleasant singing. Sherman's "Enchantment," by means of a sheet of glass and black hangings, again showed several good women in poses not conspicuous for originality.

The star performer among Ballerini's dogs was a yellow cat with a marvelously long tail. Myers and Rosa gave an exhibition of lariat throwing.

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1910.

To the Editor of The Herald:

It has been my delight as a lover of nature and an observer of mankind to go Sundays in summer into the country as far as I can. As I have only modest means, I sometimes have not been able to go farther than Norumbega Park, and there was one month when I did not get beyond the Fenway. I am happy when I am alone or in a crowd. Seeing swarms of men and women in a park, at a firework exhibition, or eating hurriedly at noon in the restaurant of the South station, I wonder at the possibility of individual immortality. There are countless suns and solar systems, and there is no doubt room enough for all; nevertheless, these crowds often disturb my simple faith. But to my point.

This summer I have observed carefully the behavior of young men and maidens. I am an old bachelor—I never dared to marry on my salary—but I am not crabbed, not morose. There is nothing more entertaining than to speculate concerning the present and the future of these Sunday couples. Agur, the son of Jakeh, found four things too wonderful for him, and one of them was the way of a man with a maid. I think the way of a maid with a man is still more wonderful.

Canoeing is a favorite amusement of these couples. In 99 cases out of 100 the girls lie flat on her back in the canoe, in a bewitching attitude, that of women in famous pictures of the voyage to Cythera. The lover looks at her eagerly, adoringly, and paddles. She does not return his look. The beauties of nature are unheeded. She sees not the sky, the trees, the distant hills, the water. Her eyes are fixed on a Sunday newspaper. She does not speak. She reads her Sunday newspaper.

This may seem to you, sir, a tribute to the power of the press. To me it is a sad sight, this indifference toward nature. If she were only slyly coquetish or even boisterously flirtatious! If she only showed consciousness of the proximity of the male! But there she lies and reads a Sunday newspaper! Nor have I seen her lover sulky, resentful. He paddles faithfully, and although he is unrewarded by a smile, he still eyes her longingly. As a sentimentalist I am deeply moved by this scene of man's devotion and woman's indifference. Nor does she read to him aloud the sporting news. Her enjoyment is selfish.

HYACINTH LUTKIN

Baron Mutsui gave a dinner this week in New York and the dinner cost \$50 a plate. We are not informed how often the plates were changed. Several years ago when we were greatly daring, we dined in a Chinese restaurant on Harrison avenue with an assortment of poets, artists and some artistically inept, and many courses were served, ending with soup, but one and the same plate submitted to the messes until the soup came on. There was once a congressman, known in Albany and Troy as "Terry" Quinn, a partner of "Mike" Nolan in the brewing business. Returning from Washington, he delighted to tell his constituents the glories of the capital. "You ought to have seen the dinner we had last Tuesday night. We had high muck-a-mucks were there. We had seventeen courses and we never changed a plate."

There are some today who regret the old days when, in private houses, vegetables were put on the table with the roast, or chops, or steak. Father carved; mother held the spoon for the mashed potatoes; the grown-up daughter helped to turnip or squash, and one of the boys was proud to be entrusted with the beans or peas. The guest was pressed to eat unwisely by one of the family. "Do have some more squash," and the spoon hovered in air waiting the guest's word for the swooping descent. There was "ice water"—for the needy, "iced water," was then unknown—and the stomach-shattering fluid was in goblets. There was a caster in the centre of the table, and it could be spun like a roulette wheel. "Won't you have something from the caster?" O, the dear old words! Red pepper was then considered healthier than black, less adulterated. The bread board was on the table, and the board bore some homely German motto of good cheer in carved letters. Lettuce was dressed with sugar and vinegar, as it was usually dressed in the 17th century in England. In the inland towns oysters came in little kegs, and when there were oyster stews there were also little oyster crackers that are now not easily procured.

The ordinary crackers were better in those days. We used to get them at the baker's fresh and warm. He was a German, and under an arbor in summer he furnished those whom he could trust with lager beer. A bit of leather in the beer did not disconcert the drinker; for the contrary, it reassured him, for it was then the popular belief that every keg of lager beer should contain at least half of a boot. The leather was supposed to fortify the drink and give it a delicious tang. The crackers were sold in barrels, and they were plain, ordinary crackers, without fancy names and without a thought of educational intent. Then came the fashion for it was said crackers with cheese. It is not easy today to be more genteel. It is not easy today to find the old-fashioned soft cracker, the only one fit for a bowl of milk.

Nor was there any mincing behavior at table in the green corn season. How we would have stared at the ultra-modern corn-rod and the corn boat in which the ear greases itself with butter. One of the joys of eating corn is the personal attention to the buttering and salting. The ear was held firmly and the eater gnawed proudly his row, and

Tomatoes were looked on with suspicion by many. We knew a man who ate them with cream. He poured cream into milk-melons; he even ate cream with currants. The apples and the pears had a finer flavor in those days before scientific persons set themselves at work to "improve" fruit. Where are now the Baldwin, the Greening, the Northern Spy, the russet and the pippin of our boyhood? Where are the pears with the French names that were so woefully mispronounced? Sweetbreads were thrown away by the village butcher as unfit for decent people, and if a customer had a depraved taste, they were given to him for a trifling sum. The pig was home-raised and there was a smoke-house in the back yard. The world went very well then.

There were Americans in Dresden in 1882 who ate at Knecht's, the only restaurant in Germany where there was a grill-iron, the only one where steaks and chops were not necessarily cooked in a pan. The host looked like the Chondos Shakespeare. One day a Virginian asked for some tomatoes. The host, accustomed as he was in the strange tastes of American and Russian barbarians, shook his head, but, finally persuaded, for the Virginian swore that he would eat them at his own risk, and in case of consequent death, declare him blameless, he said he would have some for the next day. The tomatoes were ready at the appointed time, little ones, the true "Liebesapfel." The American dressed them and he and his companions ate them gaily. The restaurant was crowded with Saxons expecting to see the Americana writhing on the floor in agony or dying suddenly and rainbow-bowed in their chairs.

While we are thus garrulous let us not forget, apropos of the recent sale of the "Cal of Man" known to readers of "The Decemter" that Russell the disciple of Bacon when mining speculations fell through by reason of his patron's disapproval, retired to this life and resolved to make a perfect experiment upon himself "by a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard and honey." This diet agreed with him for he lived to be at least 80 years old.

When you are young you are told that it is hard to say "No." When you are past fifty you know without being told that it is still harder to say "Yes."

WORCESTER FESTIVAL OPENS

Mile. Dimitrieff Given Enthusiastic Reception as Marguerite.

[Special Dispatch.]
WORCESTER, Sept. 28.—The 53d festival of the Worcester County Musical Association formally opened in Mechanics' Hall tonight with the presentation of Hector Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust." This is the first time it has been given here since 1895.

Tonight the quartet included Mile. Nina Dimitrieff, the Russian soprano, who made her first appearance in America; George Hamilton, tenor; Herbert Witherspoon, baritone, and Frederick Weld, bass. The results show that the

OMAR KHAYYAM GIVEN.

Banlock's Musical Setting Well Done, Verdict of Worcester Audience.

[Special Dispatch.]
WORCESTER, Sept. 29.—The second night of the Worcester musical festival brought out the new work, Granville Banlock's musical setting of Omar Khayyam. The first part was given, consisting of 51 quatrains and the soloists were Berlek, Von Norden, tenor; Margaret Keyes, contralto, and Frederick Weld, basso.

MEN AND THINGS

Felice Ferrero, in an interesting article, "Dishes Fit for a Caesar," published in the Evening Post (New York) of Sept. 21, says: "We all know that there crossed the Rubicon, and that thereby 'the die was cast'; we do not know, however, whether that morning when he made the eventful crossing he ate breakfast or not, and, if any, what kind of breakfast it was." The writer, learned in many ways, here shows his pitiable ignorance, for breakfast, as a meal was unknown to the Romans in Caesar's time. As the Quincey puts it: "No such discovery as 'breakfast' had been made; breakfast was not invented for many centuries after that." Breakfast was not even suspected. No propriety, no type of breakfast, had been published. In fact, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. True it is, reader, that you have heard of such a word as "breakfast," and your dictionary translates that old English word by a Christian word "breakfast." But dictionaries are dull brutes. Between "breakfast" and "breakfast" the difference is as wide as between a horse-nut and a chestnut horse—different in the time when, in the place where, in the manner how, but preeminently in the thing which.

We do know this: The Roman early in the morning ate a grape or two, a fig or two, a date, a fig, an olive and a little something like a blueberry.

Felice Ferrero, in an interesting article, "Dishes Fit for a Caesar," published in the Evening Post (New York) of Sept. 21, says: "We all know that there crossed the Rubicon, and that thereby 'the die was cast'; we do not know, however, whether that morning when he made the eventful crossing he ate breakfast or not, and, if any, what kind of breakfast it was." The writer, learned in many ways, here shows his pitiable ignorance, for breakfast, as a meal was unknown to the Romans in Caesar's time. As the Quincey puts it: "No such discovery as 'breakfast' had been made; breakfast was not invented for many centuries after that." Breakfast was not even suspected. No propriety, no type of breakfast, had been published. In fact, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. True it is, reader, that you have heard of such a word as "breakfast," and your dictionary translates that old English word by a Christian word "breakfast." But dictionaries are dull brutes. Between "breakfast" and "breakfast" the difference is as wide as between a horse-nut and a chestnut horse—different in the time when, in the place where, in the manner how, but preeminently in the thing which.

De Quincey wrote this in 1839. How was he to know that in 1910 thousands would look with more favor on the Roman breakfast than on the one he enjoyed?

Yet in England years before De Quincey became acquainted with the pleasures and the torments of opium, breakfast was abolished—witness Hollinshed. Neither Cotton nor his friend Viator ate breakfast. "My diet," says the former, "is always one glass (of ale) so soon as I am dressed and no more till dinner."

And Viator says in the "Complete Angler": "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast, too." Ale and tobacco for breakfast! There were heroes in those days. There were Englishmen and English women, however, in the old days that ate and drank generously at breakfast. Here is the bill of fare set before Lord Percy and his lady in Lent: "A loaf of bread in trenchers, 2 manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, 2 pieces of salt fish, 6 bacon'd herring, 4 white herring, or a dish of sprats. And exorcise in Lent and on fish days, the breakfast for the same lord and lady consisted of 'a loaf of bread in trenchers, 2 manchets, 1 quart of beer, a quart of wine, salt a chine of mutton, or else a chine of beef boiled.' And for the nursery 'for my Lady Margaret and Mr. Ingram Percy' were provided 'a manchet, 1 quart of beer and 3 mutton bones boiled.'"

Not long ago in England six unappetizing inmates of the annexes of the Tooting Home complained to the local government board that their food was inadequate and poor in quality. This breakfast was named as a shocking example. Five ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, one pint tea or cocoa, and one pint of milk. To some, who chatter about a "hygienic" breakfast the one at the Tooting Home would seem a gorge. A little fruit, an egg, a bit of dry toast—this is indeed admirable, this breakfast does not impair the mental clockwork, and it no doubt delays the hardening of the arteries, and yet, like the Hebrews looking back regretfully to the land of Egypt, when they sat by the flint pots, and when they did eat bread to the full, we remember gratefully the breakfasts dear to the first families of Albany, N. Y., and not only the first as you approach the town: Coffee, rolls, eggs and above all, sausages and hockwurst cakes with maple syrup poured over the sausages and cakes on the same plate.

That excellent actor, Mr. George Arliss, has been talking in London. He is looking forward to Mr. Louis N. Parker's play, in which he will take the part of Dr. Bell, not the young man with the gorgeous clothes, sure of his future and challenging O'Connell's son, but the Earl of Beaconsfield at the zenith of his career. The only "love interest" in this play will be one in which Dr. Bell as a statesman assisted, as Richelieu was, interested in the love affairs of De Mauprat and Julie. Mr. Arliss is sure that Americans will appreciate the play, for he told a reporter of the Referee that they know much more about English politics and English political history than the English know, and thus he delicately flattered us. He would like to play Benedick, or Iachimo, or Iago; "and don't start—I've long had a fancy to try King Lear one of these days." He also wishes to play Nero in a drama by Mr. George E. Burton, the "most varied and natural Nero" he knows; for the Emperor in other plays is "lurid or melodramatic," but Mr. Burton portrays the "inside, domestic Nero," showing him, no doubt, by the fireside, with his tating—or playing double bezique.

A young woman in Chicago at the end of a dance exclaimed, "I could die waiting," and as she seated herself she fell over and died in a few minutes. Not many years ago in parts of New England this death would have been regarded as a visitation of Providence. Thomas Beard, who once taught Cromwell and wrote "The Theatre of God's Judgments," would have told the story with gusto and characterized the young woman's wish as impious. In many countries centuries ago the example of Salome was held up as an awful warning to village maidens, and yet nowhere in the Bible is there any allusion to divine punishment that followed the pas sent of the daughter of Herodias. There are many legends of Satan, disguised as a youth of pleasing exterior and singularly accomplished dancer, choosing a partner at a ball, dancing wildly with her, and then disappearing through the roof or up the chimney, with her, uttering a horrid cry and leaving behind a sulphurous smell.

The story that Mrs. Richard Le Gallienne is suing her husband for divorce on the grounds of desertion and non-support has excited little attention, and this possibly the poet and his publishers are disappointed. Mrs. Le Gallienne deals gently with her erring one. "He is a fine fellow, but I have not seen him for six years, during which time he has sent me no money." Mr. Le Gallienne is a provident member of the Aurora School of

Poets to assist Mr. Oliver Herford's characterization. At present Mrs. Le Gallienne keeps a millinery shop in Paris. The wonder is that the poet and essayist does not make up with his wife, join her, be useful in the shop by writing alluring advertisements or posing as a model. In one of his early books, the one that for a short time made a stir, he showed a curiously nice appreciation of women's underwear. The modern hat is surely as worthy of a lyric flight.

There is an effort to prove that Robert McCormick and not his son, Cyrus H. McCormick, invented the McCormick reaper. This is not the first time that there has been a family dispute over an invention. In the years that the combination of the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker and Singer sewing machines controlled important patents and kept up the price of all machines until the suit brought by the Florence was decided against the combination, it was commonly reported that Elias Howe, Jr. and A. B. Howe invented the sewing machine together; that they went to England to dispose of patents, arrived at Liverpool, and then Elias thoughtfully left A. B. to sleep and hurried on to London to do business alone. This no doubt was an invention of the enemy. But the question, who was the first inventor of the sewing machine is even now not settled in the minds of many, who are inclined to believe that his name was Wilson Hunt.

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald has received a letter of important sociological interest from its valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who, to his great annoyance, is called "Professor" in the village store. His annoyance as he confided to us, arises from doubt in his mind as to the precise intent of the villagers in thus addressing him—whether they speak the word in derision or as a token of profound respect.

CLAMFORD, Sept. 29, 1910.

The Editor of The Herald:
I have just returned from a visit at Bar Harbor, whither I went in search of material for the chapter "Domestic" to be published in the sixth volume of my magnum opus. I had an excellent opportunity to study at leisure several fine specimens of the butler, the valet and the second inside man. Whenever I hear any one speaking of his "second inside man" I am tempted to add: "And I suppose he is in your midst?"

A valet, as I wrote you last summer—or was it two seasons ago?—for the years glide swiftly by in life, as in the Sunday school song, especially when I am engrossed in sociological investigations, a valet, I say, is always disconcerting when a guest has not full confidence in the fashionable quality and cut of his clothes, particularly his more intimate and under garments. I shall not, however, dwell on this subject, which I have already discussed with scientific thoroughness, nor shall I tell again the story of Ike Vandorpeel and his memorable interview with the valet at a friend's summer palace.

I have always wished to have a close view of a butler ever since in my boyhood I labored under the delusion that his sole duties were connected with the wine cellar and the butler's pantry. I believe that there is a "butler's pantry" in even the most modest flat, where the mistress of the house does her own work or where there is a general housework girl. In fact, no flat, no summer cottage should be without a butler's pantry. But in my boyhood no one in the town employed a butler; I saw none at college, and for some years after graduation, although I dined occasionally at the houses of the rich, the front door was opened by a coquettish maid with cap and apron, and the dinner was served by girls, young or old, but well trained. Reading short stories by Mrs. Edith Wharton, I became aware of the fact that she speaks of butlers as though she had been accustomed to them for years; that no household worthy of consideration or respect is without one. In nearly all of her stories of life in New York a butler appears at the beginning, either a butler or a bishop, and to many the two are equally impressive. In one of her stories, I believe, there are two butlers. Some time ago at a house in Boston there were two, one a Frenchman, in case of distinguished foreign guests; one an Irishman, for daily, family use.

As a theatre-goer, I am aware that the rich merchant and the unscrupulous broker and the head of a corrupt corporation have butlers in their employ and I have noticed that the part of this servant is always well played, while that of the master is often not authoritatively presented. To the spectator, the butler on the stage is usually a finer man than his master, much more of the gentleman. This set me wondering whether in real life the butler is not conscious of his superiority. I am now prepared to state that in American households the butler is generally an accomplished actor in that he never shows surprise at any eccentric behavior on the part of his master; he never is seen smiling at his boasts or solecisms; he is courteous when the master is fresh or rude. The strain, especially when the butler comes from England, must be severe. No wonder that he is usually bald.

The butler certainly receives a guest—for the average butler in America is a factotum—with more distinguished courtesy than his host would show, but I submit respectfully that it is not

the butler's place to go to the door. He should be doing something with bottles, decanters, cork-screws, or the silver. What business has he to answer doorbells, to be at the bidding of anyone that rings? I was looking over Dean Swift's "Directions to Servants" the other day and the directions to the butler are minute. There is much about his duties at the side-board, his serving wines and ales, his care of table equipment, his management of candles, his bottling of a hog'shead, but not a word about other duties expected or desired. Is it not possible that Americans confound the butler with the "hired man"? Not the hired man in the country. I hasten to add, although he was in the old days a more important person than the imported English butler who was once an assistant in the service of the Duke of Omnium or the Marquis of Farintosh.

John Camden Holtzen—I think it was he, but I cannot verify the statement—who ever it was, then, that wrote the preface to the first English reprint of "Artemus Ward: His Book," and contributed explanatory and illuminative notes, told the British reader in commenting on Artemus' use of the word "help," that the term "servant" grated harshly on American ears. In the little town where I was reared, there were hired men. The one on our place cared for the horses, cows, pig, did all the chores, acted as driver—there were no coachmen in the town—managed the vegetable garden, kept the lawn and the gravel road and paths in a respectable condition—what, in fact, did he not do? He was an American, and his father was still a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood. We boys were taught to address him as "Mr. Lyman," as if we took liberties with him, we were punished. Punishment in those days was administered to the body, not to the mind. There was the horse whip, there was the rawhide, there was the old-fashioned clothes brush—it had a picture of Henry Clay on its back—and for the youngest there was the maternal hand. But I digress.

This hired man was respected by all in the community. He was one of the constables. He spoke in town meeting and did not hesitate to stand up against the lawyer or the minister. Driving his employer, he would talk about local politics, the state of the country, the condition of the county roads, the new school superintendent, and he had a mind of his own, and a shrewd way of stating his opinions. He was not one of Plutarch's men; he was one of De Tocqueville's Americans. Independent, he was not bumpkins; willing, he was never servile. He looked well in his Sunday best; he looked equally well in his smock-frock. After he was tired of hiring out, he conducted his own farm, held a town office, saw his boys grow up and prosper, and was active until his death. Are there such hired men today? Are not the conditions that made them possible now merely in the recollection of the older generation?

In nine instances out of ten the fathers of these hirers of butlers and second inside men would have felt uncomfortable in their presence if they could have afforded to keep them in service. I doubt whether the present masters are wholly at ease alone with the butler. There should be a training school for masters as for men. Several years ago I spent a few days in the country house of a lawyer—he is not living now, alas!—who had no wife and no children. He was ruled instead by an English butler, who finally ran away with money that was not lawfully his, also with a sad-eyed servant girl. When several of us visited this house Sullivan ruled and it was the time of melons. To Sullivan's horror one of the guests and the lawyer sprinkled sugar on melons and ignored the salt. There was no violent scene. Lawyer and guest were permitted to scoop their melons to the bitter end, but in some way or other the master was made aware of Sullivan's disapproval, contempt. I believe he dropped the remark that at the Marquis of Salisbury's, where he had had the honor of serving, gentlemen never put sugar on melons. There are butlers who are more respectful than Sullivan; who have more tact, a more marked control of temper; but every English butler, imported for American use, is a Sullivan at heart. The wonder is that the master of the house has the courage to look his butler in the face. I have seen hosts who could not.

IN ENGLISH.

Mr. G. G. Netter has begun "a movement which has for its object the elimination of French from bills of fare in New York." It is to be observed that he begins at the beginning by insisting on "bill of fare" instead of the supposedly genteel "menu." He believes that the American should have the right to order his dinner in English. The words "potage," "poisson," "legumes" offend both his good sense and his patriotism. All sensible persons will agree with him and not regret that there is no exact equivalent in French for certain American dishes. There is no more reason why Mr. Herkimer Johnson should be obliged to guess at the dishes offered under the head of "bibier" than that his estimable

she should tell her faithful Olga to "oter le couvert," or ring at the bell in Hockanum Ferry for the "femme de chambre" when she requires the services of the "filie de chambre."

Mr. Netter is not alone and, as the poet may think, ridiculous in his movement for a reform. The King of Italy has been striving for some time to nationalise Italian cooking and the naming of dishes. The bill of fare is in Italian and not a "menu," but in Italian that may be translated "List of dinner." Mistakes have been made, we are told, for "consomme" has been translated into "consumato," which does not mean "broth" but "wasted" or "destroyed." Nor is it an excuse to say that in many instances "consomme" is a destruction of good material. The German Emperor has for several years been endeavoring to throw overboard all foreign words that have crept into the German language, whether they be in the terminology of drama, music, electricity, public offices, or in commonplace daily life. He, too, has made a brave stand and insisted that only German champagne should be drunk at feasts—truly a heroic sacrifice to patriotism. It is said, no doubt by some reckless Socialists, that the Emperor has for his private use the wine of France in bottles with German labels; but the great have always their sneaking, gossiping detractors, witness the tales told of mighty rulers from Solomon to Napoleon, from Ifeliogabalus to Henry VIII. When an Italian warship was launched recently, the King of Italy put aside the traditional champagne bottle and called loudly for a wine of his country.

It will not be easy to correct the evil in this country. The dishes are more alluring to many when they are named with French names. The guest thinks he is getting more for his money and is not so inclined to complain of the prices. The dining room seems more "elegant"; the other guests are of a higher social circle. It is true that he pronounces the French words either awkwardly or with the bravado of ignorance that is insolent through consciousness of wealth; but he seldom suffers from his grotesque mistakes. The waiters are well trained, and many have not had an opportunity to learn French since they left Ireland.

STAGE CRITICISM UNDER DISCUSSION

London Dramatic Circles Disturbed; Mr. Kirwan on Vulgarity of Actors.

NEW PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Paris as Well as London Has Some Notable Offerings; Musical Life in Europe.

By PHILIP HALE.

Again comes up the old question of the "duty" of dramatic critics toward their employers, the public, the managers, the stage folk and the great maker of them all—including the critics themselves.

There was a discussion of this all-important matter at a sitting in London of the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists. Sir Edward Rossius of Liverpool opened this discussion on "Dramatic Criticism Under Modern Conditions." He said smoothly the dear, familiar platitudes: good dramatic criticism is a powerful factor in the refinement of the press; it creates a habit of judicious playgoing, encourages literature, stimulates and challenges art, inspires and corrects taste, rationalizes and cleanses morals, etc.,

and, finally, it is the duty of the happy England, through Mr. Hall, to vexed by the criticism of his last play, is probably the contrary opinion.

Sir Edward thinks, however, that there are critics with special bees in their bonnets about the construction or aim of a drama. Their criticism is intense, the child to themselves. Plays now run to extremes. Some are so grim that the pleasure is painful. Some are so merely amusing that they do not amuse. Some are so "purely conversational and disquisitionary" that on the stage they seemed flies in amber. And at this the hearers courteously rewarded Sir Edward with laughter.

"These last," said Sir Edward, "had a very good excuse for existing. They created special audiences. They gave to those audiences intense esoteric pleasure. And, though the attraction to the general public was not very great, such average playgoers as were led to assist found themselves as heartily and inerringly pleased as if they were in the Freemasonry. These pieces did not disarm criticism, but criticism upon them has to be literary rather than dramatic. (Cheers.)

And then Sir Edward told the critics how they should write their articles, and ended with a fine burst in which he succeeded in bringing the words "Greece," "the Tudor time," "Mollere" and "Victorians" in one and the same sentence.

Sir Herbert Tree raised "imaginative criticism," such as that of Ruskin, whose criticisms of the stones of Venice were of greater importance than the stones themselves. He applauded the independence of the press. He also took occasion to roast a critic who had complained of the sumptuousness of a production, and found fault with the real urns, goblets, cups of solid silver. "Here was what he said, or part of it: 'The priests in the play—whose name, of course, I shall not mention—(laughter)—might be specially ordained in the green-room before they came on—nay, if it comes to that, the head of Buckingham might really be cut off. He might have re-established the gorgeous, as well as the gorgeousness, of the amphitheatre. If real cups, why not real wine, and if real wine, why not real blood? Why not? (Laughter.)' But these urns and goblets happened to be of papier-mache."

The London newspapers now go earlier to press, some of them at 11 or 11:30 P. M. What is the poor critic to do?

Beginning a performance at 7 P. M., would not help him. "The only way," said Sir Edward Clarke, "was to surrender to the Sunday papers this hasty and irresponsible criticism, and by producing the plays on Saturday night, to secure that on Monday morning, at all events, they should have some deliberate estimate of the value of the play."

It was the opinion of many that a first performance should be on Saturday night so that the critic would have time to write carefully, judiciously, brilliantly. The Pall Mall Gazette referred editorially to this discussion, which filled two columns and a half of the Daily Telegraph. After patting the dramatic critic on the back and asking where Mrs. Siddons and Edmund Kean would be today, had it not been for Hazlitt and Hunt; where Rachel would be had it not been for G. H. Lewes, the writer said: "The work of the dramatic critic who takes the theatre seriously is, for two reasons, harder now than it was in the days of the elder Kean, Macready, or Irving; there is less great art to inspire and fire the writer, and the conditions under which the criticisms have to be written for the morning papers are more onerous, owing to the brevity of the interval between the fall of the curtain and the handing of the written criticism to the printers. No doubt the advent of another great English actor or actress will one day remove the first of these disabilities; while already there are signs that the London managers, headed by Sir Herbert Tree, will remove the second by allowing their premieres to begin and finish earlier than the subsequent performances. * * * The essential characteristics of all good criticism are knowledge, sympathy and honesty, and, in the best work of the present day, these flourish as healthily as ever they did. All such writing is inspiring to the public and helpful to the theatre; and if ever the day were to come in which degenerate into commercialism, log-rolling, and mere flattery, the newspapers would suffer from it no less than the beautiful art of the theatre, which in all ages has charmed civilized mankind and helped to form the character of nations."

And now, brethren, let us, having listened to the sayers of wise things, as Candide listened, let us conclude with him: "And now I must go to work in the garden."

Mr. Patrick Kirwan, actor, lecturer, reciter, has written an entertaining article entitled, "Why All Actors Are Vulgar." Vulgarity on the stage may mean a reproduction of the vulgarity of life, or the vulgarity from an artistic point of view of the stage productions. The two blend. In England the audience goes to see Roscius play Hamlet, not Hamlet played by Roscius. The personality of the actor governs, and this position makes for vulgarity. The exploitation of personality on the stage is vulgar and it tends to vulgarize the actor. "And the public in their complete ignorance of the artistic point of view of things have done and are doing their best to make actors and actresses vulgar."

"There was a time, not so very long ago, either, when the public had an impertinent, vulgar and insane desire to pry into the private lives of those who served them. Photographs appeared of a 'corner of the room' in which Roscius dined; of Mrs. Roscius watering the plants in her divine little garden; of Roscius smoking his pipe in his motor car—which was sometimes hired for the occasion—and so on."

"Then a congress formed of the most vulgar people in the community, who, being the most vulgar, naturally called themselves 'Society,' welcomed actors and actresses into their charmed circle, and generally did their best to spoil them."

And actresses are as vulgar as actors in the present and childlike of people and many were swept into this invidious net. There they found themselves in the company of people who seemed very parking and very rich and very gay, and the poor actors and actresses thought that these people were the very essence of 'ladies' and 'gentlemen,' and were too simple to see that they were only what vulgar people call 'ladies' and 'gentlemen.'

"A certain consequence followed this fashion, namely, that actors and actresses began to aim at being 'ladies' and 'gentlemen,' too, and from that moment, through trying to appear what they were not, they became for a time vulgar."

There were still examples of the old school not ashamed to eat tripe and onions and ride in the omnibus. "At work they concentrated their whole attention on what they were doing, and were thus freed from that self-consciousness which is characteristic of the present day acting, and is the essence of vulgarity." They were content to be known as actors and actresses. They had their own manners and customs. "When on the stage they had strange notions. They acted all the time the curtain was up, and had no conception of only trying to act while they spoke and their waiting for the next cue, or of not trying to act at all, but relying completely on their personality to captivate an audience. They were so ignorant of more modern methods that such things would have been called 'amateur' by them. This was the age before vulgarity and pretence—the mother of it—crept in upon our stage."

"Then came that most interesting phenomenon, the 'lady' and 'gentleman' ideal on the stage. It is interesting in many ways. First, because it is so puzzling to know whence came the idea that being anaemic meant being cultured, and, secondly, because of the way this fundamental mistake altered and colored the work done."

"The first necessity seemed to be to express everything in half-tints. Instead of speaking with full voices and with full color, you spoke under your breath, and this gave an opportunity for indistinctness of color—indeed, your color ran like a water color thrown in a bath."

"The same thing happened with movements. Instead of walking boldly and with determination, a 'gentlemanly' and 'ladylike' knee walk was adopted. Everything was half-done; emotion was expressed unemotionally, and the strangest thing of all was that the whole thing was called 'finesse!'"

And so Hamlet appeared as a man in the habit of walking on Turkey carpets, a man of afternoon teas; Sir Toby Belch will not let himself go lest he might be thought ungenteel.

"For a long time it fairly puzzled me, but one day I happened to be in a linen-draper's shop when a shop-walker came across and asked me in his suave way whether I had all I required. Then it flashed upon me that at last I had met the stage 'gentleman.' I followed up this suggestion and found that the sweeping 'duchesses' of Mme. Louise's had the stage society manner also. Then, of course, I revelled my stupidity and said to myself that I ought to have remembered that I was in a great commercial country and that art as well as everything else should be viewed through commercial glass."

"Just as the shop window has invaded the decoration of the stage, so that people who spend their afternoon looking into the place glass of the great commercial paces may do so again in the evening from their stall, so the manners of the inhabitants of the shops have been transplanted to the aristocracy of the stage, and people glide and gesture in anaemic fashion and are generally anaemic through want of air."

"* * * Actors and actresses are vulgar because they exploit personality to the detriment of art; because, instead of acting, they grin through a horse-collar; and, finally, they have vulgarized the stage because, while pretending to be natural, and thus to show us how ladies and gentlemen behave, they merely reveal to us the shoddy graces of the shop-walker."

A new play at the Comedie Francaise is entitled "Comme ils sont tous." The title, "As they all are," does not apply only to the author's views about men, but to the comment of the audience on the piece. The hero is a nobleman, a captain of cuirassiers, and Ginette, his wife, thinks him a wonder. "I dare say he is," writes a Paris correspondent; "at any rate he gives you full opportunity of judging as he stands a minute with his beautiful helmet, surmounted with a black mane, on his beautiful head, in the drawing room. It would have been a pity to have missed it. Yes, he is beautiful, the Captive." The wife is rich and pretty, and for some time her happiness is complete. But there is a suspicious sister-in-law, divorced from an unfaithful husband, and she knows all about men and their wretched ways. She warns Ginette, who will not listen to her, until there is unfortunate evidence in a note, pocket-book and a combination of circumstances. Ginette weeps and makes a scene. She even shakes a walking-stick over her head. The false friend was formerly a mistress of the captain; she is a charming creature and a society woman. "He means to be good, but the temptress will not let him; the old story of the Garden, with the serpent in a Paquin gown." There is a reconciliation at the end. The captain is pitied as a poor weak thing, and Ginette treats him as though he were a child and resolves not to let him stray away too far. "The play breathes that old air of 'snobism' which seems to appeal to 'Comedie' audiences. Both the captain and the cousin rub in their high birth, and it is gently hinted that Ginette, who was only the daughter of a senator, ought, notwithstanding her dot, to be very grateful to be married to the Faubourg. I hope she is, but I am afraid I should not be, under the circumstances, especially as 'La Revue' tells me that half the blasons in France are false. It would be hateful to discover oneself a counterfeit baronne. But, in any case, the blue blood must be

the best branch of the family tree. The authors of the drama, Messrs. Aderco and Ephraim, preach indulgence and grant absolution at the same time."

It appears from an article by "H. M. W." in the Pall Mall Gazette, that the first important verdict on a new play is that of the gallery. "The reserved parts of the house are filled with critics—who as a rule do not applaud, though there is no reason why they should not if their playgoing enthusiasm prompts them to—and with invited guests of the management, who, occasionally, applaud too much." The plitties are as a rule not demonstrative. They hurry away to catch trains or omnibuses. The gallery takes a first-night seriously. "Any signs of a disposition to 'guy' an actor or actress during the progress of an ineffective scene are 'nipped in the bud,' and at the end there is clamorous cheering or booing. Still more decisive is the cry of 'Lights up,' then the quiet departure from the gallery. Hissing has practically died out. The last occasion on which I heard it was at the Haymarket after the first performance of Mr. Shaw's 'Getting Married,' when it probably came from one or two ladies in the pit and gallery, who had not learned to howl, as some of our present-day feminine first-nighters have done much to the distress of those who have to listen to them. Booing is not a very much more civilized way of expressing an opinion, and 'Lights up' is a distinct improvement. At the same time, it is rather more stinging. It is the custom of a good many managements to keep the theatre dark after the curtain has fallen as an incentive to the audience to go on applauding; and a number of playgoers fall into the trap, and continue clapping quite mechanically, until the turning up of the lights indicates that the management have had enough of this not very spontaneous enthusiasm, and then they stop. The cry, 'Lights up!' is, therefore, a plain and, at the same time, not uncourteous, hint to those in authority that they need not ask for any more applause as they are not going to get it."

The Herald considered editorially last week the case of Mme. Bernhardt, who has been reproached for playing in a London music hall. In Paris it is becoming more and more the fashion for actors of renown to go on the music hall stage. There is M. de Max, an excellent actor, whom we have had the pleasure of seeing in Boston. He has been playing at the Folies-Marigny in a new sketch by a young Roumanian, Didier Gold. A barge is moored on the Seine and in the shadow of Notre Dame, the skipper (de Max) is a sullen fellow, and his wife does not love him. When night falls she prepares to meet her lover. The husband overhears and appoints himself a reception committee. The lover comes. The bargee chokes him and hides the body in the folds of his overcoat "houpeulande"—which gives the title to the piece. The wife hears a noise and looks out of the cabin. Her husband calls: "Come under my overcoat." She obeys, and when the coat is opened the corpse of her lover falls at her feet. This little drama is said to be impressive, with the hours and the quarters, the twinkling lights in the neighboring houses, the bands of revellers and quayside workers. It is also said that the voice of de Max, "slow and sonorous, does not go well with the striped jersey of his pluvial profession. Shakespeare could draw a bargee, but it does not imply that a Shakespearean actor can depict him in cold prose."

"A Woman's Way," which was seen in Boston early in last November, with Miss Grace George as the heroine, did not please in London a fortnight ago when it was produced at the Coronet with Miss Alexandra Carlisle. In the first place, the scene was transferred

to London, and English "fun" was injected into the dialogue. "As, unfortunately, the story is entirely American and glaringly un-English, and as a great deal of what is said and done is neither witty nor pretty, nor in any way engaging, we are driven to the conclusion that an adaptation from the American can be quite as 'unsympathetic' as adaptations from the French so often are. * * * If an English gentleman happens to be in a motor smash with a lady other than his wife, the London press does not start next day with columns with sensational descriptions of the accident, embellished with the broadest personal innuendoes and the most reckless announcements of the imminence of a 'Great Society Divorce Scandal'—that reporters in dozens are not immediately dispatched with note books and cameras to the town residence of the injured gentleman—and that the question of a divorce is not promptly discussed by the friends and families of the husband and wife." The Pall Mall Gazette adds unkindly: "In America these things may seem appropriate enough. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, the American press is one thing, and the British press happens to be another; while the divorce laws of America are very different from those of England." The play absurdity, to the London critics a dull absurdity. The characters behaved and expressed themselves without distinction. "For instance, the heroine, who was perhaps the best bred lady in the group, described a person who was out of temper as having 'the needle,' and cheerily alluded to a middle-aged lawyer who had been indulging in passages of gallantry with a demi-mondaine, as 'hot stuff.'"

"The Sins of London," produced at the Lyceum Theatre, disappointed. At the end of the first act, when there is an explosion that sinks the Alabama, the captain shoots a male passenger who rushes ahead of the woman for a hero. Later a hired assassin stuns the villain in a great bedroom scene, stablains fail to chokehold the heroine, stab a good hearted sinner by mistake, and run into a revolver which had been

But the new play, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," is a comedy, and the audience retired to the saloons. "Probably those who were able to stay well on into the morning for Act IV, got further compensation, since there were the villains to be slain, the hero to be rescued from a disguised cellar, and the comic toward's lady's love's unwanted elderly husband to be carried off, presumably, by this frequently-mentioned weak heart. Then, perhaps, the audience applauded. We are bound to say they seemed pleased with the island scene, and with a scene in a naughty flat, which introduced a promising white slave trafficker who sputtered out most dispassionately. But the play needs merciless revision with a blue pencil, or rather with a hatchet, before it could get more than a passing notice."

Mr. Thomas Hardy has given permission for the dramatization of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the play will soon be produced at Dorchester, Eng., by the Society of Amateurs who have already performed "The Trumpet Major" and "Far From the Madding Crowd."

It is now stated that the old tune, "Shoo Fly, Don't Bodder Me," was first heard in a Viennese cafe and became the military ceremonial march of the Hungarians. "14,000 of the latter to the accompaniment of the fine marching rhythm of the song, played with all the clamor of combined brass instruments and drums, trampled 4,000 Servians at Svinitz, some 23 years ago, the drummers playing their drumsticks with fine effect on the Servians' heads at close quarters."

Sir Herbert Tree wrote a little book, "A Day's Task," entitled "Henry VIII and His Court," and it is sold at His Majesty's Theatre during the performance of "Henry VIII." Describing the character of Henry, Sir Herbert says: "The world was not made for poets, idealists and fools." For the cheap enter he has deservedly been taken to task. He is reminded that he himself, more than any other living London theatrical manager, has devoted his theatre to the drama of poets, and thus proved himself an idealist.

Mr. W. asks in the Pall Mall Gazette, "Besides, is it certain that the world was not made for poets and idealists? Obviously such a remark is not true of the world of art. That needs no demonstration. In the theatrical world the history of Mr. Tree's management, at the Haymarket, is sufficient to overthrow such a dictum, with its comically successful run of such a tragedy as 'King Lear' and its overwhelming property of two such imaginative plays as 'Don' and 'The Blue Bird.' But even in the other material world it is true that the poet is less of a force today than he was a hundred or two hundred years ago. If so, how is the immense effort made in this country and in America during the last few years by a group of Mr. Kipling to be explained, for, or the thrill of emotion that ran through our land quite lately over the death of Florence Nightingale, or the enormous attractions of recent exhibitions of the work of the painter at Barnes-Jones and G. F. Watts, or the excitement that was last year over Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony, or the fact that the largest congregation that gathered in the world year in St. Paul's Cathedral, smiled at the Tuesday in Holy Week to hear Bishop Matthew Parker? These, and many other similar facts, point to the conclusion that the world does still reward poetry and idealism, and that the poet is not yet too far out of contact with the world of making apples of gold, and that the world of commerce, Mr. Herbert Tree knows this as well as anybody, and has based the greater part of his managerial activity on the fact that poets and idealists. But he is a witty man, and probably he only wrote the sentence as a jest. If so, he was a happy, not quite as happy as usual."

The Musical Courier of New York has been circulating extracts from "The Musical Courier," in which Mr. Zoffel gives examples of the instruction to be obtained by Dr. Hermann Zoffel of Leipzig. Here is one: "In order to sustain the paper's breathing energy, the singer must not neglect to diligently sing his part, and to study look at him during the production of his notes." At the same time, attention should be paid to the singer do not tear his throat when open, but on the contrary, keep his throat closed to almost bite his own throat, and to drive the corners of his mouth backward into the cheeks, and the ears, rubbing the throat with the palm of the hand, as recommended by Dr. Zoffel. "To prevent head-aches being caused in the palate it is advisable for the singer to 'strike' them out of the throat, head or to 'snort' or to 'snort' them out from the same region, and, again, who are very much afraid of the very high tones, should with them ease by blowing or whistling from the chest in front of the lips." Mr. Leonard, of the Musical Courier, also writes: "The lying on of hands seems to help singers too, as well as believers in the faith cure, for does not the Professor Dr. Zoffel on page 43 'If fingers are not required to be in the holding of the mass, they cannot do better than to press them into their planks in order to hold the fingers down.'"

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MUSIC NOTES.

The Knellier quartet will give a series of four concerts in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evenings at 8:15 of Nov. 8, Dec. 6, Jan. 10 and Feb. 21. Former subscribers will have the privilege of choice of seats on or before Oct. 11.

Mr. Charles H. Bennett, who has been living some years in London and is now a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last Wednesday night. The conservatory teacher here played a number of graduated in former pupils in western colleges during the past summer.

Miss Nora Barris, contralto, has been engaged to sing at the performance of "The Messiah" on Dec. 13 by the Handel and Haydn Society this season. Miss M. H. soprano, will sing on a southern concert trip of eight weeks with the Bostonia Septette Club beginning Oct. 28.

"Lover of Sacred Music," wrote from New York to the New York Herald this date, which was published Sept. 25. "A notice in the Herald Sept. 20 of the death of Myron W. Whitney, the great basso, recalled a glorious performance of 'The Stabat Mater' by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, where he was one of the soloists, the others being the Campanelli, tenor, contralto, Miss Anna Louise Cary (now Mrs. Raymond), soprano, Miss Panny Kellogg (now Mrs. Max Bachert). Both of the latter are living in New York and are the only surviving members of that notable quartet of singers. Mrs. Raymond has been for many years interested in teaching poor children to sew, and five months ago I heard Mrs. Bachert sing for a charity, and her voice is fine today."

MR. MUGGETT'S CONCERTS.

Louis H. Muggett of Symphony Hall has arranged a list of concerts for the coming season. The list is one of unusual interest.

The first concert will be given in Chickering Hall by Mr. Francis Macmillen, violinist, Monday afternoon, Oct. 24. Mr. Macmillen, who gave a recital here a few seasons ago, will play with the Symphony orchestra at its second concert. The other violinists who will play here are Mr. Kocian, Friday afternoon, Dec. 9, Chickering Hall; Mr. Mischa Elman, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 21, Miss Bessie Collier, Chickering Hall, date to be announced, and Miss Marie Nichols, who will give a concert with Mme. Jonell, soprano, Jordan Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 22.

The list of singers will include: Mme. Sembrich, Symphony Hall, Monday afternoon, Oct. 31; Mr. Morton Adkins, baritone, Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 3; Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 10; Mme. Jonell, as above announced; Mr. de Gogorza, baritone, Jordan Hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 24; Mme. Schumann-Heink, in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 29, and Mr. Bonci will give a song recital in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 10.

The list of pianists includes the names of Mr. Josef Hofmann, Symphony Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 14, Mr. Rosen, date to be announced, and Miss Edith Thompson, date to be announced. The Pianzalew quartet (string) will give three concerts in Chickering Hall

Oct. 11 and 12, and Nov. 13, Miss Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Mr. Edward Chickering, violinist, will give concerts in Chickering Hall Tuesday evenings, Nov. 1, Jan. 17 and Feb. 7. The Smalley trio (Miss Edith Thompson, pianist; Mr. F. V. Kraft, violinist, and Mr. Ralph Smalley, cellist) will give a concert. The Handel and Haydn Society will give four concerts in Symphony Hall on Sunday, Dec. 18; Monday, Dec. 19; Sunday, Feb. 12, and Sunday, April 16. Other concerts will be announced later.

OCT 4 1910

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" at Shubert Play That Grips the Interest.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," a play in three acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Produced by Liebler and company.

Sir Oliver Holt.....Fuller Mellich
Mr. Oliver Holt.....Sydney Booth
Earl Bowling Burford.....Guy Philip
Dr. Heath.....George Patton
Dr. Satterley.....Ray Barnes
Lord Tommy.....Philip Leslie
Dandy.....Scott Gatti
The thief.....Bennett Kilpack
Barney.....Sam Pearce
Jem.....Arthur Barry
Powell.....Sam Pearce
Inspector Barnes.....Charles Garry
Tolly.....Angela Ogden
Feathers.....Anna W. E.
Fot.....Julia Blanc
Mimie.....Carrie Merrilee
Miles de Lorme.....Suzanne Perry
"Glad".....Gertrude Elliott

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" was performed for the first time at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 21, 1909. It was first performed in New York at the Lyceum Theatre Jan. 23 of the same year. Miss Eleanor Robson played the part of "Glad."

The play is a singular one. It might be called a drama of optimism and the "New Thought." It is a queer mixture of sermonizing and melodrama. It is now as grim and grimy in realism as one of Mr. Arthur Morrison's tales of mean streets; and it is now as fantastical as a story from "The Thousand Nights and a Night." There are scenes that are preposterous. The fact remains that in spite of faults of construction and in spite of faults of theatrical conventions, there is much that is original in thought and in expression, and, as it is, the play is interesting from the beginning to the end.

Sir Oliver Holt is a rich man, a man of powerful influence in London. All London knows him, the East end as well as the West end. He suffers from a cruel nervous disease and overhauling a consultation of physicians knows that he will expire, "a drifter and a row." Rather than die wretchedly, he clothes himself as a tramp and goes to Apple Blossom court in the East end to kill himself. His physicians and his rascally nephew, a cold blooded voluptuary, believe that he goes to Paris.

In the city, he comes a "Glad," a street girl, but a good one in fact, incredibly moral. She is the sunshine that dispels the fog, and it is thickest in the court. Once in the hospital a visiting woman had told her that if she asked she would receive, and she there fore is confident that if "there's anything you want, just let on arstin' up, arstin' up, arstin' up" and you will surely obtain it. Sir Oliver is at once fascinated by her, as is his scapegrace nephew, who in search of a new sensation offers her guilty splendor. She helps abandoned Polly and cheers her in her misery. She helps an inventor who, poor, had turned thief, and tells his story in her garret, and in what Artemus Ward characterized as "a saying acting voice." She is the means of saving a young man, accused of burglary and murder. The younger Holt can prove an alibi for Dandy, and "Glad" goes to his apartments to plead with the rake, who at first attempts to play with her the much applauded scene between the Baron Scarpia and Floria Tosca, and then is shamed into giving evidence for the alibi to a police inspector. And, above all, she saves Sir Oliver by obliging him to think of "something else."

A sick man, when his sickness is in a way mysterious and thought to be fatal is to many a more interesting person than a man in rude health. Sir Oliver, I have said, had a cruel nervous disease in the first act. He probably has a complication of diseases. No doubt his heart and kidneys were affected, as were his nerves. Perhaps there was the thought of paresthesia. Certainly his face twitched in a distressing manner, and he could not control his hands. In the East end he drank an inordinate amount of coffee, which, contrary to the opinion of learned leeches and the warning of advertisers of this or that succedaneum for the berry, seemed to do him good. The more coffee he drank in the second act the more "Glad" talked to him the less his face twitched. He forgot little by little his woful condition by thinking of others and assisting others.

After the first act he is in the background, yet he is as the distinguished caliph, listening to the story of this one and that one, always ready with money to buy food and coffee. The most honest of the male dwellers in the court are pickpockets. The burliest of them, "Glad," because she has taught his wife to keep "arstin," because his wife is trying to reform him. Like Mr. Jerry Cruncher, he is tired of his wife's "hopping." Yet neither he nor any of the gang ever thinks of robbing this stranger, who is constantly showing gold and silver.

The second act, beginning with an excellent representation of a pea-soup fog, is alive with coarse action and tips and

the first act are dramatically the best constructed, although in the last there is an effective scene in a conventional way for "Glad" and young Holt. There are superfluous characters, as the fast women in the fourth act to whom Mr. Oliver rudely reverts unpleasant lines from Kipling's "Vampire."

The dialogue is of uneven merit. At times it is direct and appropriately brutal. At times there are poetic lines that are also human and dramatic. It must be confessed that there are moments when there is rank preaching which comes dangerously near dullness, but "Glad" in her exaltation and in her moralization, in her simple faith and in her naive exhortation, is never dull.

It would be an easy task to point out errors in construction and scenes that tax credibility. But here is a play with an idea; a play in which the idea is carried out in action and with dramatic results. Here are scenes from life. And without direct sermonizing there is an appeal for cheerfulness, hope, kindness in the hours of this life that is so daily in its selfishness.

Suspicion, pessimism, despair. The direct sermonizing is fortunately in slight proportion to the indirect. In spite of that which might justly be called extravagant and fantastical, the play has vital qualities. This is shown by its hold on the audience.

Miss Elliott was "Glad" in her impishness, her humor, her street wit, her cynicism and subsequent abandonment of her simple faith, her strange moments of spiritual emotion. The author portrayed a character. Miss Elliott gave the portrait breath and life. Never for a moment was there the thought of a fair woman masquerading in a "Donna's" shabby dress. In the impersonation there was not an incongruous touch, not a moment of self-consciousness. What a delight to see once again a woman that is an actress, not a mere "personality"; an actress that is for the time the woman she impersonates!

The supporting company, on the whole, was excellent. Mr. Mellich acted the part of Sir Oliver admirably. Mr. Gatti gave a vivid performance of Dandy. Mr. Booth was less fortunate as Mr. Oliver Hoyt. His rake was a rather heavy person, laboriously endeavoring to be a devil of a fellow. Jem was effectively played by Mr. Barry, and Miss Waite was amusing without exaggeration as Feathers. Mr. Pearce showed himself a well trained actor in two small parts. Mr. Garry should remember that a police inspector does not necessarily show authority by the use of a menagerie voice. The play was appropriately and realistically mounted. A large audience was deeply interested. The applause at the end of each act, even the last, was unusually hearty and spontaneous.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Girl and the Drummer," a farce with music; book and lyrics by George Broadhurst, being founded on his farce, "What Happened to Jones"; music by Augustus Barratt. The cast:

John.....Herbert Corthell
Prof. Ebenezer Goodly.....Phil. H. Ryley
Richard Heatherly.....Hans Robert
Anthony Goodly, D. D.....John Penchey
Biggles.....Bernard Dwyer
Hilder.....Robert Miliken
Cissie Selwyn.....Miss Louise Mink
Mrs. Goodly.....Miss Jeffreys Lewis
Marjorie.....Miss Marie Plann
Minerva.....Miss Norma Brown
Arlene Starlight.....Miss Kitty Baldwin
Helma.....Miss Belle Gold
A Butler.....Thomas McCann

BOSTON THEATRE: "Girles," a musical comedy in two acts and 11 scenes, presented by Frederic Thompson. The cast:

Oscear Spell.....Joseph Cawthorn
Bill Murray.....Jack Henry
Dorcy Selby.....Harry Kernell
Bud Washington.....Harry S. Fern
Blitzen.....David Abrams
Gutput.....E. Bowers
Early.....F. Walters
Blonch.....A. Crooker
Gloria Gray.....Mande Raymond
Marion See.....Queenie Vassar
Bertha Day.....Nellie MacMillan
Sissie Smith.....Ernie Clark
Mrs. N.....Adora Andrews
Larouquet.....Jed Prouty

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: The John Craig stock company presents "The Crown Prince," a comedy in four acts by George H. Broadhurst. The cast:

Robert, Crown Prince of Morantea.....John Craig
Carlford.....Wilfred Young
Duke of Hunsford.....Walter Walker
Capt. Selbourne.....George Hassell
Lieut. Bromstead.....Donald Meek
Firling.....Al Roberts
The Duchess of Wolverton.....Mabel Colcord
Hilda.....Florence Shirley
Countess of Bralthwaite.....Marie Curtis
Cecilia, Queen of Rodolia.....Mary Young

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Thief," by Henri Bernstein. Cast:

Rhona Voysh.....James A. Heenan
Raymond Lagardes.....Lynn Osborne
Zaboult (Gondola).....John McFarlane
Ernest Lagardes.....Earl McKeller
Marie Louise Voysh.....Selma Heenan
Isabelle Lagardes.....Helen Courtney
Servant.....James H.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Gordon Eldrid and Company in a Bit of Capital Comedy.

Gordon Eldrid, in the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre, provides one of the cleverest bits of comedy seen in vaudeville in Boston in a long while. The sketch the company presents is a two-act bit of nonsense, with a laugh in almost every line. The love-making of

...the young man was a bartender, and, as The Herald has often said, there is a rigid code of etiquette for the bar-room, as there is for ball-room or parlor. He himself realized the importance of the occasion. Would it be wise to yoke himself for life with a limel-headed thing? Further, she paid no attention to his expressed wish. Would she not be headstrong, self-willed, selfish as a wife? Perhaps the girl was constitutionally merry—one of those unwholesome companions for grown persons characterized as "the life of the party," to be seen at parties, straw rides, on shipboard. Perhaps she was only nervous, and her giggling was uncontrollable. It will be remembered that Artemus Ward in London winked at a pretty girl in a public place—a restaurant or bar—and was promptly rebuked by the proprietor. He excused himself by saying that he had long suffered from a cruel nervous affection of that eye. And ever afterward in the place he was obliged to keep winking.

It appears that in certain churches of western cities contribution boxes and collection plates are to be discarded, and the churches will no longer ask for these public gifts. Those long familiar words, "The collection will now be taken up," will no longer be heard, and some in the congregation will be obliged to find another way for riding themselves of Canadian silver. The sentimentalist will regret the disappearance of the old custom. To boys in the sixties it was one of the few pleasant features of church-going. There was the curiosity to see how much money the sitters in the pews in front and across the aisle put in the box. The boxes were not cushioned in those days, but shin-plasters made no noise. Some put in their contribution almost stealthily. Others held a hand high in air so that a bill might be seen flutter downward. While the collection was taking, the organist played something soft and sweet, usually by Batiste, and the soprano sang an air tremolo stop, or the soprano sang an air that was supposed to fit the occasion, one that should be encouraging rather than depressing. The collection in those simple days was called a collection, not an offering, and not for several years afterward did we hear the consecrated phrase: "Your offerings to God will now be gathered." It was with pride that the boy dropped a cent into the box, and not till the next day did he regret it, not till the next day did he irrevocably and mourn for the cent as irrevocably lost, as was his subscription to the stock of the missionary ship Morning Star.

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. André Couvreur is an ingenious Frenchman who is fired with desire to soar above Jules Verne. M. H. G. Wells on the wings of what might be called imaginative aviation. The hero of his latest novel, "The Invasion of Macrobes," is a professor, Mr. Tornada, who is half-mad by reason of the sudden death of his wife and daughter. He is exasperated by the scorn with which the Académie des Sciences has received his discovery that certain bacteria will quickly increase in size if they are put in alkaline solutions. He wants to be revenged on the academy and his country. Building a sort of fort at Mantes, he grows a huge variety of Micrococcus aspiator, which is forty feet high and sixty feet long. Its food is blood, and it poisons human blood. This monster has a trunk that it can wield at its pleasure, and the welding creates an irresistible draught of air. The monster swallows its food whole and at one gulp, and thus it may be said to eat by means of its trunk under a forced draught; it crawls and it can jump. The jumping is disturbing to buildings and nervous persons, for the weight of this monster is several tons.

The eminent professor raises a company of these gigantic macrobes for war. There are a hundred of them and he has taught them to obey his orders. He marches against Paris. The government is powerless, for there have been strikes and threats of revolution. Cannon are of no avail against the invulnerable bodies of these enormous soldiers. Explosives dropped on them, but without result. The Parisians that are left live in the sewers and go out only at night. They know that the trunks of the monsters are not at work. The monsters begin to bathe in the Seine. Their bodies dam the river, which rises and washes out the sewer folk. Tornada's vengeance is complete, but alas for the story, the author yields to the popular desire for "love interest" in a novel. His assistant is in love with the daughter of the only Academician who supported the professor's theory. This daughter begs for mercy. Tornada shoots the monster, for he knows that each one, like Achilles, is vulnerable in a certain spot, and when they are all dead he blows out his brains.

The story is told by the assistant, and we are informed by him that the macrobes have a constitutional dread of vinegar, and that the professor kills them by showing an orange-red rat which aided in their growth.

"The Food of the Gods," by Mr. H. G. Wells, rats which accidentally obtain the food grow to an enormous size and attack men driving horses. The idea of little creatures raised to an enormous size and thus becoming a terror to mankind is not a new one. Suppose, for example, that cockroaches were as big as a mastiff, or that the flea were as large as a calf, and with the disposition now known and indicated in the fantastical portrait of the giant in William Blake. Or imagine a spider so big that it would only with difficulty pass through a bedroom door. The squirrel is now a pet. What if it were tail-less? A huge snake is not abnormal. We are prepared for it. But suppose the elephant were no larger than a rabbit; would it not excite aversion? Centuries ago the wise men of India, wishing to write their sacred books, consulted the elephant. Today his wisdom inspires respect even in the breast of the elephanteer. But an elephant the size of a rabbit, with his grotesque trunk and ill-fitting legs, would be assailed with obnoxious features. Travellers tell of a certain tropical tree that strikes a certain terror in the beholder. To him that sees clearly, the trees dwarfed in the Japanese are far more terrible.

We read not long ago of a young man who went with his betrothed in a car of this commonwealth to the City Hall for a marriage license. While he was answering the questions of the clerk the betrothed giggled. The young man said that the bride and plans were not for snicker-gigg, and if she did it again, there

in Home, in old songs. In "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Look at this passage in "Paradise Regained":

A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl
of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or
bowl'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea
or shore,
Freshest or purling brook, of shell or
fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was
drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric
coast.

There is brave eating in plays by Ben Jonson and Massenger.

The men in Sir Walter Scott's novels are valiant at the table. There are pages in the novels of Dumas that show the great mulatto's knowledge and love of cookery and his own fine taste. Did he not write an elaborate cook book, and was he not himself a master in the kitchen? Think of the delicious odors in the inns at which Fielding's heroes met with strange adventures, of the meal to which Tom Jones sat down with Mrs. Waters. And what is to be said of pages written by Dickens which make the reader hungry? Mortimer Collins of humbler fame, but a delightful, if whimsical, writer of romances, was constantly rebuked by the critics for his allusions to good eating and drinking, and these rebukes provoked wittily scornful replies. Thackeray frankly confessed his enjoyment in writing about eating, and some of his most entertaining essays are devoted wholly to "gormandizing." The Alsatian stories of Erckmann-Chatrian abound in scenes of jovial feasting. Who would consent to the omission of certain pages in Rabelais, and, above all, those containing the description of the outdoor dinner at the beginning of the immortal work?

In the modern analytical, psychological novel in fashion today in England and America the men and women eat, but without enjoyment. It is a pleasure to learn that Germans, in spite of their own cookery, and Austrians, more civilized in this respect, still follow in the glorious line. No one should decry the consequent popularity of their novels.

MEN AND THINGS

Reviewing "Mark Twain's Speeches," the Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 22 spoke lightly, some may think irreverently, of Bostonians. "No wonder that when he first burst on the staid and ultra-cultured world of Boston, that hub of the universe failed to understand him. His first speech there, in presence of Emerson, Longfellow, and the rest, was a counterpart, with difference, of the famous dinner given by Gilead P. Beck in 'The Golden Butterfly.' The Bostonians were so horrified at Emerson being parodied before his face that they kept a stony and a rigid silence, leaving Mark profoundly miserable. For many years he could not bear to hear of this 'failure' of his, and it took all those years to knock Boston into something like sense. We may even doubt today whether it knows what it missed, and perhaps it never awoke to Mark's real eminence until it saw him robed with the D. C. L. of Oxford." This belief in an Oxford certificate of worth is pathetically British.

Not long ago a prominent Georgian in a codicil to his will forgave relatives who, as he thought, had wronged him, but he expressly stated that his forgiveness did not include any bequest to them of land or money. A will was proved in London last month. It was that of a Spanish woman who lived in Paris. Her property in Great Britain amounted to about £3800. First of all she declared that she was mentally strong: "This day, Wednesday, at 8 o'clock in the morning, I am alone as usual, so no one could influence me; and although I am in bed with a swollen leg, my head is sound of judgment, so that what I write here is done with my full knowledge." The statement that she being alone could not therefore be unduly swayed should be of little weight to those who believe in absent treatment and malign influence.

This woman left £10,000 to the Society for the Protection of Animals—"in particular, dogs"—on condition that her picture, with her name and title of "Protecting Friend of Dogs," should be hung in the meeting hall, and that her three dogs, cat and kittens should be received and cared for by the society. "George, my husband, must watch over and require the Society of Animals to cause fulfilment."

She gave £5000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, on condition that six of them should accompany her, pray for so long as her body should remain exposed, and then accompany the corpse to the burying ground.

There were other bequests of £1000, £500 to a friend and her children, with the request that they, too, should accompany her to the cemetery. George, her husband, is to have £25,000 in trust, for her to live on the interest. If he should marry again, "then from that very day the income and the capital shall no longer be his." And he must watch over the dogs and cats at the home. Poor George!

But here is a fine example of the malignity that survives death: "As to my sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law and cousin, nothing, nothing, shall come to them from me but a bag of sand to rub themselves with. None deserve even a good-by. I do not recognize a single one of them."

This will deserves to be added to the strange ones in the two volumes compiled and annotated by Gabriel Peignot of Dijon. It is to be classed with vindictive wills in England mentioned recently by the Daily Telegraph. Thus a man near Birmingham left his property to his daughter, "on condition that she paid to a person named the sum of 35d. for the purchase of a hempen cord, or halter, for the use of his 'dear' wife, which I trust, she may make use of without delay." Another Englishman said in his will: "My estate would have been considerably larger if it had not been for my unfortunate marriage with the cleverest known legal daylight robber. My association with this parasitic human vinegar cruet I consider to have cost me considerably over £400." Another Englishman "left to his wife the sum of one farthing, with the directions that it should be sent to her by post in an unstamped envelope, mentioning that she had called him an old pig and many other names."

There were instances of posthumous hatred and revenge before those mentioned by the Daily Telegraph. In 1788 Mr. David Davis bequeathed five shillings to the daughter of Peter Delaport, "which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk for the last time at my expense." In 1770 Mr. Stephen Swain bequeathed to John Abbot and Mary, his wife, sixpence each "to buy for each of them a halter for fear the sheriffs should not be provided."

Mr. John Aylett Stow in 1781 was more rhetorical in the expression of his hatred. He directed his executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting from perishing in the snow, "if the same can be bought for that money; and that they do in memory of me, present it to Esq., a King's Counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it, and, by a comparison between that and his own virtue, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence. This I direct to be presented to him in lieu of a legacy of £3000, which I had, by a former will, now revoked and burnt, left him."

An instance of bitter disappointment that is of close kin to cruelty is found in the will of Philip Thicknesse, who in 1793 left his right hand, to be cut off after his death, to his son, Lord Audley; "and I desire it may be sent to him, in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."

Mr. Daniel Quilp left no will. This was unfortunate, for it would have been a masterpiece of meanness toward Mrs. Quilp, who after his violent death married again and lived merrily on the dwarf's money. Col. Hecate, in "The Moonstone," wreaked his revenge on his niece Rachael, the famous yellow diamond; "especially in proof that I pardon, as becomes a dying man, the insult offered to me as an officer and a gentleman, when her servant, by her (Mrs. Verinder's) orders, closed the door of her house against me, on the occasion of her daughter's birthday."

There are books, as the Rev. Mr. Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World" which contain accounts of monstrous revenge. In all cases where the revenge is posthumous, the sweetness cannot be cloying, for the revengeful man cannot see the working-out and his purpose is often thwarted. In this respect the malignity and the benevolence of testators are often alike. Take the case of this Spanish lady. That she did not bequeath the land or money to the relations named soothed her on her death bed. But suppose that they did not accept the sand, or accepting it refused to rub themselves with it in memory of her? Then her vengeance would be incomplete. And is there a covert insult in this bequest? Are the sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law and cousin eczematous, or in the sad plight of Job who found relief in the use of a potsherd?

We referred just now to Mr. Quilp. It is not known, we believe, who sat to Dickens for this portrait, but a Mrs. Hayman who died last month at Southsea, aged 81, "was always recognized by herself and friends" as the original of Little Dorrit. But a Mrs. Cooper of Southgate, who was 94 years old four years ago, swore that she was the real Little Dorrit; that Dickens always thus addressed her, and once promised to write about her under that name. It has been said that Mr. Dorrit is one picture of Dickens' father, who had been a prisoner in a debtor's jail, and that Mr. Micawber was another picture, and Mr. Chatterton accepts the portrait and dilates upon it in an entertaining manner. It has also been said that Dickens' mother suggested the character of Mrs. Nickleby. But is it not probable that the characters in Dickens' novels were composite photographs? And Mr. Ches-

When it was remarked that modern composers were signed and an undue amount of space was given to unimportant English composers, the answer was that the dictionary was intended for English readers, but the title reads "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" and not "Grove's Dictionary of Music and English Musicians," with Some Articles on Other Musicians.

In spite of the inaccuracies—many of which are now corrected—in spite of the editor's singular idea concerning the allotment of space, in spite of the narrowness, the bloaty displayed in certain articles, this Dictionary is the best we have in English. It is indispensable to the student of musical history; it may be read with pleasure by any amateur, or by any one who, not interested especially in music, takes delight in knowing the lives and deeds of his fellow men. Pick up a volume and open it at random, and unless the article be of a purely technical nature, there will be something to entertain, something that will add to the reader's store of general information.

This volume with its articles on Tchaikowsky by Mrs. Newman, Verdi by Sig. Mazzucato, Wagner by the late Mr. Dannureuther (with additions and corrections by Mr. Herbert Thompson), Weber by the late Dr. Spitta, and the articles on the violin and violin playing, is especially valuable.

There are articles that might have been made more interesting, biographical sketches that might have been more vivid without an increase in length. There is at times a reticence that is unnecessary, as in the article on Goring Thomas. "On March 20, 1892, his career ended tragically." The reader may well ask "How?" It might have been stated that Thomas was killed by a railway train, and that he probably threw himself in its way.

Let us look at some of the articles. Mr. Chitty writes of Marie Tagliani's marriage: "If Vandam is to be believed, her husband did not recognize her when she came across her at the Duc de Morny's house." Vandam merely repeated the story as it had been told by many before him. The insolence of Count de Voisins, his meanness, his thoroughly contemptible nature, were all shown in his historic remark when he saw Marie for the first time after several years. Nor is there any doubt about the story; nor does it depend in any way on Vandam, the collector of gossip.

Mr. Fuller Maitland says of Tammagno: "Though he was in no sense a great actor, yet his southern temperament enabled him to give a very striking picture of the character (Othello)." It may be answered that as Othello the tenor revealed himself as a great actor. The reader will not be able to gain a good idea of Tammagno, the singer, from this article. "His voice was a 'heroic' tenor of remarkable power." Why is it not also said that in purely lyric passages the voice was "white," of a bleating quality, and that in piano passages the tenor was usually false in intonation; that his upper tones were of unique force and brilliance?

"Tamburo" is defined as "drum, generally used in the phrase 'gran tamburo' for the big drum." In modern scores "tamburo" frequently occurs as the name of the side, snare, or military drum.

Under "Tarantella" there are allusions to Aubert's "Muette de Portici," piano pieces by Weber, Thalberg, Heller, and Rossini's song; but there is no mention of the ballet "La Tarantule," in which Fanny Elssler danced at the Paris Opera.

The references to authorities should in some cases be more minute. Under "Tagliani," for instance, there is this paragraph in parenthesis: "(Regli, Larousse, Chorley, Castie-Blaze, De Boigne, Dr. Veron, Vandam, etc.)" And in which of Chorley's books pray? One well versed in musical and dramatic literature may know which unindexed volume of Chorley to run through; De Boigne's little volume of malicious gossip is known to him; Dr. Veron wrote his "Memoirs of a Bourgeois," but to which volume is the reader to turn for information about Mme. Tagliani?

Mr. Krebhiel added to the short article on Theodore Thomas by the late F. H. Jenks. Thomas deserved a far more appreciative sketch.

Mrs. Julius Marsh writes about Mme. Tietjens as though she were addressing the "lady readers" of the Queen or any other London journal of fashions. "Never was so mighty a soprano voice so sweet and luscious in its tone; like a serene, full light, without dazzle or glare, it filled the largest arena without appearing to penetrate." The whole article is rather hysterical in tone.

"Triangle." The familiar instrument is described. There is no explanation of the one to which Mr. Pepys alluded, an instrument which was tuned and probably was a form of spinet.

In the articles on trombone and trumpet there should have been a reference to the little volumes of Mahillon about these instruments.

"Tune." The definition of Vernon Blackburn. "A tune is a melody that is overripe" should not have been ignored, but the late Vernon Blackburn, one of the most appreciative of English writers about music, a man whose reviews were often more musical than were the compositions he discussed, never lived and never wrote, as far as Mr. Fuller Maitland's knowledge extends.

There is nearly a column about Delphine Ugalde, the singer who recently died, but there is no mention of the fact that Gounod designed the part of Marguerite for her, and that she, thinking "Faust" would be a failure, or finding nothing in Marguerite's music, preferred to sing in Masse's "Fee Carabosse," and thus gave Mme. Carvalho the opportunity that insured her fame.

Sir Hubert Parry's article on "Variation" is sternly conservative. Work on Tchaikowsky, Cesar Franck and

other "radical" romanticists in this field is not mentioned, but the editor, in a few supplementary lines, puts Sir Hubert on the back and sweats aloud that Parry's Variations are "noble." He also waxes enthusiastic over Elgar's Variations which contain many pages that are commonplace and dull.

Mr. E. Hicron-Allen mentions the fact that Meyerbeer uses the viola d'amore in "The Huguenots"; he has got as far as that, but he says nothing about the use of it by men now living, as by Loeffler in "The Death of Tintagiles" and by Strauss.

In the Wagner bibliography prepared by Mr. Thompson, "A Study of Wagner" by Mr. Newman, one of the sanest books on the subject, is characterized as "Appreciative, but critical." What would the gentleman have? Should a "study" not be "critical"? Mr. Ellis' life of Wagner is characterized as "accurate in all matters of fact." Now, it is well known that Mr. Ellis has not hesitated to suppress facts, or in some instances to distort them, when he thought an exact statement might do harm to his idol.

"The Wearing of the Green" is justly named as "one of the most popular Irish songs." Nothing is said about its Scottish origin, although Irish writers about Irish music now think that the tune came from Scotland.

In the Appendix it is stated that Mme. Bellincioni visited America in 1839. Should not the writer have said "South America"?

The reader would infer from Mr. Fuller Maitland's sketch of Mr. Gervase Elwes that he is one of the greatest living tenors. "It must be mentioned, too, that he is an ideal representative of the part of Gerontius in Elgar's well known oratorio." That settles it.

Tardy justice is done in the Appendix to Mr. William Ludwig, although the reader may not be greatly impressed by the fact that "Miss Anna Williams declares that, except Santley, he was the best Elijah with whom she ever sang." Outside of England the name of Miss Williams is not a household word, and even the chronically irreverent may be excused for smiling at the solemnity of her statement. Mr. Frangon-Davies' emotion on reading it would be an excellent subject for the historical painter. Any sketches of "passionate" looker "Ludwig, who must be well over sixty." This is a slipshod way of writing biography, Mr. S. H. Pardon!

Mr. Sammarco, the baritone, and Mr. Scotti have an undue amount of space in the Appendix. Mr. Pardon says of the former: "Most critics would agree in pronouncing him the best Rigoletto now before the public." Has Mr. Pardon ever seen Mr. Renaud as the jester? Mr. Sammarco generally sings very well; as an actor he has little force, and no gift of characterization. Mr. Pardon informs us that Mr. Scotti's "vocal style is almost wholly free from the vices of the modern Italian school." This is probably the reason why Mr. Scotti sings with his tongue sticking up in his mouth and in the sight of the people.

Here is an amusing addition: "Sembriach, Marcella. Add that she retired in 1908." She said she would; she bade the public a tearful farewell; it would be better for her reputation if she had kept her promise; nevertheless, she will oblige, and she will sing here in Boston Oct. 31, on a Monday.

Mr. Zerrahn is treated shabbily by Mr. Krebhiel in 15 lines. There is not one word about Mr. Zerrahn's indefatigable work in acquainting the public with music when music was not "fashionable," when there were few to help as philanthropists or "patrons." There is not one word about the influence he exerted for many years.

The Macmillan Company has published this dictionary in a substantial and attractive form. The paper and the presswork are of the best, and the portraits are, for the most part, embellishments. The publishers, of course, are not responsible for the selection of these portraits, a selection that might well excite discussion.

The London Times had little patience with William J. Locke's new play, "The Man from the Sea," produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 20. "On the whole, it is an aggravating play. So much that is sensible, true and ably told is mixed up with so much that is impossible, feeble and merely theatrical. We missed from beginning to end the characteristic touch of the author; the dialogue was all too grandiose, the humor all too farcical, for Mr. Locke."

The critic insisted that Mr. Jan Redlander, the man from the sea, was an arrant humbug. "We even doubt that he came from the sea at all." Where did he pick up his vocabulary? "Sailors and wanderers are generally but half-articulate; when they talk, their talk is often strewn with strange words and phrases; but those words and phrases are not learned of the late George Augustus Sala. When Jan Redlander spoke in a peculiarly purple patch about the 'purple lands' round which sounds the 'rhythmic diapason' of the sea, when he used a phrase for police which was so long that we cannot remember it all; when in one minute he mentioned both the firmament of heaven and the canopy of heaven, we found the gravest reason for a suspicion which was afterwards confirmed. He is a man from the seaside, where he has been reading penny novelettes."

This play is of an unusual nature and it is not impertinent to add here the review that was published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "In 'The Man from the Sea,' Mr. William J. Locke has attempted much. He has attempted to deal with one of the problems lately set before the divorce commission—namely, whether a marriage should cease to be considered binding if one of the parties to it has incurred a long sentence of imprisonment or has become insane. But Mr. Locke's play does not help towards a solution of the problem by one single fresh thought, or even by a strongly stated case. We pity Daphne—who, because she is tied to a scoundrel in Sydney goal, is not legally married to Mark

to judge whether he behaved well or ill in defying the law. She and Mark love each other, they consider she was justified in leaving a drunken, cruel scoundrel. What could they have done except give themselves out as man and wife? But they should not have gone to live in a cathedral town and become intimate with the clergy. Because they did this Marlon Lee, the dean's wife's dearest friend, has to decide between her conscience and her love for the dean's brother-in-law, Jan Redlander. Jan, having been away to sea for 12 years, has not the tact of the men of towns, so when he meets the lady he has known in Sydney as Mrs. Field he promptly asks her how she comes to be in Durdloham. Pontifex Pye overhears their conversation, and repeats it to Marlon Lee, and Marlon feels bound to take measures to stop her friend continuing a life of sin. To save Daphne, though he loves Marlon passionately, Jan tells her that he has a hopelessly insane wife, and so opens Marlon's eyes to the possibility of a woman giving herself to a man who cannot marry her. Simple, narrow-minded Marlon has not the wit to argue about the difference between sinning against society and sinning against nature. Her equally simple-minded lover cannot explain this to her except by the cruel method of showing her that even her principles are not proof against temptation, but he has not a very logical mind. He explains to her in the third act that love is the most sacred thing of all—and yet is glad when she refuses to act on this principle later on. However, he gains his way all round, makes Pontifex and Marlon lie to the dean, and it turns out that Field has been dead for two years, so all ends happily. The play is a superficial handling of a great subject, sprinkled with rhetorical rhapsodies on the sea, and the dialogue is often so stilted that it handicaps the players. Mr. Loraine was charmingly breezy as the 'cock-sure,' all-conquering, rhapsodical sailor-man, but he was not quite convincing in the emotional moments. Miss Nina Boucicault, as Marlon, was wonderfully successful in suggesting the puzzlement of a woman who cannot think things out for herself, but holds to the principles she has learnt until they fail her in the stress of emotion. She almost succeeded in making Marlon a pathetic and sympathetic character, especially in the last act, where Marlon retracts her promise to go away with Jan, until she learns that there is no bar to their legal union."

Mme. Bernhardt was successful in the Coliseum music hall, London, when she played the second act of "L'Aiglon." She "still has that wonderful charm and grace that have always distinguished her. Her powers, it is true, are not as great as they were. There was less fire in her fury than once there would have been. But she brought very vividly before her audience the pathetic figure of the Duke, his vacillating character and his vain desire to do great things. There was that exquisite music, too, in the voice of the artist, and over all her performance an indefinable charm and those rare gifts she possesses."

An editorial writer of the Pall Mall

Gazette made this comment: "Mme. Bernhardt, in offering to London a tabloid version of 'L'Aiglon,' presents the 'breeches part,' to employ a phrase of our playgoing predecessors, in which she has most succeeded. We are not likely to see her again as Hamlet; but it may console so superb an actress for her comparative failure in that character that the English theatre-lover has never taken kindly to a female impersonator of the part; also that even that other Sarah, whose name was Siddons, was solemnly warned off, as far as the capital was concerned, by those who were her sincere admirers. On the New Year's day of 1788, a leading London paper observed that Mrs. Siddons 'appeared to appear, or has more than once appeared, in the character of Hamlet, in the country. And why, say the critics, does she not play the same character in town? We hope not, for the sake of propriety—even by her, Hamlet must not be unsexed.' It is certainly not as Hamlet that the greatest of all English actresses will ever be remembered, and the same is to be said concerning Mme. Bernhardt."

Miss Joan Stanton writes entertainingly in London about women and the play. She divides playgoers into two classes, earnest and confirmed. The latter go to the theatre as a matter of habit. "It is to them what the drug is to a drug-maniac. It saves them from the terrible possibility of having to pass a leisure hour alone with their own thoughts if the chaotic panorama of such brains can be dignified by such a term. This section knows the names and histories of all the popular actresses, their habits, pasts, love affairs, favorite foods and pet aversions. They collect autographs, picture postcards, programs and souvenirs with an assiduity worthy of a better cause."

"All these women regard the playhouse as a place of amusement. Their choice of a theatre is dictated by one of the following considerations: it is written by a famous dramatist; it is being acted by a celebrity; it has been running a long time; or it has been recommended. If they have an idea of the plot it has been gathered from the illustrated papers, and not from reading intelligent criticisms. Women do not, as a rule, read dramatic criticism."

The critic of the London Times seeing "A Woman's Way" recalled a certain university professor who once talked of the "velled polygamy and polyandry which form the real basis of modern society." "You are reminded of this when you see all the gentlemen in the wife's drawing-room, including her husband, entitled to call a certain lady 'Puss.' But as the situation is only there to create laughter and all the married persons remain happily together in the end, it is to be concluded that modern society is really, despite appearances, all right."

Mr. Hall Caine believes that the West End theatres in London make inadequate recognition of the "masses," and he declares that unless the accommodations are better, the theatres will be deserted. The prices are too high—"utterly out of harmony with the general commercial tendency of the times." Is the price of living, then, going down in England? We have all been otherwise informed. The half-guinea seat, except in theatres that cater for those "to whom money is of no consequence," must be abolished, and the dress circle must come down in price by one-half. A new kind of theatre is demanded, with "half-crown circles, broad, open pits and galleries that are not too high." Sir Herbert Tree chaffs Mr. Caine and his theories. "He is an altruist. Long live altruism! He has always advocated cheap-priced seats for entertainments that can afford to have cheap prices. You have prime English beef at a certain price and an imported quality at a cheaper price. Both are excellent. So much am I in favor of cheap seats, that I endeavored to make the stalls at His Majesty's 6s., as well as 10s. 6d. I found that the public did not like the change, and would insist on paying 10s. 6d., because they thought they would find something inferior for their 6s. Obviously, it is better to have £300 at a cheaper rate than £250 with higher prices."

Musical comedy will always get 10s. 6d. seats. The manager of the Haymarket did not agree with Mr. Caine. "If people do not want to see a play, they will not pay even half a crown to go to it, and, on the contrary, they will pay big prices for a really good play. There is no tendency to reduce prices for the higher drama, and we have not observed any such demand on the part of the public. It would be impossible to play say 'King Henry VIII.' or the 'Blue Bird' at cheap prices. You cannot supply the highest and best drama at lower prices because of the heavy cost of production and the other expenses, such as heavy rents, and rates, salaries and advertising." The suggestion of greater accommodation at reduced prices was regarded as impracticable. "You would not get the atmosphere for the intimate comedy for which the audience should be within easy hearing distance of the stage."

French version of "David Copperfield" will be performed at the Odeon, Paris, this season. Max Maurey is the adapter.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth complained recently because he had played the part of Algeron Moncreiff in "The Importance of Being Earnest" 400 times. William Farren gave up his original character of Sir Geoffrey Chumpneys in "Our Boys" after 100 performances because, as he said, he was beginning to forget his lines; but Miss Cicely Richards appeared in the same comedy as Belinda at every performance from the opening night in February, 1875, to the closing one a little over four years later. Edward Compton has played several parts many times—Charles Surface 1100, David Garrick nearly 1500, Charles Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin" nearly 600 and Bob Acres and Tony Lumpkin nearly 700 times each.

The dispute now raging between provincial theatrical managers and the managers of touring companies on the terms which the former charge in letting their theatres has its interest, not only for the provincial playgoer, but for every play-wisher of our stage. It is admitted that in many of our towns the theatres do not pay.

The explanation is simple enough, though few of the managers appear to see it. Provincial playgoers are tiring away from the theatre because they find no originality there—nothing but London plays (and we Londoners know what some of them are!) and an imitation of London acting. This vicious system is killing the provincial theatre, and it is killing English histrionic art. And the provincial manager who is plucky and intelligent enough to say to the touring managements, "I will have no more of you. I will engage my own company, mount my own plays, mount as well as old, and make my theatre a vital centre of theatrical art," and who carries out this policy in the right way, will, we believe, serve not only the cause of dramatic art, but also his own practical interests. In a word, the reversion to the stock system would be the best reply to the demands of the touring managements. —Pall Mall Gazette Sept. 24.

Dr. David Thomas, a young composer, set music to Gray's ode, "The Bard," and the work was produced at the Cardiff Festival, Sept. 22. The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of Thomas' first attempt at a composition of fairly large compass, said: "At present he is in an early stage of his storm and stress period. He has ideas and good intentions, but as yet everything—harmony, orchestration and thematic workmanship—is in a chaotic state. There is, however, life in the music; also promise for the future. He is a Welshman, and with time and the experience it brings he may do honor to his country and to himself. His work was received most favorably." On the 23d an orchestral poem "With the Wild Geese," by Hamilton Harty, illustrative of two poems by Miss Emily Lawless, was successful. Dr. Frederic Cowen's cantata "The Veil," text from Robert Buchanan's "The Book of Orm" was produced on Sept. 20. The criticisms were on the whole unfavorable, though most courteously expressed.

Mme. Asela Maddison, an Irish woman and a pupil of Debussy, has written the music to an opera in four acts, "The Tailor," which will be produced at the Leipzig next month. The story is based on a dramatic legend by Ludwig Fulda, not on Scott's novel.

A new symphonic poem by R. Chanoine Davranche, recently produced at Aix les Bains, is entitled "And on the Moving Waves the Moon Appeared."

Georges Franck, the son of Cesar Franck, died suddenly at Thun. He was a teacher of history and a lecturer on the history of art.

Mischa Elman has been exempted by order of the Czar of Russia from military service.

Mr. Martin as he was in Al-
... called many years ago in Al-
... N. Y. This speech was delivered
... a gathering of Highlanders at
... Inverness-shire. Mr. Martin
... by admitting that he had been
... with people who had in-
... or made colossal fortunes, and
... they were not happy. They were
... by the weight of their respon-
... they were "assailed by the
... demon of suspicion. And then
... Mr. Martin told a story of a "brilli-
... society of women" in London, "a com-
... of princes and equal of peers,"
... asked him to help her obtain Ameri-
... gold. He asked her why she, a rich
... woman, should wish greater wealth.
... "With quivering lips and blazing eyes
... answered: 'I dream night and day
... about gold and want to have a room in
... my house filled with yellow sovereigns,
... where I could go at night and hear the
... jingling of the thing I love best.' This
... shows the perils that an American is
... exposed to, sojourning in England, and
... provided with letters to the first fami-
... No wonder that the Highlanders
... shuddered and, forgetting to say "Hoot
... mon," called for the bagpipes.

Mr. Hyacinth Lutkin writes: "As you
... already know, I am a sensitive man,
... easily disturbed. Imagine my dis-
... on, receiving this morning a letter
... beginning: 'Did you ever notice how
... some clothes lose their shape?'
... I, because they are not properly
... I am aware it at my gar-
... are not of the finest material,
... I cannot afford to go to the most
... fashionable tailor, nevertheless, my
 ... does not seem to deteriorate over-
 ... at all, my trousers are never at
 ... last, not do the sleeves of my
 ... exposed to this personal at-
 ... and I have the vile world 'tailored'
 ... down at me. Is this not an instance
 ... of improper use of the mail? Is there
 ... to safety in future, even though there
 ... no immediate redress?"

Oct 10 1910

MEN AND THINGS

The European newspapers still pub-
 ... entertaining gossip about Dom
 ... Manuel and his royal predecessors. It
 ... that when Manuel was presented
 ... after his birth to the Dowager
 ... Queen Maria Pia, she expressed the wish
 ... that he should be christened Victor
 ... after his great-grandfather, the
 ... Emperor, who founded United
 ... Italy, but Queen Maria Pia preferred the
 ... name of Manuel without the Victor. The
 ... Emperor finally christened Manuel
 ... after his grandfather, Gabriel Gonzaga.
 ... Manuel's father, the Duke of
 ... Braganza, the Dowager Queen, disap-
 ... pointed but resigned at the loss of the
 ... Victor, then remarked that she had
 ... in a dream she had had, one of
 ... her grandsons, bearing the name of
 ... Manuel the Second, seated on the throne
 ... of Portugal.

Dom Manuel leaving his country takes
 ... all his names with him. When Louis
 ... XVI was dethroned he crossed the
 ... border as "Mr. Smith" and all
 ... mention of his name was made of him. Wit-
 ... ness the French of the year when he fled.

It is strange that no European news-
 ... paper that we have seen refers to the
 ... death of Dom Sebastian, who was
 ... born in 1478 at the battle of Alcantara.
 ... He was more famous after his
 ... death than during his eventful life,
 ... as he had to reappear in the form
 ... of a demon and he became at last a
 ... deity. The Portuguese in the
 ... sixteenth century were unwilling to believe
 ... that he was dead; just as the English
 ... in the eighteenth century looked forward
 ... to the return of Arthur from Avalon;
 ... as Barbrossa is still thought by
 ... some to be sleeping in a cave of the
 ... Caucasus, and in Thuringia,
 ... some believe he sits out his dwarf
 ... about the mountain. Sir Richard
 ... Burton has an interesting note on
 ... the life of these supernaturalists. In
 ... "The Life of Dom Sebastian" he alludes to the
 ... belief that Dom Sebastian
 ... would come to his own again,
 ... from the dust his people Por-
 ... tugal. Four pretenders appeared be-
 ... fore the end of the sixteenth century.

Four pretenders appeared be-
 ... fore the end of the sixteenth century.
 ... The first was David, who, according
 ... to legend, hid in the cave under
 ... the rock of the Massada. He was
 ... seen by the people of the Massada,
 ... and he was believed to be the
 ... Messiah. He was killed by the
 ... Romans. The second was a
 ... man named Nuno, who was
 ... believed to be the Messiah. He
 ... was killed by the Portuguese.
 ... The third was a man named
 ... Nuno, who was believed to be
 ... the Messiah. He was killed by
 ... the Portuguese. The fourth was
 ... a man named Nuno, who was
 ... believed to be the Messiah. He
 ... was killed by the Portuguese.

Dom Sebastian was known as "O
 ... Principe Encuberto" (the Hidden
 ... Prince) and his second-coming became a
 ... religion. There was a sect called the
 ... Sebastianistas, who looked forward to
 ... the return of a Messiah. The members were
 ... men and women and they ac-
 ... rided women and children to hasten the
 ... advent. The sect was not extinct in
 ... Portugal and Brazil when Burton lived,
 ... and in the latter country he talked with
 ... some members. The house of Bra-
 ... ganza encouraged belief in the legend
 ... of the return of the Messiah. Mar-
 ... tin Luther was greatly embarrassed by
 ... this superstition, which was believed in
 ... his time by a part of the Por-
 ... tugal population. Burton mentions
 ... a strange superstition that Max-
 ... imilian, the Emperor of Mexico, may be
 ... the Messiah. "His body was identified
 ... with that of Dom Sebastian; at
 ... the same time, he was believed to be
 ... the Messiah. He was killed by the
 ... Portuguese. He was killed by the
 ... Portuguese. He was killed by the
 ... Portuguese.

... of the French and
 ... (Burton wrote this
 ... in 1880.)

And what will not men believe?
 ... Thousands were never convinced that
 ... the Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI,
 ... died a child or that Marshal Ney was
 ... shot to death by his own countrymen.
 ... "Have we a Bourbon among us?" is
 ... still good reading, as is the history of
 ... any one of the other alleged Dauphins
 ... grown to man's estate. As for Marshal
 ... Ney, he went to Georgia, where he spent
 ... peaceful days until his natural death.
 ... There is a legend that Napoleon on St.
 ... Helena had a son by a handsome Eng-
 ... lish washerwoman who crossed the At-
 ... lantic and settled in Connecticut; that
 ... the son grew up and became a news-
 ... paper man in Waterbury or Meriden.

If any one wishes to gain easily the
 ... acquaintance with the Portuguese kings
 ... he should read the third and long chap-
 ... ter in the volume of Burton to which
 ... we have alluded and from which we
 ... have quoted. Burton is seldom dull.
 ... His book on Etruscan remains is, per-
 ... haps, the only one of his many volumes
 ... which is a bore from start to finish,
 ... and to a maniacal antiquarian even this
 ... book is not dull.

What is the origin of the name "Lis-
 ... bon"? Was the city originally Lusit-
 ... town, and was there any Lusit or Ly-
 ... tania, who came from the East and
 ... reigned in "Lysia"? Or did Ulysses found
 ... Ulyssippos, Olyssip or Ulyssa, which is
 ... now Lisbon? Or did the great grandson
 ... of Abraham found Lisbon in B. C. 359?
 ... It is well to be accurate in these mat-
 ... ters.

These Portuguese kings had fine nick-
 ... names. The People of Villages, the
 ... Fat, the Hood, King of the Poor the
 ... Husbandman, the Brute ("a bad son, a
 ... bad brother, a bad father, a good sol-
 ... dier, a good lawgiver, and a good
 ... king"); Pedro I was known as the
 ... Cruel, and also as the Doer of Justice,
 ... the Handsome, the Prince of Good
 ... Memory, the Eloquent, the Perfect
 ... Prince, the Lucky, the Pious.

The song in "Olivette" mentions var-
 ... ious times for prudent disappearing.
 ... Surely if there was ever a time for re-
 ... appearing, Dom Sebastian, it is now.
 ... But perhaps you are still sleeping, or are
 ... eating water ices in some enchanted
 ... grove, as were the parents of Lohen-
 ... grin in Jules Laforgue's fantastical tale.

The English have long been charac-
 ... terized as solid, phlegmatic. That they
 ... can be hysterical was shown recently
 ... by their share over a German winged
 ... invasion. That they are humanely sen-
 ... sible is shown by their endeavor to in-
 ... sure quiet in the vicinity of hospitals.
 ... Thus, the motor-omnibus companies
 ... agreed among themselves "to strike a
 ... fresh route when they realized that
 ... the one they were pursuing caused
 ... disturbance to the sick, while the mere
 ... mention of street organs to the kindly
 ... off on duty produced an utter ab-
 ... sence of those nerve-destroying in-
 ... struments." During the reign of Edward
 ... VII, drums passing by Charing Cross
 ... Hospital were always muffled. Drivers
 ... of all sorts of vehicles pass slowly by
 ... the hospital. Only the chauffeurs are
 ... inconsiderate and reckless.

Life in Frankfurt was made intoler-
 ... able to Schopenhauer by reason of
 ... drivers cracking their whips, and the
 ... philosopher wrote a famous article
 ... about the nuisance. What would he
 ... not have written had he lived in Bos-
 ... ton, where he probably one of the nois-
 ... est cities in the world. The trolley
 ... cars and the elevated railway cars
 ... are certainly noiser than in other
 ... towns. Then there are the railway
 ... trains with the making-up of freight
 ... trains throughout the night in the
 ... very heart of that part of the city
 ... where people dwell and are supposed to
 ... sleep.

No doubt all cities are growing nois-
 ... er. This is one of the penalties of
 ... civilization. There is now no Sybaris,
 ... where the sound of a hammer was
 ... never heard. Even Paris is said to be
 ... as noisy as it is now dirty. But in the
 ... Paris of 20 years ago Mr. Adolphe
 ... Reille was so disturbed by the din,
 ... which would now be considered in com-
 ... parison only an agreeable bustle, that
 ... he dreamed a dream. There was a
 ... singular silence. Men and women
 ... moved as a procession of shadows.
 ... Cartwheels were inaudible. The city
 ... was under cotton wadding. And the
 ... thought came to the dreamer, "Noise is
 ... dead" and he burst out laughing at
 ... the deduction that the earth was hence-
 ... forth doomed to eternal silence. Then
 ... came a letter of ceremonial invitation:
 ... "You are begged to be present at the
 ... funeral of Monsieur Noise, who died
 ... this evening. Killed by contempo-
 ... raneous excess, he was held in horror
 ... by the Eternal himself. On the part of
 ... his widow, Humanity."

Yet who could endure the silence
 ... that crazed the man in Poe's tale, the
 ... tale told by the Demon, the tale more
 ... wonderful than any in "The Iron-bound
 ... melancholy volumes of the Magi." And
 ... the Demon laughed but could not, and
 ... the Demon cursed him because he could
 ... not laugh. And even the lynx that
 ... dwelt forever in the tomb looked at the
 ... Demon steadily in the face.

AUDIENCES TOO READY TO LAUGH

Uncontrollable Desire of Modern

Playgoers Breaks Out at Unseemly Moments.

NEW PLAYS SEEN IN LONDON

Elgar's Violin Concerts De- scribed; Bernhardt and Sey- mour Hicks on Vaudeville.

By PHILIP HALE.

Many in the audience at a Boston
 ... theatre wish first of all to laugh. They
 ... are uneasy if they do not laugh, and
 ... therefore they laugh in and out of sea-
 ... son.

This uncontrollable desire to express
 ... enjoyment by laughter was shown last
 ... Monday night at the Hollis Street The-
 ... atre, when "The Lily" was performed
 ... for the first time in Boston. There was
 ... nothing in the announcements of "The
 ... Lily" to arouse expectation of hilarious
 ... pleasure. Miss O'Neill has never been
 ... advertised as a sparkling or dainty
 ... soubrette; on the contrary, she is known
 ... as a passionate and tragic actress, a
 ... woman of extraordinary and elemental
 ... force. "The Lily" itself is surely not a
 ... comedy. It is a drama with an impres-
 ... sive theme treated seriously, and in the
 ... original version with marked dramatic
 ... skill.

The selfish voluptuary, who had broken
 ... his wife's heart, ruined Odette's life and
 ... was prepared to accept a similar sacri-
 ... fice from his other daughter, Christiane,
 ... was evidently regarded by many in the
 ... audience as a distinctly comic charac-
 ... ter. Even in the scenes in which, poor
 ... thing as he was, he assumed tragic
 ... proportions by representing honor as it
 ... is commonly understood, outraged by
 ... the unconventional behavior of Chris-
 ... tiane, there was giggling, there was
 ... snickering. The Count de Maigny was
 ... to these spectators the leading comedian
 ... of the company. It is not necessary to
 ... inquire whether Mr. Cartwright mis-
 ... conceived the character of the Count
 ... as originally conceived. Perhaps his de-
 ... Maigny was pitched at first in too low
 ... a key, perhaps he was too familiar, too
 ... "everyday" in the exhibitions of self-
 ... ishness and vanity; nevertheless the char-
 ... acterization by Mr. Cartwright was not
 ... one to provoke guffaws in the lighter
 ... scenes, and the only excuse for laughter
 ... in the third act was nervous tens on on
 ... the part of a spectator.

This snickering was often injurious to
 ... the play, and it almost ruined one of
 ... the strongest scenes: the one in which
 ... Christiane, badgered, taunted, hysterical,
 ... avows her love and declares that she
 ... would never share the fate of Odette,
 ... that she would never grow up to be
 ... "an old maid." The tragic reserve of
 ... Miss O'Neill as Odette, at the beginning
 ... of the scene, her admirable reticence
 ... in earlier scenes, her self-repression, the
 ... concealment of her suffering from blast-
 ... ed hopes and enforced celibacy—this
 ... alone should have prevented the most
 ... heart-headed in the audience from silly
 ... laughter. Nor was Miss Dean by any
 ... omission, or by false emphasis, or by
 ... an incongruous gesture or facial play,
 ... responsible for this ill-timed laughter.
 ... The scene was well acted. But the
 ... phrase "old maid" was enough to set
 ... some women giggling or laughing loudly.

This lack of appreciation, this lack of
 ... taste and this flippant attitude toward
 ... all that is serious in life was often
 ... shown last season in the theatres when
 ... dramas worthy of attention, dramas
 ... that would have excited thoughtful con-
 ... sideration and animated discussion,
 ... were played.

It might well be asked whether the
 ... musical comedies, the farces and the
 ... variety shows masquerading as musical
 ... farces have not debauched the taste of
 ... many theatregoers here as elsewhere.

Why should Plook in "The Lily" be
 ... played in a robust, not to say boisterous
 ... manner? Because he is a self-made
 ... man, a manufacturer of great wealth?
 ... But self-made men are often quiet, shy,
 ... in spite of the jests at their expense.
 ... Manufacturers are often gentle souls.
 ... This Plook at the Hollis Street Theatre
 ... is an intolerable person, and there is
 ... no suggestion of him in the lines given
 ... him by the French dramatists. This
 ... Plook bullies his daughter, when he asks
 ... her to leave the Count's house. He at-
 ... tempts to bully the Count. But the
 ... manufacturer in the original play is al-
 ... ways more or less abashed when in
 ... the presence. He is not the sort of man
 ... to slap his chest and roar about the
 ... honor of the Plocks.

"D'Arcy of the Guards," a comedy by
 ... Louis E. Shipman, was produced at the
 ... St. James Theatre Sept. 27. The re-
 ... view of the London Times begins:
 ... "The entire action of the play takes
 ... place in Philadelphia during its occu-
 ... pation by the British troops in the
 ... autumn; and winter of 1777-8. So says
 ... the program; and the play shows how
 ... in the autumn and winter of 1777-8
 ... everybody who had a letter or docu-
 ... ment demanding careful concealment
 ... always left it about for everybody else
 ... to read." The Times characterizes the
 ... comedy as "a pretty, rather insipid,
 ... little piece of sentiment, with furni-
 ... ture of the period, some good punch
 ... bowls and table glass, and picturesque
 ... uniforms." Color and "char-
 ... acter" are what the play, as a whole,
 ... fails to show; it is just pretty, in a
 ... tame sort of way; and work of bet-
 ... ter quality than that is expected at the
 ... St. James.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Mr.
 ... Shipman is a very conservative dra-
 ... matist who would betray a touch

ing respect for tradition. "But there
 ... for him 'the good old rule, the simple
 ... plan' and the dear old dramatic toys
 ... of our childhood's days. For instance,
 ... one of the most time honored lodges of
 ... the conventional dramatist is the car-
 ... coss leaving about of a letter, which
 ... duly falls into the wrong hands. Mr.
 ... Shipman gives it to us in the second
 ... act, in which the hero picks up a note
 ... which he takes to be a rival's billet-
 ... doux to the lady he loves, and suffers
 ... accordingly. Needless to say, he dis-
 ... covers at the end of the act that it
 ... had really been addressed to her by
 ... her brother. (Curtain.) * * * There
 ... is, for example, the 'officer and gentle-
 ... man' who quite gratuitously insults a
 ... lady and a brother officer for no visible
 ... reason whatever beyond the making of
 ... a 'situation.' There is the other officer
 ... who is ready to exchange his uniform
 ... for the enemy's any day, his lady
 ... loves him, there is the rich and
 ... elderly Quaker gentleman who dis-
 ... arms trained and brutal warriors with
 ... a mere flick of his walking cane. And
 ... there is much singing 'off' and 'on.'"

"The Bacchanals," an excerpt in blank
 ... verse from "The Bacchae" of Euripides,
 ... by Ferdinand E. Kapper, was produced
 ... at the Rehearsal Theatre London Sept.
 ... 27. The plot is compressed into an act
 ... occupying the space of 25 minutes. Mr.
 ... Kapper might say in the language of
 ... the old gag: "I have ripped with
 ... Euripides." There was incidental mu-
 ... sic by Christopher Wilson, and it was
 ... described as " quaint and picturesque."
 ... The head of Pentheus was modelled
 ... from a cast in the British Museum, and
 ... was thus a speaking likeness.

Mr. Hall Caine took the plot of his
 ... "new" play, "The Bishop's Son," pro-
 ... duced at the Garrick, London, Sept. 28,
 ... from his novel, "The Deemster," which
 ... had already furnished material for the
 ... play "Ben-My-Chree." The new play is
 ... described as "very dismal." "What im-
 ... presses the play is a curious kind of life-
 ... lessness, which sets in in the second act
 ... and keeps the gloom, the dismalness,
 ... growing thicker till the half-hearted joy
 ... of the close." Another critic wrote: "All
 ... the drama in the play rests upon people
 ... not asking questions which they ought
 ... to ask, and that is never good drama."
 ... Mr. Caine "seems to think that a series
 ... of picturesque or strongly dramatic in-
 ... cidents is sufficient of themselves to
 ... make a play without fine dialogue, clash
 ... of character or revelation of the work-
 ... ings of the minds of the personages."

"Young Fernald," by E. G. Suther-
 ... land and B. M. Dix, produced at the
 ... New Theatre, London, Sept. 28, pleased
 ... the Pall Mall Gazette more than it did
 ... the Times. The former described the

comedy as "a whimsical and distinctly
 ... piquant demonstration of the wisdom
 ... of folly." * * * If now and then the
 ... play becomes a little over-sentimental,
 ... and here and there a little perverse—
 ... well, every true playgoer is a hopeless
 ... sentimentalist and can swallow huge
 ... draughts of the 'enchanted brew';
 ... while, as for perversity, all we have
 ... to say is that if there were not a good
 ... deal of it in many a modern play's
 ... penultimate act, there would be abso-
 ... lutely no excuse for a final act, and
 ... that would never do."

The Times took a sterner view.
 ... "Ever since 'Shirley' and 'Wuthering
 ... Heights' it would seem that Yorkshire
 ... people in fiction must be violent, ex-
 ... posive and rough tongued. These
 ... fretful porcupines are in the end to
 ... exhibit startling natures and warm
 ... hearts; but it is essential that they be
 ... in a perpetual state of exasperation,
 ... be very rude to one another, and shout
 ... and splutter and stamp. It is a sacred
 ... literary tradition. Possibly if the
 ... scene of 'Young Fernald' had been
 ... laid in some southern county instead
 ... of in Yorkshire, its story might have
 ... got itself told with less din and less
 ... irritation to the nerves. Told as it is,
 ... yet ask. Why so much fuss? Why is
 ... everybody always at boiling point?
 ... But there is something fresh and
 ... tonic in the play, a certain ingenu-
 ... ity, and plenty of humor, too, of a
 ... hearty, simple kind. Its people are
 ... caricatures rather than characters.
 ... The whole affair is artless and, to
 ... speak the blunt truth, rather absurd.
 ... Yet for its vigor and originality it is
 ... better worth seeing than many a deft,
 ... smooth, conventional play. Its origi-
 ... nality is in treatment rather than in
 ... theme, for it is concerned with the
 ... eternal woman question. * * * The
 ... play on the whole is rather absurd.
 ... The actions of the people verge on the
 ... farcical, and they are themselves car-
 ... catures, being in reality personified
 ... ideas instead of persons. The person-
 ... ific idea the epithet one must use for
 ... amateurism, but, like many another
 ... amateurish work, the play is re-
 ... deemed by its unconventionality and
 ... breeziness."

Pugnacity is so ingrained in the
 ... theatrical world that not only live
 ... and known dramatists, but dead and
 ... anonymous dramatists, contrive to
 ... fight. There never was such a proof
 ... of the irritability of the genus as is
 ... given by Henry Becque's "Les Polich-
 ... nelles." One peculiarity of the play,
 ... to begin with, is that it has been
 ... talked about for 25 years, but that no
 ... one knows how much of it the late
 ... Becque wrote before his death a
 ... dozen or 15 years ago. At last it was
 ... to be brought out next season at the
 ... Theatre Francaise, having been com-
 ... pleted by an anonymous and posthum-
 ... ous collaborator. Now the latter has
 ... just forbidden its performance, for
 ... reasons which he does not explain.
 ... Henry Becque all his life was a quar-
 ... relsome genius. His manuscript
 ... seems to have infected all those who
 ... have anything to do with it with
 ... some of his pugnacity. The un-
 ... finished manuscript of "Les Polich-
 ... nelles" is the property of Becque's
 ... nephews, who are under age, and
 ... represented by a guardian. To what
 ... extent the manuscript has been com-
 ... pleted or who completed it no one
 ... knows, even on the boulevards where
 ... everybody is supposed to know what
 ... everybody else is doing. But the con-
 ... tinuer of Becque's play, though re-

Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who has been singing at the Coliseum, London, believes in the development of individuality in young artists. She complains the lack of freedom granted the young. "I have long thought that bidding that all too frequently crushed, if killed outright, in its earlier stages, the exacting orders of managers, insist on parts being played precisely on the lines they consider they should be played. This seems to me an undoubted evil, inasmuch as artists

Giordano has written an opera based on "Madame Sans-Gene."
Emil Paur will not come to America this season. His symphony "In der

The repertory of the first week is as follows:

Monday, Nov. 7. Boito's "Mefistofele," with Mmes. Alda and Carmen Melis, and Messrs. Sibrakoff and Constantino.

Wednesday, Nov. 9. Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Baklanoff, Constantino and Sibrakoff.

Friday, Nov. 11. Verdi's "Otello," with Messrs. Seiczak and Amato, and Mme. Alda. Afternoon, Nov. 12. Puccini's "Tosca," with Mme. Carmen Melis and Messrs. Jadowiker and Baklanoff.

Saturday evening, Nov. 12. Donizetti's "Lucia," with Mme. Lipkowska and M. Constantino.

When the "Chocolate Soldier" was produced in London last September the bill stated that the production was "with apologies to Mr. Bernard Shaw for an unauthorized parody on one of his comedies." But at the time of the production in Vienna it was stated that Mr. Shaw had given his consent, and

There was a very large audience that was evidently entertained by comedy and warmly appreciative of the music. Songs and concerted pieces were applauded, but Mr. De Novis was discreet and sensible in the matter of granting encores.

The success of "The Chocolate Dier" in Boston should equal that

...performed, and its success in European cities and in New York is now a matter of history. The opera will bear seeing and hearing many times.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—First production here of "The Turning Point," by Preston Gibson. The cast: Brent Breckenridge.....Harold Vosburgh Frederick Ferguson.....Jack Drummer The Rev. Dr. Snicker.....George H. Sinclair Dave Denny.....Daniel Laylor Mrs. Anderson.....Miss Lora Rogers Mrs. Pansy Parr.....Miss Mary E. Conard Barbara Byrd.....Miss Blanche Sweet Allie Anderson.....Miss Louise C. Colvin

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig Stock Company presents "The Talk of New York," a musical comedy by George M. Cohan. The cast: Kid Burns.....Donald Meek Martin McFadden.....George Hassel Dudley Wilcox.....Walter Wall Joe Wilcox.....Walter Wall Freddie Stevens.....Miss Bert Young Andy Gray.....Al Roberts Belle McFadden.....Marie Curtis Mrs. Wilcox.....Mabel Colcord Geraldine Wilcox.....Florence Shirley Grace Palmer.....Mary Young

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE. "Those French Girls," Who Dance as if They Like It.

Nothing does more to make a vaudeville act succeed than a feeling that the performers enjoy their work, that there is nothing else in the world they would rather be doing at that moment. When to that is added versatility and talent the turn is sure to "go." B. F. Keith's theatre has such an act this week in "Those French Girls," the Amoros sisters.

The turn includes singing, dancing of the heat and acrobatic work that in itself is worthy of a special place. From the rise of the curtain to its fall there is not a moment when action isn't the keynote of the sketch, and through it all one cannot help but feel that the sisters sing, dance and tumble for the pure joy of doing it. They received recall after recall last evening.

Another act on the bill that got many encores was that of William H. Murphy, Blanche Nichols and their company, back again in "The School for Acting." As wildly absurd, as hilariously funny as in the past, the travesty on barnstorming stirred much laughter.

Last evening's program, which contained many good acts, was not well arranged, and there were times when waits between sketches that appeared out of their turn made the audience fidget.

Gene Greene, who appears here for the first time with a collection of coon songs, accompanied by Charles Straight at the piano, has an entertaining act. His "Ever Loving Two-step Man," "King of the Bungleboos" and "My Piano Man" were sung in a manner all his own. They proved very popular with the house.

Jane Courthope and company do a western melodrama in tabloid form that is very well set. The sketch contains some capital business, and the acting of Master R. as Teddy is good.

Katherine Nelson and Elizabeth Otto sing a little play, play a little on the piano and dance a little, and when they retire leave a pleasant impression.

The other acts are Peter Donald and Meta Carsons, who at times are uproariously funny; the Field brothers in a black-face dance act and Goleman's dogs, cats and pigeons in an animal circus.

GLOBE THEATRE. "The Family" Played Effectively by a Capable Company.

GLOBE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Family," a play by Robert H. Davis. The cast: John Sneed.....Sam Edwards Mabel Sneed.....Mabel Bert Madeline Sneed.....Julie Herne David Sneed.....John Westlev Ruth Sneed.....Frances Shannon Paul Churchill.....Thomas Melghan

The slender series of incidents form a plot which is trite, there are crudities in workmanship, but, acted by a company of ability, the play arouses the attention and holds the interest. At times it grips. The first act is entirely true to life and entirely lacking in dramatic interest. The second is often convincing, stirring and human. The third is much better than might be expected. There is much comedy, a great deal of it excellent.

The play was presented in Chicago last season and had a long run. There was a short engagement in New York this fall. It is Mr. Davis' first attempt, and as such is promising.

Madeline Sneed, bored by life in a small Massachusetts village, runs away with Churchill, leader of a minstrel troupe. There is no marriage. Her mother forgives and takes the girl home calms the anger of the brother, who the father over, and a convenient train wreck that kills Churchill makes a happy ending.

Mr. Westlev is effective in an incidental role. He appears first as a lazy working youth, with no thoughts above his lost dog and the race track. Later he reforms and goes to work—too suddenly. His talk is mostly slang, and there is too much of it. When he learns Madeline's story his wrath is boyishly sincere. The announcement in the last act of Churchill's improbable death is admirably impetuous. Especially in later moments with his father, Mr. Westlev's comely is clean-cut and

Miss Bert is the picture of the conventional mother. Her quietness tells against her impersonation, for it makes her seem at times cold, but less stern repression would drop the character into maudlin sentimentality. Miss Herne is good as the erring daughter, particularly when her mother learns she is not married. She, too, holds herself carefully in hand. Mr. Edwards as the father is more successful in his comedy than when he attempts to be serious. Mr. Melghan is a handsome betrayer and Miss Shannon plays the child satisfactorily.

A large audience laughed at the fun, and the tense hush during most of the two last acts was an earnest of its keen appreciation. Many wept for there are moments when the play deeply stirs the emotions.

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Port du Salut Cheese.

To the Editor of The Herald: In the morning Herald I noticed a letter from Mr. Marcelus P. Graves, in which he recounts the difficulty he has had in finding information about Port du Salut cheese. If Mr. Graves will consult a pamphlet issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington in 1906, entitled "Varieties of Cheese," he will find on page 40 an excellent and comprehensive account of the cheese in question. According to this pamphlet "Port du Salut" cheese originated about 1865 in the Trappist abbey Port du Salut, situated about six miles from Laval, in the Department of Mayenne, France.

The government pamphlet contains descriptions and analyses of all the hundreds of varieties of domestic and foreign cheeses about which there is any existing printed information.

PAUL P. FOSTER, Librarian

MEN AND THINGS

An illustration recently said in explanation of his domestic unapprehensiveness that he would do better work with his pen in the "Comparative Sociology of Zanzibar" than in a New York that has hand and imagination were stimulated by solitude, not by the sparkling excitement of New York. There did a small boy, a boy tower in Zanzibar, this did not resemble the major market of New York, described by Arthur Ward, who lived in a penitential life because he preferred to a noisy Otello. But the illustration's wife, Mrs. Ward, slipped for the glitter and the din of the metropolis.

The man works steadily. If Mr. T. H. Hardy, living in the country, writes romantic descriptions of Egdon Heath, the woods and the woodlanders, that have been put in a book, a woman about a city, where the widow looked only at chimney tops and roof of Port du Salut. Mr. George Moore complained to Mr. Hardy that he was a way from the how how "John country" he could be, but Mr. Moore is a poet who has a compelling, and, therefore, he is content to supply.

The opera, "La Morte de Port du Salut," is brilliant with Italian sun and spirit and national music. There is no doubt that the composer, Y. A. Veri, the composer, never saw Italy, and could not be persuaded to leave Paris. He was like the Parisian in an art who once said that he had made up his mind to go to a foreign country; that he had decided to go as far as the Alps. These have been authors and composers who, when they wrote, dressed themselves in their Sunday best and put on their anecdotal. There are far more anecdotes about the scandalous habits of Balzac at work are well known, and Rodin has immortalized the robe dressed in which Balzac ate and talked with old Giotto, Eugene Grant, the Baron Hiot and the unforgettable Valerie.

This reminds us that the statue of Sir Henry Irving represents him in his academic robes. Sir Henry, at his best on the stage, was romantic, not academic. He shone in melodrama. Why should he not be represented in one of his picturesque parts, and not as any college don or deep thinking philosopher?

There are men who say they think an look up from the paper at some beautiful picture on the wall or through a window, or if their eyes rest occasionally on the backs of books, a tapestry, or a dog on the hearth. It is far better to have nothing in front of the desk but a bare wall without even the illustrated advertisement of a brewery with a thin-lined Germania, opulent in flesh, but unlovely, to borrow the epithet of Homer. Least of all should there be a clock or any reminder of the absurd flight of time. It is not work that makes a man prematurely old, or kills him, it is the working against the clock.

This thought brings with it the remembrance of an article, "Not Too Old at Forty," which was recently published in the Pall Mall Gazette. "C. W. S." the London physician, who wrote a sane book about the folly of worrying before Dr. Watson's volume saw the light, is happy over the triumph of veterans at cricket. He tells of Mr. George Hirst, now 40, who last season made 1840 runs and took 164 wickets, of the old batsman to make 2000 runs, of Mr. J. T. Hearne, who in his 44th year took 119 wickets for less than 10 runs apiece. But there are some who would say that cricket, baggammon, golf and patience are the games for old age.

"C. W. S." then draws a moral: Growing old is folly. "It is that age is not a matter of years for us, as it were, but a putting on a ring for every man and a putting on the earth in the end of the road appears to be no

...the joy of untrammelled activity. The three divisions might be entitled, we are told: "His soul in the orgy of love; the realization of a fantastical dream; the glory of his own art."

Mr. Scriabin has been still more voluminous in explanation, if not so explicit. He wrote a singular poem for this piece, or perhaps the piece was written for the poem, which was published in Russian at Geneva in 1905. This verbal rhapsody, translated into English by Mrs. Edmund Noble (Lydia L. Pimenoff Noble), is published in the program book of these concerts. The task, which must have been difficult, seems to have been admirably accomplished for the translation has both character and spontaneity, as though it were neither an intermediary translation nor a loose paraphrase.

To express his ecstatic joy and also his untrammelled activity Mr. Scriabin employs a huge orchestra, which includes eight horns, five trumpets, a celesta and all sorts of pulsatile instruments. The composition, like the poem, might be described as a wildly fantastical rhapsody. There are some, and I am among them, who are more interested in the musical contents of a composition, the purely musical thought and expression, than in any attempt to give a translation in tones of philosophic thought. If Mr. Scriabin had merely entitled his musical rhapsody "Ecstasy" or "Joy in Free Activity," that would have been a sufficient clue.

It is easy to see how many will dismiss this work after one hearing as chaotic. They will speak of pleasing passages in juxtaposition with those that are barbarously boisterous. They will not find continuous thought, but loosely connected episodes. Our old friends who "dislike disorders" will again shake sorrowful heads, and possibly appeal to the Watch and Ward Society.

A composition of this magnitude is not to be so idly dismissed. It calls for more than a casual or excited discussion in a street car on the return from the concert.

There is no doubt of the serious purpose and the sincerity of the composer. He is not merely a poseur with a sense of color; not only a skillful juggler with the instruments. There is a definite plan, though it may escape those to whom music since the death of Mendelssohn offers insuperable difficulties. Mr. Scriabin not only is a harmonist of the advanced school; not only one skilled in instrumentation; he has individuality, and he has imagination.

What matters it whether he be a pantheist or a pseudo-Baptist; a man steeped in the religious traditions of India, or a convert to "New Thought"? When the fit was on him and he was at work on this rhapsody his first thought must have been the expression of that which was musical at the time within him.

This rhapsody is not cerebral music; it is emotional, and the emotional will be moved when they hear it. They may not understand the accompanying poem, and it would be better if they were not to read it until after the concert; yet the music will suggest to their thoughts which have come to them, but they themselves could not express these thoughts in music or in words. They will be stirred within; they, too, will for the moment be ecstatic.

Others will be interested in the harmonic expression and in the manner of instrumentation, the blending of timbres, the use of solo instruments in effects of ensemble, and there are twilight and mysterious effects; there are effects that recall operations of Nature, phenomena that are still mysterious, or tumultuous, though familiar for centuries.

Perhaps the highest tribute to this singular composition is this: It is not easy to describe the music to one that did not hear it; it is not easy for two that did hear it to express their views, one to the other. It is better to be silent about emotional music that works its spell. When a great deal can easily be spoken or written about that which is plausibly emotional, the poetic quality of the emotion may well be questioned.

Another high tribute to the "Poem of Ecstasy" is that many will dislike it and some will hold it in detestation. The orchestral performance of this composition was brilliant and impressive. The performance of the other pieces deserves warm praise. In the concert of Bach the harpsichord was mere tinkling against the rush and fury of the strings. The problem of piano or harpsichord in the performance of these works of Bach is not yet settled. If the strings are diminished the music should be heard in a small hall. If there is a specially constructed harpsichord, after the manner of the one used by Mr. Mahler with the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, the irreverent are reminded of a mowing machine active in a quiet summer morning, and the purists may say that there is a lack of proportion and the harpsichord becomes a solo instrument.

The performance of Beethoven's symphony was characterized by exquisite clarity and euphony. There is more of Finland in the symphonies, the violin concerto and "A Saz" of Sibellus than in his "Finlandia," which is hot with the spirit of revolt. No doubt he wrote this music with a patriotic heart, but patriotism is not an essential quality in a musical work of art.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2, Beethoven, concerto for violin; Strube, comedy overture, "Puck." Mr. Anton Witke, the concert master, will play as a soloist for the first time in America.

BOSTON HEARS NEW WORK BY SCRIBABIN

By PHILIP HALE.

The third public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Brandenburg concerto, No. 3.....Bach
Symphony in D major, No. 2.....Beethoven
"The Poem of Ecstasy," op. 54.....Scriabin
"Finlandia," op. 26, No. 7.....Sibellus

Alexander Scriabin was first known to concert-goers in Boston by small piano pieces, and one of them, a composition for the left hand, became popular; but neither a composer nor a pianist is to be judged by the left hand alone. No one of his important compositions had been played here before the performance of his "Poem of Ecstasy" yesterday.

This symphonic poem was first performed by the Russian Symphony Society of New York, Dec. 10, 1908, when Mr. Altschuler conducted. Mr. Altschuler has done much in bringing forward the works of contemporary Russian composers, and he seems to be particularly interested in Scriabin, whom he met in Switzerland three years ago last summer, when Scriabin was at work on this symphonic poem. Mr. Altschuler writes that the composer has sought in this piece to express "something of the emotional and, therefore, musically unmeasurable side of his philosophy of life." Mr. Scriabin, he adds, is "neither a pantheist nor a theosophist, yet his creed includes ideas somewhat related to each of these schools of thought."

"The Poem of Ecstasy" is said to ex-

press "The joy of untrammelled activity. The three divisions might be entitled, we are told: "His soul in the orgy of love; the realization of a fantastical dream; the glory of his own art."

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MEN AND THINGS

...correspondents. And a spate of complaints from abroad. Among them are complaints about the... are entertaining... are in complaint... are the same things and their... is irritating.

...P. Graves writes: "I am... to Mr. Paul P. Foster, II... note about Port Salut, ... Salut, or Port du Salut... was published in The... Wednesday. But what au... the spelling 'Port du... published by the... of Agriculture at Washing... this spelling in any... As I have already... leading French en... the cheese 'Port... Salut'.

...American consuls who have... with the language and... who they stationed, and... who they forward accurate... When I lived in Dresden, ... years ago, the American con... only a few words of German... with reference to food... The business of the office... by a German clerk who... fluently, but he was wise... and the consul was... his hands. This case was... uncommon one in Europe. I... at consuls today are better... to their office, and yet I should... to know how many consuls in... could give accurately the name... this cheese, especially when the... encyclopedists differ. Cheese is... in many ways."

...over" writes: "Is there good... for the use of 'whatever' as... an interrogatory pronoun, or of 'what... ever' as an interrogatory adverb? I... have seen many instances of such a... use of 'whatever,' but I could never... thinking that they were errors... 'what ever.' I have only once... the use of 'wherever' as an... interrogatory adverb, that being in the... Republican of Oct. 20, be... near the bottom of the third col... of the editorial page ('Whatever... that come from?')

...favorite interrogatory expres... in our boyhood was "How?" It... as many meanings as the... an "astro" or the German noun... But Dr. Holmes, who was never... pleased as when he was dilating on... characteristics of the Brahmins of... was horrified whenever he heard... say "how?" and no matter how... or how well dressed this man... Dr. Holmes insisted that he... caught too late and that his con... was hopeless.

...in a dictionary that "how?"... not be used to ask for the repe... of a word or a sentence that was... readily understood; but lexicog... are fussy, priggish persons... they often do great harm to the... Years ago in Vermont a... teacher returned to Chelsea from... a political convention. There had been... debate over the platform, and... the result of the debate there was a... opinion which led to the adoption... of a commonplace and feeble plank... the chairman in answer to ques... about the platform, answered: "I... pruned it of its most inherent... faults."

...Ligene Heavysage writes: "I was... in the paragraph about terms... in the terminology of carving... a list of nouns of multitude... contain your readers. The list... shed in the old 'Book of Saint... (1496). Our familiar speech... be enriched if school boys and... were obliged to learn these words... in nice differentiation.

...a sage of herons and of bitterns; an... of swans, cranes, curlews; a drop... of shieldrakes; a spring of teal; a... of coots; a gaggle of geese; a... of ducks; a bord or sute of... a muster of peacocks; a nye... of partridges; a congregation of... a flight of doves; a dule of... a walk of slipes; a full of... a brood of hens; a build... of rooks; a murmuration of star... an exaltation of larks; a flight of... a host of sparrows; a watch... of hulgales, and a charm of gold... A pride of lions; a lepe of... a herd of harts, of buck, and... of all sorts of deer; a bevy of roes; a... of bears; a singular of boars; a... of wild swine; a drift of... swine; a route of wolves; a har... of horses; a rag of colts; a stud... a pace of asses; a barren of... a team of oxen; a drove of kine; a... of sheep; a tribe of goats; a... of foxes; a cete of badgers; a... of martins; a feaynes of fer... a hove or a down of hares; a... of rabbits; a cloader of cats, and... a krowl of young cats; a shrewdness... of moles and a labour of moles."

...I have preserved the old spelling."

...This is indeed an interesting list. We... the old noun "wilderness," as in... of Monkeys," and we are... the impression that "paradise"... a sometimes used as a noun of mul... How poetically descriptive some... old nouns were! A gaggle of... a murmuration of starlings, an... of larks, a pride of lions, a... of foxes, a shrewdness of apes, a... of moles—these are especially... tious.

...The new has reached England that

...to his... of the... I... Hymn-book... and that the... of Heber... superannated. There is... exception to the statement: "Every prospect please, and only man... A Londoner reminds his read... that Heber thus made an abusive... from a particular... "A Cingloose hotelkeeper pre... the great missionary bishop with an... exorbitant bill; and that was... how he came to the conclusion that man... was vile in Ceylon."

...We should be hurt to see this hymn... disappear from any collection, for it... pleasant associations and... of its lines have entered into... the familiar speech of the English... When Artemus Ward was en... at the Slosshops' Club in... London, and fled there, his friend... a dinner with ices from... Greenland and fruits from India's... coral strand, and when he said that... had left his pocket book at home, but the dinner was a banquet fit for... the gods, Artemus wished that the... gods would pay for it. Nor are we... disturbed by Bishop Heber's general... All great hymns are in... inspired by personal sentiment, convic... experience. Bishop Heber had his... and his sentiment passed into enduring verse.

...Mme. Bernhardt purposes to produce... Rostand's translation or adaption of... Goethe's "Faust," and she says "I am... going to show the fallen angel in the... part. Some may object to this and... insist that the mocking and obscene... spirit of negation should not be con... founded with the superb Lucifer. Sarah... should read Eckermann's account of a... singular dream he had in 1830. He... promptly told it to Goethe, who found... the dream "very pretty." Eckermann... dreaming, was walking in a strange... city when he met Faust and Mephis... topheles. They all had a lively con... versation. Mephistopheles was appar... ently only 21 years old, of noble bearing, joyous, and free. He walked with the... lightness of Mercury. And his face was... beautiful, somewhat pale, without sug... gestion of evil. "No one could recog... nize him as the devil, except possibly... by two delicate little horns that sprang... from his youthful forehead and curled... sideways, like a fine arrangement of... hair."

...It will be observed that this Mephis... topheles did not sport a tail, unlike... Coleridge's devil, who, dressed in his... Sunday best—but we purpose to speak... of this later in connection with an ar... ticle on the legend of tall men by Mr. Frederick Boyle and an article on the... pheasant, "The Lordly Longtail," by Mr. Frank Schlosser.

...Little has been said in American... journals about Dr. John Peile, who... recently died at Christ's College... Lodge, Cambridge, yet he made one... remark that should be pondered by... all university lecturers: "When I... have ceased to change my mind, I... shall be no longer fitted to lecture."

...L. B. T." writes: "I spent two... weeks last month at a hotel which... is known throughout the land for the... 'culture' of its guests. One evening... a young woman played pleasantly on... the piano a transcription of Mendels... sohn's song 'On Pinions of Music.' I... turned to a woman sitting near me... and said, 'I wonder whose arrange... ment that is.' She replied: 'I don't... know; I am a stranger here.'"

MARTINEAU'S LIFE OF CHABRIER

Study of Rabelaisian Composer; American Plays Judged in England.

NOTES OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

Concerts of This Month and the Next Afford a Variety of Entertainment.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald a year or more ago published a review of a life of Emmanuel Chabrier, who is still not so highly appreciated as he should be. A biography of this original and singularly brilliant composer, by Rene Martineau, was published recently by Dorbon aine, Paris.

The French have of late years been peculiarly fortunate in the field of musical biography. It is true that now and then a biography appears that is only a cloying panegyric, but books of this species are few in number. Mr. Camille Bellaigue's "Gounod," published by Alcan, is described by Mr. Pougin as a "homage to Gounod, and his genius, and also a sermon, a sort of fragmentary gloss on the faith and the sanctity of the Christian religion." Mr. Bellaigue says too little about Gounod's life. Readers of another composer's struggles, combats, errors—all that constitutes the material and intellectual life of an artist—There is not enough biographical information. On the other

...hand, in Gounod's works... the com... "Romeo... "Mireur Lul" is also... of "Nonne Sanguante,"... and "Le Tr but de Zamo... "A sincere truly should not turn... to a parody." Mr. Bellaigue is... a reproach for being a "precieux... in style. "Not wishing to write like... others, he ends in lacking simplicity... and naturalness."

These reproaches cannot justly be brought against Mr. Martineau's "Chabrier." The book is a small one of about 100 pages, and it contains matter that has not been used by preceding biographers and criticism that is fresh and to the point.

It is well known that the chief teacher of Chabrier was Aristide Hignard, who would now be more famous as a composer if he had a little more ambition and energy. Hignard's "Hamlet" is said to be a far finer opera than Thomas', which was recently characterized by Mr. Rudiman as the dullest of all operas—and this is an appalling characterization. Mr. Martineau says that in Hignard's valises seen the influence of the composer over Chabrier.

It is not generally known that Chabrier's first important sketches were two operettas with text by Paul Verlaine. The great poet and Villiers de l'Isle Adam were close friends of Chabrier, who met them with Jean Ilchevin, de Heredia, Mendes and Coppee at the house of the Marquise de Ricard. Chabrier was deeply interested in contemporary literature and art, and he once described himself as "the least illiterate of musicians." These operettas were not performed, and of the first there are now only orchestral pieces and of the second a piano arrangement, but the music shows the genius of Chabrier for opera-bouffe. His friends often urged him to take it subject from Rabelais and treat it with a spirit of gigantic buffoonery. "When he grew enthusiastic over Wagner, they rightly said that he, Chabrier, alone was capable of creating a kind of musical comedy in a genuinely French manner, something like 'The Mastersingers,' but more frankly gay than Wagner's masterpiece." When Chabrier began to write he knew nothing of Wagner or his music.

As Vincent d'Indy wrote a symphony inspired by the life of John Hunyadi and destroyed it, so Chabrier thought of an opera on the same subject and obtained a libretto from Henri Fouquier, but the work was interrupted and fragments were utilized for the opera "Gwendoline."

In his earlier years Chabrier liked especially the music of Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann, and for Offenbach his admiration lasted until he lost his mind. His instincts were romantic, but he was sensitive and independent; he did not care whether music that he liked were ancient or modern, nor did he consider from what country it came. If he were moved, as by music of Gluck, which made him weep, he could forgive insufficient technique. Purely cerebral music that astonished and did not move was to him a useless art. He had no contempt for Meyerbeer until he heard "Tristan and Isolde."

Henri Duparc, the composer of exquisite songs, persuaded Chabrier to go to Munich to hear "Tristan." He went, heard, and was henceforth a changed man. After the performance he did not say a word to his friends, but shut himself up alone in his room, and it was then that he determined to resign his position in the ministry of the interior and live solely for music.

His admiration for Wagner led him to write "Gwendoline," but he abandoned too soon his former projects for writing opera-bouffe that would be classic. Writing serious and comic operas, he was unfortunate in his librettists. He did not have the luck of Debussy.

Chabrier, influenced as he was by Wagner, preserved his personality and originality.

Although he lived and composed for years in the country, he was always a Parisian. He abhorred the peasants and their life, and he did not enjoy nature unless it were "arranged," seen through a poet's work. His home at LaMembrolle in Touraine had a vast garden, but he lived for the most part in the drawing room and wrote there at all hours of the day and night. Now and then he would be seen going a-fishing with sabots on his feet, but he was not a born fisherman and he would quickly return to his piano and his desk.

In Paris he learned much as chorus master for Lamoureux and as a member of the National Society of Music. His comic opera "L'Etoile," on which "The Merry Monarch" was based, as far as the libretto was concerned, brought the respect of musicians, but his "Espana" made him famous. At the National Society he was influenced by Cesar Franck, although he never was his pupil. At Lamoureux's he learned instrumentation. His first attempt—when he orchestrated some of his piano pieces, "Pieces Pittoresques"—was pitiable; for his instrumentation was heavy, colorless, awkward. His friends shook their heads. But his "Espana" is still a marvel of instrumentation, and he even surpassed this in his later works. As Duparc says in a letter to Mr. Martineau: "Espana" gives the impression of a work marvellously orchestrated. The works that followed seem to me to have been thought for the orchestra."

This "Espana" was composed from motives written during and after a trip to Spain. He wrote the ensemble of these motives improvised when in that country for the piano at first, and he then orchestrated the piece. He finally gave the sub-title: rhapsody for orchestra, but he said that it was a piece in F major and nothing more.

Mr. Martineau thinks that this work placed the composer immediately next to Berlioz in the affirmation of the particular qualities of his race and country. "The soul of Chabrier is revealed in 'Espana' as the soul of Berlioz is revealed in the 'Fantastic Symphony' or in 'Roméo'.

...with French music who... from every foreign in... Frank was not a Latin... was a Walloon, not a French... who has employed the... musical science and formulas... acquired at his epoch, while pre... serving the qualities of dash and the... perfume of Latinism which characterize the French genius."

"Espana" did not please the Spaniards when it was conducted at there. They dislike Chabrier's music. And this rhapsody is Spain "as seen only through the fancy of the most Parisian musician that has lived." Why should the Spaniards like a work written in a musical language which they had never spoken and almost never heard? Perhaps for a similar reason "Carmen" was for years disliked by the Spaniards. "This rhapsody was misunderstood and despised as it was also in Russia and in Germany, where Chabrier shares the fate of France and his successors."

This is hardly just. Mottl has done much for Chabrier in Germany. Cesar Franck is slowly making his way, as are Debussy, Faure and Ravel. The Germans began to like Chabrier's music when they began fondly to believe that the composer was a devout disciple of Wagner.

There are composers that are unlucky, and Chabrier was one of them. "Gwendoline" succeeded at Brussels, but the directorship was changed and the opera house closed before the end of the season. "Le Roi Maltre Lul" pleased at the Opera Comique, Paris, but that opera house was burned to the ground a week after the first performance. They say that the morning after the catastrophe Chabrier was seen looking for his score in the ruins. Last of all, Chabrier died pitifully before he had completed his "Brisels."

Mr. Martineau has much to say about the lovable and incredibly gay nature of Chabrier, whose letters to an old servant, published not long ago, reveal the sweetness and tenderness of his nature as well as his rollicking fun and extravagant humor.

The Revue d'Aujourd'hui wished him to serve as critic, but he could not be persuaded to write a monthly article. "It would preoccupy me too much, it would have little interest, it would not serve in any way, and it would give me a thousand useless anxieties. A week before writing it I should have before my eyes the spectacle of this devil of an article."

"Outside of the theatre Chabrier was wholly at his ease. He wrote what he wished and as he wished." Witness his Marche "Joyeuse," his "Sulamite," his duo of the ouvreuse of the Opera Comique and of the clerk in the Bon Marche, in which there are delightful vocal jests on the words Carvalho and Boucaut, and, above all, his songs, "Les Dindons," "Les Canards," "Les Cigales" and "Les Cochons Roses," and his "Bourree Fantastique."

No French composer had the same Gallic spirit, superb coloring, extravagant gaiety and technical skill in the expression of Rabelaisian merriment.

It is a singular fact that neither Mr. Martineau nor any other of Chabrier's biographers gives an account of the music written for Catulle Mendes' tragic-parade "Tabarin's Wife," a subject closely resembling that of "Pagliacci." Mr. Martineau does not even mention this music in the list of Chabrier's compositions.

Balzac's "Caesar Birotteau" has been made into a play by Emile Fabre. "The money theme becomes almost painful in its insistence, and Balzac on the stage is apt to look a little old-fashioned; but his characters are picturesque, like their clothes. * * * The story is still poignant and still draws tears from our eyes. Gemler plays Birotteau in this version at the Theatre Antoine (Paris) and gives us a great impersonation; a very touching and realistic picture, if some times a little overdrawn."

The London Times made short work of "Maw, or the Squab Lady," with May Robson. "Maw," mamma, mother; "squab," a domestic fowl; lady, woman. Maw, or the Squab Lady is, therefore, mother, who keeps chickens. It is a pleasure to know the unenjoyable moments heavily outweighed the enjoyable. Pretty stories like this need the deftest of telling and acting; and both authors and company are still very artlessly eager." The Pall Mall Gazette was still sourer: "The average small American town of anything over 2000 inhabitants generally contains, among other attractions, an 'opera house.' It is sometimes built of corrugated iron and sometimes of wood; and as a general rule, its nearest approach to opera is a wrestling match. From time to time, however, these establishments are visited for one night only by theatrical companies on tour; and on these occasions a necessarily somewhat unsophisticated audience assembles. It is, we presume, for this particular public that such pieces as 'The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary' and 'Maw, or the Squab Lady' are written. * * * We really think that 'Maw, or the Squab Lady' is the most childish and bland dramatic entertainment we have ever seen."

A statue of Racine, representing the poet in his boyhood, was unveiled by M. Jules Lemaitre today (Oct. 2) at La Ferte Milon, where Racine was born and where he spent a considerable part of his early life. M. Lemaitre congratulated the sculptor of the statue, M. Holiin, upon the fact that enough was known of Racine's boyhood to render possible a plausible representation of his face and form at 14 or 15 years of age based upon David d'Angers' well known statue of him in later life. Racine himself he described as a poet who was essentially French, and who, with La Fontaine, had most purely expressed the genius of the French race. A performance of "Les Plaideurs" was given for the unveiling ceremony. —London

Clayton Hamilton in an article in "The Bookman" for October

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 3 said apropos of "The Speckled Band," which will be produced at the Boston Theatre tomorrow night for the first time in America:

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's drama, 'The Speckled Band,' is a more powerful thing than ever, now that Mr. Herbert Waring is playing the part of the diabolical doctor. There is no disparagement of his predecessor in the part implied in saying this; but Mr. Waring has a sort of genius for rendering this type of character in an intense and realistic way. Meanwhile, a rumor is going round that the drama now running at the Queen's Theatre will be Sir Arthur's last important essay as a playwright, and the Paris edition of the New York Herald has published an interview with him, in the course of which he is reported to have spoken as follows: 'Don't think I am leaving stage work because it does not interest me. It interests me too much. It is so absorbing that it draws one's mind away from the deeper things of life and makes it difficult to settle down steadily to any special course of reading or literary work. For those who can treat the deep matters of life dramatically it is different, but I recognize my own limitations in that respect, and so I make an absolute vow that I will not again write for the stage.'

Sir Conan Doyle afterward denied that he had been interviewed by The Herald and the statement attributed to him was without foundation.

There has been an animated Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in the London journals. "H. M. W." writes in the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 3.

"In an article published lately in an evening contemporary, dealing mainly with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and from the pen of a well known writer, the following passage occurred: 'Secondly, the author of "Shakespeare," Sir E. Durning-Lawrence accepts, for a strange purpose the tradition that Shakespeare when an actor played the ghost in "Hamlet." But he needs try to make out that Shakespeare, besides being no poet, was no actor. The ghost, he gravely tells us, is the smallest and most insignificant of parts, and could easily be played by a player, who would have nothing more to do than to wear a suit of armor, keep his face hidden and walk "silently and slowly a few times across the stage. Then on his final appearance, he should say a few words, but these can be, and occasionally are, spoken by some invisible "parker." The ghost's "final appearance" is, as most of us believe in Queen Gertrude's room, and on that occasion he utters not a single word!'

"The italics are my own. If a well-known writer, criticising a 'Baconian,' can display this sort of knowledge of even so familiar a play as 'Hamlet,' his pronouncements may well chuckle. And more than one critic of the revival of 'Henry VIII.' at His Majesty's referred to Buckingham as a 'young nobleman,' who, in act 2, scene 1, was 'on his way from the tower to execution.'

On Oct. 10 "H. M. W." felt obliged to write this paragraph: "The reference in these notes last week to some of the criticisms of 'Henry VIII.' has brought down so many letters upon me that I may as well explain here that Buckingham is not 'on his way from the Tower to execution' in the first scene of the second act, but on his way from his arraignment at Westminster Hall, and that the apparent selection of the Tower as the scene of the 'farewell' speeches is a managerial license. Also that the the critics who referred to Buckingham as a 'young noble' apparently forgot that his survivor refers to the duke's 'son-in-law' in act 1, scene 2, and that the duke himself in act 2, scene 1, alludes to his honors as having been restored to him early in his reign the late King, Henry VII., who had ascended the throne 33 years before and died 13 years before Henry VII. became King in 1485 and died in 1509, and the proceedings against Queen Catherine were instituted by Henry VIII. in 1527, which, according to the Shakespearean chronology, was also the year of Buckingham's execution."

Mr. August Spanuth, reviewing a performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, praised glowingly Miss Farrar's Juliet. Francis MacLennan, as Romeo, disappointed him by his too evident attention to "vocal method," which did not allow of free and elastic tonal emission. "He was formerly a far better Parafal, a part he created in America and in England," Mr. Griswold, as the Friar, pleaded. Mr. Spanuth, who was severe in his treatment of the German who took the part of Capulet, Eberhard, who was formerly in Mr. Savage's company was the Mercurio. Mr. Spanuth reminded his readers that he had heard brilliant performances of the opera when Mme. Melba, the de Reskess and Pancon were the chief singers. "Bring Fair," by Dellus, will be performed in 31 cities this season. Mr. Her purposes to produce it in Boston.

Is and that Humperdinck will write the music for production of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" in German. The production is an arrangement of the orchestra of the Berlin Opera. The first concert is to be given in Berlin, and the second in London.

There will be performed this season in Berlin at the symphony concerts of the Royal Orchestra, led by the composer, Strauss played two scenes from his new comic opera in Munich to a company of Germans and visiting Frenchmen. Mr. Spanuth said the

ond to Schumann; the third to Debussy, Franck and Saint-Saens; the sixth to Balakireff, Tchaikowsky and Kallnikoff. The 10th program will contain only two pieces: Mozart's major symphony and Strauss' "Domestic."

The brother of Don Lorenzo Perosi has completed an opera founded on Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The opera will be produced in the spring of 1911 in Vienna, which has been the home of the composer for several years.

A letter of Verdi to Mascheroni, the conductor, has been published. It is dated at Genoa, 1855, and in it is this sentence: "Now that you have surely arrived, you will have made rehearsals."

"Continue as ever to have the devil in your body, but don't fall in love with your prima donna. She is not only beautiful and seductive; she is very dangerous. Those who fall under her claws are to be pitied. I can easily imagine all the rows and tantrums when she is on the stage. Poor devils! . . . La Peppina (Verdi's wife, Giuseppina Strepponi) is not well. She does not eat and she is growing thin. Ah, these physicians are not able to find any way of strengthening the stomach and giving an appetite."

They have invented in Germany a paper that does not make any noise when it is mused or torn, and this "silent paper" is now used by certain managers for programs.

An operetta, "L'Alsacienne," was produced at Lyons, Sept. 22. The two heroes are seen leaving in an aeroplane. The music was composed by Umberto Pini-Corsi, 21 years old, a pupil of the Milan Conservatory and a son of the well known baritone, Pini-Corsi.

The Composer Giordano will live for a year in Paris, where his "Siberia" will be produced in May at the Opera and his "Mese Mariano" at the Opera Comique.

The Menestrel (Paris) states gravely that the following notice was pasted on a wall in Montreal: "In the second act of 'Faust,' the spinning wheel of Marguerite will be replaced by a sewing machine, on which the name of the manufacturer will stand out in letters of fire. This machine is absolutely noiseless and the public will not lose one word of the famous ballad of the King of Thule."

All the orchestral works of Richard hearers could not believe their ears, for the music was for an operetta rather than an opera. There was a waltz wholly without distinction. Mr. Spanuth wrote in a Strauss was having his little joke with the company?

The Folk Opera at Vienna purposed to produce "Quo Vadis?" by Jean Nouguet. At the last moment the censor was shocked at the introduction of St. Peter, and he insisted on changes.

A free version of Euripides' "Alceste," by Miss Berthe Vadier, will be produced at Geneva toward the end of next month. Gustave Koeckert is writing the music for solo voices, chorus and orchestra consisting of two flutes, one clarinet, a bassoon, two harps, cymbals and drums.

Mme. Carmen-Mella, who will sing at the Boston Opera House the first week of the season, recently took the part of Thais at Ancenis for the 100th time in Italy, and "with extraordinary success." She was heard in Boston last season at one of Mrs. McAlister's Musical Mornings.

Henri Lichtenberger's life of Wagner (250 pages), published in Alcan's series of "Maitres de la Musique," is highly praised for its sense of proportion and general sanity.

Mr. Hertz conducted a performance of "Tristan and Isolde" at Covent Garden, Oct. 8, and the Pall Mall Gazette said he viewed the score dramatically "rather than from the point of view of serial climaxes; he certainly obtained some fine effects, but they were made at the expense of tonal quality (he seemed to nerve the young players in Mr. Beecham's orchestra into roughness now and then); it was not the power which is suggested by the reserve behind." This was a courteous way of saying that Mr. Hertz gave his usual hammer-and-tongs performance.

Oct 24 1910

A TIRESOME DISPUTE.

The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is raging in London—and raging is the word. The recently published books by Sir E. Durning-Lawrence and Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor have added fuel to the flame, although the first is preposterous and the arguments in the second are audacious. For instance, Mr. Batchelor states that Ben Jonson's panegyric of Shakespeare's portrait was "Writ Sarkastic"; that nobody contemporary with Shakespeare gave him credit for literary ability; that as long as Ben Jonson really believed Shakespeare to be the author of the plays he reviled him roundly, but as soon as he discovered that Shakespeare had not written a line of them he indulged in extravagant praise of his genius! Mr. Batchelor also argues that inasmuch as Judith, the daughter of Shakespeare, could not write, therefore her father could not have declared ignorance to be "the curse of God." This is fine reasoning from assumed premises. Mr. Batchelor is fortunately not too

informed as to cryptograms and ciphers, but he nowhere gives any reasonable explanation for Bacon's concealment and reticence.

A Mr. Peyton thinks that Shakespeare could not have written the plays attributed to him because he was "a butcher." But the dramatist's father made gloves and sold wool. As an Oxonian points out, all the Elizabethans were more or less butchers, for all householders killed their own meat. "The Cavaliers sneered at Cromwell and said that he had been a butcher. Like any of the smaller Cavaliers of his time, he and his killed their own meat and often sold it when killed. He was the nephew of the 'Golden Knight,' and Shakespeare, for the matter of that, was the grandson of a knight through his father, who married the gentlewoman, Mistress Arden."

To what extremities have Baconians come when they argue from Shakespeare's birth or trade! Jonson was a bricklayer; Marlowe was a shoemaker's son; Henry Kirke White was a butcher poet, as was Akenside. Then there were Keats, whose father kept a livery stable; Gray, whose mother was a milliner; Browning, who was the son of a butcher who kept a "pub." Goethe came from a family of traders. Go through the catalogue of poets, dramatists, painters, composers; many of the illustrious were of the humblest descent and born amid prosaic surroundings. The majority of famous singers and players on instruments have known abject poverty in their youth, and some of the most celebrated singers have come from hovels and the streets.

Still the conflict rages. Yet let any man of ordinary intelligence read the prose and poetry of Bacon and the poetry and prose of Shakespeare, and if he be without prejudice he cannot be led to believe that Bacon was the author of the plays and poems known as Shakespeare's. For Bacon to have written them would, indeed, have been a miracle, a greater miracle than the time-defying expression of "Shakespeare's" thoughts, by the man that went from Stratford to London.

Oct 25 1910

MEN AND THINGS

We were agreeably surprised last week. Mr. Eugene Heavyside, whose contributions have occasionally enlivened this column and always furnished instructive reading for the young, relating his recent experiences in Europe, did not say that he sat at the captain's table crossing the Atlantic, nor did he confidentially inform us that the "leakiness of the port" had been extended to him on his return to the patriotically protested shore. On the contrary, he had had to say about the discomforts of the port, for he was asked vexing questions about a six-penny porgin that he brought with him for his little boy and about a hairbrush intended for his baby's head.

Mr. Heavyside and evidently read and pondered James Howell's instructions to travelers in foreign parts and especially the advice of the gossiping clerk as to their behavior when they returned; he had also read the remarks of Bacon and Emerson on travel. In other words, he did not make his hearers sorry that he had returned alive, and those listening neither envied him nor pitied themselves. Thus he works for righteousness in the community.

A hook to commemorate 50 years of President Braga's mental activity was published in 1908, and it is entitled "Quinquagenaria." The new President is therein described as simple and sober in his life. "Lean and drawn, his gait is hurried and mincing. His hat is thrust on the back of his head, his clothes are loose, the skirts of his long overcoat fly in the winds. From one arm hangs his hook-handed umbrella; beneath the other are tucked some books. Sly and timid, almost furtive, he walks as though shrinking from observation, like one who treads gingerly on a thick carpet in order to escape notice. In appearance he is a feeble being, having somewhat the aspect of an invalid, with bowed back, hollow-chested and thin ('porso curvo, ventre chala, estomaco escavado'). His socks hang down in folds over his shoes. Yet he has the strongest, sturdiest, most energetic temperament I have ever met—a perfect type of the worthy worker and useful citizen." This is the characterization of President Braga by his friend Rómulo Ortigao, as Englished for the Pall Mall Gazette.

Some may form an unfavorable opinion of this President from the description, and they may allude to the malice of a friend. Since President Braga is lean and drawn, they may remember Cassius, because he wears his hat on the back of his

head, they may consider him as a poseur, and quote the example of Horace Greeley, who was accused of thus sporting his hat and also tucking a trouser leg into a boot in order that he might at once establish close and intimate relations with the farmers. That he walks gingerly, as one stepping on eggs, is not an ingratiating fact. "His socks hang down in folds over his shoes." This should not excite prejudice. Many deep thinkers, many geniuses have been careless as to their socks, and there was at least one American statesman who wore none at all. Nothing is said about the cut of President Braga's trousers, whether he treads them under his heels or whether the ends are frayed. Possibly he resembles Cesar Franck and Johannes Brahms, the composers of music, whose trousers climbed in emulation of their wearers' aspirations, or to use the familiar speech of the street, were at half-mast.

There is one good thing about President Braga. While he is reported to be shy, there is nothing said about his "being able to look you straight in the eye." A man that does this has the reputation of being a frank and manly fellow; but the man that fixes you with his eye, whether it be glittering or fish-like, or like unto a hard-boiled egg, is to be suspected. We have had the pleasure of meeting several bunco-steers. Each one of them looked us straight in the eye. Of course, these remarks do not apply to any one who has a glass eye. This reminds us that Polyphemus, the giant with one eye in the center of his forehead, was the first to use a monocle. See the Scholiast on the Odyssey.

There is interesting news from Paris and the French provinces. A story of newspaper life and village rivalry is for farce comedy. A local newspaper in Y published a bitter article about the village of X. A delegation waited on the editor of the Journal in X and asked him to avenge them. He wrote a "scathing" article that made his fellow villagers happy. The day after publication the delegation made another visit, expressed delight and asked the editor to name his reward. He smiling, put the question by. The spokesman was not satisfied. "Of course we shall reward you. You fellows have to earn your living." The next morning the editor received a basket of beans and two pounds of potatoes.

The Figaro of Paris is now a two-cent newspaper and the only important journal in Paris that cost centimes is the Journal des Debates. The announcement was published in Figaro that the change could only have been made at a time when, as now, the profits of the Figaro have tripled the amount of the capital its shareholders have invested in it.

Figaro was started first as a weekly, and then it was published twice a week. Its early fortunes are most amusingly described in the memoirs of de Villemessant, its founder, who was cynically shrewd and unscrupulous. The Press Law treated him at first so severely that two years after he had started the paper, he was almost obliged to suspend publication; but a petition to the Prince Imperial then four days old, saved him; for the Emperor laughed, and whatever the faults of Napoleon III. were—and they were many and grievous—he admired audacious wit.

De Villemessant, romantic in his statements of fact, especially about his birth and early years, was hard-headed as an editor. He knew what the Parisians liked to read, and he gave it to them. It was his mature opinion that the death of a dog in Paris was of more interest to them than a change in a foreign dynasty. He knew the value of famous men as contributors of signed articles, and he was quick to discover young men who surely would be famous if they had the opportunity. He gave them this opportunity. The roll of contributors to Figaro since 1854 is an impressive one. Yet there were periods, after de Villemessant's death, when Figaro lost ground, especially during the Dreyfus affair, when the editorial articles and the reports of the trial provoked the anti-Dreyfusites to madness. And there were years when Figaro was in bad odor, as is seen in an essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, where he speaks of the electric and baleful glare in front of the Figaro office as symbolical of the journal's character.

The music hall in London has had staunch defenders and glowing eulogists from the time when Mr. George Moore praised it as a protest against the villa, the club, and all forms of the smug respectability that worked infamy to art, literature and life to that of the present when prominent actors and actresses see in it the salvation of the English stage—that is, when they make lucrative engagements with the managers. At last there is a protesting voice. Some one who signs himself "A Lover of the Music Hall" objects strenuously to "the nuisance of music hall artists addressing personalities to various members of their audiences. If I am sitting in a highly-priced stall with either my wife or daughter I do not particularly want to be the butt of pointed personalities from the stage." And "Lover, etc." gives this painful instance:

"This last week only, a humble patron of the gallery at a leading West end hall simply let his appreciation of the artist escape in a humble 'bravo,' using the Christian name of the singer, who immediately retorted, 'Who's that speaking with a voice like a ton of coals?' This exceedingly humorous remark completely disgusted some of the better-class patrons, and the poor fellow with a lady seemed much disconcerted." But the poor fellow with a lady began the personalities. What business has

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in America of "The Speckled Band, an Adventure of Sherlock Holmes," a drama in three acts and five scenes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced by Charles Frohman.

D. G. Lacey Rylott	Edwin Stevens
J. S. Snor	Irene Fenwick
M. S. Stanton	Katherine Brook
E. S. S. S.	John Findlay
A. S. S. S.	H. H. McCollum
M. S. S. S.	Cyril Chadwick
A. S. S. S.	Ben Field
L. S. S. S.	Alexander
M. S. S. S.	F. Simpson
H. S. S. S.	Frank Shannon
S. S. S. S.	W. Soderling
M. S. S. S.	Ivan F. Simpson
S. S. S. S.	Kenneth Melken
Dr. Watson	Ivo Dawson
Mr. Sherlock	C. Water

This play, founded on Sir Conan Doyle's story of the same name, was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on June 4, 1910. It is a melodrama, and to use the classic language of the Adelphi, it is a howler.

All sane and normal persons have a weakness for melodrama, provided it is piping hot, and stuffed with thrilling situations. Sir Conan Doyle's story is familiar to every one, and it is enough to say there is material in it for not only thrilling scenes, but also for the portraiture of character: for the villain is a criminal of a type of which Mr. Sherlock Holmes is not necessarily a national stage detective, and Mr. Armitage of the coroner's jury is a man known in every village.

The more extravagant a melodrama is, the better it is and the greater its popular success. Sir Conan Doyle begins his play in a manner to awaken interest and suggest mystery. The sight of All, the spectacle of the afflicted Enid, and the apparition of Dr. Ryott—these at once rivet the attention and suggest the probability of hideous crimes past and to come. Then follows an excellent and realistic scene, that of the coroner's jury endeavoring to solve the mystery of the death of Enid's sister. The play of Mr. Arrington, the inspiring and uncontrollable juryman who gloried in being a Methodist and the son of a Methodist, and also in his calling of grocer, was capitally played by Mr. Field, and Mr. Frank gave a carefully studied impersonation of the coroner.

After this scene, there is straight drama to the end, when the Fast Lady, in snake, not finding the bell-rope by Enid's bed and frightened by Holmes' rappings, goes back to the step-father's chamber and kills him. There is the hard-faced and stern-looking doctor, dressed neatly in black, in love with the doctor, probably on account of his luxuriant whiskerage and bullying manner. There is the faithful, creaky, doddering old Butler, in mortal terror of his master. There is Dr. Grimesby Ryiott, a villain of the deepest dye, so palpably a villain that one may reasonably wonder why he did not stay at Stoke Place one day after Sir John's death, when he would have had money of her own, rather than be the friend of her enemy. There is our friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, with the cocaine bottle and the slavishly adoring Watson.

The more absurd and preposterous, the
 attractions—and I do not refer to the in-
 tention of the snake—the greater the en-
 joyment of the very large audience
 that night. Theirs not to reason why.
 The audience was there for entertain-
 ment, and it was highly amused. It
 was especially pleased with the villain,
 and thus the good, old, sound traditions
 of melodrama were preserved.

And Mr. Stevens was most amusing. His twit hing fingers, facial contortions, nervous gait, voice now howling, now pleading in false and ultra-tallow tones, now snarling, is wheedling and his threatening, his dirty, arrogant, fierce airs, his bending of the poker, his very clothes, from high collar to queer boots, all brought the villain. The absence of cigars, made him none the less a monster of crime. And it was a pleasure to see the old familiar paper brought out for Enid to sign. Dr. Gilmesby Rylott! The very name, even if the owner had not been a retired Anglo-Indian surgeon, with a suspiciously strange, nervous behavior and a habit of having milk served daily in his room, when as a matter of fact he never drank it even with gin. It was enough to convict him of villainy. Mr. Stevens played his part off to a high and hysterical key. This deepened the enjoyment of the audience. Had he been less resting and more subtle, we should all of us have been disappointed.

Some of the students, for the uninitiated, some of the academic souls, might object to the scene between Mr. Holmes and his three associates in the second scene of the second act. It is true that the three have nothing to do with the subject of the drama, but they show the greatness of Mr. Holmes and we have begun to look at his friend Watson as a prejudiced witness in favor of the detective. Mr. Millward was appropriately calm, effective, imperturbable always on the

**American Violinist Plays a Concerto
by Ernst and Smaller Pieces.**

Francis Macmillen, violinist, assisted by Gino Aubert, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Ernst, concerto in F sharp minor; Bach, chaconne; Schubert-Wilhelmi, Ave Maria; Mozart, minuet; Zarzycki, mazourka; Saint-Saens, introduction and rondo capriccioso; Glazunoff, meditations; Paganini, "Moise" Fantasia (for G string alone).

Mr. Macmillan, who was warmly received at recent concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, proved equally pleasing in the intimacy of a smaller hall. His technical proficiency is admirable; he is an imaginative interpreter; his manner on the stage is dignified. His tone is full and of beautiful quality. Occasionally, however, he is inclined to overemphasize emotional passages. He then scrapes and slurs, and the effect is considerably spoiled.

The concerto, with due consideration for the lack felt of orchestral accompaniment, was uninteresting, vague and monotonous in character; but it was a medium for Mr. Macmillan's technique and as such was excellently rendered. Especially notable was the legato playing.

Mr. Macmillan was at his best in the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, and charming in the shorter pieces, notably Mozart's Minuet, distinguished by its stateliness and elegance.

Mr. Aubert was a satisfactory accompanist. An audience of fair size showed its appreciation and the violinist added to the program.

PARK THEATRE—"Seven Days," a farce in three acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. The cast:

James Wilson.....	Albert Brown
Dallas Brown.....	Allan Pollock
Tom Harbison.....	Carl Eckstrom
William Mannigan.....	Jay Wilson
Tubby McGirk.....	William Eville
Hobbs.....	F. C. Butler
Bella Knowles.....	Hope Latham
Anne Brown.....	Florence Reed
Klt McNair.....	Georgia O'Ramey
Aunt Selina.....	Lucille LaVerne

A Vaudeville Show That Is a Remedy for Mental Depression.

The man who put together the show at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week must be something of a physician, for he has concocted a remedy for mental depression. The prescription is compounded thus: Two grains of music, three of racy sketch, one of acrobatics, one of classic dancing, one of song and another of burlesque with a drahm of exciting pictures. These, taken in doses 20 minutes apart, produce, first, a state of interest, then expectation and, finally, laughter.

The Hickey brothers are three acrobats who haven't an old trick in their bag.

"What Happened in Room 42" is an interesting sketch showing the clever but costly ruse of a bright young hotel man to keep his house from the disgrace of a suicide, and with a laugh on the bright young man in the end. The unhappy woman's soliloquy into the gun muzzle, however, is a bit too serious for an all-fun program.

Albert Holo, a former choirboy at Westminster Abbey, sings in a delightful, boyish soprano some old and new songs which everybody loves.

Florence Noyes and Walter Stiles, who make their vaudeville debut, introduce their own interpretation of classic myth in dance pantomime and work out some pretty and graceful effects in Flora and Zephyr, Darius and Cassia and Daphn and Apollo.

Charles and Rosie Coventry are novelty musical entertainers, but their entertainment is not novel though they are skillful. Ruby Raymond's company of street urchins pretend they are amateurs on their first night before the footlights, and, while they seldom bring a laugh, cause many a smile.

Edgar Blexley and Henry Fluk have attempted to burlesque Melba and Caruso. "Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-deay, mixed with "Tannhauser" and "Carmen," is something to be heard. It raises interesting speculations as to how grand opera would go at Cone Island. "The Photo Shop" is a bright musical comedy presented by Jesse Lasky, introducing some good songs.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — "The Wolf," by Eugene Walter. The cast

Jules Baublen.....	E. Fernandez
Andrew McTavish.....	Tom Burroughs
Hilda McTavish.....	Mildred Hyland
Batiste Le Grand.....	Roberto Desho
William McDonald.....	William Crisman
George Huntly.....	Robert T. Lothla

Gelsha girls are not sawdust dolls any more than American girls when it comes to affairs of the heart. "In a Japanese Tea House," a one-act play at B. Keith's Bijou Theatre, this is told tunefully, prettily, and for the most part merrily. The setting for the musical wooding and heart break is Sakura—a San is the lady of Sakura's tea house—a dainty enough sliding rice paper doors overlook the flowering cherry garden. To Sakura comes Donald Moore, an American. Melodiously he learns Japanese, and melodiously he teaches the American mode of courtship. Then comes Mrs. Leighton, a young widow, revealing to Sakura the fact that she and Donald are practically engaged, and Sakura a little, cherry-colored bubble bursts. The music is very pretty and the gelsha are charming. The play is by E. M. Barbour and the music by Carl Wilmore. The cast includes Margaret Darro, Frances Woodbury, Gertrude Breen, Helen Nichols, Barbara Brayton, Yvonne Fortin and Frederic Hastings.

Oct 27 1910

MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Frederick Boyle, who finds delight and profit in writing about red-haired men and the traditions concerning their character and achievements, has been considering the question whether tailed men are now on the earth.

The Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea is inclined to believe in the existence of these favored creatures. Sober-minded persons in New Guinea do not scoff when the story is told. Mr. Boyle gravely says that the evidence is "profuse, consistent and circumstantial." Yet if tailed men are common, and many witnesses have wintered and summered with them, it is surprising that some pleasingly tall man has not appeared in vaudeville as a rival of Peter and Consul. Mr. Boyle does not refer to this opportunity for manager of the circus to add to the list of their attractions, but he says that he could cite "respectable authority" for the phenomenon in Abyssinia, Borneo, the region of the Amazon, Paraguay, China, Guiana, Persia and the Soudan.

Every schoolboy knows that there are wild men in the United States, and they are not all in the Great Wild East Show, which gives a continuous performance in New York, nor in the Great Wild Show at Washington, which may be seen in sessions. There is a wild man in Maine who lives in the woods and comes out scantily clad and with horrible leaping and crying to frighten teachers and little children. There is a wild man in Connecticut whose dwelling is a cave—a dismal person with matted hair and a sinister countenance. He forages in the neighborhood and refuses to answer leading questions. Then there is a wild man in Indiana, who, when pursued, climbs nimbly to the topmost branch and disappears with an exultant yell, together with the tree. There are other American wild men. There was one some years ago in Vermont who was now sleeping in a marble quarry and now tapping maple trees for sap. We have mentioned only the most conspicuous of these picturesque beings. There are lesser lights no doubt in many states. Mr. Joe Cone assures us that there are specimens near Gungywamp, Ct., and they deserve the attention of the anthropologist. This law pertains throughout the country; no one of the wild men is tailed.

The Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea states in a careful report that his exhibits have a long and prehensile tail. In other countries the tail is described as always from four to six inches in length and sadly lacking in elasticity. Observers state a very interesting fact: the short-tailed birds have holes in their wooden seats for personal accommodation.

Mr. Boyle reminds his readers that for centuries Englishmen were credited with tails. Bishop Ball wrote: "An Englishman cannot not travayle in an other land, by way of marchandise or any other occupyinge, but it is most countenoumelye thrown in his teethe that all English have tailed." Greeks and Sicilians in the Crusades taunted the Cheur de Lion by crying, "Tailed Englishmen," so that he was "raged to the storming of Messina." When the Earl of Salisbury withdrew from Damietta, the Comte d'Artois exclaimed: "Now are we noble Frenchmen well rid of those tailed English!" And Mr. Boyle gives another instance: In the campaign of Bannockburn the Scots sang libellous songs against the tailed English (*Angli caudati*).

There was an origin for this legend. When Becket fled from his King, many of Strood near Rochester, plundered his baggage and cut off the tails of his horses. (Randolf de Broc really created this later on.) Becket then excommunicated these men of Rochester, who found themselves at once equipped with horses' tails and the male children in the neighborhood were henceforth be-tailed. Mr. Boyle does not say these unfortunate men were "at once equipped" etc. He prefers the phrase "found themselves equipped upon the spot." We were under the impression that Boyle was a sober-minded person, and not given to vain jesting.

Vampires as a rule were reared in Hungary, but New Guinea seems to be the habitat of the tailed men. The Rev. Mr. Chalmers heard all about them years ago. The tails were the "short stumps." An old native

mountain near Port Moresby. The writer swore he had seen these men; "they were never without sticks wherewith to make a hole in the ground for the convenience of the stumps." They could not lie on their backs. The Rev. Mr. Chalmers was killed and eaten before he had the pleasure of meeting his tallied brethren.

Leaving Mr. Boyle, let us recall the statement of the late Lieut. Boyd-Alexander to the effect that the people in the Nassarawa Province wear tails as well as discs. "The Yergum told me that the Gazum people have tails about six inches long, for which they have to dig a hole in the ground when they sit down."

There is abundant testimony to prove that there have been tailed men. There were the creatures known as satyrs. They are mentioned in Holy Writ: "But wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there" (Isaiah xlii., 21); and again: "The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow" (Isaiah xxviii. 14). It is well known that the satyr has the gift of speech—he was often funny in conversation. He should not be idly classed with the lower beasts. The Revised Version translates the Hebrew "wild goats", but these translators were of a bad, materialistic nature, more than without poetry in their souls, and science without a dash of emotion—"hardens all within and petrifies the feelings." In the huge illustrated Bible of our boyhood these satyrs had the faces of man and a long and curly tail; but there were no goats. In Topsell's natural history, published in 1607, the satyr's tail is one to command respect and admiration. Goats, forsooth! Tut-tut, pish, like wise go to! There is a picture of a seated satyr in the "People's Dictionary of the Bible," and he has a luxuriant and beautiful tail gracefully curled on his side. The Jewish encyclopedia recognizes the fact that the word satyr was applied to a demon, a false god, "on hairy being." He was always tailed.

The centaur of course had a tail, did that species of animal known the mantichor, who's face and ears were like unto a man's "even to the carefully trimmed moustachelos." The mantichor was a man-eater, a tail-cannibal. There were strange men in old days. Men whose one foot was so large that it served as an umbrella, who protected from the sun when they were sleeping in the desert; men with one eye, and that in the centre of the forehead; men whose eyes and nose and mouth were in the middle of the breast; and there were still more singular men in Northern Africa, whom accurate descriptions are scarce extant. Tailed men were to be seen everywhere.

There are writers who delight in thought that certain organs of the body being superfluous, should be removed to make man simpler. They would cut the appendix and other portions of the interior clockwork. An ingenious Frenchman a few years ago wrote a peculiarly disagreeable novel on this subject, in which the aim of the hero, surgeon, shaped men and women by his diabolical skill into monads. Truly thoughtful men may well lament the general disappearance of the tail, which would be useful and ornamental even in these days. To healthy boys a tail would be indispensable—especially in the month of chestnuts and walnuts. An Englishman warming himself in the traditional manner before a scuffle might play gracefully with the pendage, and thus point an argument add force to an epigram. In wall there would be no need of a light stick to occupy the hand. When Coleridge devil visited the earth, his snug leg, he took no stick.

Over the hill and over the dale
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched
long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

Oct 29 1910

ANTON WITEK
AS SOLO

Concert Master's Debut in Role at Symphony Orchestra's Rehearsal:

By PHILIP HALE.
The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, played as a solo violin for the first time in this country. The program was as follows:

Andante con moto from the "Unfinished Symphony."
Symphony No. 3, F major.
Concerto in G major for violin.
Comedy overture, "Puck."

The movement from Schubert's phony was prefixed, in memory of Julia Ward Howe, to the program originally announced. The choice was perhaps an unusual one, but the music of Schubert by reason of its gentle

...and delicate grace... many a fitting... funeral march... a fitting... to a distinguished warrior or... Mrs. Howe wrote her own... hymn. Yesterday there was no... for wild, tempestuous lamenta-... for the expression of hopeless grief... music of Schubert inspired a mol-... mood and the thought of the... fitness and light of the well-rounded... And this music, while it is not... mate, has what might be called a... quality. It is to be regretted... at some at the end of the movement... out with incongruous applause.

In his third symphony Brahms... with a freedom that is missed... first, although some insist that... first is the greatest of the four... admirable as is the structure of the... one in C minor, the composer was too... conscious of Beethoven's mighty... shade. Possibly Brahms could not es-... cape from the prophesy of Schumann... Always ready to take himself seri-... seriously—and he was constitutionally... serious—he felt that he must show... himself to be the Messiah announced... by Schumann. As Beethoven was the... last of the great symphonic writers... Brahms could not fall below the level... of the Ninth, and so in the music of... the first we see Brahms laboring to... maintain a lofty and commanding po-... sition.

Now in the third symphony Brahms... wrote with greater spontaneity. His... workmanship was as excellent as before...—witness the use of the first three notes... the upper voice of the introductory... choral in later passages, but the work-... manship is not so obvious. It never... blends between the musical thought and... the hearing, it does not take the place of... musical thought. And in this symphony... there is a wealth of musical ideas which... are musically employed.

From the superb arrogance of the... opening the arrogance of a master... conscious of his strength and exulting... in it to the last pages of the finale, in... which, as Mr. Arthur said felicitously... "the ghost" of the first theme steals... away in the strings, the symphony is... for the most part a blend of strength... and beauty. The old reproach of... Brahms cannot here justly be... brought against the composer. Here... are no cryptic measures.

It was said of the second symphony... that in it Brahms showed too plainly... his acquaintance with Mendelssohn, for... there are a ways hunters after reminis-... cences who shut their ears to every-... thing except a fancied resemblance. It... seems hardly possible that Brahms was... accused of taking an idea for his second... movement from the "Prayer" in Her-... old's "Zampa." The resemblance is... slight and momentary. It might with... more justice be said that in the first... movement there is a fleeting recollec-... tion of the song of the sirens in Wag-... ner's Venusberg.

The second movement is in itself the... least interesting of the four. It loses... when the sentiment is long drawn out... by reason of too slow a pace. Yester-... day there were moments when the pace... seemed slow. With this exception the... reading and the orchestral performance... gave great pleasure. The tone was son-... orous in fortissimo passages, and the... brass was not forced as is sometimes... the case. There was a nice sense of... local proportion and tonal contrasts, and... there was the elasticity that al-... lowed full play of moods. Brahms in... this symphony is often a Hungarian... The Sar in Paris who wrote curiously... about miss and could not be patient... at the name of Brahms likened his... music to a gypsy dancing in corsets... Yesterday this gypsy was free and un-... confined.

Mr. Strube's overture was performed... here for the first time last spring. It... is a genial, faithful composition, de-... lightfully scored. In many respects it... is the most human of his works. Mr... Strube's talent is indisputable and it... as long been recognized. In some of... his compositions this talent is purely a... cerebral effort. In the overture the... melody is something more than harmonic... and orchestral cleverness. Here the... themes have defined charm and musical... interest lie beneath the handsome or-... ganizational desk. Nor is there over the... audience of deliberate experiments with... instruments.

Mr. Witke gave an uncommonly fine... performance of Beethoven's concerto... that he could show rare technical pro-... ficiency was expected, for his reputation... had preceded him, but the performance... was remarkable for higher qualities. Mr... Witke played Beethoven's music so that... it seemed to flow directly from the soul... of the composer. There was no obse-... curation, self-effacement. It was impos-... sible not to recognize the ability of the... artist.

...the first thought was of the... itself, and not of the music, as... played by Mr. Witke or by this one or... that one of his predecessors. He played... with serene, not indifferent, composure... with respect for Beethoven and the au-... dience. The virtuoso was forgotten in... the artist.

The program of the concert next... week will be as follows: Rachmaninoff... Symphony No. 2 (repeated by request)... Tchaikovsky, air from "Jeannot and Colin"... (Miss Geraldine Farrar); Monsigny... "Comme on l'écrit" from "Alceste"... (Miss Farrar); Beethoven, overture to "Egmont".

MEN AND THINGS

The Herald has received the following... letter from a former dweller in Brook-... line:

"The selectmen of the town of Brook-... line, upon whatever authority still with... a festive and heroic sense, have elected... to be, in their Report, a small initial... letter for the word street when that... word is used in combination with a... name in 'Harvard street,' 'Wash-... ington street' and so on. Is there any... sense in looking this way? I under-... stand there is a small initial dia-... gram in the town governing body... and a word may be used in the... sense of the word 'street' if the... word is used in the town governing... body."

...he said, "I will tell the world... when it is used after the name... of the street, with a small, or lower case... Instead of a capital letter. The... Germans follow the same rule. There... have been English writers, as Fitz-... Gerald, who capitalized all nouns, a... practice commonly observed among... writers of the earlier centuries, but not... invariably. There have been attempts... among the Germans to do away with... this capitalization of nouns.

Mr. Arthur Morrison wrote realistic... stories that were published in a vol-... ume and entitled, "Tales of Mean... Streets," and long before him Balzac... commented on the physiognomy of... Parisian streets; how this one suggest-... ed squalid life; another one invited... even the innocent to atrocious deeds... There are streets that at high noon are... convulsing and sinister. The houses... gleekily; they chuckle with horrid... gloom; or they are blank and mum, and... their secrets cannot be wrung from... them. Or the street may be innocent... enough, but dreary, with dwellers of... drab lives.

There might then be a differentiation... Important, brilliant, aristocratic streets... might well be capitalized throughout;... humble streets, those that are poverty-... stricken and those that are warrens... for criminals might have the word... "street" begin with a lower-case "s."... Thus the streets of a city might have... a rating that would serve the conven-... ience of strangers. The objection might... be raised that this classification would... lead to snobbishness, but there are al-... ready streets that are open to this sus-... picion.

Some years ago in Albany, N. Y., a... person who wished to have "acknowl-... edged social position" was compelled to... live in one of a half dozen streets in a... certain quarter of the city. These have... been many years at the expense of Phil-... adelphia because social lines there were... drawn according to the streets. Here... in Boston in at least two streets of... dwelling houses it makes a vast differ-... ence on which side of the street you... live. New York is far more democratic... and sensible in this respect.

There are "exclusive" streets, as... there are "exclusive" clubs. But how... can any street be "exclusive," unless it... be short and barred at each end with a... chain? The ghetto in Frankfurt was... for years famously exclusive. At a... certain hour bolts were drawn or... chains stretched across the entrances... and no one was allowed to enter or... leave until the morning. The ghetto at... times was also "exclusive." It no longer... exists, and this is to be deplored, for it... was a strangely picturesque with its... houses of damp, mouldy walls incrust-... ed with filth, picturesque and pestiferial.

Mr. Hinkler Johnson called on us... yesterday and said that he could speed... the winter in Boston, for the purpose... of sociological investigation. He has... closed his house at Clamport, but he... neglected to say where his wife would... be this winter, and we have seen as... yet no allusion to her plans in any of... the society columns of the city. Mr... Johnson did not give us his address... We asked him where he was living, and... with a fine sweep of his right thumb, a... gesture learned no doubt in the village... where he said: "Over there." We did... not press the question, for he probably... does not wish to be disturbed, now that... the publication of the first volume of... his colossal work draws near. He was... dressed elaborately, though his taste in... waist coat and cravat might not win... the approval of the distinguished French-... man who will soon visit us, or command... himself to those who, to use the phrase... of Artemus Ward, are "Men of Boston... dressing," but his linen—what we could... see of it—was spotless; his coat and... waistcoat showed that he had not yet... reached the gray-and-splendid period of... life and that his ends were at a reason-... able distance from his boot heels, nor... did they suggest a faded and fringed... lambrquin. His cigar as before, was... of the kind that strikes terror to the... stoutest soul.

And Mr. Johnson discoursed as fol-... lows. "It is singular how a summer... cottage with the view of sea and sky, the... sense of far off horizon and limit-... less space above, fades from the mind... as soon as the owner comes under the... spell of city life. Take my own case... When I left Clamport I feared that a... neighbor improving his place would... ruin my road by teaming. He pur-... poses to make an artificial pond, and... up to the day of leaving I was obsessed... by the thought of a breeding-place for... mosquitoes, and I saw my causeway... swept away by the winter tides, which... swelling the salt creek would be ob-... structed by the new dam. I wondered... also whether the carpenter, the painter, and... others would do faithfully the work... allotted them during my absence.

"Now this cottage, the neighbor, the... creek, the villagers are all as remote... as though they were in Tibet. I shall... be reminded of Clamport only by the... bills that will come from time to time... for I left hastily and it is not a wise... practice to pay cash on the nail for... meat, fish, vegetables, groceries de-... livered and consumed. I find that vil-... lagers are suspicious of summer cot-... tagers who wish to settle their bills... by the week or the month. They pre-... fer to be paid at the end of a season, when they can send a bill without... separate items. As a rule they are... honest, and add only the amount that... a summer cottager is expected to pay... as a sort of village tax—not town tax... for that is high enough, the Lord... knows—but as a fee for the privilege of... living there and being on social terms... with the old inhabitants.

"Nor shall I regret my absence until... early in the spring when the city with... its din and dirt and bustle will seem... lost to me. The hardest things of Perla... will be mine in the day and generation.

Then had a place for each season of... the year. My boarding house over... there," again the sweep of the thumb... "can hardly be called a palace, but I... find it admirably suited to sociological... research. I make it a point to be punc-... tual at meals, to observe the manners... the mental processes of my fellow-... boarders. They are a fine lot, but at... times they are disconcerting, as when... yesterday at the evening meal there... was an animated discussion of the ques-... tion whether Napoleon Bonaparte was... really a great man." Mr. Johnson, leav-... ing, did not give a clue to his address... He said that afterwards he was to be... found in the Public Library, and he had... chosen his winter home with a view to... that convenience. He has already an... ingenious plan for the ventilation of... Bates Hall, and is preparing a petition... that in certain instances applicants for... books of reference should first be com-... pelled to take a bath in the basement... It is curious that Mr. Johnson, a stu-... dent of sociology, should be so fastid-... ious. He should surely know that the... French, the most polite nation, and under... the reign of the great monarch Louis... XIV., were not addicted to soap and... hot or cold water; that Henry IV. was... not bodily sweet and wholesome; that... noble dames visiting in convents were... looked on with pity and even accus-... ed of impurity when they asked timid-... ly and once a month for a footbath.

QUEER ATTACKS ON OPERA AND SINGERS

Current Popularity in Contrast
with Sentiment Expressed
Only 70 Years Ago.

MR. MAUGHAM'S NEW COMEDY

His "Grace" Finds Little Favor
in London; Leroux's New
Opera Pleases.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Opera company will begin... its second season a week from to-mor-... row. The list of singers and the list of... operas to be performed are now familiar, and... there is naturally much interest in the... coming performances. The interest is... more than local.

It seems hardly possible that about 70... years ago opera was severely censured... in London as immoral. There was then... no reference to any particular opera... distinction was made by certain opera-... goers between "harmless" and "im-... moral" operas, immoral on account of... their subject, "Don Giovanni," for ex-... ample, was condemned by hundreds, as... were "La Traviata," "Robert the Devil,"... and after them "Faust." Some may re-... member the diatribe of Dr. Dio Lewis... against Gounod's opera. Mendelssohn, who... was always a bit of a prig, was... shocked by "Fra Diavolo."

In 1812, however, there were printed... protests against the opera itself, and... even George Cruikshank, in his illus-... tration of Vanly Fair for "Pilgrim's... Progress," pictured the opera booth, the... ballet booth and the theatre booth as... favorite resorts of the depraved and... godless.

A little pamphlet of 52 pages enti-... tled "The Opera Ticket: A Dialogue,"... was published in London by James... Nesbit & Co. in 1842. The dialogue is... between Lady Fanny Seymour and... Mrs. Caroline Howard. Fanny has... bought an opera ticket for Caroline... and asks if she may call for her.

Caroline declines the invitation... "having of late seriously considered... the nature of the amusement, I feel... myself, much as I love music, consci-... entiously impelled to give up the op-... era." Fanny answers that she was... not prepared to find her friend one of... the overparticular, "whose delight... seems to be to go about with a microscope in... hand, spying out evil in everything, turning... notes into monsters, and trying to... make the world too good for any-... body but themselves to live in." Caroline... insists that she is rational, and says... she will go to the opera if Fanny can... tell her where to look for the "neutralizing good" in the opera.

"In the ballet?" Fanny at once shakes her head. "Oh, no, don't speak to me of the horrid ballet! You cannot nominate it more than I do. I consider the encouragement given to this odious exhibition a slur upon the character of a Christian public, and I make a point of withdrawing whenever it begins. I can easily con-... ceive a set of dancing men and women... standing upon their toes and twirling... about on one leg, like so many sense-... less tee-to-tums, to be very fit sport... for Juggernaut on his throne or for the... eastern monarch who is much on a par... with this wooden divinity in point of... intelligence; but I cannot conceive how... such a contemptible and in every respect... objectionable amusement should find... favor in the eyes of the most moral and... religious people in the world, as we... modestly call ourselves."

Caroline tells her that as long as she... countenances by her presence and sup-... ports by her money the establishment of... which the ballet forms an important... part, she encourages "a profession most... dangerous to the virtue and destructive... of the respectability of those engaged... in it."

Then follows an entertaining discus-... sion of the question whether ballet... dancers can be reputable persons. Fanny... quotes the "ballet-loving people" who... insist that "no virtue or respectabil-... ity can be destroyed at least on our... stage, as no woman of virtue or res-... pectability would enter so disreputable... a profession." Caroline quotes, in turn, several instances in which "the respect-... able and really well disposed, allured by... the solicitation of friends and the de-... sire of gain to the boards of the opera... house, have fallen victims solely to the... snares and temptations of this soul-... destroying profession."

She indulges in a fine burst after... saying there is hope for the wanderer... in the street: "But there is no hope... for the flattered, courted, almost de-... filed opera dancer. In her vice looks... boldly into the faces of thousands... of the good and virtuous, and quails... not beneath their gaze, for she knows... that nothing but approving smiles... will greet her. In her, vice is crowned... with laurel, and roses are scattered... upon her path; she is received with... a shout of ecstasy when she appears, and... is dismissed with the same honors... when she retires. Cold and hunger... never come near her dwelling; and... luxury in every shape, pamper and... this poor slave of sin; and thus her fetters... are riveted so firmly that nothing but... a miracle can loose them. I have... never considered such a one but with... feelings of the deepest commiseration; for... I know that she, like myself, must... one day be laid upon her deathbed; that... she, like myself, must stand at the... last awful tribunal, to give an ac-... count of the things done into the... body," and I verily believe it will be... more tolerable for her in the day of... judgment than for those enlightened... Christians who feel these things to be... really so, and yet act in direct oppo-... sition to their own upright convic-... tions."

It is hard to believe that any one... could have written so savagely and so... ignorantly about women who as a class... are hard-working and respectable; who... indefatigably pursue their art; who are... not discouraged by the pathetic end-... ings of some of their most illustrious... predecessors, as Marie Taglioni; who... are often devoted wives to husbands... that look upon them only as a source... of support.

Caroline and Fanny speak of the ex-... pense of opera tickets, and the latter... admits that she subscribes only one... guinea to the penitentiary and 300... guineas to the opera. "I really must... equalize matters a little, and add to... the former." This part of the dialogue... is long and homely.

The description of the miserable life... of actors and opera singers is more... entertaining. They are the slaves of the... public; they are puppets pulled by the... manager's wires. Their unnatural state... of action must be constantly kept up, and... how? "With very few exceptions (I... seek the opinion of a medical man and... without a great lover of theatricals), by... stimulants alone." The mind must be... artificially worked up for the labors of the... night, and then comes the reaction, the... dreadful reaction consequent upon over-... excitement and mental exhaustion; this... again drives the wretched victim to the... stimulating potion, and thus habits of... intemperance are acquired which are... never to be shaken off.

The case of the ill-fated Malibran is... cited. "Hers was indeed an awful tale—... one day the idol of the public, electrify-... ing thousands with the notes of her... voice, notes in which, like the fabled... swan of the dying swan, life itself was... speaking to its close; and the next... stretched upon the bed of death, unable... to raise that voice even in prayer for her... immortal soul."

Here is a still more appalling picture... "How much the public is everywhere... wanting in consideration for those who... nurse them, was shown at the opera... in Paris, where the prima donna, though... suffering under severe indisposition, was... actually compelled by the savage yells... of the audience to reappear, like a slave... under the lash of his master, to finish... her task, whether she sank under the... effort or not."

Caroline grows eloquent over the im-... mortal librettos to which music is set... Her chief sentence would have excited... by its length the admiration of the late... William M. Evans. "And now at this... moment, Fanny, how is it, if what you... say be true, that that theatre which... basks in the sunshine of the smiles of... royalty, patronized and upheld by the... very highest and most refined classes of... society, how comes it, that even there... the same pernicious influence prevails, and... that nothing better is given to

purify and exalt the public mind, than... interesting suicides, who fall quivering... and quivering upon the point of their... own daggers; interesting heroines, whose... great charm consists in having lost their... virtue, and pieces worse than these, to... which the sentimental mother takes her... young daughters with a sigh that such... things should be enacted, and a hope that... by favor of the mistiness which generally... envelopes such exhalations of a feverish... imagination, joined to the imperfect knowl-... edge which young English girls possess of... the foreign languages, the moral and the... meaning apply altogether escape their com-... prehension."

"Celebrated" Italian composer once... declared to Caroline that "he was so... sick of magnificent criminals and... splendid crimes that he was determined... to see whether there was no public... sympathy left for heroic virtue and... suffering innocence." "I understand," says Caroline, "he did make the experi-... ment, and failed."

Caroline was also of the opinion that... music and poetry will resume their... originally high station, and "as they... rise, theatres must fall."

Fanny, however, was bent on her... own destruction. She announced her... intention of going that night to the... opera, although she confessed that... Caroline had said enough to interfere... with her pleasure when seated in her... 300-guinea box. The book ends with

There is a still more ferocious attack on the opera in the *Great Abuse of Music*, by Mr. Bedford, M. A., and Vicar of Temple in City of Bristol. The book was published in 1711. Bedford, who was a plain-spoken man, and he delighted in the use of words which are not now in the vocabulary of the theatre, although they occur frequently in the Old Testament. It is not easy, therefore, to find passages for quotation.

The attack on the opera may be found in two chapters of the second part of *Great Abuse of Music*. Chapter IV. treats "Of the immodesty of the operas, which are sung in play-houses." Chap. V. discusses the profaneness of our English operas, which are sung in the play-houses.

Bedford was a plain-spoken man, and he delighted in the use of words which are not now in the vocabulary of the theatre, although they occur frequently in the Old Testament. It is not easy, therefore, to find passages for quotation.

He complained of the librettists for their "exposing of marriage as a loss of freedom and a confinement." "If as a late poet observes" plays were ever accounted the genuine history of man, then we must from thence conclude that we are the most profane, debauched and daring people that ever suffered to live on the earth. Tell not the manner of our diversions in that publish them not in the streets of Askelon lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, and lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Speaking of the profaneness of the operas he said: "Though their smut and immodesty is of such a nature which will not bear the discovery, yet this implety is too horrid to be longer concealed."

The implety largely consisted in the lover's adoration of his sweetheart as an idol. "I shall only quote some expressions used by the actors on the stage; and let the pious reader observe if his blood doth not turn cold at the perusal of them." Bedford gives 13 quotations from librettos. The most blood-curdling are these: "I prize no my condition, if you can love me"; "the soul of my desire"; "It is life to be with her, and worse than death to be without her"; "my life, my soul, my joy."

Bedford thus comments: "And now, instead of resenting such unusual and extravagant expressions, as they do justly deserve, the female sex on the stage are taught by the same poet to aside all modesty, to take all as if spoken in reality, and to act and speak their parts accordingly; and which is more to be admired, the ladies, who make a great part of the audience, are pleased when their sex is raised to that height, which Lucifer once attempted. Besides the actresses on the stage are almost as guilty as the other sex. The fear of God, the shame of the world, or sense of religion, lays no restraint upon them from being guilty, in their turns, of the same blasphemy. They also frequently adore the men; and without any regard to life, nature or decency (which certainly ought to be observed in their performances) call their suitors, whilst in a single state, the delight of their souls. They call them the sun, which gives them light and cherishes them with its heat; the jewel of their hearts."

Such expressions coming from women, especially from virgins, are too monstrous, shameful and unnatural to appear in public."

The praise of wine in song vexed the soul of this worthy man. "At other times they bestow the epithet 'damned' as freely on trivial matters, as on words, a country town, or the dress of any person." Now the design hereof can only be to detract from the honor which is due to the Divine Being; and lessen the effects which otherwise the sense of hell and damnation might leave upon the conscience."

The operatic heroes swore by the pagan idols; they were also scandalously guilty of cursing. Bedford objected strenuously to the introduction of the Grecian gods and goddesses, to songs to the moon and the stars. What would he have said to the song in "Pinafore", "Fair Moon, to Thee I Sing?"

"Sometimes they represent the devil as if there were no such thing; and sometimes in a ridiculous manner, as if they who treated him thus in jest did never design to resist him in earnest."

The librettos of these early English operas were undoubtedly often weak and foolish. The wonder is that Bedford had the patience to plod through them. And what is to be said of a man who spends valuable time in this way for the purpose of assailing dialogue and songs that may now seem silly, glowing, feeble, sentimental, but would not shock even the most strait-laced.

Warren Bell's farce "Company for George" was produced at the Kingsway, London, Oct. 15. The dramatist is described as innocent of stage tricks. "His characters have to explain their actions to one another and to the audience in soliloquy. They speak continually of people whom we never see."

The idea is good, but it is no elaborated as it might be. There is no variety. But some of the dialogue is witty. The story is as follows: George Bell is a tame husband. His wife invites a young man of whom they

are in love to see him round the corner. The young man, who is called in to nurse the Birches' child, supposed to be ill. He calmly orders a tumbler on the lawn. A lady enters, and is unexpectably, the nurse's house and is still unperturbed. The nurse hangs on her, and a telegram announcing his winning of a lottery first prize. A stuffed dog placed on the road for the purpose of blackmailing motorists excited laughter.

W. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "Grace," was produced at the Duke of York's, London, on Oct. 15.

The Pall Mall Gazette published the following review:

"It will be remembered that the good Capt. Bragg was pleased to consider Maj. Dobbin a meritorious officer, but ain't got no distasteful manner, damn it." Somerset Maugham's new play, "Grace," is extraordinarily full of distasteful manners. Its scene is the stately country house of Mr. Claude Insole (who, by the way, pronounces his patronymic as a dactyl), and Mr. Claude is emphatically 'country.' His brother, Archibald, a clergyman, is rather more so, and his aged mother, Mrs. Insole, is the countess of them all. In fact, never, in our whole experience of the theatre, have we seen anybody quite so exceedingly 'country' as this Mrs. Insole; and, as no one (Mr. Maugham himself, doubtless, least of all) would ever dream of looking for such a person anywhere in real life—unless, perhaps, in a county asylum—we may conclude that she is the most overwhelming embodiment of 'country' ever created. In other words, she is quite amazingly ignorant, insolent and ill-bred, and, as Lady Tree impersonates her with an almost exaggerated conscientiousness, and as, moreover, she is the real protagonist of the play, it follows that 'Grace' is not a particularly enjoyable entertainment for those whom excessive caricature fails to amuse. Her son, Claude, is a shadowy person, with stern ideas as to punishing immorality among the workers on his estate, but who freely indulges his conversation with some of the flowers of speech popularized in the music halls by the late Mr. Herbert Campbell. Her other son, the clergyman, reminds us of the country vicar who used to preach very dull sermons in a wooden pulpit, but was a delightful talker at the dinner table, and whose son said of him, 'Yes, the gov'nor's much better fun in the bottle than he is in the wood.' And Claude's middle-class wife, Grace, wearied of Claude and of 'country,' has been carrying on a liaison with her husband's friend, Henry Cobbet, a sad cad, but falls out of love with Henry and into love with Claude toward the end of the third act, and during most of the fourth is making up her mind to confess her sin, until Miss Vernon of Foley (another 'country' lady, who screams loudly in a drawing room that the human race are 'such blooming fools') convinces her that she will most effectively punish herself and spare her husband by keeping her past to herself. Which she accordingly does. And the curtain finally falls on middle-class Grace and country Claude in a rapturous embrace. What it all means we are at a loss to decide. It has this in common with the great works of Shakespeare and Moliere, that one can read a dozen meanings into it. It has moments of eloquence and of wit, but as an amusing entertainment it is distinctly intermittent, and as a picture of country or country life it does not appear to us to exist."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh does her best with the part of Grace, and gives us several of her celebrated explosive outbursts. We have often been thrilled by them in the past, when they have been accompanied by inevitable and thrilling words, but on Saturday they left us calm and cold, for there seemed no inevitability and not much real sincerity at the back of them. Mr. Dennis Eadie, as Claude, was similarly handicapped by having to depict a man who is apparently a nice fellow, and yet treats abominably a servant whose only crime is that his daughter has 'got into trouble'; who adores his wife, yet permits his mother to affront her at her pleasure; who rebukes and who is apparently a shrewd person, yet suspects nothing of a liaison which is being carried on under his own roof, and which his friend, Miss Vernon of Foley, discovers in no time. Other well-known players appear in other parts, and do their best with them. The truest piece of work seemed to us to come from Miss Mary Barton, in the part of Mrs. Insole's maid, Miss Hall, a character which the author has apparently drawn with a good deal of care, and of which the actress certainly succeeded in making rather a pathetic little figure. The production had a fairly cordial reception, but 'Grace' is not another 'Smith.' Its people are too uniformly 'unpleasant' to be popular, and too exaggerated to be artistic."

Xavier Leroux's opera, "Le Chemineau," was performed for the first time in England, Oct. 12, at Covent Garden. It is based on Jean Richepin's play of the same name, which has been performed in English as "Ragged Robin." The London Times praised the libretto, which defies all the vulgar conventions and is without brutality or bloodshed. "The only love scene passes lightly as an episode of the first act, and afterward the interest centres upon poor folk who have passed the heyday of life and are grappling with its difficulties in unromantic middle age. This may handicap the popularity of the opera here, where audiences like to have their ears besieged night after night with the same superficial aspects of passion and violence; but the play in reality gives the composer a splendid opportunity for new kinds of musical expression." Mr. Zeroux, the critic said, did grasp the

always some frank and open. The melodies are chiefly of the orchestral music. There is "delightfully appropriate" music for the slighter characters. "The audience was a small one; but that, unfortunately, is generally the case when an opera by a composer who is practically unknown is produced at Covent Garden. Those who had had sufficient enterprise to come evidently enjoyed it; and they could have had little excuse for not doing so, for the opera is essentially one which makes its appeal at once by its direct melody which all can appreciate."

The Pall Mall Gazette said that "Le Chemineau" was singularly successful in dealing with homeliness without false sentiment, and in pathos free from vulgarity.

Emil Paur's symphony, "In der Natur," was performed at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 13.

The London Times said: "The composer has in the case of the first and last movements supplied a programme himself, the first, according to him, representing spring moods at an entrance to a forest, and the last a scene between a group of old and a group of young men who are overtaken by a storm on a country road. All the movements except the adagio, which is in a sombre mood, contain a number of cheerful, diatonic tunes which are clearly scored, and combined with each other in melodious counterpoint, and a feeling of simplicity and freshness is kept up throughout the work."

"The whole effect, however, except in the scherzo, which is delicate and effective in its way, is, in spite of the light and cheerful atmosphere, not very enlivening; for the numerous sequences in each movement and the fugue in the final allegro sound mechanical, the scoring except in the scherzo already mentioned is not interesting, and the tunes all seem to have been written before, generally by Beethoven and Dvorak. The work was beautifully played under the composer, and was warmly applauded by the audience."

Miss Beatrice Harrison, a young English violinist, who has just won the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin, carrying with it a sum of 1500 marks, is the first foreigner to gain the distinction. The competition is open to German students of both sexes, and also to foreigners studying in Germany. Miss Harrison, who was a pupil of W. E. Whitehouse and a scholar of the Royal College of Music, has recently been studying with Hugo Becker. She has been engaged to play at one of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concerts in the spring. Miss Zelle de Lussan has been singing Carmen under Mr. Beecham's direction in London.

New string quartets by Bernhard Sekles and Cyril Scott will be performed for the first time Nov. 28 by the Reber Quartet in Berlin.

The Adele Margulies trio of New York will play in that city on Nov. 17 the piano trio by Erich Korngold, the 13-year-old composer and son of the Viennese journalist, Dr. Korngold. Compositions by this boy have excited the wonder of European musicians and critics.

Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony was produced at the Leeds, Eng., musical festival, Oct. 12. The symphony is based on poems of Walt Whitman, taken chiefly from "Sea Drift," but rearranged for musical purposes. There are four main divisions: A Song for All Seas, All Ships; On the Beach at Night Alone; The Waves (Scherzo), and The Explorers. The movements may be performed separately. The work is choral throughout. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette said: "All four (movements) are also connected by means of a characteristic sea theme, which is heard at the opening of the first movement, and afterwards in more or less modified form in the other three. This forms a strong bond of unity, for much of the music, both instrumental and vocal, is evolved from it. Dr. Williams has written a work remarkable for its skill, earnestness and fine workmanship. It is his most ambitious, and at the same time most successful achievement, and by 'successful' we mean that word in the highest sense. There are no concessions to public taste. The four poems are symbolical; they are songs of the sea, which stands for life itself, while the ships which sail on it represent all men and women travelling through time onwards towards eternity. After a first hearing it is impossible to definitely judge the composition. The first movement is strong and striking, the second very emotional, the third is in a lighter vein, but the last seems to us the noblest, the most impressive. An admirable rendering of the difficult symphony was given, and at the close the composer was received with great warmth. The solo portions were sung by Mme. Gleason White and Mr. Campbell McInnes. The Times published a long and eulogistic article. It found the third movement "a little out of the picture for the rest of the symphony has a nobility which, at the first hearing, is not present in the Scherzo." The Times sums up as follows:

"The first impression is that poet and musician are marvellously akin. In both there is the distaste for the old-established forms, both are striving for the newer poetic life; and in the fervent there must be some refuse thrown off, some ungainliness of verbal phrase or musical progression. But there is no denying the presence of great imaginative poetry in one and the other."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 15 published this interesting note on modern French opera:

"The successful production of Leroux's 'Le Chemineau' at Covent Garden last Wednesday has added another

opera to the experience of those Londoners interested in the more recent developments of the art in France. The French opera school is certainly in a very thriving condition, and it is perhaps significant of its vitality that so strong a vein of national character should be found expressed in the music. 'Le Chemineau,' 'Louise,' 'La Habanera,' and 'Pelleas et Melisande' are absolutely and unmistakably French both

in style and in technique. Whether the current method is actually the best or not for the purpose is another matter, there is, however, no doubting the complete realization of the requirements of music for the stage in these works in that the composers seldom, if ever, fail in obtaining the right atmosphere, and this goes a long way, making up in large measure for the lack of purely musical qualities. One might say, for instance, that 'Tiefland,' as an example of technique, is more interesting than 'Le Chemineau' or 'Louise.' The ideal is to combine the two things, as Strauss has done in 'Elektra,' where one finds the dramatic expression going hand-in-hand with the demands of formal development."

"The truth seems to be that concessions have to be made either way; to satisfy the musical ear the action may have occasionally to become subservient, while, on the other hand, care has to be exercised that the formation is not indulged in too persistently, or the dramatic grip is lost. How much the success of an opera depends upon the libretto cannot be too strongly insisted on. Puccini has been singularly fortunate in this respect, or perhaps one might say that his operatic insight has led him to be wise in his choice before putting pen to paper. After all, the modern opera cannot differ in the main very much from the older type; there must still be the purely lyrical moments as distinct from those in which the action progresses, and this fact once established, the latter-day process only means more continuity of structure and the closer weaving of the melodic sections with the others. The art is to see when the point has arrived for the emotional comment on the progress of the story which the lyrical moment promises, and then boldly accept the compromise; if the music grips, few will object to the action's halt. The success of Tosca's aria 'Vissi d'arte' is a good example of the case in point."

A good many years since, when Mr. Kreisler first faced a London audience, we remember seeing his attitude on the platform compared by an imaginative writer to that of Ajax defying the lightning. Apparently it is the gifted artist's fate to conjure up descriptive flights of fancy of this kind. For, with reference to his recent appearance at a recital in Brighton, we read that "when he strode on the Dome platform you at once saw a man who was like no other great musician you had known." Six feet high and brawny to boot, with military erectness, with something of military imperiousness in the quick-flashing glance of his eye, he crossed the platform, filled with the members of the municipal orchestra, and he did so with the mien of the captain who is about to lead his men to battle." Continuing the pleasing metaphor, the critic tells us that the violinist "led his cavalry charge when he came to the finale of Max Bruch's concerto. With a mighty down stroke of his bow that was like the first slash of his sword as it sprang from its sheath, the violinist was in the saddle of a charging gallop, and behind him thundered the orchestra in emulation." And in a fine outburst of vivid imagery the writer referred to another instance later "where the strong arm of the man was brandishing its flashing weapon like an Excalibur in battle." Now that Mr. Kreisler has been likened both to Ajax and to King Arthur he ought to be quite happy.—Daily Telegram, London, Oct. 15.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's new "Songs of the Fleet," for baritone solo and chorus, poems by Henry Newbolt, was produced at the Leeds, England, Musical Festival, Oct. 13. The cycle was intended for production at the Jubilee Congress of Naval Architecture which was to have been held last year, but was postponed till next year on account of the death of King Edward VII. The new songs are said to lack inspiration; now in some of them there is "a semblance of triviality, or at least of conventionality." Plunket Greene was the baritone.

Miss Hippolyta d'Hellas has been dancing a "Silhouette" dance at the Palace, London. Her engagement began Oct. 17. "No less an artist than Rembrandt discovered the high and purely picturesque value of relieving the object in dark tints on a light background, and in this way making it appear a silhouette. The desire to see the effect of the silhouette in real life and in actual movement led to experiments made by a well-known painter in Vienna with successful results. The figure of the dancer appears absolutely black, although quite free in space, yet not behind a transparency. Only the deepest

mathematical study of the various lighting effects has made this invention possible." This description was "official." The Daily Telegraph adds:

"While on the subject of originality in dancing, we would recommend the attention of those interested in the topic to Miss Marcelle Azra Hincakes' recently published volume on the subject of 'The Japanese Dance.' In it they will find a store of useful information, from which managers of variety theatres might easily draw a valuable hint or two. Take, for instance, this vivid pen-picture of one of the ancient popular dances practised by the Japanese as a part of the Shinto religion. In it the peasants form a great circle, a living wheel, which revolves, now slowly, now swiftly. Whilst their posture and express their feelings by means of sleeve-wavings and conventional gestures."

"Little fairylike figures glide about in the white, ghostly moonlight, their long, soft sleeves waving like wings; their rhythmic and precise paces are silent and muffled, their gestures are mysterious and expressive of worship, and their song mingles with occasional soft hand-clapping."

Mascagni's new opera, "Isobel," written for Miss Bessie Abbott, and based on the legend of the Lady Godiva, will be produced at the New Theatre, New York, Nov. 21. All reservations by the subscribers to that theatre must be made by Nov. 10, when unassigned seats will be sold publicly. Mascagni will conduct.

"LYSISTRATA" AGAIN.

The "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes has been played in a necessarily chastened way in Paris, and Donnay's play of the same name was produced in Paris in 1907. To the amazement of those who saw the audacity of the Greek dramatist, Miss Gertrude Kingston opened her Little Theatre in London on Oct. 11, with an adaptation of his most reckless comedy. The Pall Mall Gazette published the following review:

"Whether Miss Kingston has been well advised in opening it with a version of the 'Lysistrata' of Aristophanes remains to be seen. It is, necessarily, a rather free adaptation. There are beautiful things in the 'Lysistrata,' notably the songs of the Athenian and Spartan maidens; but there are also very—shall we say?—Dionysiac things in it. In fact, it is one of the most licentious of all its author's comedies, and even while emphasizing its political thesis—the power of woman and the degeneracy of man—the adapter has not been able to conceal its essential unpleasantness. He (or she) has, moreover, turned the Greek play into rhymed decasyllables, from which such lyric beauty as the original possesses seems to have entirely vanished. The result is not so much a play as an animated pamphlet on Woman Suffrage, which will repel some hearers by its suggestiveness, and convince none by its logic, for the simple reason that, all through, the women have things easily their own way, and the only men opposed to them are doddering greybeards or will-less younger and middle-aged members of the so-called sterner sex."

"Most of our readers will be familiar with its satirical story at the expense of the Athenian peace-at-any-price party, in which the men having failed to finish a war with Sparta, the women take matters into their own hands, occupy the Acropolis, give their lovers and husbands to understand that until peace is declared there shall be no more love, and finally bring about the surrender of the citizens. There is a great deal of vainglorious boasting on the part of the women and foolish retort on that of the men, and more than once a lady orator reminded us of that precious couplet in a ballad very popular with the militant 'Suffragettes' of the present day:

"We men bear arms," they say. That's true. But woman bears the race! And that you'd find no trifle if you had to take her place!"

which is surely the most exquisite piece of baton in the whole range of later-day lyricism. In fact, the whole thing appears to have been written principally to please Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and her supporters, a motive which, low as it is, may be of some use to the political point of view, can scarcely be said to have much dramatic or artistic value. Even politically, however, the piece proves to be of no importance. Indeed, if the advancement of the suffrage cause is to be an object of the Little Theatre, we rather wonder that the 'Ecclesiastae' was not chosen for adaptation instead of the 'Lysistrata,' for, in that the women, disguised as men, carry out a brilliantly successful rebellion and declare a new constitution—a much bigger manifestation of power than merely stopping a war. However, there is a great deal more lyric beauty in the 'Ecclesiastae' than in 'Lysistrata,' so perhaps it is as well that the present adapter has, for the present at any rate, left it alone."

MRS. HALL'S CONCERTS.

Mrs. Richard J. Hall will give two orchestral concerts this season in Jordan Hall on Jan. 25 and April 18. Mr. Georges Longy will conduct. The orchestra will be enlarged and improved. The programs will be drawn from the following compositions: Debussy, symphony and overture to "Polyeucte"; C. Enlarger, prelude to third act of "The Polish Jew" and Carnival Serenade; Lazzari, prelude to "Armor" and a march, Ithene-Baton, variations for piano and orchestra; Hure, concert piece for saxophone and orchestra; Woollett, piece for saxophone and orchestra; Saint-Saens, "The Muse and the Poet," duet for violin and cello; Festival Overture; Leken, adagio for strings; Walter Braunfels, symphonic variations on old French songs for children; Selim Pamgren, "From Finland," four orchestral pictures; Monau, "Invocation to Buddha"; Debussy, three songs without accompaniment.

A GERMAN THEATRE.

Dr. Stahl contributes to the current number of "Deutschland," published in Dusseldorf, an article on the Schauspielhaus of that city and the work it is doing under the management of Lulse Demont and Gustave Lindemann for the German theatre from the histrionic and literary standpoints. In Germany the provinces for the most part copy Berlin theatres, just as in England they copy those of London; but this Dusseldorf playhouse produces its own plays in its own way, on the lines of Miss Henniman's Theatre at Manchester.

To quote from the article, every honest drama, be it lively or severe, is given its chance, carefully rehearsed, and mounted and cast in accordance with the desires of the author. Tradition and convention are ignored; all the furniture, decoration and costumes used on the stage are manufactured in workshops attached to the theatre, and a theatrical academy, at which students of the art of acting are soundly taught, forms an important part of the scheme.

Nor is it only dramatic art which is cultivated. Lectures on many subjects are given, and in this way the Dusseldorf public have made acquaintances with Goethe and Hauptmann, Spinoza and Nietzsche, Gluck and Reider, the line of the Biedermeier in old Vienna, and the days of 1870 in the Franco-German war. Altogether, the Dusseldorf Schauspielhaus has become the theatre and a dominating centre of a varied culture, and the spirit in which

he performs a special duty lately made by Dr. Stahl at the opening of one of its extensions. "Let us all continue in our work, each of us doing his part for this theatre, and may God protect the arts we are serving!"

It is to be hoped that the example of Dusseldorf will soon be followed in many of our own provincial towns, to the advancement and honor of the British Theatre and of British acting.—Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 17.

CECILIA CONCERTS.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, makes the following announcement regarding the three concerts which will be given by the Cecilia Society and the Symphony Orchestra during the coming winter under the direction of Mr. Fiedler. The concerts will be on Thursday evening, Dec. 1; Thursday evening, Feb. 16, and Good Friday evening, April 14.

At the first concert the first part of Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" will be heard for the first time in Boston. This work had its first performance in America at Brooklyn, N. Y., and was performed at the recent Worcester Festival, when it made a more than favorable impression on the audience. It will require the services of the entire orchestra of 100 men. The soloists will be Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; George Harris, Jr., tenor, and Robert Maitland, bass. At the second concert Thursday, Feb. 16, Pizetti's "The Children's Crusade," which has already been performed successfully by the Cecilia Society, will be sung. The soloists engaged are Edmond Clement, the distinguished French tenor, who last year was a member of the Metropolitan Opera company; Mmes. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Edith Chapman Gould, soprano, and Claude Cunningham, bass. There will also be a chorus of 100 children, trained by Prof. Hadley of Somerville. The final concert on Good Friday evening will

bring the performance of "The Passion," according to Matthew, by Johann Sebastian Bach. The soloists will be Marie Zimmerman, soprano; Janet Spencer, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor, and David Blspham, baritone.

The alliance between the Symphony Orchestra and the Cecilia Society is an important musical event. It guarantees at once the setting of choral music in Boston on the high plane of orchestral music. The Cecilia Society will consist of 175 trained voices, and unquestionably it will show itself as the best choir in this country. Whenever necessary, as in the Bantock work, the entire membership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra can be called on. The preliminary training of the Cecilia will be done by Malcolm Lang, but the final rehearsal will be under the direct charge of Mr. Fiedler, who will conduct the concerts.

The subscription sale for the three concerts will open at Symphony Hall, Monday, Nov. 14.

ROBERT LASSELLE, TENOR.

Robert Lasselle, French tenor of the Boston Opera House, has won many victories on the automobile track, and before he decided upon an operatic career believed that he would establish new records. Early in youth he was apprenticed to a prominent automobile concern, and he learned to drive and acquired mechanical knowledge. It was at the insistence of his father, the famous baritone of the same name, that Mr. Lasselle began to study singing in earnest. He made his debut at Milan as Canio in "Pagliacci." His success was instantaneous, and he has since sung in Italy, France, and Belgium, as well as at Monte Carlo. His two favorite parts are Faust in "Mefistofele"; Des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon"; and Canio in "Pagliacci."

TUESDAY, NOV. 1, 1910.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Public:

The Boston Herald is one of the institutions of New England.

The owners of the property, of whom Mr. Morton F. Plant of New York is the largest, have believed that the best way to make this publication worthy of its present opportunity would be to invite the community to co-operate with them in maintaining a strictly high-class newspaper.

With this in view, the owners have relinquished control of the property by conferring their voting power upon this board of trustees:

Richard Olney,
Henry Lee Higginson,
John H. Holmes,
Robert M. Burnett,
Henry S. Howe.

These men can make no profit out of the enterprise. Their consent to serve has been secured only by an appeal to their civic pride. They are willing the public should have the guarantee which their names carry that The Herald will be clean, wholesome and progressive.

They have made Robert Lincoln O'Brien, long identified with Boston journalism, its editor, and John Wells Farley its counsel and treasurer.

The Herald possesses a magnificent plant. It is adequately financed. The newspaper will not be made uselessly voluminous, either week-days or Sundays, the intelligent public preferring conciseness and accuracy to mere bulkiness. The word is "to go forward," not by resorting to sensational methods or needless experimentation, but by supporting in the interests of the public safe, sane and progressive policies, without regard to their origin.

LEW FIELDS AND A MUSICAL SHOW

Vivacity and Clean Dialogue

Mark "Summer Widowers"

at Shubert Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Summer Widowers," a musical panorama in seven views, text by Glen MacDonough, tunes by Baldwin Sloane. Produced by Lew Fields. First performance at New Haven, Ct., May 26, 1910.

Otto Ott.....Lew Fields
Max Ott.....Walter Percival
William Alfred Henry Gorge.....
Salve Di Mora.....Louis Franklin
Guy Stringer.....Fritz Williams
Hunter Lamb.....Maitland Davies
Conwell Swift.....Paul Nicholson
Pinkie Doolittle.....Will Archie
Randy Beach.....Eugene O'Rourke
Oscar Tighs.....Miss Vernon Castle
Charibel Cowie.....Miss Irene Franklin
Mrs. Guinevere McGuirk.....Miss Ada Lewis
Celia Carew.....Miss Alice Dovey
Fritzi Fluff.....Miss Daisy Dumont
Virginia Ham.....Miss Norton
Payche Finnegan.....Miss Helen Hayes
Mrs. Conwell Swift.....Miss Edith Cuppia
Mrs. Hunter Lamb.....Miss Marie Naughton
Mrs. Guy Stringer.....Miss Coralyne Wade

"The Summer Widowers" was planned as a summer show, a light piece with slap-dash music that appeals to heel and toe, the usual array of pretty and irresponsible girls, wild acrobatic and whirlwind dancing, and opportunities for the comedians, Messrs. Fields and Sweatnam, to awaken uproarious laughter.

There are two questions to be asked in the discussion of a show like this: Is it good of its kind? Is it amusing? The large audience last night answered these questions loudly in the affirmative.

The book is ingenious and the dialogue is clean. There are no lines or situations that will tax the attention of a spectator. In fact, the dialogue is within the grasp of the humblest intellect. The music is tuneful in a conservative manner; there are no dangerous intervals for solo singers, no "close harmony" for the chorus, and the orchestra, led by Mr. George A. Nichols, was wholly adequate in the matter of precision, speed—which was often furious—and volume in the fortissimo passages, which were frequent. The piece was handsomely mounted. The scenes of the delicatessen shop, ocean pier and surf bathing and of the three floors of the St. Vitus Apartments were especially noteworthy.

It was a pleasure to see and hear Mr. Fields again. His humor was as dry as ever; his assumed stupidity as delightful; his shrewdness and ingenuity on occasion when other mortals would have been perplexed or discomfited were irresistibly amusing. In his wildest extravagance, Mr. Fields remained a human being, but a human being transported with his associates to Noman'sland, where conventionalities do not exist, a country with its own peculiar code of morality.

The first act is the more entertaining of the two and it abounds in funny scenes and lines. The second act would drag were it not for the stage effect of the apartment-house, the laughable talk between Mr. Fields and Mr. Sweatnam about the former's case of liver complaint, the barbaric dance of the Hess Sisters, the agility of the Hyde troupe, the eccentric dance of Baxter and La Conda, and the delirious enamble of the "Berlin Madcaps." In this act the songs were not entertaining and Miss Franklin's "Red Head" was tiresome.

Mr. Fields allows the members of his company to shine as best they may and in this respect he differs from the majority of farcical stars. Mr. Sweatnam made much of a minor part, and he recalled the palmy days of negro minstrelsy. Mr. Castle, favored by nature for an eccentric part, was also conspicuous among the male members of the company.

Miss Lewis, who has escaped from the banishing memories of the "Tough Girl," was especially happy in her description of Pinkie's father, how she first saw him, and how she loved him. This description with her sympathetic clog dance accompaniment will long be pleasantly remembered. Miss Franklin had amusing moments in the first act, and her song about her old-time colleague, who now wears jewels and furs, was appropriately malicious.

He is rash who recommends a novel, a tailor or a theatrical entertainment. What sets one man aroaring may easily depress another. To inquire into the causes of laughter is the task of a Bergson or a Sully. It is enough to say that the audience last night was most hilariously disposed. Many songs were demanded, and the piece moved with the swiftness and the tumult that are now deemed indispensable to enjoyment. Mr. Fields selling groceries, cutting his cheese, and Mr. Sweatnam's confused account of the family with lavender as the shining light should alone crowd the theatre.

The box office sale for Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in their plays will open a week from Thursday. The first play Nov. 14, will be "Macbeth."

MME. SEMBRICH'S RECITAL.

Program of Songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Frank La Forge was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Schubert, Fruehlingsslaube, Der Fischer, Freinlingsschusucht, Dass sie hier gewesen. An eine Quelle, Du bist die Ruh, Ungeduld; Schumann, Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, Aus meinen Thraenen Spriessen, Die Rose, die Lilie, Wenn ich in deine Augen seh', Ich will meine Seele tauchen, Er ist's, Die Lotosblume, Er, der herrlichste von Allen, Schneeglockchen, Der Sandmann, Fruehlingssnacht; Brahms, Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze, Immer leiser wird mein Schummer, Botschaft, Schoen War, das ich dir wehte, Das Maedchen Spricht, Vorschneider Schwur.

There was an audience of good size. Inasmuch as the program was composed chiefly of songs that might be characterized as "intimate," there was promise of much enjoyment, for, while Mme. Sembrich is no longer, alas, a brilliant coloratura singer, as was shown by her performance at a Symphony concert last season and in her last recitals, her many faithful admirers looked confidently toward an emotional interpretation of songs with which her name has long been associated.

These admirers were disappointed yesterday. In the songs by Schubert she often fell below the true pitch, and her lack of breath was evident. She often "talked" in her middle register, and not until "Ungeduld" was reached did she awaken the old-time enthusiasm, and this was aroused chiefly by the spirit shown by the singer. Mme. Sembrich sang Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" in response to the applause.

Nor was Mme. Sembrich much more fortunate in her singing of Schumann's songs. The first five lay in her middle register, and the middle tones yesterday were weak. She flatted badly in "Die Lotosblume," but was generally more successful with "Er ist's," and also "Ich will meine Seele tauchen," which she sang with much ardor. She was obliged to repeat "Schneeglockchen," and "Der Sandmann" won much applause, although her interpretation was too dainty for so large a hall.

Mme. Sembrich was more the admirable singer of former years in the songs by Brahms, especially "Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenze" and "Das Maedchen spricht," in which her tonal quality was fresh and beautiful. Her performance of "Botschaft" was labored. The effect of "Immer leiser wird mein Schummer" was impaired seriously by the disagreement between the accompanist and the singer. There was the customary applause at the end and Mme. Sembrich added to the program.

MEN AND THINGS

The London journals had much to say about Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her famous hymn. They noted the fact that the inspiration of this hymn came to her "in the hours of sleep." This phrase was used, and there was no comment. Mrs. Howe, while she was living, told the story at length, and the legend should not go down the ages that she dreamed the poem, and waking wrote it down. The phrase "in the night watches" would be more appropriate.

The First Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne is now known chiefly through Charles Lamb's extravagant praise of her printed works and some remembrance of her through Pepys' description: "A mad, conceited, ridiculous woman." She thought that inspiration came to her at night. Gibber relates that "young ladies slept in a room contiguous to that in which her grace lay, and were ready, at the call of her bell, to rise any hour of the night to write down her conceptions lest they should escape her memory." And for what pray, were the sleep-heads dragged from their beds? To record notes like this: "It is not every ambitious and aspiring spirit that can be brave and noble actions." Readers of "Elia" will recall his praise of the Duchess' life of her husband, whom Pepys characterized as "an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." She herself thought boldly of her philosophical works:

When I did write this book, I took great pains For I did walk, and think, and break my brains

We once had the honor of knowing the author of farce comedies which had their day of popularity. This dramatist took himself seriously and intended to write a comedy of manners, "something in the style of Sheridan or Pinero" as soon as he could find the time. He assured us that his best jokes, the ones that tickled irresistibly the audience, came to him at night and he would

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When "Measure for Measure" was produced at the Adelphi in 1906 surprise was expressed because the theatre was not full on the opening night. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette inquired into the cause. Did the public hold the play unfit for representation in a theatre? The play is surely not a piece of old-fashioned, on the contrary, it is capable of being made to seem to be the most modern of all Shakespeare's dramas. "It is so easily to be mistaken for an anticipation of the problem play of today or yesterday. It seems to moot the question raised in, say, Bernard Shaw's 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' What price should a woman place on her honor? Should she sacrifice it to save her brother's life? Then, again, the character of Angelo has the aspect of modernity. He is introspective in a degree very common in our stage heroes of today; but the reverse of common in the character of Shakespeare. Another character that seems of today is Claudio, Isabella's erring brother, who stands to lose his head if his sister will not yield herself to Angelo. He has a most craven and un-Elizabethan horror of death, and his hysterical self-deceptions and self-falsifications smack of the inquisitive and speculative stage psychology of the 20th century. Again, there is the magnificent speech of the duke's, 'Be absolute for death,' which is full of sophistries, of intellectual luxuries such as Shakespeare usually denied himself, but now greatly in fashion. Not for nothing does Mr. Bernard Shaw regard 'Hamlet' and 'Measure for Measure' as a masterpiece."

And the writer went on to say: "When we come to think of it, 'Measure for Measure' is not a discussion—Shakespeare was an artist with a very clever notion of the functions of the stage. He knew that in the theatre nothing could be proved; that nothing could even be discussed so as to bind any but the parties to the discussion, and that to make these parties representative of schools of thought was to destroy their human substance, identity and appeal; so he was far too wise to attempt to appraise the abstract and respective value of a sister's honor and a brother's life. We may today offer in opinion as to whether a sister is justified in saving her brother's neck at the cost of her honor. But whatever view we may hold of a sister who refuses to make that sacrifice, we are pretty well agreed as to the brother who would wish his life saved on such terms. The turning point of the play is when Isabella discovers that Claudio is willing that she should save him so. She cries out, 'Oh, you beast!' but it is more in sorrow than in anger. *** The subject is difficult, and Shakespeare evidently felt it to be so. *** What distresses one is not so much the supposed unpleasantness of the subject as the feeling that the action is a put-up job. Shakespeare does his wonderful best, but even that is not quite satisfactory."

This is a long quotation, but it bears directly on Mr. Phillips' new drama. Will this play be only for the closet, or will it thrill an audience of playgoers? Mr. Phillips found difficulty in disposing of his characters at the end, as Shakespeare was perplexed before him. His Gemma, yielding, is so eloquent that Pietro, the Angelo of the piece, is suddenly converted.

Gemma exclaims: "How can you drink my beauty, if no soul makes the draught live? You bargain for a bliss. But no bliss from a bargain ever came. That bliss may come too sudden, may be slow. However it comes; but it is thoughtless wise. Not planned, not calculated, but it comes. Nor ever hath; now to thy lips I yield. My own, but with a cold laugh in my soul. Or else in dreadful thought thy kiss I take. Now thou art master; thy brief hour demand! But had I loved thee, Pietro, not this way. Would I have clasped thee, but in sacred fire, And then shouldst thou have tasted of deep life."

Then not of flesh, but of the endless soul." And to this Pietro answers: "Even your sheer sublime and starry scorn has taken from my feet the under-world. I would be what you say I cannot be; Not with the ape-like wooing as of old, But as a spirit suing thee through stars. Gemma, here I discard the 'whence' we came, And I pursue the 'whither' we are bound. I'll lose thee not through too much lust of thee; Now if thou wouldst, I would not what I dreamed."

I see a distant pleasure deeper far. For, if you will, I'll wed thee without pause; And with the light of children's faces we. Not worse for this encounter, will deserve The falling sunset and the coming star, And you perhaps shall smilingly recall This plunge for beauty which hath ended sweet."

The poetical worth of Mr. Phillips' drama may be great, but poetry alone does not give vitality to a play.

The Pall Mall Gazette generalizes about Mr. Phillips and declares that he is hopelessly out of touch with the realities of life and of the stage. "Mr. Phillips has never shown any great capacity for characterization or thought; his drama has always been a pageant of beautiful lines, occasionally of beautiful passages, somewhat overcolored, and in the later plays, over-elaborate and, in the later plays, over-rhetorical, but still with a real sing-

le simplicity of its own. And it is this simplicity his new play as a hazardous experiment. "Instead of arousing an interest almost numbing in its tragic horror we are left cold over the endangered life of Luigi Gonzaga and the threatened chastity of Gemma, his sister."

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" will be played this winter at the Theatre Rejane in Paris. The production will be modelled on the one at Moscow, which was the first, and not on the one at the Haymarket, London. The Paris correspondent of the Morning Telegraph states that there was talk at one time of Coquelin bringing out the play. Then Mme. Bernhardt talked of it. "The truth is that Maeterlinck is not exactly to the French taste in the theatre, and it is in a way to his credit. He has owed such productions as he has had here either directly to his wife or to Lugné Poe, and they have, except as operas, been most inadequately staged, often worse than that. In this case rumor says the production is to be made by a stock company, capitalized under the efforts of Mme. Maeterlinck. The experiment will be an interesting one. It is certain, although I suppose that fact is not realized, that in this case the Theatre Rejane can count on the strong support of the American colony. It is important, too, as was proven in the case of the Italian opera venture. The support of that colony is not often to be had in Paris. It never turns out when it is expected, not being a regular theatre-going public. This was demonstrated when Porel put on 'His House in Order' at the Vaudeville and counted on it. He did not get it, to his disappointment, but 'L'Oiseau Bleu' will fetch them to a man, and woman, too, not to mention child."

In his new play "Mary Magdalene," Maeterlinck selected his material from the New Testament. The characters in, include Lazarus, Mary, Martha and several Roman officials. The poet does not follow the tradition that makes Mary of Magdala the same as Mary of Bethany. His Mary is a courtesan who left her own people and adopted Roman customs. The Pall Mall Gazette thinks the third act is the strongest.

"Mary's lover, Verus, offers to save our Lord's life on condition that Mary will desert her new faith and return to the life they were beginning together. It is a peculiarly fine piece of psychological work, in which Mary, for whom chastity has been a thing only to be sold, has to make up her mind whether she can relapse into the old sensual life, or leave to an ageing death the One who means more to her than anything in the world. The moment is for her the moment of discovery that purity is a thing not of the body, but of the soul; and with that discovery she is forced to let Verus go and leave the crowd hailing her Master to Calvary. Perhaps it is necessary to say in writing for an English audience that there is nothing that any one could object to in the treatment of the characters or the subject. Nothing but good can come, both to the drama and to religion, by frank and reasonable treatment of sacred subjects."

The "Reminiscences" of a once famous singer, Clara Anastasia Novello, Contessa Gigliucci, compiled by her daughter, has been recently published. In 1890, when she was over 70 years of age, she excited admiration in Roman parlors by the clearness of her voice and the perfection of her trill. And this was the woman to whom Charles Lamb, who had no ear, paid tribute in an essay. She was fond of him, and when she was a girl she hid under the piano one night when he was expected so that she would not be sent to bed. And yet "later, my father made me sing to him one day and he stopped me, saying 'Clara, don't make that damned noise!'"

The volume contains several allusions to the stage. Clara sang in 1842 under the management of Macready and she describes him as "a stilted, concrete, though a clever imitation of the Kemble school." She saw Ristori in Italy in the same year. "Her acting of Goldoni's Locandiera can never be equalled for graceful coquetry, now out of date and a forgotten art, on the stage—in life—reduced to coquetry. For her benefit, she surprised her admirers by acting tragedy, in Voltaire's 'Zaire.' This was thought, then, an ambitious mistake, but proved successful. Lovely in face and figure, she also possessed a noble grace of manner quite irresistible."

She saw Rachel in Angier's "Diane"; "Having always heard that she was ugly, my first surprise was admiration for the person. To her might exactly apply the words, 'Sa physionomie empechait de voir sa figure.' But in whatever I afterwards saw her, 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Les Horaces,' or whatever else it might be, my intense admiration left me no powers of criticism. What a voice! What dignity! What reticence! Never stooping to rave or gesticulate—a look—a tone—sufficed to subdue, to crush, to enthral. What marvellous changes of intonation in such phrases as 'Je saurai percer le coeur * * * que je n'ai su toucher.'—fury, love, despair—in two words."

There is a postscript added to this description: "What art-treats of varied kinds were those then on the French stage, degraded nowadays into a monotonous sequence of loathsome scenes and moral stench, impossible to witness or submit to, and debasing art by teaching that vice and delinquents only can interest." This postscript was written probably, a London reviewer thinks, in 1893. Clara Novello died in 1908.

There is an entertaining picture of Liszt at Milan in 1844: "A poseur by nature he was almost driven to eccentricities by the frenzies of women over him, some of whom absolutely pursued him—nay, ran him down. At Vienna, as elsewhere, when he broke the strings of a piano during concerts, the women rushed on to the platform to seize

and when he left Vienna in 1849, a-ridiculous of these cracked creators paraded him as far as the first stator where change of post-horses took place. . . . Eccentric by system, he dined once at our simple table, and, coming so late that he was no longer expected, found us eating gooseberry pie. This sour sweet he insisted on eating together with the fish, the roast meat, etc., etc. Afterward he played tricks, among others playing on the piano while he turned his back on the instrument—a marvellous feat, though only a trick."

She greatly admired Lahache, the bass. "Once to keep me awake, while waiting in the greenroom, Lahache enacted a tempest. Sitting down, he placed two lighted candles on each side of his glorious face, and, accompanying the play of his face with a few rare words, he let his face grow dark. Now a flash of lightning!—his eyes positively emitting one—his face grew more and more sombre till, the storm at its height, his face was absolutely terrific; then gradually the storm abated, the clouds dispersed and sunshine returned. So magnificent a piece of face-acting I never witnessed and shall never forget."

One of her heroines was Florence Nightingale, of whom a clergyman said in her presence: "She is not a Churchwoman; what sect may she belong to?" "To the extremely rare one of the Good Samaritan!" was the answer.

Some may be interested to learn that Clara Novello used to sing the opening phrase of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in one long continuous breath, and did not make a pause after "know" for dramatic effect."

A curious play, "La Conquete d'Athenes," by Albert du Bois, has been produced in Paris at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. The story is of Paul preaching to the Athenians. He goes into the slums and talks to the lowest, who listen, but do not understand. When he is preaching before the Areopagus, Damaris, the wife of the Sophist Demus, hears him and is deeply moved by his words. She follows him about as though she were in love with him,

but Paul ends his mission, and she, taking poison, miraculously escapes and has a firmer grasp on the divine truth.

Marie Brema purposes to bring out Gluck's "Orpheus," Handel's "Allegro," Enile Cammaert's "Two Hunchbacks," and Emmanuel Moor's two-act operas, "Pompador" and "Wedding Bells" at the Savoy, London, this season. There will also be a "Water Dance" which will symbolize "the calm pool, the spouting fountain, the flowing river, the babbling brook, the tumble and the tossing of the sea and the breaking of the waves on the shore." Miss Brema has trained the dancers, and, in fact, invented the whole entertainment.

There is still talk about the probable resignation of Jules Claretie as director of the Comedie Francaise. The Parisians are discontented with the management in every way.

Puccini, speaking of his new opera, "The Girl from the Golden West," says the music cannot be called American. "For music has no nationality; it is either music or nothing." He has great confidence in his music showing "the feverish intensity of a poker game where a life is at stake." He composed the opera at night, between 10 P. M. and 4 to 5 in the morning. The first act lasts over an hour; it contains popular American airs and a banjo is introduced in the bar-room. The second act lasts an hour, and it has a love scene with which the composer is satisfied. The last act lasts 35 minutes.

Chicago is pleased at the presence of Mr. Cleofonte Campanini. "He is such a pleasant spoken man—a comfortable body to have about the place. He talks like a person about to stay 10 weeks and more, and desirous of getting on good terms with the cook." It is also pleased because he praises the Chicago orchestra. "We are particularly susceptible on that score because we easily remember the time when the orchestra and the Art Institute were all we had to save us from the stockyards and for the higher life."

Mr. Algernon St. John-Brenon well says of the Norwegian dramatist: "No system of philosophy can be constructed out of Ibsen's plays; that he was an artist and not a propagandist; that he was the last one to write comedies on theses; that the things his characters say are not necessarily things that their creator said; that he sternly repudiated any attempts to make ethical deductions from his works."

Granville Bantock's set of three "Dramatic Dances" for orchestra was played in London Oct. 22, and one critic had the courage to write: "The composer has for once written poor music. It seemed to us obvious, without point, and character; yet it was finely effective as regards the instrumentation, and was certainly not wanting in pictorial atmosphere." The subjects are as follows: "A 'Snake Dance,' with 'Cleopatra fascinated by her pet snake, symbolizing her own serpent-like power; a 'Veil Dance,' which gives us the attempts of a discarded favorite of a Persian prince endeavoring by her dancing to win back her affections, rating in this she stabs him; the 'Dagger Dance' represents the same lady's feelings on the result of her action—her excitement is intensified as she perceives the stain of blood upon the dagger—she glories in the deed—she reaches the height of frenzy—she falls lifeless to the ground." The dances were first played at the York festival of last July.

The play "Walter Raleigh" did not please the gallery in a Dublin theatre last month because some of the "gods" objected to the hero as an anti-Catholic.

STAGE NEWS AND REVIEWS

Stephen Phillips' New Drama, "Pietro of Siena," Akin to "Measure for Measure."

OPERAS FOR COMING WEEK

Clara Novello's Book Awakens Fascinating Memories of the Theatrical World.

Stephen Phillips' new drama, "Pietro of Siena," has been published. The Era (London), which has been characterized as "The Actors' Bible," thinks that the selection of the theme was unfortunate. The question propounded by the dramatist is whether a sister should sacrifice her honor to save her brother's life. The question was asked and answered in "Measure for Measure."

Shakespeare's play is disagreeable to many, even as a drama for the closet, yet the subject has appealed to poets and playwrights. The theme has its variants: A wife sacrifices herself for her husband, a mistress for her lover, a woman to save her country. In some instances, as in "Tosca," the sacrifice is in vain; in other instances there is a "happy ending." The Era is wrong in its suggestion that Maeterlinck, in his "Anna Vanna," holds the opinion that a woman who sacrificed her honor for the sake of her native city was "a heroine much to be admired." The play made by Maeterlinck is the unhappy suspicion of the husband that, as much as his wife had visited the tent of the foe's leader, she had there fore yielded, and the leader would have insisted on the sacrifice. When the wife is convinced that her husband suspects her and cannot be persuaded of her innocence and of the leader's true manliness, then she feels herself released from her vow, and love springs up in her breast for the man who spared her by reason of his great love.

And in like manner, as Pater pointed out, the main interest in "Measure for Measure" is not, as in "Proterus and Cassandra," in the relation of Isabella and Angelo, but rather in the relation of Claudio and Isabella.

Coleridge thought that Shakespeare's comedy was the most painful—say rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works. He found the comic parts disgusting and the tragic parts horrible, and the degradation of the character of woman. Yet there have been noteworthy performances of "Measure for Measure" in Boston; as the one by Adelaide Neilson and her company—and the New York production was censured here for being too part of Angelo in her production, as the one by Mme. Modjeska at the Hollis Street Theatre in 1895, when Miss Mary Shaw and Eben Chapman, Robert Taber, Tully Marshall, Charles Vanderhoff and W. F. O'Brien were in her company; as the one by Mme. Modjeska at the Boston Theatre in the season of 1895-96.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

Quintet by Sgambati with Ernesto Consolo Pianist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Knisel quartet gave the first concert of its 16th season last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Ernesto Consolo, now of New York, assisted. The program included Brahms' quartet in A minor, op. 51 No. 2; the Allegro non troppo, Larghetto and Scherzo from Dvorak's "Tales from a Major for two violins and viola; and Sgambati's piano quintet in B flat major, op. 3 No. 2.

An audience of good size applauded heartily, especially the music of Sgambati, which is characterized by the delicate peculiar to him, a naïveté which leaves one often in doubt whether the Bohemian composer was so naïve as he seemed, in his music or in his speech.

The program was not especially interesting. Brahms' quartet as it was played sounded like a quartet in three low movements with a lively finale. The favorite indication of Brahms—*allegro non troppo*—is tantalizing. The hearer often wishes that the pace would be quicker or frankly slower; yet in the first movement of this quartet, which is by far the best—the indicated pace suits admirably the fascinating second theme with which Brahms himself was evidently pleased. This theme with its development suggests the fleeting joys of life, none the less dear because they pass as a shadow. Here is the gaiety that is repressed; the melancholy that is not hopeless. This music could not be mistaken for that of another. Yet in Johann Strauss' operetta, "The Merry War," there is a concerted piece that has precisely this blend of gaiety and sadness, and the same rhythmic effect, rhythm that is now halting, now coquettish. In each instance the music has a singular fascination.

Sgambati wrote two piano quintets, which pleased both Liszt and Wagner and led to the composer's satisfactory introduction to a publisher. The one played last night is not so well known as its companion op. 4, and in the year 1910 it sounds as though it had been exhumed and were still mouldy. The second movement, a barcarolle, has a certain salon elegance and is obviously melodic. The other movements are lacking in genuine spontaneity. The Italian looked beyond the Alps and in his mind embraced the German muse, but in the andante he flirted theatrically with Meyerbeer, or rather with the Liszt that remembered Meyerbeer. For the most part the themes are dry and their development labored and futile. Mr. Consolo, who has played here before with the Knisels, did his best, as did his colleagues, but it is not easy to clothe dry bones with living flesh.

The second concert of the Knisels will be on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Fortieth Season of the Society Celebrated in Symphony Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, gave a public concert, the first of the society's 40th season and the 26th of its life, in Symphony Hall last evening. The club was assisted by Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone; the Boston Festival orchestra, Mr. Carl Lamson, pianist, and Mr. Grant Drake, organist. Mr. de Gogorza brought his own accompanist. The program was as follows: MacDowell, "The Crusaders"; Baldamus, "Come, O Come, Companion Mine"; Massenet, "Promesse de Mon Avenir" from "Le Roi de Lahore" (Mr. de Gogorza); Saar, "Autumn" (Offenbach, Barcarolle from "Hoffmann's Tales," arranged for male voices and orchestra, Blzet, Toreador's Song from "Carmen," arranged for the Apollo Club (Mr. de Gogorza, soloist); Curti, "World, Thou Art Mine"; Heinze, "Sunday on the Ocean"; songs with piano: Alvarez, "Canto del Presidario" and "A Grenada"; and Eccilla's "Tavira la Romeria"; Handel, "The Lord Is a Man of War," duet for the club; Bolzoni, Minuet for orchestra; Kremsler, "Prayer of Thanksgiving."

There was an audience of good size, although there were many vacant seats. The Apollo Club has its faithful subscribers and friends devoted to its interests. Its vocal proficiency is recognized far and wide. It might be said as a reason that the hall was not crowded: "The appreciation of a male club is not so general as that of a choir of mixed voices," but, unfortunately for this excuse, the Cecilia, an admirable chorus, was not supported generously by the public during the last years of its existence as a separate organization. The times have changed, and so have the tastes, the character and the size of audiences. The Apollo Club, however, need not fear pecuniary loss or dread the possibility of popular indifference. It is firmly established, and its own public is loyal.

The concerts of this club do not call for detailed criticism. The programs of all male singing societies are of a similar character. There are songs in praise of Spring, appeals or questions to little birds, drinking songs sung as a rule with painful sobriety, dance tunes, battle hymns, prayers, etc. There is always an attempt at contrast, and every well regulated program includes at least one of the compositions known familiarly as "gumdrops." The program last night referred to Autumn rather than

to Spring. It was well indicated, with out any selection that might have pained the most ardent prohibitionist, and with one sweetly sentimental part song, the one by Gustav Baldamus. There was an arrangement of Offenbach's familiar Barcarolle. It did not gain in the arrangement; nor is Handel's duet from "Israel in Egypt" improved when sung by many voices. The most striking selection was MacDowell's "Crusaders," with its finely imaginative ending.

Mr. de Gogorza was applauded enthusiastically. He sang Massenet's air with finish and in true romantic spirit. He sang the other songs, especially the Spanish group, with his well known art. To this group he added Figaro's air from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," which he delivered with gusto and a fluency that is the gift of the Latin race.

Some regretted that he did not vouchsafe to sing one song in English, a language sadly neglected by singers, local and visiting, yet one in common use in Boston and not confined to the "lower classes."

The performance of the Apollo Club deserved the applause and the resultant encores.

"Rigoletto" at Boston Opera House, with Constantino, Lipkowska and Baklanoff.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Gilda.....Lydia Lipkowska
Maddalena.....Maria Claessens
Countess Ceprano.....Anne Roberts
Cioffina.....Grace Fisher
The Duke.....Josef Swartz
Rigoletto.....George Baklanoff
Sparafucile.....Jose Mardones
Count Monterone.....Giuseppe Perini
Marullo.....Attilio Pulcini
Count Ceprano.....Frederick Huddy
Borsa.....Ernesto Giaccone

When Verdi's "Rigoletto" was recently performed in London by Mr. Beecham's company, leading journals asked why the opera should be included in the repertory. The English have never been able to appreciate the dramatic instinct and force shown by Verdi in "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," his three great operas of the fifties.

Compare for a moment Bolto and Verdi in this respect. We couple their names because the two were close friends in later years and Bolto served Verdi lovingly and well as the librettist of two of the latter's masterpieces. Verdi even in his raw years, and in the operas that excited Browning's disapprobation—witness the famous lines about Verdi and Rossini—showed an unerring instinct for stage effects. His melodies, except his grand airs for soprano written according to the formula of the period with embellishments and cadenzas, were incisive; his rhythms were feverish. Even his one dramatic intensity, that through music, Bolto is first of all a poet, a philosopher, a dreamer. Only in one scene of "Mefistofele" is there true dramatic action with song and that scene is the Prison in which there are moments which Verdi himself might have envied.

"Rigoletto" was far in advance of Verdi's operas that preceded it, and now that it is nearly 60 years old, it still commands respect and admiration. There is strong, impressive characterization through music. Gilda, it is true, is a conventional heroine, and her music, except in the last act, has little distinction; but the Duke, Rigoletto, Sparafucile and his sister express themselves to the life in music and the late Charles Gilbert showed that Monterone is not inherently an insignificant figure in the horrible drama. "Rigoletto" is much more than an opera with a florid air, a popular melody for the tenor and famous quartet, a quartet which for its blend of contrasted melodies and dramatic truth is still incomparable. But the opera should be acted as well as sung; passion should approach frenzy; the conductor, the ruling spirit, should be an Italian of authority taste and the hottest blood.

A brilliant audience warmly welcomed Mr. Constantino in his reappearance in a part admirably suited to display his artistic and dramatic capabilities. His voice was in excellent condition, and he sang tastefully and with distinction. His acting, too, was finished in all respects. The ducal mantle rests easily upon his shoulders; he is at home in the sumptuous palace, he is a courtly and gallant lover. His singing of "La Donna e Mobile" was without exaggeration, and therefore charming.

There were others to be welcomed. Mme. Lipkowska again took the part of Gilda. She sang the florid music with exquisite grace, flexibility and fluency. There were moments in the second act when her intonation was not always secure, but for the most part her tones were clear, pure and warmly colored. She acted with emotional intensity, and made interesting a somewhat conventional part.

The dominating figure of the opera, however, is Rigoletto. Mr. Baklanoff, who was heard in this part last winter, has gained depth and breadth in his impersonation. He gave an impressive performance. His voice, rich in timbre, and varied in nuances, was heard to its best advantage. His fine phrasing and diction and the tragic intensity displayed in his singing were admirable. His conception of the part was finely composed. His outburst of anguish on discovering the abduction of his daughter was memorable. Admirable, too, was his portrayal of suppressed emotion in his entrance in the third act, the working up of his despair, and his business, when, his mind distraught with anguish, he seizes unthinkingly first his daughter's handkerchief then his bauble.

Mr. Mardones sang excellently and was a stalwart Sparafucile.

Miss Claessens was a disappointing Maddalena. A woman of her form cannot afford to be coquettish. Her mincing business and forced nervous laughter suggested a maiden lady kittenish and coy at the approach of a long despaired of sutor.

Mr. Perini was a dignified Monterone, and sang with breadth and fervor.

The quartet was, on the whole, finely rendered. The stage settings were sumptuous.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.

Miss Ellen Terry Discourses and Reads Concerning the Pathetic Ones.

Before a palpitating audience that scattered itself rather thinly over the spacious floor and balconies of Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon, Miss Terry read the second and concluding lecture in her course. It was entitled "Shakespeare's Heroines—Pathetic." A large portion of the time was given to Desdemona and Juliet. To Viola, Cleopatra, Hermione, Katherine of Arragon, and those less prominent, only brief attention was paid. It was of Katherine that Miss Terry remarked that, though it was claimed that Shakespeare did not write "Henry VIII.," she knew (with an accent on the "knew") that Katherine was the great poet's creation.

In reciting the brief message of farewell to her King and master from the wronged and outraged Queen, Miss Terry was more satisfactory than in much of the more ambitious portions. Alone in the famous potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet" did the lecturer attempt freedom from her book. The attempt was only partly a success and in the middle of the heart-rending passage Miss Terry was forced to journey across the stage for re-enforcement.

The lady's presence was delightful in the charm of the well known voice and manner as well as for the beauty of the soft and artistic gray robes. It was regretted that there were troubles with the desk appointments, with her hair arrangement and from a quite evident cold. It was interesting to learn that Imogen was Miss Terry's favorite of all Shakespeare's women, and she admitted that in this she was in unison with the feelings of Tennyson and Swinburne. The substance of the lecture was irreproachable in literary style.

GEORGE COPELAND'S RECITAL.

New Piano Pieces by Debussy Played Here for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland gave a piano recital last evening. The program was as follows: Couperin, Les Vieux Seigneurs; Scarlatti Sonatas Nos. 1 and V, and Capriccio; Chopin, Nocturne op. 37, Valse op. 70, Ballade, No. 1; Debussy, La Soiree dans Grenade and these selections from the first book of Preludes—Des pas sur la neige, Minstrels, Volles, La Serenade interrompue, Le Cathedrale Engloutie, La Danse de Puck, Albeniz, Three Spanish Dances—Tango, El Puertorriqueno.

Mr. Copeland has gained in breadth of conception and authority of expression. There was a time when, delightful as was his performance by reason of his exquisite touch, refined taste and subtlety in the arrangement of nuances, he was in danger of becoming a miniaturist. He was never boresome—and this can be said of few pianists that visit us; but his selections were not always sufficiently contrasted, and the distinguishing characteristics of his art might easily have degenerated into mannerisms.

He was born a pianist, and study has developed, not hampered him. His individuality is marked; he has his own technique, his own style. What matters it whether he establishes a melodic line by pure legato finger work or by pedaling that might be compared to stippling in the sister art? The song is sung and it ravishes the ear of the hearer. In his performance there is the fleetness and the elegance that would have charmed Domenico Scarlatti. There is an unflinching sense of proportion. His palette is rich with many tints. In a Spanish dance his color is brilliant, almost gaudy; he also knows the value of cool shades and he can work marvels in black and white.

Naturally, he appreciates the beauty of 18th century music and realizes that Chopin stands between Couperin and Debussy. His performance of "Les Vieux Seigneurs" was poetic. The music was full of tender melancholy and old-world grace, and for once the quaint ornamentation did not seem extraneous and artificial. The sonatas by Scarlatti were played with crystalline clearness, and the speed was not laborious. In this old music Mr. Copeland did not attempt to turn the piano into a harpsichord or to play the pieces as Couperin and Scarlatti might have written them if they had known the concert piano of today. Of pieces by Chopin, the value

was the most conspicuous by the performance.

Mr. Copeland played six of the 12 preludes of Debussy which was published this year. "Volles" and "Des pas sur la neige" suggest faint echoes of music in "Pelleas and Melisande." "Minstrels" and "La Serenade interrompue" less impressively, more direct, and must be said, deliberately more popular at once provoked applause. The most noteworthy of these preludes is "Le Cathedrale engloutie," which is nobly imaginative and singularly impressive. The other pieces awakened the suspicion that Debussy, now in his sleek years, is parodying himself and smiles in his sleeve at the raptures of the Debussyites and Pellagres.

A fiery performance of the dances by Albeniz ended a concert of unusual interest.

There was a large audience and the applause swelled to enthusiastic demonstrations. Few visiting pianists of renown have received such enviable tributes in late years.

MISS SPENCER'S RECITAL.

Program of Unusual Character and Variety in Jordan Hall.

6.60.

Miss Janet Spencer gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall; she was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Ruggles. The program was as follows:

Bach, "Et Exultavit" (magnificent); Gluck, Ariette (Arnold); Ariette (Petersen de la Macque); Handel, "Furibondo spiri il vento"; Brahms, "Unbewegte laue Luft"; "Wehe, so willst du mich wieder"; "Des Liebsten Schwur"; Hadley, "Stille traumende Fruhlingsnacht"; "Morgengesang"; Borodin, "La Princesse Endormie"; "Dissonance"; Moussorgsky, "Chanson d'Enfant"; "Requiesce de Veronushka"; "Chant de Josua Navine"; Engel, "Beyond"; "Conspirators"; Wares, "Wind and Lyre"; Mallason, "To Me at My Fifth Floor Window"; "Sing, Break into Song"; Heyman, "Elysion."

Miss Spencer's program promised much. From the two arias by Gluck, through several unfamiliar songs by Brahms in place of the customary too familiar songs by Schubert and Schumann, it proceeded to five Russian songs, no one of which made the slightest concession to the commonplace. Even the inevitable closing group of English songs lay above the level of the mere bid for popularity which spells mediocrity in song writing.

But the promise of the program for the most part failed of fulfillment, because Miss Spencer's intonation was so conspicuously and consistently faulty that her commendable efforts at interpretation entirely lost their effect. Moreover, when a hearer is in aural pain, it is impossible to judge adequately of a song. Miss Spencer attempts much with her voice; as the average of contralto singing runs, she accomplishes a good deal in the way of flexibility, as in the song by Handel, light, smooth passages, as in the first song by Brahms, and the first by Borodin, and effects of graceful brightness, as in "Chanson d'Enfant" and "The Conspirators." But the marked falling from pitch and a certain labored quality in all that she did combine to spoil her singing.

It speaks well for the songs of Borodin and Moussorgsky that one could still find them suggestive and rewarding, particularly the two already mentioned. Fortunately for the world, the first of the two songs by Engel is still in manuscript. The other is a charming specimen of the encore type, as are the two by Mallason.

An audience of fair size showed interest, and was courteously enthusiastic.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Dukes Versus Earls

Miss Geraldine Farrar was welcomed here last week by audiences that evidently were not offended by the public expression of her opinion concerning dukes, or by her estimate of their worth as far below that of the monosyllabic expletive, which pronounced in a New England pulpit many years ago, with "doleful emphasis," set the congregation a-shuddering. The Herald has already commented on her attitude toward the strawberry-marked aristocrats of England and discussed the dukes of the European continent and their marriages with the American daughters of the untitled rich. It may now be asked, in a spirit of love, why the duke, who is just below the prince, is the subject of jesting, rather than the earl who stands lower, between the marquis and the viscount. The word duke has passed into slang. The Duke of Limbo is an awkward fellow. Duke stands for a man of showy demeanor or appearance; a horse; any transaction in the shape of a burglary; also gin, otherwise popularly known as blue ruin. In the terminology of the ring, the dukes are the hands; to grease them, is to bribe, or to pay. There are dukes in Genesis, and some of them, as Duke Zephlo, Duke Kenaz, Duke Shammah, Duke Mizpah, have names that suggest operetta.

The word duke is often irreverently pronounced as though it were spelled with a "j." Some may remember Artemus Ward's romance, "Moses the Sassy." "My story opens in the classic prelinks of Boston. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street," etc. Moses, the dreamer—"Grease in its barmitze days, near produced a more hefty cavilier"—is talking with the fair Eliza, who has been told that her lover is of noble birth. "He said 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'" "You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke!" said she.

No such liberties are taken with an earl, whether he be belted, or whether he wear braces, suspenders, gallouses. We have found only one slang phrase: the Earl of Cork applied to the ace of diamonds, which is the "worst ace" as the earl was the poorest nobleman in Ireland.

Furthermore, what Earl leaves his proud station? But the Archduke John of Austria abandoned his rank, became a wanderer, and is now a legendary character; and the Duc de Guise, who inherited the greater part of his uncle's, the Duc d'Aumale's, wealth, is now breeding cattle on the coast of Morocco and is known as Jean Oriac.

VERDI'S "OTHELLO" AT BOSTON OPERA

First Appearance Here of Leo Slezak; Enthusiasm Over Visiting Artists.

By PHILIP HALE.

Verdi's "Othello" was added to the repertoire of the Boston Opera House last evening. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Othello.....Mr. Slezak
Iago.....Mr. Devaux
Roderigo.....Mr. Stroescu
Lodovico.....Mr. Mardones
Montano.....Mr. Pulcini
A Herald.....Mr. Letol
Desdemona.....Mme. Alda
Cassio.....Mme. Caessens

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The growth of suspicion, till it became a mania, the madness of jealousy, the intense mental suffering, the thirst for blood, were strongly expressed; but Mr. Slezak was admirable in quieter moments, with effective facial play, when the poisonous mineral was at work, as in the scene in which he strained his ears to hear Cassio talking with Iago; in his questioning Desdemona and in his bitter jesting. There is this high tribute to be paid: In the wildest moments of passion there was the impression made of still wilder fury that might break forth.

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malicious that even sinners would not at once have seen through him. His Iago was more in accord with the characterization by Hazlitt: A gay, light-hearted monster, a careless, cordial, comfortable villain, who delighted in cruelty as a child finds pleasure in tormenting a cat or playing with a fly.

It would be an agreeable task to dwell on Mr. Amato's performance, but the pleasure is now forbidden. This, however, may be said: There were moments in Maurel's Iago, remarkable as the impersonation was, when in the excess of his art, he allowed the audience to see how artful he was. Mr. Amato did not take the spectator behind the scenes.

Mme. Alda at first disappointed the expectations of those who had heard of her success as Desdemona last summer in Paris, for she sang at times below the true pitch and was generally ineffective. She soon was mistress of herself and there were delightful moments in her singing of music in the second and third acts. This crescendo of improvement culminated in her performance of the "Willow Song" and the "Prayer," in which she displayed a pure style and the gentle emotion that characterized the lady of the Moor; and in the last appeal to Emilia, there was the shudder at her anticipated fate. Desdemona is not a complex character. She is sweet, simple, trusting, loving—in a word, womanly. Mme. Alda did not attempt to make her otherwise.

Among the minor characters Mr. Mardones was the most effective. Mr. Conti deserved warm praise for his conducting, and the tribute paid him by the audience was deserved. He showed a finer appreciation of nuances than has been his custom in the past; he allowed the demi-tints of Verdi's instrumentation to lend effect to the dramatic situation; he was not only tolerant, but sympathetic toward the singers; he conducted with a greater elasticity and a more poetic spirit than he has displayed in lesser works.

The singing of the chorus was especially noteworthy in the storm scene and in the music with mandolins. The finale of the third act was not so well performed, and Mr. Conti might have held his forces with a firmer grasp. The stage settings were appropriate, and those of the second and third acts were unusually fine. The costumes and the stage management were also worthy of the Boston Opera House.

It is to be hoped that there will be many performances of this opera, which is justly ranked among the great triumphs of operatic composition. Repeated hearings will only increase the wonder that such music could have been written by a man over 70 years, who then showed an ability to write music and text with a dramatic truthfulness and to reveal an intensity of emotional expression and a lofty imagination equalled only by Richard Wagner. For the art of Richard Strauss, marvellous though it be, is another art.

A large audience was deeply interested and moved, and at the end of the second act there was a scene of enthusiasm which has seldom been witnessed in this opera house. The opera this afternoon will be "Tosca" with Mme. Carmen Melis and Messrs. Jadlowker and Laskinoff. Tonight "Lucia" will be performed at popular prices. The singers will be Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino and Fornari.

MR. ONDRICEK'S RECITAL.

A Czech Violinist Plays in Boston for the First Time.

Emanuel Ondricek, violinist, assisted by Mr. Karol Leitner, accompanist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Benda, sonata; A major; Dvorak, violin-concerto; Haendel, Menuett; Mozart, Deutscher Tanz; Ondricek, L'Etincelle, caprice for violin alone; Smetana, Ondricek, Fantasie, "Bartered Bride." Mr. Ondricek, who is a pupil of Sevelk, comes of a distinguished family of musicians. In 1903, at the age of 17 he appeared before the public in Prague and Vienna. Since then he has toured extensively in Europe. He is a young man of unquestionable talent and of great promise. He plays easily and with authority. His technique is not aggressive but rather marked by elegance and refinement. It commands respect for its fluency, smoothness and accuracy of execution in intricate passages. His tone, although small, is usually of beautiful quality, but it lacks variety of nuances.

The program was of a monotonous nature and gave the artist little scope for displaying his ability as an interpreter. His renderings were for the most part conventional and occasionally bordered on the commonplace. It would be interesting to hear him at some later time when he has gained in depth and breadth of conception.

Mr. Leitner played the accompaniments sympathetically. An audience of fair size gave evidence of its appreciation by hearty applause.

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MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE

Johnson's Troubles. We have received a long letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. From certain paragraphs we infer that the eminent sociologist is not wholly happy in Boston and wishes to surrender to the Chicago. He writes at least concerning his plans in the correction of the proofs of his first volume, "The Professions to his colleagues." "I am as a Political and Social Iconoclast," he writes, "and I have expended much of my energy on the subject of the social structure of the United States."

Legs of Mutton

"Much may be said in praise of mutton," I began, as though I were delivering a Lowell lecture, "there are seven essentials for the proper presentation of a leg of mutton: It must be good mutton; it must have been kept a good time; it must have been roasted before a good fire, by a good cook, who is in a good temper; it must be served on a good hot dish, and lastly, it must be eaten with a good appetite. George Borrow said that any one who wishes to eat leg of mutton must go to Wales, and my colleague, Mr. Schloesser, quotes this dictum. I maintain that the best mutton in this world is that which comes from the Helmsheims, near Albany, N. Y.; legs of mutton, mind you, not chops. For the Helms mutton chop you must go to England, and even Borrow admitted that the hop of Wales was inferior to that of many other parts of Britain. Mutton should be roasted on a spit-time, Jack

Need of Patience

"I like to give information and I said: 'As for the injurious effect of mutton on the human mind, there are contrary opinions. By many mutton was preferred to beef as doing less harm to the wits. Robert Burton in his section on diet as a cause of melancholy passes mutton by. The ancients looked, skew-eyed on this meat. Galen, Aetius, Oribasius and Simeon Seth declared it to be worse than pork and containing worse juices. Yet Averroes praised the flesh of wethers and lambs and even that of rams. The Arabians and in fact all eastern people prefer mutton to beef, while the inhabitants of Saxony, my young friend, ate dogs and cats in the time of Capt. Cook in preference to sheep and goats. In fact, I regret to say the young woman was rude. She interrupted me. 'I only asked you a plain question about Napoleon Bonaparte. Did he lose the battle of Leipzig because he ate too much mutton?'"

"As a patient investigator I have learned to control my temper. I smiled, and having begged her pardon for having wasted her valuable time, I said: 'You should consult "Indiscretions de l'Histoire" and "Le Cabinet Secret de l'Histoire," by Dr. Caplan. I may say to you in confidence, Mr. Editor, that I do not know whether there is anything in these books about Napoleon's fatal appetite for mutton, but the young woman will find many surprising and entertaining pages in the volumes. "That day I read no more. My mind was disturbed, and severe applications were impossible. There is a legend in London, that the proprietors of Mme. Tissand's show once offered £100 to any one who would pass a whole night alone locked up in the Chamber of Horrors. About a dozen years ago a man was accidentally locked up in that room, and Mr. John Tissand recently told Mr. G. R. Sims that he often received letters from people willing to be paid for submitting to the ordeal. The thought of being locked up all night in Bates Hall of the Public Library with the readers is as more terrible. Think of being confined with a zealous collector of a rare genealogist! The old book of Chinese tortures, with the old-raising illustrations, contains nothing comparable. Sociology, sir, has its horrors."

Mr. Johnson is a man of moods. No doubt to-morrow will see him as a different kind and cheerful as to his disposition. Since then to his gigantic work he has not anxiously concerning the publication of the promised volumes.

CARMEN MELIS IN PUCCINI ROLE

Sings Floria Tosca in Thrilling Performance; Debut of Moranzoni, Conductor.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Puccini's "Tosca" was performed yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House, Roberto Moranzoni conducted in Boston for the first time. The cast was as follows:

Floria Tosca.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Jadlowker
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Baklanoff
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoleto.....Mr. Giaccone
Sclaroni.....Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere.....Mr. Huddy
Un Fastoso.....Miss Rogers

The performance was an excellent one, a performance of the first quality. Mme. Carmen Melis took the part of Floria for the first time in this city. Mr. Jadlowker made his first appearance here last season as Cavaradossi and Mr. Baklanoff took the part of Scarpia for the first time last March. Yesterday Mme. Melis was intelligent and also elemental in her acting of the part. Her first act was admirable in all respects. In its portrayal of easily aroused and quickly dispelled jealousy; in its mercurial playfulness with her lover; in the love that she would fain conceal to hear pleading and reassuring words; and then in the rage excited when Scarpia showed her the Lady Attavanti's fan. In this first act Mme. Melis showed herself the superior of any singer that has taken the part in Boston, superior even to Mme. Ternina, who idealized it and turned Floria from a singer accustomed to flattering words and burning protestations into an incongruously heroic figure.

Me is well equipped by nature for the impersonation of Florida Tosca. First of all she is beautiful in face and figure. Her facial beauty is not that of the immovable, sluglike type, not uncommon among her countrywomen; it is animated and ever changing, expressive, emotional. Her voice is of pleasing quality, strong enough for outbursts and sustained passion, tender and caressing in a romantic confidence, flexible in conversational coquetry.

Florida was a woman, charming by reason of her caprices and weaknesses, and she was an Italian woman. And in the second act Mme. Mells played with true Italian fire. If there was a wealth of gesture that might seem extravagant to spectators of New England birth, the gestures were seldom academic and perfunctory, and they were usually expressive. As a whole, her performance was a striking one and to be remembered.

Mr. Jadowaker again gave great pleasure by his fresh and manly voice, his fluent and clear singing, his refreshing youth and spirited acting.

Mr. Baklanoff's Scarpia is now more strongly characterized, and in time it will probably be ranked among his best impersonations. It might be more sinister in the first act, not villainous in scowls and sneaking steps, but a prouder embodiment of evil.

In this act the spectator, ignorant of the story, would not easily suspect the hypocrisy and the sensuality of the man from any hint given by Mr. Baklanoff. It is in the second act that there are the evidences of careful study and a broader conception. Here is a Scarpia to be feared, a sensualist who seeks his amusement as an episode in a life of political power, who has in him the spirit of the Marquis de Sade and from an act of cruelty turns the more willingly to what he knows as love. Mr. Baklanoff's facial play is now more varied, his action more animated and significant. His repose is ominous. There was a supremely fine moment when he threw off the mask and fell upon Florida as a cave man wooed. The minor parts were well taken and each had the appropriate character.

Mr. Moranoni, the young conductor, made a most favorable impression. Under his direction the orchestra was euphonious and eloquent. He bought out the sharp contrasts in which Puccini delights, contrasts that might justly be called hysterical. Much might be said about the charm and the intensity of Mr. Moranoni's reading. No other conductor visiting Boston has been so successful in treatment of the metamorphoses of Scarpia's typical theme since Mr. Mancinelli led "Tosca."

The audience should have been larger, even on a football day, and there should have been general enthusiasm, for the performance was of uncommon merit.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" Given to Big Audience at Popular Prices.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor," opera in three acts, by Donizetti. Cast:

Edgar.....Florence Constantino
Henry Ashton.....Rodolfo Fornari
Norman.....C. Stroeck
Raymond.....Glueppe Perini
Arthur.....Ernesto Giaccone
Lucy.....Lydia Lipkowska
Alice.....Ruby Savage

In these days of music-drama and other advanced forms of theatrical entertainment, agreeable variety is provided by one of those pieces which delighted our grandfathers and won and held the favor of their descendants. Such a piece is "Lucia di Lammermoor." It is full of the tuneful qualities which superior persons effect to despise, but, if they have music in their souls, really enjoy. The theme is widely different from that of the "Daughter of the Regiment," but each work bears the same stamp.

Last night's production at popular prices was in every detail equal to those offered on other nights. The cast speaks for itself. Constantino seemed at his best. Boston may well prize such an artist.

Mme. Lipkowska was delightful. Clearly, the days when beauty and grace were almost handicaps to a great opera singer are past. Mme. Lipkowska rose to her opportunity in the famous scene in the third act. Her fresh, clear notes were heard with keen pleasure.

It was a crowded and enthusiastic house. It was also discriminating. The first appearance of Mme. Lipkowska might have started a demonstration, but the house preferred not to interrupt an exquisite bit of work by the orchestra Mme. Lipkowska's turn came later.

EVENTFUL WEEK ON BOSTON STAGE

First Performance in America of Debussy's Cantata, "The Prodigal Son."

SOTHEHRN'S NEW 'MACBETH'

Henry Hadley to Conduct His New Symphonic Poem, "The Culprit Fay."

By PHILIP HALE.

There are two events of importance this week. The first appearance in Boston of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in "Macbeth" and the first performance in America of Debussy's cantata, "The Prodigal Son," which will be produced at the Boston Opera House next Wednesday evening.

The production of "Macbeth" is said to be elaborate and sumptuous, with great attention paid to costumes and all stage details, and with the music written by Sir Arthur Sullivan for Irving's production of Shakespeare's tragedy at the Lyceum, London, in 1888. There will naturally be great curiosity to see Miss Marlowe's Lady Macbeth. Will she portray the traditional scream, the virago or a sinister sister of Clytemnestra or the sensuous, caressing little woman who, according to the theory of Richard Grant White held Macbeth in bondage through her physical attractiveness?

Theophile Gautier, seeing Macready and Helen Faucit in a performance of the tragedy in Paris 65 years ago, cried out: "I should prefer to murder several Duncans than to have one scene with Lady Macbeth"; and yet Miss Faucit was then young, graceful, pretty after the fashion of the women whose faces ornamented the Keepsakes or Tokens which years ago lay on the centre of a parlor table.

And Gautier's praise of Shakespeare for not making Macbeth violent and implacable, and his wife fearful and remorseful, may now again be quoted: "Woman, condemned by her sex to inaction and retained as a prisoner near the domestic hearth, conceives a plan and pursues it with a force and insistence that nothing can divert. Her solitary thought incrusts itself in her head, far more deeply than in the head of a man, who is at each instant distracted by the thousand cares of life."

It must also be said that morality and logic are two faculties little developed in women so that which they long for always seems to them just and legitimate. Obstacles with which they personally have never been obliged to contend seem to them of little importance, nor do we believe that any woman has ever comprehended the fact that a person could not do a certain thing. On account of their very weakness, which relieves them from physical struggle, is the mental intrepidity of women. To attain their end they recoil at nothing and behind every violent or atrocious action there is the thought of a woman. Lady Macbeth as a sonnambulist knew not remorse; she did not repent; but, asleep, her will no longer controlled her actions; events had unsettled her nerves. She did not regret the murder of Duncan and of Banquo, but she feared that proofs of the murder still existed and she endeavored to make them disappear."

How far this is from the theory of Coleridge that Lady Macbeth is a class individualized: "of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of quiet. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition. She shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony."

It is said that Miss Marlowe represents a woman full of ambition for her husband, and moved to crime only through her love for him. I remember a performance of "Macbeth" at the Boston Theatre, with Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth. This performance probably took place in 1872. Junius Brutus Booth played the part of Macbeth. If his wife had true affection for her husband, Miss Cushman did not reveal it. She scolded him she bullied him, and the sympathy of the audience was wholly with him. She played the part in the old heroic style, so that the spectator wondered if Lady Macbeth was not the victim of an illusion when she boasted:

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that
milks me.

And how will Mr. Sothern play his part? As a grim soldier, ready for his bloody business? As a neurotic person, a ghost-seer, a man whose brain makes his limbs feeble and his will irresolute? As mentally a coward, henpecked at home?

Many Macbeths have been seen here and there might be a defence written for the most extravagant conception of the part. It is true that there have been occasions when there were public protests in the theatre. Mr. George F. Babbitt tells of going once to the Boston Theatre in company with the late W. T. W. Ball. Some one was playing Macbeth before a small audience. Macbeth began a celebrated speech as follows: "Is that a dagger which I see before me." Mr. Ball roared out from his seat: "Is this a dagger?" and added forcible wishes for an unpleasant disposition of the poor actor's soul. A summer in those days was expected to be letter-perfect, and the spectator in pit or gallery knew his Shakespeare.

Some one should do for "Macbeth," the actor's standpoint, what Henry P. Phelps did 20 years ago for "Hamlet." Think of the performances given at the Boston Theatre alone since 1860! Looking over the history of that theatre by Messrs. Tompkins and Kilby, the reader finds the names of Ristori, Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Lander, Modjeska, Janauschek, Genevieve Ward, Mary Anderson, Margaret Mathers, Louise Pomeroy, Lucille Western and

"The Prodigal Son" was not composed for the operatic stage. Berlioz perhaps thought that his "Damnation of Faust" might be effective as an opera. Whenever this work is introduced as an opera the old question is revived: Did Berlioz write it with thought of the lyric stage? Rubinstein wrote oratorios that he called sacred operas. In the 18th century oratorios were sometimes performed as operas; thus Dittersdorf gave an account of seeing Abraham and Isaac as operatic characters on a Venetian stage, and even in a Connecticut city Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has been produced as an opera, with scenery, costumes and action, and the performance elicited commendatory letters from the clergy.

But Debussy never dreamed of his "Prodigal Son" as an opera. He wrote music for a cantata with verses by Edouard Guinand. He was then 22 years old. Let us inquire into his earlier musical life as related by Mr. Louis Laloy.

Debussy's parents were not musical and he himself showed no marked musical instinct as a child. In 1871 the boy happened to be at his aunt's house at Cannes, and she took it into her head that he should study the piano. An old Italian, Cerutti, taught him the rudiments, and the teacher saw nothing remarkable in the boy, who on his return home took no lessons. The father wished his son to be a sailor.

The mother of Charles de Sivry, the brother-in-law of Paul Verlaine, hearing Claude strumming the piano, was the first to detect the boy's talent. She had studied with Chopin, and she gave Claude lessons with such good will that he entered the Paris Conservatory in 1873. He studied with Lavignac and took three medals for solfège. His piano teacher was Marmontel, and Edward MacDowell was in the class. In 1877 Debussy took a second prize for his performance of Schumann's sonata in G minor. He resolved to concentrate his attention on composition.

The class of harmony was then taught by Emile Durand. "A succession of

notes was given, called either 'chant' or 'bass,' as it was placed high or low. It was necessary to add chords to it according to certain rules as arbitrary as those of bridge, disturbed by one or two licenses, no more. For each rebus there was only one solution, which, in the jargon of conservatories, is known as 'the author's harmony.' This method of instruction has not been changed for 30 years" (Laloy wrote this in 1909), "and even recently a respectable professor, when he played on the piano before the puzzled class the correction, like those of our old Latin themes, announced with a flight of elbows and swell of back the elegant boldness which in advance he plumed himself. Debussy was never able to find this 'author's harmony.' One day, when a preparatory competition was testing the strength of future rivals, the master, a stranger to the class, who had given out the theme, read at the piano the answers. He came to Debussy's. 'But, sir, you do not understand it, then?' Debussy excused himself: 'No, I do not hear your harmony. I hear only that which I have written.' Then the master, turning toward Emile Durand, all put out, said: 'It's a pity!'

Debussy studied for three years, and did not gain even an "accessit," but he was more fortunate in the matter of improvised harmony. The teacher of accompaniment was Bazille, an amiable old gentleman, who had ranged many orchestral scores for the piano. While waiting for his tardy pupils he would play from Auber's operas. His one idea was this: "You see, boys, harmony is to be found only by study at the piano. Look at Debussy: he always complains at the piano. And see how easy it is to reduce it! The piano is an orchestra that comes all alone under the fingers." Nevertheless, Debussy had the opportunity to please his ear, and in 1880 he took a first "prix d'accompagnement."

He then went in to Guiraud's class in composition. Guiraud, born at New Orleans, had a finer taste than is shown in his compositions. He liked Debussy and gave him good advice. The pupil set music to de Banville's comedy, "Diane au Bois," and brought it proudly to the class. Guiraud looked it over and said: "Come to me tomorrow and bring your score." After Guiraud had read the score a second time he said: "Do you wish to take the Prix de Rome?" "Of course," answered Debussy. "Well, this is all very interesting, but you must reserve it for a later day, or you will never take the Prix de Rome."

For a short time Debussy was in Cesar Franck's organ class. He soon tired of hearing Papa Franck during the exercises in improvisation crying out incessantly: "Modulate! Modulate!" when he himself did not see the necessity. Debussy took an accessit for counterpoint and fugue in 1882, and the next year the second prix de Rome.

It should be noted that in 1870 Mme. Metel, the wife of a Russian engineer, a prominent constructor for a pupil to take to Russia, Debussy accepted the position. He did not become well acquainted with Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff and Borodin, "who were hardly prophets in their own country at that time; he did not know at all Modest Moussorgsky, whose life ended ingloriously, but he saw much of the gypsies, who in the taverns of Moscow and its suburbs gave him the first example of music without rules." Mr. Laloy adds that Debussy did not think at the time of jotting down one of the gypsy melodies.

Debussy's competitors for the prix de Rome were Messrs. Rene, Missa, Kalser and Leroux. The competitive settings of the poem were performed at the Conservatory June 27, 1881, and Debussy's was sung by Mme. Caron (Lia), Van Dyck (Azael) and Taskin (Simeon). The second hearing was on June 28 at the Institute, and the prize was awarded to Debussy by 22 votes out of 28. The com-

extremely ordinary one of the most interesting that has been heard at the Institute for several years.

According to the tradition, there are three characters in the cantata—the father, the mother and the prodigal son. The scenes of the cantata are thus arranged: Recitative and air, the father; mother; recitative of Simeon, the father; procession and dances, prodigal; recitative of Azael, the returning prodigal; recitative of the mother, and then a duet; recitative and air for Simeon; final trio.

The original verses are not of a high order. Here is a fair sample:

Ne garde pas un front severe
A qui l'emplore a deux genoux.
Pardonne au fils! Songe a la mere:
Le bonheur revient parmi nous.

When Debussy was at Rome he thought of an opera; but the subject was Heine's "Almanzor." He could not find a satisfactory translation for a libretto, and he abandoned work after the first part, which was his first "Envoi de Rome."

Debussy rewrote and rescored his cantata for performance in English at the Sheffield, Eng., Music Festival in October, 1905.

"The Prodigal Son" was produced as an opera at Covent Garden, London, Feb. 28, 1910, when it was coupled with "Hansel and Gretel." Miss Percival Allen took the part of Lia, Mr. Maurice d'Olsy that of Azael, and Mr. Alfred Kaufmann that of Simeon.

Mr. Percy Pitt conducted.

The plot is of the simplest nature. "All that happens is that the mother laments the loss of her son; the son returns exhausted and falls unconscious outside the paternal door, presently to be recognized by the mother and forgiven by the father, with rejoicings all round."

The airs for soprano and tenor have been sung in Boston. Miss Geraldine Farrar sang the tenor air, "O time, a jamais efface," with the preceding recitative, at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, on Nov. 6 of last year.

The Cortege in the cantata was played at Mr. Walter Damrosch's Debussy concert in New York Jan. 23, 1910.

The story of the Prodigal Son has appealed to many composers. There are oratorios by the Emperor Leopold I., Biffi, Conti, Bertoni, Caparo, Paganelli, Anfossi, Naumann, Fielegier, Arnold, Sullivan.

Sullivan's "Prodigal Son" was performed in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society Nov. 23, 1879, when the composer conducted. The quartet was made up of Miss Abell, Miss F. Finch, Messrs. William J. and John F. Winch.

There are works for the theatre; by Ponchielli, Drechsler, de Morange, Gaveaux, Auber, Flagerolles; a ballet by Barton; a pantomime by Wormser.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," the pantomime last named, was produced at the Boston Museum Nov. 6, 1893, with Mme. Eugene Morin as Pierrot Junior, Mme. Eugene Bade as Mme. Pierrot, Courtes as Pierrot Sr., Miss Reine Roy as Phrynette, Dallen, the Baron; Buckland, the Servant; Aime Lachaux, who married Mme. Pilar-Morin and afterward deserted her, was the pianist.

Ponchielli's opera "Il Figliuolo Prodigio" was produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1880, with great success. The singers were Taniago, de Reszke, Salviati, and Mmes. d'Angeri and Prasin.

And Auber's opera "L'Enfant Prodigue," with libretto by Scribe, produced at the Opera, Paris, Dec. 6, 1850, made a sensation in its day. The simple and pathetic parable was greatly enlarged by the ingenious dramatic carpenter, Scribe. The first scene shows the home of Ruben, the father. The sun is about to set, and Ruben offers up the evening prayer. His niece, Jephthe, betrothed to her cousin, Azael, wonders where her lover is. And the father, too, is disquieted. The boy at last returns, bringing with him two strangers, a young man and a young woman, who accept his hospitality cheerfully given. The strangers are Amenophis and Nefté, and at supper they tell wonderful tales of the gay and luxurious life at Memphis. How a young man can enjoy himself there provided he be young and rich! Azael drinks in every word. He too will see Memphis and join in its life. He is deaf to all entreaties. Jephthe begs that Azael may be allowed to go. She gives her belt to him to recall his oath and guard him from danger.

The scene representing Memphis with a boat coming down the Nile and welcomed by a riotous throng furnished a gorgeous spectacle. Azael is clothed sumptuously and bedecked with precious stones. He crosses the square arm in arm with Nefté, as one drunk in the midst of enchantments seen in dreams. Nefté and her companions purpose to pluck this bird of his fine feathers, but Lia, the youngest and most beautiful of the Almas, rescues him for a worse fate.

The father does not stay at home awaiting the prodigal's return, as in the parable. He goes in search of his son, from village to town, and, he meets him, sustained by Jephthe. He meets his son in Memphis, but does not recognize him and asks piteously after him. Jephthe has the eyes of love. She knows Azael, and is still faithful, but she keeps her secret, fearing lest the father in his shame might die.

There is a bacchanale in the temple of Isis. Woe to the sacrilegious wretch who should dare to set foot within the holy of holies. Azael, guided by his evil genius Nefté, enters and finds Lia, the dancing girl, in the midst of these shadows and mysteries. Priests and people are incensed. Nefté proclaims that the Israelite has come only to abjure his God and be initiated into the faith of Isis. Azael is about to pronounce the words of abjuration, when he hears the voice of Jephthe. Now he prefers to die. The outraged worshippers throw him into the Nile. The chief of a caravan rescues him, and Azael serves as a slave. Then, as in the parable, he thinks of his home and returns. Jephthe is the first to recognize and pardon him. The opera ends, not with the slaughter of the fatted calf, which might re-

As Florentine tells the story, "The era ends with a brilliant apotheosis; and in the blaze of electric rays and to a sound of celestial harps, angels are seen rising above the clouds, and bearing the paternal pardon to the feet of the Lord."

The cast was as follows: Jephthah, a Dameron; Nette, Mme. Laborde; ael, Roger; Ruben, Massol; Bocchoris, M. The part of Lila, the dancing girl, is taken by Adeline Plunkett, a sister of Mme. Doche, the distinguished tress. Theophile Gautier described her young and pretty, well shaped, with small foot, a finely chiselled leg, and charming physiognomy. There were performances of the opera.

Benjamin Lumley brought out Auber's opera in Italian at Her Majesty's, London, in 1831. He described the production in his amusingly pompous style: Composed to a libretto supplied by the most ingenious as well as the most colic of modern dramatists, the music as already placed upon a high pedestal of interest. A certain curiosity, also, as occasioned by the fact that the object was founded on the well-known arabic of Holy Writ, and might thus be deemed objectionable to English feeling. It may be said at once, that every inch of her was dissipated at once. Lumley spoke knowingly of Auber's success in obtaining "couleur locale"—the French manager loved to interlard his phrases with French in his "Reminiscences of the Opera." He also announced proudly that "Her Majesty the queen, especially, expressed the delight he experienced in witnessing this opera."

Chorley, an austere soul, said that Auber's "Prodigal Son" pleased less, and deservedly so, than his "Gustave." In spite of the admirable singing of Mme. Sontag, who did wonders with the weak music of her part. Not only did the biblical origin of the story weigh against it in England, but M. Scribe's mistake in reproducing the great situation of parent and child, already set forth more forcibly in "Le Prophete," could not fail to be felt.

The chief singers in London were Mme. Sontag and Uralde, Messrs. Garin (Azazel), Massol and Coletti. Rosati was the dancer. Balfe conducted.

An apparently perfectly justifiable grievance is being voiced by the ladies of the German Actors' Association in the latest issue of their official organ, Der Neue Weg. This is to the effect that, according to the existing contracts and usages, actresses are obliged to find their own costumes, both modern and historical, as well as all wigs, paints and powder. As the result of an official inquiry, it is shown that, while there is attached to every company a male hairdresser, who is paid by the management for attending on the actors, very few theatres provide any assistance of the kind for the actresses. At some of the leading houses, it is stated, a friseur is engaged at the extravagant salary of one mark (1s.) per night, for which she often has to do up as many as 10 elaborate heads of hair. There are, of course, a tipping system, where the actresses jointly employ a hairdresser at the rate of sixpence per head. Again, there are theatres where no friseur can be had for either love or money in which case the actresses are forced to go outside at two o'clock to half a crown per visit.—The Era (London).

The *Figaro* of Nov. 1 stated that Miss Laura Wyman would make her debut in Paris, at Mme. Yvette Guilbert's "Samedi" of Nov. 5, and it described her as a young and very pretty American girl who had come to Paris expressly to study in Mme. Guilbert's "Ecole de la Chanson." "And lo, Paris before Nov. 5 will applaud the exquisite Miss Wyman as the daughter of the late Julie Wyman, and gave a recital in New York before she went to Paris."

The success of Mascagni has delayed the first performance of his new opera, "Nobbe" at the New Theatre, New York. He will sail for the United States on Nov. 24.

A very distinguished dramatist has discovered a new argument in favor of the Repertory Theatre—it makes successful war against drunkenness. Addressing a meeting in Glasgow he said that the last time he was in that city it was no repertory theatre, and he formed the opinion that practically the whole population was drunk. Last week he found a repertory theatre established in a sabbily sober city; and he attributed this happy change directly to the work of the new entertainment. Perhaps it is superfluous to mention that the distinguished dramatist was Mr. Bernard Shaw.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"La Folle de Grandeur" has been produced at the Tret-a-Royal, Paris. "I le ribes a young man, penniless, but full of pride. He receives his visitor in his bathtub, and offers them a capacious trunk to sit upon. His tailor comes to collect his bill, but the young man subdues him with his unruffled 'hauteur.' He asks him to pour perfume on the bath and suavely reminds the indignant creditor that the liquid costs £30 a bottle. Such magnificence of waste impresses the visitor. In defiance of Polonius, he is induced to become a lender and advances the young man £20 on the strength of renewed custom when he shall have resumed his normal state. We are given the secret of his success. It is not merely the bath, but the appearance of his portrait in a journal. Since that time, though his visible resources have not increased, his credit has become enlarged."

The London journals are still wondering why Mr. George Edwardes missed a good thing by refusing to accept "The Chocolate Soldier." Let us add to the quotations published last Sunday from Clara Novello's "Reminiscences." The story is by Mme. Mathran. "Impetuous to crazy she was generous in the extreme. One she took cold, which prevented her, at the last moment, singing 'Sonnambula'—in English—at Drury Lane, when crowds already filled the house, hours before the time of per-

formance. On the manager telling her, in despair, that besides loss of money these disappointed people would be dangerous, she said, 'I can't speak above my breath; I should have to do it in dumb show.' Bunn at once caught at this outburst as if seriously meant, and on his knees begged her to try this; and she, fired by the novelty, did so. The grateful public raved in praise of this surprising tour de force, and the sensation it made filled the papers. So Bunn had the unlucky impudence to begin repeat this marvel to satisfy curiosity, and she, all impulse, hurled at his head for all answer, some music books she held—offended, as an artist, to be asked to join in a low charlatanerie for speculation."

There is interesting matter in Seymour Hicks's account of himself recently published in London. Here is a story about Mr. Granville Barker: "No one does his work more artistically than Mr. Barker, or with greater effect, but he is at times inclined, I believe, to try and get ordinary actors to convey, by a look or a movement, possibilities in a part that the dialogue has not suggested to the average intelligence; and on this occasion he called out to one of the characters, 'Thank you! Now I want you to go up the stage, and, opening a book, lean over that chair and convey by your expression that you have a brother who is a large ship-owner in Sunderland.' And Mr. Hicks tells a story of Irving who, when asked by Richard Mansfield what he thought of his performance of Richard III. in which he had sweated a good deal, answered: 'My, boy, your skin acts well. Have a cigar!'"

The text of the second act of L. Housman's censored play, "Pains and Penalties," is published in the November number of the English Review, and should be read by those who have been attacking the lord chamberlain for refusing a license to the work. It purports to depict the trial of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., before the House of Lords, and one particularly pleasing speech is that in which Brougham, the Queen's brilliant counsel, opens his attacks on the King, as follows:

Brougham: My Lords, it is a very important question, and I have no object in putting it except for the purposes of strict justice. This is the first witness that has appeared at your lordships' bar who could give us any information upon this point. It is not great importance to know from this witness, the solicitor for the prosecution, who is his client, when we are acting as counsel for a defendant open and avowed? If I knew who that person was, might I not be able to bring forward documents, speeches and communications without number against him, and highly important to the cause of my client? But up to this moment I have never been able to trace the local habitation—the name of the unknown being who is the plaintiff in these proceedings. I know not but it may vanish into thin air. I know not under what shape it exists:—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none. Distinct shape in member, joint, or limb—Or substance might be called that shadow seemed; For each seemed either. Black it stood as night, Pierce as the furies, terrible as hell. And shook a dreadful dart: What seemed the likeness of a Kinky crown had on!" (Great sensation among Lords.)

That "great sensation among lords" is a delightful touch. It is really hard to forgive the Lord Chamberlain for preventing us from seeing this chapter of Housmanised History acted upon the stage.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DE PACHMANN'S ART.

The Referee (London), recently commenting on a piano recital by Mr. de Pachmann, said:

"There are some valuable lessons to be learnt by attending a Pachmann recital. One is the quality of technique and expression, and their independence of each other. There is reason to believe that frequently Mr. Pachmann is quite unconscious of the technical difficulties he is surmounting. The expression on his face, and frequently his glance anywhere but on the keyboard, show that his efforts are concentrated on making the audience understand the message the music conveys to his mind. It is, of course, when the most complicated movements are executed by the automatic action of the brain so perfectly as to require no supervision of the intellectual faculties. It is seen daily in the practised bicycle rider, but is possessed by comparatively few exponents in the practice of their art. A still more valuable lesson is the illustration Mr. Pachmann's playing affords of the art of addressing an audience. Everyone is conscious of the difference in effect produced by a read sermon or one delivered extemporaneously, and precisely this difference exists between the interpretations of performers. In what it consists is difficult to define. Probably it is caused by the difference of the mental attitude of the performer. The pianist whose whole attention is concentrated on giving a faithful rendering of the music before him excites esteem; but it is the pianist who thinks he sees the meaning of the composer, and is absorbed by intense desire to make that meaning clear, who creates enthusiasm. The one seems to stand on a pedestal, the other to come down to you and in sympathetic solicitude to be the true missionary of his art."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Boston Theatre, 3 P. M. Sousa's Band.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann's piano recital. Beethoven, sonata op. 111; Mendelssohn, Scherzo in E minor; Schumann, Phantasie in C major; Chopin, Ballade, G minor, Nocturne, E flat major, Valse a flat major, Scherzo, E minor, Liszt, Funerailles, C major, Campanelli. This will be Mr. Hofmann's first appearance here since he played six or seven years ago. This will be his sole recital here this season.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First appearance in Boston of the Glasgow Secular Choir, George Taggart, conductor. Part songs by Patterson, Macfarlane, Cullen, Edwards, Spilfert, Hume, Lamb.

unpleasant marriage. There is a lament and the Coronation from "The Lady of the Lake." Solos by Miss Barbara Foster, Miss Jeannie B. Scott, Messrs. McCredie and Paterson, duets by Messrs. Scott and Foster and arias by Messrs. Wallace, Kerr and Johnson.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Antoinette Szumowska's piano recital. Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Gluck-Sgambati, melody; Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte, A major; Schumann, Arabesque; G. Faure, Impromptu, No. 2; Chopin, sonata, B flat major, No. 13, 23, 27; mazurkas, op. 7, No. 1, and op. 33, No. 4; Polonaise op. 53, No. 6.

Chickering Hall—8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, mezzo-soprano, accompanied by Mr. Isidore Luckstone.

WEDNESDAY—Y. M. C. Union, 8 P. M. Langham Mandolin Orchestra.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For program see special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

A CLEAN FRENCH PLAY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following description of a new French play at the Comedie Francaise:

When Maurice Maeterlinck wrote "Pelleas et Melisande," he said it was a drama for marionettes. M. Pierre

Wolff, in his new play at the Comedie Francaise, emits the theory that all men are puppets and that Cupid holds the wires.

"Les Marionnettes," as the title is, is a very pretty play full of clever writing, wholesome, and responding to the new desire of the Parisian public for subjects treated from the ordinary man's point of view. The hero and heroine, Roger and Fernande de Monclars, have married. She has all the money and affection; he only a title and good looks, with a disdain for a "pot-au-feu" existence. When she yearns for love and sympathy he repels her and tells her she must put up with the consequences of having entered into what is after all, only a social contract.

There are tears and remonstrances on her side, and then she takes a resolution, after counsel with her uncle. She will have no more of the submissive wife, tearfully waiting on the pleasure of her lord; but she will enter the battle, sword in hand, and win him or die in the attempt. The attempt is certainly hazardous—she runs a thousand dangers—but she escapes scathless and gains her husband to boot.

And she proceeds in this wise. In the first act she is a richly gowned in brown, the fitting garb of the disappointed wife. In the second act, in the ballroom scene, she has emerged from the chrysalis stage of provincial domesticity into a beautiful butterfly with golden wings. The dressmaker has performed a miracle.

She makes conquests innumerable amongst the male guests, flirts outrageously, and even smokes a cigarette. Roger, who had been indifferent to the study in brown, is enthusiastic over the apparition in shimmering gold.

But she will have none of him. She sends him away and resists all overtures of peace. This is part of the great anatomy plan.

At this point, there is a pretty by-play of marionettes. An entertainment by marionettes is in progress, and, seizing two of the dolls, Fernande and an elderly admirer play a little comedy. "Aha!" he says, "the heart never grows old," and he looks wistfully into her own clear eyes. Fernande laughs—it is part of the homage she has set herself to win.

But she hovers near enough to the flame to scorch herself. A young man, ardent in his admiration, tries to carry her off, and, when he fails, has the impudence to telephone to know whether she will not keep a midnight rendezvous. The husband enters when she is still at the apparatus, protesting in rather tender phrases of honesty and marital suspicions are aroused.

There is a stormy scene. He reproaches her, with brutal violence, but she looks so beautiful in her radiant youth and wondrous clothes that he almost falls a victim to her charms and can hardly finish his fierce invective. He flings himself out of the room, and she sinks in triumph into a chair, calling in her uncle to attest the fact that her husband now loves her.

One wonders what a fourth act could produce—here seems the natural denouement—but M. Wolff is a cunning artisan, never at the end of his resources. In the fourth act the husband's tormented state of mind at the thought that his wife has a lover is finely depicted. When eventually he discovers the whole some truth there is rejoicing and a "happy" curtain.

Certainly one of the most charming plays seen at the Comedie for a long time. M. Grand as Roger, and Mlle. Pierat as Fernande are two delightful pieces of acting.

There is a philosophic base to the play which suggests that man is, to a large extent, a creature of circumstance, or, as I have said above, the mere plaything of his heart. This theme is admirably developed across the warp and woof of the comedy, and the figures that cross and recross in the four acts are cleverly etched. I understand that the rights have been acquired for America, where, assuredly, it will have a great success.

NOV. 14 1910 SOUSA'S BAND, MINUS SOUSA

Large Audience Applauds Familiar Marches at Boston Theatre.

Sousa's band, minus Sousa, who is ill in a New Haven hospital, gave a concert at the Boston Theatre last evening. A large audience was enthusiastically appreciative.

As usual, it was the old-time numbers that brought most pleasure, and it seemed often as if the house listened tolerantly to the program pieces for the

sake of hearing the encores, "El Capitán," "Hands Across the Sea," and others of the well remembered marches. Perhaps the band with its famous leader waving the baton might have played with more vim and color, but nobody had any fault to find with the precise and careful conducting of Herbert L. Clarke. He received flattering applause for his cornet solos.

A new and pretentious number was Sousa's "The Dwellers in the Western World," an ingenious and lively descriptive composition. Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture was well played, and so was a selection from Foote's "Omar Khayyam."

Miss Virginia Root was engaging and effective as the soprano soloist and Miss Nicoline Zedler played the violin, Ralph Corey was the trombone soloist.

W. W. 15. 1910

'MACBETH' STAGED

Sothorn and Marlowe Appear in Shakespeare's Tragedy at Shubert Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

The announcement that Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe would begin their engagement at the Shubert Theatre with an elaborate production of "Macbeth" was a welcome one to many. The tragedy has not been produced here on a grand scale for many years, and there was curiosity concerning the Macbeth of Mr. Sothorn and the Lady Macbeth of Miss Marlowe.

It has been said that every man thinks he could, on an emergency, play Hamlet, for in every man there is something of Hamlet, and, as a matter of fact, few actors, however humble or mediocre, have made Denmark's prince an uninteresting character. It is not given to every one to play Macbeth, and if there is still faith in the old tradition, few actresses should attempt to play his wife.

Some may object to "Macbeth" as a spectacle, and praise sundry "realistic" productions of the past, endeavors to bring before the eye the castle, the costumes, the manners as they were. No sooner, for example, had Maeterlinck produced the tragedy at his own castle, than archaeologists wrote perfunctory letters to London journals, stating that Macbeth had no castle, in the familiar meaning of that word. Audiences in 1910 have not the imagination of the Elizabethan spectators. Here and there are persons who would prefer a comparatively bare stage and the simplest accessories to an "elaborate production," but not many of us are members of Elizabethan societies, and the popular demand is for a spectacle, a gorgeous, impressive show.

The older generation of playgoers would naturally be more interested in the composition of the two leading parts. Remembering the saying of Charlotte Cushman, "Macbeth is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians," they have read strange theories about his character. He was brave as a soldier; but was he through imagination a coward? Was he the ruin of a noble nature, or was he a weak, neurotic villain with a poetic soul? Should he roar at Banquo's ghost and bully it? Should he be hysterical when for the second time he meets the witches? Is he to be pitied as a victim of superstition?

And the Lady Macbeth? Was she a strapping virago, swarthy as the croaking raven? Did she goad Macbeth to murder for the sake of her own ambition, or was she in very truth Macbeth's "dearest chuck," who wished her husband to be King only that he might taste the joy of power?

As Maeterlinck puts it in the remarkable preface to his translation of the tragedy, was she tall and sombre, rawboned and muscular, haughty and insolent, or slight and frail, a little woman, tender and voluptuous, an undulating creature? Man and wife have been characterized as titanic monsters, but this characterization, as the Belgian well says, is false. The two are very human in their inhumanity.

While some see in Macbeth a brutal soldier, others see in him an irresolute being, quick in action only when he meets the customary foe, but in his heart a dreamer of dreams. If many famous actresses have portrayed Lady Macbeth as a formidable scold, a woman consumed by vanity and ambition, stern, ruthless, cold, "the terrible woman of business," there are readers of Shakespeare who fancy her as caressing and cajoling, sensuously devoted to Macbeth, her man, and therefore the more dangerous to all that stand between him and the crown.

No wonder, then, that there was a large and deeply interested audience at the Shubert last evening. The cast was as follows:

Duncan.....	William Harris
Malcolm.....	Eric Blind
Donalbain.....	P. J. Kelly
Macbeth.....	Mr. Sothorn
Banquo.....	Sydney Mather
Macduff.....	Frederick Lewis
Fleance.....	Miss Eleanor Fralick
A Doctor.....	Albert S. Howson
A Sergeant.....	Thomas Coleman
A Porter.....	Rowland Buckstone
Murders.....	Wilton Lord and Arthur Morris
Gentlewoman.....	Miss Nora Lamson
Lady Macbeth.....	Miss Marlowe
First Witch.....	Albert S. Howson
Second Witch.....	Malcolm Bradley
Third Witch.....	Miss Leonora Chippendale

The production was elaborate and generally effective. All the costumes had a merit they were apparently suited to the time. The antiquarian might dispute this or that detail, but there was nothing that struck the spectators' eyes as glaringly incongruous. The costume of Macbeth as king and that of his agent were sumptuous and excellent. The stage management was much shifting and although the waits were of reasonable length, the scene of the witches' cauldron was especially effective.

It may seem ungracious, in view of Mr. Sothern's ambition to give a noteworthy production, to say that Sir Arthur Sullivan's music was often disturbing and impertinent. The music itself has little character, and that itself is common and futile. But any music, except when the text is a drama. Last night the lines of the witches were often inaudible on account of the musical accompaniment.

Mr. Sothern, a born comedian and an excellent actor in certain romantic parts, has of late years preferred to appear before the public as a tragedian, and for this he was not foreordained by nature. His Hamlet is often interesting, because the part itself is intensely interesting, even when played as romantic melodrama. His Macbeth was, if not a brother, at least a cousin of Hamlet. This Macbeth was irresolute, given to self-inspection and soliloquy, inclined toward hysterical demonstrations. His remorse was immediate and obsessive.

It was hard to believe that this figure ready to weep, eager for his wife's comforting caress, was the stalwart soldier praised on the battlefield. The remorse was that of a weak-kneed person. It did not have the conception of Macbeth's character in high favor among some readers and commentators of the tragedy, but for soldier who, urged by his wife, does the bloody deed and roars his regret manfully; who plots Banquo's murder in cold blood and is frightened only by the ghost; who at last follows sullenly his fate and fights in a manner that pleased the Bowery newsboy, who asked his mates to wake him up when Kirby died, is a far finer fellow.

There were hits of business that are hardly to be approved, as the meaning look of Banquo at the end of the scene when Duncan's mother is discovered, and the mutual suspicion of Macbeth and Banquo, standing with heads together after the manner of "Dutch" comedians. There is surely no warrant for this in the text. And why should Macbeth have fallen insensible at the end of the scene in the witches' cave? This fall is in direct opposition to the text. The Macbeth of Shakespeare and

tradition was not thus timorous and sensitive. Lady Macbeth, as portrayed by Miss Marlowe, was, first of all, an uncommonly affectionate wife. She was a human being, not a tragedy queen. There were times when she reminded one of Wordsworth's phantom of delight.

Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Prattle, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

This Lady Macbeth was quick to sympathize with her husband, to sit on the lap and hold his hand and weep with him. In the first scene, that of the reading of the letter, there was the assumption of a firm will and restless ambition. It is not worth while to debate whether this letter should be read as though Lady Macbeth had read it before and digested its contents. Her meeting Macbeth was charming and gracious was her welcome to Duncan. In urging her husband to the murder, she was refreshingly free from ranting. After the deed was done and Macbeth was on the throne she became again the loving wife. Her sleep walking scene was not thrilling; it was hardly convincing; but it had negative qualities that saved it from being preposterous or boring.

Mr. Lewis was prominent in the supporting company as Macduff, and well deserved the curtain calls after his scenes with Macbeth. It was surprising to find this excellent actor uttering, as a tragic cry, "He has no children," as though it were said with reference to Macbeth. Mr. Mather gave undue prominence to Banquo's early undoubted murder, but in this he undoubtedly was instructed. The witches, handicapped by the music, were effective in the traditional manner. A word of praise should be given to Miss Lamson as the Gentlewoman. Mr. Coleman de-livered the sergeant's speech in the good old-fashioned robust way. There was much applause and there were many curtain calls.

JOSEF HOFMANN'S RECITAL.

Distinguished Pianist with a Conservative Program in Symphony Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Chopin's sonata op. 11; Mendelssohn's concerto, E minor; Schumann's Phantasie, C major; Chopin's ballade, G minor; Nocturne, E flat major, valse, A flat major, Scherzo, B minor; Liszt's Funerailles, Chopin's Campanella.

The two galleries were well filled and there was a small audience on the floor, small in Symphony Hall, but one that would have been considered of fair size in one of the lesser halls.

Mr. Hofmann, who has not played for several years, is still conservative in his choice of programs. It is to be regretted that in 1915 of his great

repertoire he chose the more radical pieces, but them at least he brought to the stage and played the charming ballades in the spirit of the old pianists. The sonata by Chopin, the Phantasie, the pieces of Chopin and Liszt heard yesterday are all admirable each in its way; but there should be a change during a season from "Afternoons with Standard Authors," and the greater the pianist, the greater his duty toward men now living, composers and hearers.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Hofmann is among the leading pianists of today. It is not necessary to discuss his technique. His excellence is taken for granted. His performance of Beethoven's sonata and Schumann's Phantasie was characterized by high aesthetic qualities. There was thoughtfulness, there was the grasp of the composer's intention that led to lucid interpretation. There was the expression of personal conviction that bound movements together and established continuity of musical ideas, although the ideas themselves were broadly contrasted. In other words, there was never the suggestion of merely episodic treatment; no page was especially favored for the sake of an objective, virtuosic effect. Schumann's music was played with marked breadth and with a sweep of passion. There was romanticism without extravagance. The exquisite simplicity of the "legend" episode was as noteworthy as the beautifully interpreted ending of the preceding sonata or the stormiest page of the Phantasie.

Mr. Hofmann's interpretation of the pieces by Chopin were not on as high a poetic level. In the Ballade he allowed tone to become harsh and occasionally wiry. While he has improved in the art of singing a melody, his song is generally not so rigid and metallic as on former occasions—the hearer might well have wished for a more expressive cantilena in the Nocturne and a more shadowy background. The waltz was played delightfully for the most part. The audience gave hearty expressions of pleasure and appreciation.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

A New and Telling Revue by Gus Edwards and Company.

It would be a hardened critic who failed to find things to approve in the varied bill offered at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. There is not a slow or doubtful act in the program, and almost without exception they are above the average in merit. The leading place naturally belongs to a new song revue, composed, produced and staged by Gus Edwards. Mr. Edwards has surrounded himself with nearly two score clever young people, all of whom can sing, act and dance.

Mr. Edwards is the central figure in it all, and his personality seems to be contagious. The voices are fresh with the spirit of youth, and the rollicking quality of the dancing is such as fairly to set staid feet tapping in time with the brisk measures. Leo Edwards arranged the harmony of the production and lyrics were written by Edward Madden and Will D. Cobb. Mr. Edwards comes on first as the leader of a newsboy chorus, and later in the action he sings a spirited Italian song, leads a chorus of boys and girls as "Jimmy Valentine," introduces a living picture portrayal of his own most successful songs, including "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "My Cousin Carus," and is the animating spirit in a scene "On the Levee," presenting a view of the Mississippi and embracing all the members of the company.

Another new feature is supplied by "McAleavey's Marvels," two young men whose agility in jumping is a remarkable. The entire furniture of an ordinary room, piano, tables, half a dozen chairs, etc., when heaped up offered no obstacle to their vaulting ambitions.

A great favorite is Karl, a violinist who performs solely on a single string. His violin is made of a cigar box and a pine stick.

A racing playlet called "Between the Races" combines Irish wit and pathos, and is most cleverly played by Jockey Tommy Meade and company of three men. The novel feature is the race shown in an effective combination of real horses and motion pictures.

Spenser Kelly and Marion Wilder, who are making their first appearance here, are heard in melodies, past and present.

Sammy Watson and his barnyard circus is always a welcome feature, and the return is welcomed with much enthusiasm. The dogs, cats, roosters, geese and pigs continue to show their clever training to the best advantage.

Laddie Cliff is justly one of the most popular English entertainers in his line. He has some new songs and dances. He made a little speech last night in which he promised to tell the King of his welcome.

Harry Tighe and Lucy Monroe have a pretty little play combining love making, comedy and music which is called "Thursday Night." It ends in a tiff between the lovers, but it leaves the audience with the impression that the next Thursday night will see a reconciliation.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: Fiske O'Hara in "The Wearing of the Green," a play in four acts, by Theodore Burt Sayre. Cast:

Philip Fitzgerald	Fiske O'Hara
Gill McDougall	Chas. P. Rice
Sir Eustace Vane	M. L. Schrade
Squire Fitzgerald	J. P. Sullivan
Capt. Adam	Dan M. Sullivan
Tom McGinnis	William T. Sheehan
Ralph O'Brien	Geo. Holt
Manager Connelly	Marie Quinn
Nora D. Ryan	Elizabeth Valduvour
Kitty O'Neil	Lisle Bloodgood
Mrs. O'Neil	Phyllis Rastor
Harry McGinnis	

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ME. SZUMOWSKA'S RECITAL

Varied Program of Familiar Pieces Presented in Steinert Hall.

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, fantasia, D minor; Gluck-Sgambati, melody; Gluck-Brahms, gavotte, A major; Schumann, arabesque; Saint-Saens, chanson sans paroles; Chopin, sonata, B flat, major, op. 35; nocturne, E major, op. 62, No. 2; preludes, Nos. 15, 23 and 27; mazurkas, op. 7, No. 1 and op. 33, No. 4; polonaise, op. 53, No. 6.

Mme. Szumowska, who is often a delightful player of 19th century music and the music of Chopin, yesterday had a heroic technique at her command. Her runs were clear and sonorous; she was profuse with keyboard pyrotechnics. On the other hand, her tone was not often caressing. She did not sing the melodies as has been her wont, and in her efforts to be impressive she often forced tone until it became dry and metallic, a too often regretted feature of a certain school of piano playing. The compositions suffered, too, from a continued abuse of staccato effects. As an interpreter she showed little variety of emotional expression.

Her performance of the sonata, which she took at an unusually fast pace, was disappointing. Stress was too often laid upon unimportant phrases; there were vagaries of rhythm, and interpretation was slighted owing to the lightning rapidity of treatment. There was little contrast between the first and second movements, and the lyric passages of the Funeral March were a grateful relief from the persistent forte of the three other movements.

Mme. Szumowska was at her best in the Mazurkas and in the first three numbers on the program, which was concluded by a thundering and anticlimactic performance of the Polonaise.

A friendly audience gave frequent applause, and the pianist added to the program.

Nov 17 1910

"L'Enfant Prodigue" Is Given for the First Time in America.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—First performance in America of Claude Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" in one act. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Lia.....Miss Nielsen
Simeon.....Mr. Blanchard
Azazel.....Mr. Lassalle

Debussy wrote this little cantata, or lyric scene, in 1894, when he was 22 years old, and with it took the prix de Rome. As The Herald stated last Sunday, he did not compose this music with a view to operatic performance. After the cantata was sung in Paris, according to the tradition, it was put on a shelf. The success of later orchestral and piano pieces, and the sensation made by "Pelleas and Melisande" called attention to the early compositions of the composer, and publishers shrewdly took advantage. The cantata was performed at the Sheffield festival in England in 1908, and for this performance Debussy retouched the instrumentation. The work was first produced as an opera at Covent Garden last February.

There is no action in this opera. Lia, the mother of the Prodigal, mourns his absence. Her husband, Simeon, chides her and bids her be gay in the presence of the merry-makers with their dance. Azazel, the Prodigal, enters and sings of his remorse and repentance. Lia sees the unconscious wanderer and at last recognizes her son. Simeon is slow to forgive, but he takes the boy to his arms, and the friendly chorus joins the three in thanks to the Lord.

Nothing could be simpler than this story, and nothing is more undramatic as it is treated by librettist and composer. The one dramatic opportunity, that of the mother's recognition, is practically ignored as far as emotional music is concerned, as it was years ago, when Mehf abstained in his "Joseph" from writing dramatic music for the scene in which Joseph makes himself known to his brethren.

The music is that of a talented young man influenced by the composers of the period, a young man who had not yet found his own voice. "The Blessed Damsel" was not composed until three years later, and the still more Debussy-like songs bear the date 1900. Here and there are hints at the Debussy known to us by his strange harmonic system, his exquisite instrumentation, his vague but haunting melodic phrases. These hints are few in number, nor are we able to say how far the Debussy of 1908 carried his revision of the score written 24 years before. The cantata, then, has little significance as a document to aid in the study of the composer's development.

The most striking portions of the cantata are the opening orchestral music, which are highly original, and now recall the pastoral style of Liszt, and the music of the procession and the dance in which there are suggestions of the greater Debussy to come, and the air of Azazel which reached the hearer at once of the better Debussy. This air was sung at a Symphony concert last season by Miss Farar, who seems to have a mailla for such airs written for a tenor.

It would not be odd that when Debussy remade one of Massenet it is in the later Massenet, the composer of "Maiden" and the operas of "Werther" and "Le chandelier." Not only that, but

the latter part of the cantata transformed into an opera is inferior to the first part. The music that accompanies the recognition of the Prodigal and the parental forgiveness is wholly without significance and the trio with chorus is commonplace. The latter part is musically dull.

Even as a whole, the cantata is inherently of little worth, for one beautiful air, a little dance music and idyllic measures for orchestra are not enough to give a composition that lasts about 40 minutes enduring character. The feature of the work viewed as a whole is the instrumentation, which is always interesting and often noteworthy for its delicate contrasts, its fine euphony, its quiet eloquence.

And as Debussy occupies a prominent position in the musical world, and as he already has his disciples and imitators—some might say that in his latest works he imitates himself, and at times extravagantly—it is a good thing to hear his youthful compositions. He gained a prize with "L'Enfant Prodigue" and perhaps he still holds it in grateful remembrance; but the advance made by him during the time between this cantata and his "Blessed Damsel" is striking, for with the latter a singularly original composer demanded a hearing, and the models of his student years were left far behind.

"L'Enfant Prodigue" is also a welcome addition to the repertory of the Boston Opera House because it will contrast strongly in a double bill with "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Pagliacci." These two works of the Italian "Verismo" school are usually yoked together, so that each one loses in consequence. It must be confessed that last night Leoncavallo's opera seemed uncommonly raw, vulgar, brutal in its instrumentation.

Mr. Russell may well plume himself on the manner in which "L'Enfant Prodigue" was produced, for a more finished performance has not been seen in this opera house. Mr. Caplet was largely instrumental in the presentation of an unusually good ensemble. He conducted with finesse and in a poetic spirit. It was a pleasure to hear the orchestra without consideration of what was happening on the stage.

The singers are to be praised for their contribution to the general effect. The music of the father and mother has little distinction and Miss Nielsen and Mr. Blanchard did not attempt to give it undue importance. Mr. Lassalle made a more favorable impression than in "Nefstolefe." He sang with greater freedom and more marked expression; his tones were firmer and under better control. As a singer, he has still much to learn and it is to be hoped that he will profit by his present opportunity.

The audience was evidently interested in the performance, and the applause after the fall of the curtain was long continued and honest.

A performance of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" followed. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda.....Miss Dereyne
Canio.....Mr. Constantino
Tonio.....Mr. Galeffi
Silvio.....Mr. Fornari
Beppo.....Mr. Giaccone
I. Paesano.....Mr. Strocchio
II. Paesano.....Mr. Huddy

Carlo Galeffi sang here for the first time. He has a fine voice, a voice of beautiful quality. Like many of his countrymen, he is not content with its natural beauty and resonance. In order to make effects and win applause he too often forced his tones until they became coarse, and shouting took the place of singing. His acting was conventional. A voice like this should not be ruined for the sake of the applause of those who prefer inordinate volume to quality. Mr. Galeffi is young and he has plenty of time to consider his vocal ways and shape his career so that it will bring him an abiding reputation.

Mr. Constantino was enthusiastically applauded after the famous song that ends the first act. Miss Dereyne was an agreeable Nedda. The chorus was effective, and Mr. Moranzoni gave a fiery reading of the score.

The opera on Friday night will be "La Boheme" with Miss Nielsen and Dereyne and Messrs. Constantino, Gilly, Mardones and Pulcini. Mr. Goodrich will conduct.

The operas next week will be as follows: Monday, "Tosca," with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Jadowlker and Renaud; Wednesday, "Othello"; Friday, "La Gioconda"; Saturday matinee, "Il Trovatore."

Nov 19 1910

HENRY HADLEY'S "CULPRIT FAY"

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Carlo Buonamici was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
"The Culprit Fay," Rhapsody for orchestra.....Hadley
Concerto in F Minor, No. 2.....Chopin
Suite in G major, No. 3.....Tschalkowsky

Mr. Hadley's Rhapsody was composed in 1908-09, and it won the prize offered by the National Federation of Music Clubs in America. The composer conducted his work yesterday as he did when his composition was played for the first time at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 28, 1909.

The Rhapsody was suggested by Drake's poem of the same title. It would be interesting to know how many in the audience had read this poem by a New Yorker, who believed that the

Hudson the Rhine might inspire romance in verse and prose. The poem is to be found in its mellifluous length in "The Household Book of Poetry," collected and edited by Charles A. Dana in 1853 before he became embittered and when he had a poetic soul. Who reads Drake today, or knows of his close friendship with Fitz-Greene Halleck? "The Culprit Fay" has gone its way with Percival's "Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" with its sibilant lines:

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail."

Mr. Farwell provided Mr. Hadley with an argument, in order that an audience, hearing the music, might dilate with the proper emotion. It is not necessary to inquire how closely the composer followed the poet's verse. Music that is only panoramic demands little discussion. It was enough for a hearer yesterday to know that the Fay's purity had been sullied; that he was obliged to pay a forfeit; that he accomplished his task and was wooed by a beautiful spirit; that he was true to his oath, and returning in triumph, was welcomed by the Fays. He joined in the mirth. Day broke, the cock crew and the Fays were gone from mortal sight.

Mr. Hadley has indisputable facility. He has talent as composer and conductor. The conspicuous feature of this Rhapsody is the instrumentation. The music always "sounds," and thus answers the requisite of Mozart: "Musik soll klingen." The musical ideas, while they are pleasant to the ear, are not strikingly original, and in fact they have little individuality, but they are agreeably presented and there is poetic treatment. The composer has fancy; there is the suggestion of fairyland. His instrumentation is not that of an experimenter; he has fine tonal sense. An instrument is used, not because it should not be idle, but because it aids in expressing the composer's thought. His blends of tone colors are often delightful, and the Rhapsody thus pleases, rather than by fine melodic line or uncommon harmonic treatment. "The Culprit Fay" is frankly pretty. In this period, when so many composers wish to be profoundly impressive or translators of pessimistic thought, it is a relief to hear pretty music. There is room for it, as there is for pretty women. A handsome woman is often as terrible as an army with banners. She may even be as stupid as the Fotheringay. No wonder that the audience was pleased and applauded Mr. Hadley as composer and conductor.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Buonamici chose Chopin's concerto, which is for a smaller hall and a smaller orchestra. The poetic flavor of this composition is quickly dissipated in Symphony Hall, unless the pianist holds the audience by the power of his performance and by irresistible rhythm. Mr. Buonamici is more successful with works of extreme brilliance, works that depend chiefly on dash and tours de force. He played clearly, with fluent technique, with a command of himself that was too often severe self-restraint. His tone was crystalline, and in song passages not without warmth; but the performance as a whole was lacking in spirit. The superb recitative in the Larghetto should have been declaimed with greater dramatic force, and the rhythm of the opening measures of the Finale should have been more sharply accentuated. Mr. Buonamici, who was heartily applauded, has many excellent qualities as a pianist, but this concerto did not display them brilliantly. The concerto is of an intimate nature. Mr. Buonamici shines in compositions that have exterior attractiveness; that require dash and virtuosic feats.

There have been much better performance of Tschalkowsky's Suite in Boston than the one of yesterday. The tempi chosen by Mr. Fiedler often did great harm to the music. The scherzo, for example, was taken at so fast a pace, that it was hardly playable even by this famous orchestra. It was almost unrecognizable. There were variations that, on account of the pace set by the conductor, were merely a scramble. The composer gave the indication "molto vivace," it is true; but "molto vivace" does not mean that the music should be played so fast that it loses character and is beyond the performance of mortal men. And what is to be said of the hurried performance of the stately Polonaise at the end? The introduction for once was not impressive. There was no suggestion of an imposing preparation for something extraordinary to come. The Polonaise is pompous, ceremonious. As performed yesterday it was as any wild folk dance. Mr. Fiedler has a tendency to hurry his allegros and drag his andantes. Yesterday the performance of the Polonaise robbed it of its proud stateliness. Mr. Fiedler might answer: "But the audience applauded loudly." An audience is easily excited by din and blare and excessive speed. The public might, however, have been still more enthusiastic if the variations had been conducted with a finer sense of tempo.

The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, adagio and fugue for strings (first time in Boston); Brahms, concerto for violin (Felix Berber, his first appearance here); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration"; Debussy, "Rondes de Printemps" (first time in Boston).

"LA BOHEME" IS PRESENTED

Enthusiastic Audience Welcomes Return of Puccini Opera.

Boston Opera House: Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Mimi.....Miss Nielsen
Musetta.....Miss Dereyne
Rodolfo.....Mr. Constantino
Marcello.....Mr. Fornari
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini

Aleodoro.....Mr. Mogan
Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia
Un Doganiere.....Mr. Hurdy
Farpignol.....Mr. Strocchio

"La Boheme" proved last year one of the most notable productions at the Boston Opera, and this first performance of the new season gave evidence that its popularity was well remembered. There was no striking departure in principals or staging from what has previously been offered. The business of the crowd in the second act was vivacious and well managed; it was again overdone in the third act, noticeably diverting attention from the main action.

Miss Nielsen, Miss Dereyne and Mr. Constantino made their customary favorable impression, and were warmly applauded, as the excellence of their singing and acting well deserved. The brilliance of Miss Dereyne's tone in contrast with the quieter charm of Miss Nielsen's voice aids materially in intensifying the marked contrast between the characters of the two grisettes. The tempo of Musetta's waltz song in the second act was more satisfactory than last year, when it was uniformly too slow.

Mr. Goodrich's reading of the score has ripened considerably. It is more varied and more refined. He was in disagreement with Mimi and with Rodolfo a few times in the first act, but for the most part the work of the orchestra was unusually smooth and satisfying. Surely it should be so in this opera, if in any, for in almost no other opera does the music seem so spontaneous an expression of the emotions of the characters.

The large audience was more than customarily enthusiastic. Where is all the boasted improvement in regard to breaking the continuity of the opera by applause? Miss Nielsen was applauded at her appearance, and after her aria, as was Mr. Constantino at the end of "Che gelido manina"; Miss Dereyne was enthusiastically applauded after "Quando m'en vo." There were many curtain calls and Mr. Goodrich appeared at the end of act I, and of act II, in response to the applause.

The afternoon performance today will be "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." In the evening "Aida" will be given at popular prices.

ELMENDORF LECTURE.

"London Under Edward VII." Is First of New "Travel Talks."

Mr. Elmendorf began a series of "Travel Talks" last evening at Symphony Hall. His subject was "London Under Edward VII." In these days of ever increasing extravagance in the matter of yearly trips abroad it is no small pleasure for those of simpler tastes to sit for an evening, while the historic sites of European cities are unfolded before the eyes and the salient facts of their history brought to the mind.

Mr. Elmendorf began his talk with a brief review of his five new lectures. He said that as a tribute to the late King he desired to speak first of England, and more particularly of London under his reign. The first half of the lecture was devoted to the historic landmarks of London, and included portions of the coronation pageant. Owing to the dim light in Westminster Abbey during the coronation service, it was impossible to obtain satisfactory photographs, therefore over 200 men and women were hired by three concerns to go through a similar service in the open air under the direction of the Maj. Domo in charge of the original function.

The latter half of the lecture dealt with sites of suburban interest, such as Hampton Court, Windsor and Henley. Most remarkable of all the stereopticon slides were those representing the Manoeuvres of the English on the Thames, the Derby and the aviation feats at Blackmoor. In conclusion the more interesting portions were shown of the funeral of Edward the Peacemaker.

Mr. Elmendorf's method of conveying his information is wholly delightful. His style, clear, concise, free from the pedantic, cleverly interspersed with amusing anecdotes, commands itself to all, and with the vivid realism of the pictures enables everyone to obtain lasting impression. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Words. Sir James A. H. Murray himself is the editor of the part "T-Trail" of the Oxford Words English Dictionary. This dictionary, published recently, contains 1783 more words than the similar section of the Century Dictionary, and 3271 more than the like section of Dr. Johnson's. There are 14,462 illustrative quotations, while the Century has 1673 and Johnson's 894. And yet there are grave omissions.

Turn to "T." Nearly three columns are devoted to it. We learn many surprising things about "T"; thus "it represents the point-breath-stop consonant of Bell's 'Visible Speech,' or, sure dental mute, so called, but in English is gingival or alveolar rather than dental." There is a list of words with the attributive use of "T," from "T landage" to "T wharf." There is due notice of the T beard sported in the 17th century—"The Roman T, your T beard is the fashion" (Fletcher, about 1619). There is information about the T cart, T cloth, T rail, T square. T is used in abbreviations, as for proper names; officially stamped; in music; in a ship's log, for thunder; in mathematics.

The But there is no allusion to the "T. D." pipe. Not a word about the meaning of the initials, not a word about the date of the invention or the coming of the pipe into common use. Was the "T. D." known to Sir Walter Raleigh? Did the tobacco-hating James have this pipe in mind when he thundered his royal counter-blast against the weed and all them that used it? Is it true that T. D. are the initials of some Englishman's name, that of the darling and beneficent inventor?

Disappointed in Sir James A. H. Murray, we at once thought of Mr. Herkimer Johnson and his store of material, painfully accumulated for his colossal work in which a short footnote often sums up the reading of weeks. He sent us a huge envelope marked "Tobacco." From newspaper clippings and notes within, we are now able to state that the meerschaum pipe was invented by Kaval Kovates, a shoemaker of Budapest, who died in 1764. He was renowned for his skill in carving. Count Andrassy, in 1723, took a chunk of light white clay given to him in Turkey to Kovates, and said in his lordly way: "Fellow, make something pretty out of this." Here is definite information. The Oxford English Dictionary recognizes "meerschaum pipe," and gives a quotation from a letter written by Coleridge in 1799: "A pipe of a particular kind, that has been smoked for a year or so, will sell here (at Ratzeburg) for 20 guineas. . . . They are called meerschaum."

Smokers Then there is the pathetic story of an eminent Viennese lawyer who was thrown over the bar in 1907 because, forgetting the dignity of his profession, he went about picking up cigar butts in public streets, nor was the excuse of a cruel nervous disease accepted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, in the same year, celebrated her 113th birthday at Harrison, Clarion county, Pa. Active, fond of outdoor life, she gloried in the fact that she had smoked a pipe from the day of her youth. In 1907 she had seven children, 55 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren living. In the same year, truly a memorable one, a case to be committed to memory by school children, Mrs. Lovella Cox died at Harrington, Me., at the age of 103. She had smoked incessantly for over 50 years, a first for a harassing bronchial trouble.

In 1905 it was in the early fall—a convention of pipe-smokers held in Belgium, the president, one Kos, told his hearers that it took him three hours and seven minutes to get through one pipe. Any pipe, said M. Kos, will outlast three hours if it is filled loosely at the bottom, firmly in the middle and loosely at the top. "Further," said he, "you must give up your whole mind to the process. Patience and determination make the true smoker."

Words to be written on tablets of gold! And among the clippings are hints at domestic tragedies. At Evansville, Ind., on Oct. 8—the date of the year is unfortunately lost—a husband sued his wife for divorce, alleging that she

had been in the habit of smoking him. . . . not at all. . . . a father awakened his son's left muscle of the left hand by putting cigarette smoke in his face. The cigarette, by the way, was introduced into England by Lawrence Oliphant about 1844, so deep thinkers tell us.

But why is the common clay pipe called "T. D."? What do the letters stamped on the pipe stand for? A man who is referred to as "well-informed," one of the many who never can say "I don't know," at once and faintly replied. "Timothy Dexter, who made a fortune by sending warning pans to the West Indies, and allowed his readers to pepper and salt his books with punctuation marks, as they pleased." He might as well have answered: "The pipe was named after Thomas Day, the ingenious author of 'Sandford and Merton.'"

Tank and

Tar with amazing fulness of treatment. The reader is told about the various theories concerning the derivation of the word. He learns that the tank-runner, the pheasant tailed Jacana, or water pheasant, Hydrophasianus chirugus, of India and Ceylon, is so called from its ability to run over floating lotus leaves, etc. The wild carrot used to be known as the tank, and this name was given by some to the wild parsnip. Tank is a small Indian dry measure, also a Bombay weight for pearls. Then there is the verb to tank, to lift or measure in a tank, to store or preserve in a tank, to treat in a tank (as fish for the extraction of oil), to immerse in a tank.

Nowhere is there an allusion to a common use of the noun tank to designate a man of huge alcoholic capacity—a brave two-handed drinker—as in the phrase, "He's a regular tank." Nowhere is there a reference to the verb, "to tank" or "to tank up," synonymous with "hoist," "crush a cup," etc.

On pages 88-89 is interesting information about "tar" and further pages include words compounded with tar, of which Dr. Johnson ponderously said: "I remember I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer." This was in support of his argument that all animal substances are less cleanly than vegetable.

We turned at once to "tar-baby." There should be a learned column, at least a column, stuffed with folk lore and an inquiry as to whether the idea of a tar-baby is of African origin. "Taraxicum," and then "Tar-barrel." No "tar-baby" stands between, but under "Tar," in the list of "attributive

and combinations" is this quotation from "Unole Remus": "Brer Fox . . . got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun what he call a Tar-Baby." Only this and nothing more. There is no more prominence given to "Tar-Baby" than to "Tar-ace"; or to "Tar-putty."

The

Sure "Tar-water," on the contrary, is respectfully treated. It has its separate article,

Remedy and there are illustrative quotations from Bishop Berkeley and his "Philosophical Reflexions and Inquiries Concerning the Virtues of Tar-Water," the book entitled in the second edition "Sirls," from the poet Gray who tried a course of tar-water; from Horace Walpole and from Omar-Khyyam Fitzgerald, who in 1840 concocted two gallons of tar-water according to Bishop Berkeley's directions. There might also have been a quotation from Thomas Prior's "Authentic Narrative of the Success of Tar-Water" (Dublin, 1746). On page 88 of this entertaining volume, an old friend is recognized: "A Letter from a Gentleman of Character and Integrity, who desires his name might not be mentioned." He wrote this letter in 1745, but he has been in existence since men could talk and were afraid of consequences. He is here; he is everywhere. In this particular form to outward view he had suffered severely from gout, fever, indigestion, melancholy, night and day sweats, giddiness, blotches, until tar-water restored him wholly.

There are many interesting cures recorded in Mr. Prior's volume. "Ellinor Dowling, aged about 35 years, troubled with a hard dry Cough for 10 Years together, worn away by it greatly, and troubled with a Wheezing and Shortness of Breath, by drinking Tar-water in the Summer of 1744, to her Surprise and Joy; which she expressed by saying, 'That if she had 20 cows instead of two, she would have parted with them all, to have become as well as a few Gallons of Tar-water had made her.'"

Many of the patients who a . . . cures are recorded by Mr. Prior drank only one or two bottles of tar-water. Dwellers in ordinary apartment houses of this city can easily make the brew by scraping the roof. The water should be strained carefully after boiling and before it is allowed to cool. A tar eldewalk in hot weather might be taken advantage of by the poor.

SHAKESPEARE AS WELCOME AS EVER

BY PHILIP HALE.

It is a pleasure to know that the Boston public is giving liberal support to Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in their endeavor to produce tragedies and comedies by Shakespeare in a fitting manner. The production of "Macbeth" naturally excited attention and discussion. There is the question of proper costumes, for example. Some insist that while the costume must be the Highland dress, it should be as rudimentary as possible. Richard Grant White was of this opinion; which he expressed as follows: "For not only is the modern Highland costume an artistic compilation and elaboration not many centuries old, though of elements themselves indigenous and ancient, but its purposed and pavoic picturesqueness is somewhat inconsistent with the rugged and primitive social respect of this drama, and the simplicity of the motives which produce its action."

This question and others concerning the production seem trivial in comparison with questions about the tragedy itself.

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt played Hamlet at her theatre in Paris—in May, 1899—the late Marcel Schwob translated in collaboration with Eugene Morand the tragedy. The published translation, which is one of remarkable merit, contains an introduction signed by the two translators, but evidently written in great part or wholly by Schwob, who dedicated the volume to W. E. Henley. The authors at the end of the preface say a few words about their task. They endeavored to translate. They did not make merely a commentary. "Words are represented by words, phrases by phrases. . . . We have tried not to forget that Shakespeare thought and wrote in the time of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. The critics across the channel in the first place maintain that Shakespeare cannot be translated. They say the poetic charin disappears in prose, and a French verse will not correspond to an English one. This is true; but he that makes an etching after a painting does not transport the colors; he transposes them in values. If you can compare poetry and painting, you must admit that a poem put into prose is as the engraving or etching of a picture. . . . We have translated 'old mole' par 'vieux taupé' and 'wormwood' by 'absinthe.' These words evoke to the English imagination the boulevard, its cafes and loungers; but in French literature, thank God, a mole remains a mole and absinthe a bitter plant. When Lucretius wrote, 'Et velut pueris absinthia tetra medentibus,' we do not at once think of the 5 o'clock green drink."

Messrs. Schwob and Morand made their translation for Mme. Bernhardt. Would Maurice Maeterlinck have translated "Macbeth" had not his wife, Georgette Leblanc, wished to play the part of Lady Macbeth and conceived the idea of using their castle for a theatre with spectators, only a few, walking about, from scene to scene? For Mme. Maeterlinck has undoubtedly influenced her husband, and she is a woman of strong will and high ambition. She has even written a novel, and a rather dull one.

Although she was known for some years chiefly as a singer, her name is not in the leading music dictionaries. She is the daughter of a ship owner of Rouen. Discontented, she went to Paris to make her way and there she studied for a time with Bax. Carvalho made her acquaintance and engaged her to create the part of Francine in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" at the Opera-Comique (Nov. 23, 1893). She then displayed an unregulated intensity that frightened the conservative manager, and the singer went to the Monnaie, Brussels, in 1895, where she made a sensation in "La Navarraise," "Thais," "Carmen." She afterward sang at Bordeaux, Nice and in 1898 at Paris she gave song recitals of a singular nature. These recitals she called "auditions lyriques mimes." She varied her attitudes to suit each song; she sang in a high and antique chair, or she walked to and fro; and she was so astonishing in her method that Gustave Robert warned young singers against imitation of her lest the result should be laughable disaster to the composer as well as the singer. Thus

Georgette Leblanc and her husband, Maurice Maeterlinck, and her mother, Gabrielle Maeterlinck, wrote an amusing description of her singing Schubert's "Sei mir Gegrüsst," which the translator into French turned into a wildly erotic thing. "Miss Leblanc, not to be left behind, throws her arms about in sculptural attitudes, and turns the whole thing into a cry of exasperated, fainting flesh."

Her Carmen was singularly vivid. Mr. Merens-Gevaert described the gypsy in the second act, when she is in the boozing-ken of Lillas Pastia:

"Miss Leblanc is clothed in a long robe of plaited tulle ornamented with spangles. Her body, finely proportioned, is revealed by this indiscreet drapery. Her nobly modelled shoulders and arms are bare. Her hair is confined by three circles of gold, arranged in Grecian fashion. Alma, gypsy, daughter of the East, princess of the harem, Byzantine empress, or Moorish dancer? All this is suggested by this fantastic and seductive costume. But an image more ideal pursues us. The singer is constantly urged by feminine visions of our ultra modern poets; she finds absolute beauty in the exquisite body of a woman animated by a Florentine robe. And it is through this imaginary figure that she composes her other incarnations; and in a tavern where gypsy women meet soldiers she evokes the apparition of a woman of Mantagna or Botticelli, degraded, vile, who gives the idea of a shameless creature that has not lost entirely the gracefulness of her original rank. She is never weary of cheapening her original model. She is sensual, impudent, voluptuous, gross; but in her white diction, in her blithe walk, you divine her desire of invoking something else. . . . Carmen is, according to Miss Leblanc, a hybrid, monstrous creature. You look upon her with eager curiosity and with infinite sadness. . . . Miss Leblanc makes light of her voice. She mal- treats it, thrashes it, subjects it to inhuman inflections. . . . Her singing is not musical, her interpretation lacks the naive necessary to true dramatic power. Nevertheless she is one of the most emotional impersonators of our period. Her limited abilities, hidden by a thousand details in accentuation, remind one of the weak

and ornate poetry of artistic degeneration. . . . Thanks to her, Antioch and Alexandria, corrupt and adorable cities, live again for an hour."

It was to Georgette Leblanc that Maeterlinck dedicated "Le Tresor des Humbles" and "La Sagesse et la Destinée" and in the dedication of the latter volume he wrote: "I dedicate to you this book, which is, so to speak, your work. There is a loftier and truer collaboration than that of the pen: it is that of thought and example."

It was for her that he wrote his "Monna Vanna" and "Joyzelle." Because the manager of the Opera Comique wished Miss Garden to take the part of Melisande and would not consider the entreaties of Mme. Georgette, the good husband Maurice protested against the production of his play as an opera.

It was undoubtedly for her that he translated "Macbeth" and it is probable that he had her in mind when he wrote certain pages of the introduction to the translation. There is much in this introduction that is interesting in connection with the production at the Shubert Theatre last week.

Maeterlinck does not agree with those critics who put "Macbeth" above "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," "Anthony and Cleopatra" and "The Tempest." "Hamlet" marks one of the highest points of the imaginative life of man, if not also the intellectual life. "King Lear" explores and magnifies the deepest abysses. The two plays illuminate the most profound, the noblest and the most touching regions in the mind and the passions of humanity. But as a purely dramatic piece "Macbeth" surpasses the two. Only Aeschylus has reached so lofty a summit in the tragic world.

And yet "Macbeth" cannot justly be called "a well constructed play." Judged by the laws of French technique, it is not a play at all. It wavers between the confines of legend and history. Maeterlinck here argues against the historical drama and insists that Shakespeare himself could not give it life; that all his historical plays are far inferior to his masterpieces. "One might say, in order that a character should live on the stage, or rather in the soul of the poet who creates it, it is necessary that it should not have lived elsewhere; that it should not have lost any of its force in a former real and too precise existence."

"Macbeth" is a sort of biography more or less legendary and dramatic. The interest cannot a priori increase from act to act, for the action is obliged to follow the life of the hero, and it is seldom that a human life is so skilfully managed as a tragedy. In Shakespeare's play the climax is reached at the next to the last scene of the third act. With the exception of the dialogue between Rosse and Macduff and the sleep-walking scene, there is then nothing that rises to the height of that which precedes. In the better as in the weaker portions there

...at least a little more than 200 lines of matter cut out. The two chief characters are hardly sympathetic; the atmosphere is uniformly murky; there is not much invention for the story is taken from Hollinshed's chronicle; only two scenes, that of the banquet and the sleep-walking scene, are probably Shakespeare's own. It might, then, be concluded that "Macbeth" is not a masterpiece.

It is one. And where in all dramatic literature is there a drama which equals the first three acts of "Macbeth"? There are more touching, nobler, more heroic or more harmonious scenes in the drama of Corneille and Racine; and here are purer and grander scenes in the Greek drama. Perhaps two or three may be found in plays by contemporaries of the poet—Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, John Ford—in which the situation is more biting and poignant. There are do blees deeper, loftier thoughts, as pure thoughts, in the theatre of Goethe and the moderns. Nowhere are there three acts with tragic substance so richly sombre, so naturally founded, in which, while it remains apparently simple and of daily life, it has peculiar quality so high, so glowing, so poetic. Nowhere will one observe a group surrounded by its own atmosphere which prolongs in words, in the book and on the stage, its frightful secret existence in like manner. This is the great mystery and marvel of "Macbeth."

Maeterlinck characterizes Macbeth and his wife as two renowned assassins, at least regular beings, of almost no moral worth and of moderate intelligence. Their crimes are vulgar and foolish. There is nothing to fill horror in the ancient dramas pity was excited for the victims. Here they only pass, after, fall under the knife. Their life is too precarious, their words are too far from them to create or even affect the atmosphere of the piece. The murderers alone are attended by the poet to draw attention and sympathy. And Shakespeare was obliged to surround them with two unusual difficulties: to interest us in antipathetic and mediocre persons, to raise the work above their moral and intellectual mediocrity. And this he was forced to do with the sole aid of the two themselves. Furthermore, the poet could not take up the parable, his voice could not be heard. He could only express himself through the mouths of his characters, who, at the risk of the life with which they were animated, should utter only the words demanded by the situation. The Greek dramatists, on the other hand, could follow their own thoughts through the dialogue. Following their example, Corneille at every moment, opened the door that separated him from his stage people, and his grand voice was heard.

Nevertheless, if the poet in "Macbeth" did not speak through his characters as mouthpieces, they would have almost nothing to say. They are inferior to the common run of mankind. If they had not committed the crimes we should not have had a tragedy.

This is to which appeal is always made when a poet is to be reproached. In a famous real life, the exterior life which is seen and heard, furnishes, as a rule, only poor material. Shakespeare speaks in the name of that life which is silent in our ears but reaches our sympathy. He gives the best of himself to serve two murderers, and does not believe himself in peopling the scene with marvels. In the interior or rather in the thoughts and intuitions of the basest man, there are many more things than can be expressed by poets of genius.

And this miracle is worked by Shakespeare without attracting attention. Macbeth and his accomplices are in a region so vast that they are seen from far on high and are almost indifferent and have much more importance than the fact itself of anything. This is why, although they are guilty of one of the most heinous crimes that can be committed, they are not repulsive to us. We forget their crime, which is only a pretext; we see only the life that this crime, as a stone thrown into a gulf, makes known; the words which a less enormous act would not have sounded.

These characters speak in images. Like the primitive man, they create the world they express. There is no question here of laboriously constructed comparisons. The swiftness of the action does not allow such carefully work. There is an instant and sudden resurrection of all the words which by magic become quivering metaphors and rise from the tombs of the dictionary.

The Herald has already referred to Maeterlinck's questions concerning the character of Macbeth and that of his wife. He does not share the opinion of Paul de Saint Victor that they were "evil monsters." He asks whether they represent normal humanity tempted by the strength by a more imperious force than those that assail us. Were they free agents or impelled by an irresistible power? Were the three witches the best or in their hearts? Is the play a study of the psychology of murder, a study of the psychology of fate,

thought? We know nothing about all this. There can be endless discussion, and this or that can be maintained. It is highly probable that Shakespeare himself would not be able to define exactly the two beings escaped from his prodigious hands. And so with Lady Macbeth. Who knows whether she were at heart the sister of Clytemnestra or a too loving spouse, a victim over-punished for a horrid thought born of the conjugal bed? Shall we remember the monstrous smile of welcome to the unfortunate Duncan, the daggers dripping with blood, or the taper that reveals the weakness of a soul which secret

tears prey upon even to death? Macbeth and his wife are not known to us even when we think them known. The characters that are wholly understood, and are to be analyzed with certainty are already dead. These two belong to the future. Their lives are incomplete, not from the petty view of the drama, but as regards the infinite. They cannot remain immovable in the verses and the speech they create. They displace them and agitate them with their breath. In them they pursue their destiny, they modify the form and the sense; they develop themselves as in vital and nourishing surroundings, undergo the influence of the passing centuries, drawing unforeseen thoughts and sentiments, a grauer and new strength.

Maeterlinck has annotated his translation, always in an interesting manner, and often shrewdly. He does not believe that the second scene of the first act with the sergeant's speech is Shakespeare's and he wishes it were cut out as wholly useless, contradictory to that which follows, and with the anachronistic reference to cannons and dollars.

"It is to be observed that the speech of the witches, grotesque when they are by themselves, become at once grave, mysterious, profound, when a stranger questions them."

Here is a note to Macbeth's statement, "Duncan comes here tonight," and his wife's question, "And when goes hence?" "It is necessary to have seen a good performance of 'Macbeth' to grasp fully the tragedy of the scene in which the murder, with all its consequences, in three phrases germinates, expands and is determined by the two. When read, however carefully, it passes almost unnoticed. Corneille and Racine gain by being read tranquilly at night under the lamp. Their beauties are first of all intellectual and literary. Of all the tragic writers Shakespeare loses the most when read. There are often in certain words that seem insignificant, such concentrated life, that like unto those dried flowers which suddenly unfold at the touch of water, these words do not awaken and put on their brilliance and assume their size and their prodigious meaning except by contact with the intense and mysterious soul, which, coming from the crowd, fosters and fecundates the atmosphere of the stage."

The theory of Coleridge that the Porter's scene, with his "low soliloquy" "was written for the mob by some other hand," led Maeterlinck to say, "This opinion, which condemns the most indispensable scene, and by its situation and its color (see in 'Hamlet' and 'Lear' analogous scenes) the most Shakespearean of the drama would not be mentioned here, if all commentators could not draw from it a wholesome lesson of humility and circumspection."

Maeterlinck can not understand the conduct of Malcolm and Donalbain after learning of the murder of their father. They do not think of going to see him, of finding out whether he were still breathing, of inquiring into the murder. They are in no immediate peril, and they run away with a jest. "All this is still more shocking in a performance than when read. Is it possible that a stage direction for appropriate action was omitted in the Folio?"

The scene between Macbeth and the two murderers leads Maeterlinck again to remark on the necessity of a performance to reveal the strength of Shakespeare. This scene well played rises in grandeur to the height of three or four leading scenes in the tragedy.

The speech of Macbeth: "Light thickens; and the crow," breathing a melancholy that in later scenes is deeper and more poignant, inspires Maeterlinck with the thought of Macbeth's strange resemblance to Hamlet.

Should the ghost of Banquo be seen by the audience? "In Shakespeare's time it was natural that all the spectators should see it, for they all believed in the existence of spectres. Today we no longer believe in outward ghost, but interior phantoms live always in our soul, and perhaps they are more powerful than they formerly were. The mystery which surrounds the tragedy of 'Macbeth' ought not to be fed on superstitions. It is of all time and of all places. It is the infinite mystery of the human conscience and of nameless justice. The witches themselves are perhaps not real. None sees them except Macbeth and Banquo, who carry in their hearts the temptations which the witches apparently sow there." Maeterlinck adds that in all drama there is no scene

more difficult to stage than this of the ghost. For the actor who plays Macbeth there is incomparable matter for study.

When Macbeth and his wife are left alone in this scene there is no recrimination. "And this is perhaps the greatest moment for the two characters; a sort of funeral and compassionate veil is stretched plausibly over their crimes by the hand of the poet."

It is needless to say that Maeterlinck rejects the scene between Hecate and the witches, and he does not believe that Macbeth, having seen the apparitions, was in a mental state to enjoy tranquilly the "antic round" which the witches danced to "cheer up his spirits." The passage he regards as apocryphal.

With Macduff's cry "He has no children," we touch "the naked genius of Shakespeare" as in the sleep-walking scene. "We are above literature, and the poet's instinct so well realized that here the limits of poetry were passed, that at the supreme moment of his poem, we abandoned poetic form."

"Out, out, brief candle." "It is in vain to demand with Tolstoi that a hero should speak only words conformed to the idea we form of his character. That is possible only in the average regions of psychology. After they are passed, come the marvellous and happily unexpected moments when the poet, drawn by the mysteries of life, is obliged, in putting there the best of himself, to make his hero grander than the foreseen proportions."

Mr. Spanuth in a review of Busoni's piano recital in Berlin describes him as a "Shaker-up and in the world of piano playing we have only one of this sort."

Franz von Vecsey has played K. Bleye's new violin concerto in Berlin. Mr. Spanuth wrote: "The public will first have to accustom itself to this unconventional style, but this will not take long, for there is much inspiration behind it. This music says something."

Arnold Schoenberg's symphonic poem, "Pelleas and Melisande," has been produced in Berlin at one of Oskar Fried's concerts. The Signale devotes a page to the consideration of this remarkable work, which is said to be more extraordinary in his ideas and expression than even Strauss and the ultra-modern French. Whenever his compositions have been played in Vienna they have been applauded and hissed in concert rooms, and there has been a wild uproar from the press. The Signale's critic, Dr. Leichtertritt hearing "Pelleas and Melisande," came to the conclusion that Schoenberg is not a composer to be laughed at for extravagance, or pitied as a lunatic; that he is an artist to whom his art is holy, who has the natural endowment and technical skill to present his uncommon fancies in artistic form. This particular symphonic poem is now eight years old, and in manuscript, "nor was it known at all before the performance" in Berlin. Yet Riemann's Musiklexikon mentions it in the short list of Schoenberg's works. The composer was born at Vienna in 1871. At first self-taught, in 1894 he began to study with Zemlinsky. He has composed chamber music—three string quartets, a string sextet, songs and a chamber symphony.

Albert Spalding, the American violinist, played recently in Berlin. Mr. Spanuth praised his performance of Saint-Saens' "Ronde Capricieuse," and his technique in general, but said that in Beethoven's concerto he lacked "the finishing touch."

Richard Strauss brought out Debussy's Nocturnes in Berlin and the critics heard the music with dull ears. Only "Petes" gave them any pleasure.

Arthur Nikisch recently performed Berger's "Variations and Fugue on an Original Theme" with much success at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. The composition includes a funeral hymn in memory of the clarinetist, Richard Muehlfeld of Meiningen.

The Signale states that Adolph P. Boehm's new symphonic poem, "Hasschisch," will be performed in Boston this winter. Boehm, a teacher of theory, lives in Dresden.

A memorial tablet has been placed on the Vendram palace in Venice in which Wagner died. There were speeches, and the city orchestra played selections from Wagner's works.

Louise Pohl, the widow of Richard Pohl, is at work on a "Life of von Bülow."

Francheschina Prevosti, who was famous as a singer, dramatic and coloratura for many years, will teach in Berlin for certain months in the year.

Mention is made above of a new violin concerto by Bleye. His latest work, choral, "The Descent of Christ to Hell" (Goethe's text) will be produced at Munich next month. Karl Bleye was born in 1880 at Feldkirch. He studied at Stuttgart and there was obliged to give up the violin on account of a nervous affection of his arm. From 1904 to 1907 he studied composition with Thullie in Munich, where he now lives. His chief orchestral works are a symphony in one movement, and his "Procession of Flagellants."

Adele aus der Ohe has received the gold medal for art and science from Prince von Hohenzollern.

The woman who created the part of Miss Helyett in Audran's operetta (1890) and was charming as Phrynette in the pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue," died recently in Paris, alone, poor, forgotten, after three years of terrible suffering. Her name was Augustine Blane, but she was better known as Elana Duhamel. Born at Rouen in 1870, she began her stage life as a child. She went to Paris, played there at the Gaite and then entered the Conservatory. Leaving with a minor prize for comedy, she joined the Odéon company to play in repertory. Her fame was made at the Bouffes-Parisiens where she played Miss Helyett 800 times and Phrynette 200 times. She appeared in two or three other pieces and then disappeared from the stage—on account of sickness. "The public forgot her, for it had other idols before its eyes, and soon no one spoke of her. Poor little Phrynette, so pretty, so charming, with her white apron and her basket of clothes on her arm; poor, brilliant Miss Helyett!"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Emilio de Gogorza. Cantata, "Idol mio"; Gluck, "Diane Improbable"; and "Pouvez-vous ordonner qu'un pere"; Rubinstein, "Es blinkt der Thau"; Brahms, Feldensamkeit; Tschalkowsky, Deception; Strauss, Cecilia; Koehlin, Pleine eau; Franck, La Procession; G. Faure, Lydia, Le Cimetiére, Fleur Jete; Tours, Mother of Mine; Hadley, "The Art So Like a Flower"; "The Rose Awaits the Dewdrop"; Hammond, Ballad of the Bony Fiddler; Huhn, Love's Retreat; Parker, "The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest." Robert Schmitz, pianist, will play these pieces: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Widor, Kermesse Carillonneuse; Debussy, Solace dans Grenade; Saint-Saens, Toccata.

TUESDAY: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Mme. Jeanne Jomeili, soprano, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist. Franconer, violin sonata in E minor (Miss Nichols); Beach, Exaltation; (Adrian, Sayonara, Japanese romance written expressly for Mrs. Jomeili (Mme. Jomeili); Sjoerou, Poeme (Miss Nichols); Faure, Fleur Jete; Chaminade, Sans Amour; Massenet, L'Eventail (Mme. Jomeili); Dvorak, Slavonic Dance; Cui, Berceuse; Novacek, Perpetuum mobile (Miss Nichols); Schemedes, Der Hass; E. Wolff, Einmalig; Mann, Jonge Heide; Spross, Through a Primrose Dell; Nougues, air from "Quo Vadis"; Saint-Saens, "Le Bonheur est chose legere" (Mme. Jomeili). Mr. Wark will be the accompanist.

WEDNESDAY: Y. M. C. Union, 48 Borlston street, 8 P. M. Concert by the Ideal quartet, assisted by Miss Mary B. Stockbridge, Reader.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. For program see special notice.

SATURDAY: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

LATER CONCERTS.

Adolph Borchard will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Nov. 28, when he will play for the first time in Boston. He was born at Havre, France, June 30, 1882. His first teacher was Sarreau of Bordeaux.

At the age of 17 he entered the Paris Conservatory, studied with Diemer and in 1903 shared the first prize with Mr. Batala. He then studied further, and in March and April, 1908, gave a series of concerts in Boston. His first appearance in the United States was with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra at Chicago, the 5th of this month, when he played Schumann's concerto. Mr. Borchard will play at his recital in Jordan Hall three pieces: Beethoven, sonata op. 27 No. 2; Saint-Saens, suite op. 90; Chevillard, theme and variations; Mozart, sonata, C major; Chopin, valse, A flat, A minor, E flat, nocturne in G major; Polonaise op. 53; Rossini-Liszt, two Soirees Musicales.

Mrs. Lilla Osgood Crocker, contralto, assisted by Miss Jefferds, soprano, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 28. The program will include songs by Handel, Holmes, Whelpley, Soegren, d'Erianger, Sibelius, Coquard, Elgar, Arne, MacDowell, del Acqua, Charpentier, Mrs. Beach, Miss Lang and others.

The first of three violin sonata concerts to be given by Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist, and Richard Platt, pianist, will take place at the Hotel Somerset, Monday, Nov. 28, at 3 P. M. The remaining concerts will be given on the afternoons of Dec. 12 and 19. Sonatas by Beethoven, Brahms, Franck, Grieg, Mozart and Saint-Saens will be played.

Kurt Fischer, now of the New England Conservatory of Music faculty, will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, when he will play pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg and Liszt.

The Longy Club will give three concerts of music for wind instruments on Dec. 26, Feb. 13 and on an evening in March.

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, and Nikola Sokoloff, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 7.

Benedict J. FlitzGerald will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 8.

David Mannes, violinist, and Mrs. Mannes, pianist will give concerts of

The Flonzaley quartet has played recently in Berlin and London with great success. The London Daily Telegraph of Nov. 2 spoke of the players' tone as "at once of great volume and of beautiful quality and their playing is marked by splendid virility, irresistible impulse and notable refinement." The players have been especially fortunate with Debussy's quartet. Their performance, "as regards insight and finish, must be accounted the most effective yet given in London. The ensemble was all that could be desired, and the rich, velvety tone of the players, and the broad sweep of their phrasing enabled hearers to realize the wondrous poetry of Debussy's masterpiece in chamber music, a work which, from beginning to end, bears the form and is animated by the pure spirit of beauty. Some at least among the audience might have borrowed Pauline language, and declared that, whether in the body or out of the body, they could not tell, but that they were conscious of marvellous things."

FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Flonzaley quartet has played recently in Berlin and London with great success. The London Daily Telegraph of Nov. 2 spoke of the players' tone as "at once of great volume and of beautiful quality and their playing is marked by splendid virility, irresistible impulse and notable refinement." The players have been especially fortunate with Debussy's quartet. Their performance, "as regards insight and finish, must be accounted the most effective yet given in London. The ensemble was all that could be desired, and the rich, velvety tone of the players, and the broad sweep of their phrasing enabled hearers to realize the wondrous poetry of Debussy's masterpiece in chamber music, a work which, from beginning to end, bears the form and is animated by the pure spirit of beauty. Some at least among the audience might have borrowed Pauline language, and declared that, whether in the body or out of the body, they could not tell, but that they were conscious of marvellous things."

The London Times was equally enthusiastic.

The repertory of the Boston Opera House for the week beginning tomorrow night will be as follows:

Monday Evening at 8 P. M.
Puccini's "TOSCA."

Flora Tosca.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Constantino
Scarpia.....Mr. Renaud
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoleto.....Mr. Giaccone
Sclaroni.....Mr. Huddy
Un Pastore.....Miss Rogers
Conductor.....Mr. Moranzoni

Wednesday Evening, at 8 P. M.
Verdi's "OTELLO."

Otello.....Mr. Slezak
Iago.....Mr. Baklanoff
Desdemona.....Mme. Alda
Rodrigo.....Mr. Strosco
Lodovico.....Mr. Mardones
Montano.....Mr. Pulcini
A Herald.....Mr. Huddy
Desdemona.....Mme. Alda
Emilia.....Miss Wickham
Conductor.....Mr. Conti

Friday Evening, at 7:45.
Puccini's "LA GIOCONDA."

La Gioconda.....Mme. Nordica
Laura.....Mme. Czapinska
La Cieca.....Mme. Celine Bonheur
Enzo.....Mr. Constantino
Barnaba.....Mr. Baklanoff
Zuane.....Mr. Pulcini
Isopo.....Mr. Strosco
Conductor.....Mr. Conti

Saturday Matinee, at 2 P. M.
Verdi's "IL TROVATORE."

Manrico.....Mr. Slezak
Count de Luna.....Mr. Galeffi
Ferrando.....Mr. Perini
Ruiz.....Mr. Giaccone
Lenora.....Mme. Villani
Ines.....Miss Fisher
Azucena.....Mme. Wicker
Conductor.....Mr. Moranzoni

Saturday Evening, at 7:45.
Gounod's "FAUST."

Mefistofeles.....Mr. Sibirakoff
Faust.....Mr. Lassalle
Marguerite.....Mme. Alda
Martha.....Mme. Claessens
Wagner.....Mr. Huddy
Siebel.....Miss Swartz
Valentine.....Mr. Baklanoff
Conductor.....Mr. Caplet

CARMEN MELIS SINGS "AIDA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Aida.....Mme. Melis
Amenitis.....Mme. Czapinska
Ismenodora.....Mme. Alda
Sadames.....Mr. Perini
Il Re.....Mr. Huddy
Amonasro.....Mr. Baklanoff
Ramfis.....Mr. Mardones
Un Messaggero.....Mr. Giaccone

The sumptuous production alone should have crowded the opera house, especially when the extremely moderate prices on "popular nights" are taken into consideration. Boston has been clamoring for performances of grand opera "worthy the name" for many years. It now has an opera house of the very first class. The productions are on an elaborate scale, and that of "Aida" is noteworthy.

The opera itself has long been popular, for it is melodious and spectacular. The Amonasro of Mr. Baklanoff is justly reckoned among this excellent artist's best parts. The conductor, although a new-comer, has already established his reputation in the city.

Mme. Carmen Melis also is a favorite,

and there should have been time to hear the new mezzo-soprano, Amersis and Mr. Areson, who last night made his first appearance in opera in this country. Mr. Russell may well ask: "What does the public wish?"

Mme. Carmen Melis was first of all an Aida that gave Radames excuse for his infatuation. She might have said with the heroine of the Song of Solomon, "I am black, but comely." Furthermore she sang the music with great charm and expression, and when the occasion demanded, brilliantly.

In the taxing finale of the second act, her voice was distinct in the stormy ensemble and at the same time there was no suggestion of physical strain. She sang the famous air of the Nile Scene with musical taste and unexaggerated pathos.

Mme. Czapinska has a voice of liberal compass and good quality, which she often used effectively. She should cultivate grace of bearing and significant gesture.

Mr. Areson was evidently nervous at first. He gained in confidence, and in the course of the performance showed the stuff that heroic tenors are made of, although he has yet much to learn as singer and actor.

Mr. Baklanoff's Amonasro was dramatically conceived and played. The superb Ethiopian is seldom more effectively portrayed. Mr. White's manly bass was heard as the King and Mr. Mardones was again the dignified high priest. The chorus did excellent work and the orchestra played with finesse and spirit, under Mr. Moranzoni's direction.

"BARBER OF SEVILLE."

Rossini's Composition Given at Opera House Matinee.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mr. Conti conducted.

Rosina.....Mme. Lipkowska
Bertha.....Miss Roberts
Count Almaviva.....Mr. Constantino
Figaro.....Mr. Tavecchia
Dr. Bartolo.....Mr. Tavecchia
Basilio.....Mr. Sibirakoff
Florellio.....Mr. Pulcini
L'Ufficiale.....Mr. Giaccone

With the exception of Mr. Sibirakoff as Don Basilio, the cast was in important points identical with that of last season.

Mr. Sibirakoff took the part of Don Basilio for the first time in this city. His impersonation was conceived chiefly along pompous lines, and at all times took him perilously near burlesque. The sonority of his voice projected his recitations across the footlights in a manner that made one wish that the singers in general would exert themselves more, and not seemingly save their voices for the arduous and showy concerted pieces.

Volubility in recitative and fleetness in florid passages gave Mr. Constantino's Count Almaviva distinction. His sincere effort to characterize this role was so successful that one could not but wish he would always so favor audiences.

High praise must be accorded Mme. Lipkowska for the vocal beauty, art, charm and grace of her Rosina.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Tavecchia for his Dr. Bartolo, which was in all respects admirable. Mr. Fornari came in for no small thanks for his more than adequate part in the afternoon's entertainment. Agility—vocal resonance, and effective activity—were noticeable features of his Figaro.

After each curtain there were many demonstrations of approbation from the audience, and much evidence displayed of real enjoyment.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Nov. 25, and Saturday evening, Nov. 26, will be of unusual interest. Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" will be performed for the first time in Boston, and Felix Berber, violinist, will play here for the first time. Debussy's piece was performed for the first time in America at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, led by Gustav Mahler, last Tuesday (Nov. 15). Mr. Berber played for the first time in this country at one of Walter Damrosch's concerts in New York Friday, Oct. 28. Theodore Thomas' orchestra of Chicago played Debussy's piece at its concerts yesterday and the day before.

"Rondes de Printemps" is the third composition in a series entitled "Image." The first, a Gigue, has neither been performed nor published. The second, "Iberia," was played for the first time at a Colonne concert in Paris, Feb. 20, 1910. It contains three movements, "Par les rues et par les chemins"; "Les parfums de la nuit"; "Le matin d'un jour de fête." Mr. Boult wrote after the first performance that the hearers are supposed to be in Spain. The bells of horses and mules are heard, and the joyous sounds of wayfarers. The night falls; nature sleeps and is at rest until bells and arabes announce the dawn, and the world awakens to life. "Debussy appears in this work to have exaggerated his tendency to treat music with means of

expression and goes to the extreme of the impressionistic palette. Nevertheless, the rhythmic remains well defined and frank in 'Iberia.' Do not look for any melodic design, nor any carefully woven harmonic web. The composer of 'Images' attaches importance only to tonal color. He puts his timbres side by side, adopting a process like that of the 'Tachistes' or the 'Stipplers' in distributing coloring." The Debussys and Pócastres wished "Iberia" repeated, but while the majority of the audience was willing to applaud, it did not long for a repetition. Repeated the next Sunday, "Iberia" aroused "frenetic applause and vehement protestations."

"Ronde de Printemps" was performed for the first time at the third concert of French music in Paris early in March of this year. Debussy conducted. The composition was then described as "short, luminous, full of color, always free in form and vague, according to the habitual methods of the composer, but an ingenious use of the folk roundelay, 'We Shall Go No More Into the Woods,' gives it cohesion and unity." This composition bears a motto: "Hurrah for May, welcome be May, with its wild gonfalon," and, written in 1903, it is dedicated to Debussy's wife (his second). It is scored for three flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes, English horn, three clarinets, three bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, kettledrums, triangle, tambourine, cymbals, celesta, two harps and strings.

The other orchestral pieces to be played next week are Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and an adagio with fugue for strings by Mozart.

The latter piece has probably not been played in Boston. Mozart wrote the short adagio in July, 1788, at Vienna, and then arranged the fugue, which he had composed in December, 1783, for two pianos. Beethoven liked this fugue and wrote out the parts—in score.

Mr. Berber will play Brahms' violin concerto which he played in New York. He was born March 11, 1871, at Jena. He studied at the Dresden and Leipzig conservatories, especially with Adolf Brodsky at Leipzig. In 1899 he lived in London; from 1891 till 1896 he was concert master of an orchestra at Magdeburg, where he led a string quartet. He lived in Chemnitz (1890-8), then moved to Leipzig, and was concert master of the Gewandhaus orchestra from 1898 to 1902. In 1904 he taught at the Royal Academy of Music in Munich; in 1907 he succeeded Heermann at the Hoch Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; in 1908 he succeeded Henri Marteau at the Geneva Conservatory of Music, and he is leader there of a string quartet. He has made many concert tours in Germany, the Netherlands, Russia.

"TOSCA" SUNG IN NOTABLE MANNER

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Flora Tosca.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Constantino
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Renaud
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoleto.....Mr. Giaccone
Sclaroni.....Mr. Huddy
Un Carcereiro.....Mr. Huddy
Un Pastore.....Mrs. Fisher

The audience last evening was apparently not wholly aware of the fact that it was seeing one of the finest performances of Puccini's melodrama that have been given in Boston. It would not be extravagant to say that the performance was in the essential respects the finest. There was applause after each act; there should have been scenes of enthusiasm.

Mr. Renaud, the admirable baritone and actor, who was introduced to the Boston public by the adventurous and incomparable Oscar Hammerstein, took the part of Scarpia for the first time in this city. When Sardou's "Tosca" was first played in Paris, with Mme. Bernhardt as Flora and Berton as Scarpia, Jules Lemaitre wrote a memorable article in which, protesting against physical cruelty on the stage as the means of creating a dramatic shudder, he dubbed the playwright as the Calligula of the drama, and his puppet Baron Scarpia, "a monster without nuances." Here we have, said Lemaitre, no Richard III., Iago, Nero, all men of mind, complex, artistic characters. Scarpia is not a man at all; he is a dramatic means, an instrument to torture two victims so that frightful situations may occur.

Mr. Renaud vitalizes this puppet and humanizes him in his inhumanity. His Scarpia is first of all the incarnation of police authority and power, a sort of Javert as imagined by Victor Hugo, but without Javert's religious devotion to the law, for which he would willingly have died. This Scarpia is also a bigot and a sensualist. Not a man that pursues women, but a particular woman. He had long looked on Flora and found

desirable as the wife of a dangerous fellow, a revolutionary, and gain a mistress. How he eyed her in the church! How he gloated in thought over his triumph as she left in jealous rage! His entrance was superb. His consciousness of supreme authority was expressed not by mouthing, not by roaring at his minions. His quiet was sinister, appalling.

The second act was full of fine detail. The brute was long in showing himself. The respect and courtesy toward Flora were not hastily donned as fair garments. Scarpia was constitutionally a hypocrite. When the animal was revealed, he was seen as by a lightning flash.

The voice of Mr. Renaud has not the bloom and resonance of earlier years, but it is still a pliant and impressive organ for expression, subtle or violent. There was always the appropriate inflection for the text, the situation. The gesture was invariably significant; the pose picturesque or commanding, never simply theatrical. From beginning to end the impersonation was one of rare dramatic power.

Mme. Carmen Melis took the part of Flora so recently that it is not necessary to dwell upon the many merits and the indescribable charm of her performance. No one has played the first act here with such grace, coquetry, finesse in jealousy; with such seductive beauty and knowledge of character. For Flora was not born to be a heroine. She was a simple singer, an Italian woman, easily perplexed, passionate in love or hate. And in the second act Mme. Carmen Melis did not make the mistake of representing Flora as an insulted and furious vestal pursued by a barbarian invader.

Mr. Constantino was in excellent voice and sang with uncommon beauty of tone and genuine expression. As singer and actor he has seldom shone so brilliantly. The minor parts were well taken, the chorus was effective and Mr. Moranzoni again conducted with fire and a nice sense of proportion. The scenery and stage management were of the quality that have already established the reputation of this opera house. All in all the performance was the most interesting and memorable of the season, if not in the history of the Boston Opera House Company.

The opera Wednesday night will be Verdi's "Othello," with Mmes. Alda, Maubourg and Messrs. Slezak, Baklanoff in the chief parts. Mr. Conti will conduct.

MR. DE GOGORZA'S RECITAL.

Well Known Baritone Assisted by Robert Schmitz, Pianist.

Emilio de Gogorza, assisted by Robert Schmitz, pianist, gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. de Gogorza sang these arias and songs: Intorno al Idol mio, Cesti; Diane Impitoyable (Iphigene en Aulide); Pouvez-vous ordonner qu'un pere, Gluck; Es blinkt der Thau, Rubinstein; Feldeln-sankelt, Brahms; Deception, Tschalkowsky; Cecilia, R. Strauss; Pleine Eau, Koehlin; Procession, Franck; Lydia, Le Clmetiere, Fleur Jete, Faure; Mother o' Mine, Tours; Thou art so like a Flower, The Rose awaits the Dewdrop, Hadley; Ballad of the Bony Fiddler, Hammond; Lov's Retreat, Huhn; The Lark now leaves its Wat'ry Nest, Parker.

Mr. Schmitz played the following pieces: Chaconne, Bach-Busoni; Ker-messe Carrillonnante, Widor; Solace dans Grenade, Debussy; Toccata, Saint-Saens.

Mr. de Gogorza's reputation should have attracted a much larger audience. In some vital respects he did not yesterday sustain that reputation. The program, which would have been long enough without the assistance of a pianist, was not sufficiently varied in character. Compositions in too similar vein often followed one another.

Beauty of tone, masterful management of breath, and exquisite phrasing made noteworthy the opening air, "Intorno al Idol mio." The effective ending of Franck's "Procession," the delightful soft high passages in Tours' song, the beautiful legato of Hadley's first song, the dramatic color in Tschalkowsky's, the fervor in Huhn's and Parker's, remain in the memory. The employment of open tones sometimes destroyed the atmospheric color that the singer had successfully established. High tones were invariably foggy and emitted with great effort, and forte passages were harsh and grating. A treacherous memory and a long-continued singing below the pitch ruined Brahms' song. The final effort of a group invariably stirred the audience to applause and recalls. At the close Mr. de Gogorza added a favorite Spanish song to the program.

Mr. Schmitz could well have spared the audience the dulness and dryness of the Busoni transcription. In stressful moments his tone was inclined to degenerate into noise; but in the pieces by Debussy and Saint-Saens, by security of technic and agreeable fleetness and touch, he gave enjoyment and won a recall. As an accompanist, establishing an atmosphere at once, and ably seconding the singer in his efforts, he was sadly lacking.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE.

William Gillette Revives His Farce,
"Too Much Johnson."

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—William Gillette and company in "a highly tropical farce" known as "Too Much Johnson." Cast:

Mr. Augustus Billings.....William Gillette
Mrs. Augustus Billings.....Louise Rutter
Mrs. Upson Patterson.....Marion Abbott
Leonora Faddish.....Charles H. Bradshaw
Henry Macintosh.....Margaret Greene
Joseph Johnson, Esq.....Griffith Evans
Mona Leon Dathis.....John Milner
Frederick.....A. Romaine Callender
Purser.....Stewart Robbins
Steward's boy.....John F. Hines
Sentry Looton.....Frank Andrews
Messenger.....Frederick Wallace

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston by Sothorn and Marlowe of "As You Like It." Cast:

Duke.....Eric Blind
Frederick.....John Taylor
Amiens.....Maurice Robinson
Jacques.....Mr. Sothorn
Le Beau.....France Bendtsen
Charles.....Eric Blind
Oliver.....Sydney Mather
James.....P. J. Kelly
Orlando.....Frederick Lewis
Adam.....William Harris
Diana.....Louis Moss
Touchstone.....Albert S. Howson
Sir Oliver Martext.....Charles Howson
Phebe.....Malcolm Bradley
Rosalind.....Frederick Roland
Celia.....Rowland Buckton
Monsieur de La Plume.....Miss Marlowe
Celia.....Miss Nora Lamson
Phebe.....Miss Loretta Healy
Audrey.....Miss Leonore Chippendale

BOSTON THEATRE—Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles," a melodrama in four acts, adapted from the stories of E. W. Hornung, by Eugene W. Presbury. The cast:

Lord Amersteth.....Ernest Stallard
Lady Melrose.....Florence Paget
Lord Crawley.....Bernard Fairfax
Lady Ethel.....Jane May
Swenden Connon.....Gladya Hanwoo
Capt. Bradford.....Frank Westerton
Rushway.....Frank McCormack
Mrs. Vidal.....Jane Tyrrell
Marie.....Clare Cassel
Barclay.....Marsh Williams
Harry Manders.....Frank Connor
Raffles.....Kyrle Bellew

CASLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig Stock Company presents "The Lion and the Mouse," a play in four acts by Charles Klein. Chief members of the cast:

John Burkett Ryder.....John Craig
Teresa Ryder.....Donald Meek
Elizabeth Bagley.....George Haasell
Miss Lorraine.....Walter Walker
Judge St. John.....Bert Young
Nator Roberts.....A. L. Hickey
Mrs. John Burkett Ryder.....Mabel Coleford
Mrs. Rosamore.....Marie Curis
Miss Roberts.....Florence Shirley
Miss Rosamore.....Mary Young

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Gus Edwards's Song Review Again
Heads List of Attractions.

Gus Edwards's song review is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre again this week. The performance yesterday was well up to the standard the public had been taught to look for. It is a strong organization with Gus Edwards himself and a company of 35, mostly, as the bill truly says, girls. The girls are unmistakably there. They are pretty and sing well. The costumes are tasteful and not too cumbersome. Gus Edwards does a lot of work himself, and does it acceptably. Lillian Boardman and Irene Martin sing well, and there is much good dancing. The burglar act is an original conception, well carried out, and a series of old favorites, which wind up the entertainment, were well received yesterday.

Such a gymnastic turn as that given by Tokio Namba and his acrobats is seldom seen. The great feat is the performer's climbing of a flight of steps on his head, not using his hands. One could only marvel at the strength of neck muscles revealed. The other members of the troupe are also skillful performers. The Caucasian seems inferior to the Asiatic in this branch of art.

La Dent, the king's jester, juggles balls and bats and things with bewildering skill. He has the audience pelt him with pellets, and these he catches on a fork, the handle held in his mouth. Verona and Alfred Verdi's musical rarity is unusual and attractive.

Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson give a little comedy, "A Stormy Hour." They made it stormy enough yesterday, particularly Miss McConnell, upon whom the greater part of the work falls.

Harry L. Webb, "the man who talks and sings," talked and sang amusingly enough yesterday. The song about the U-m-I-a-Ha family was the feature of his act. Carson and Willard are a funny pair of German comedians of the usual type.

Capt. Treat's seals and sea lions show an intelligence which one is tempted to call more than human. How dumb animals, whose natural element is popularly believed to be the water, can toss balls and twirl sticks, the latter lighted at both ends, for the amusement of a vaudeville audience, is one of those things few can make out.

Moving pictures of a trip through the Canadian Rockies wind up a good

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The House with the Green Shutters," a play in four acts and six scenes, by Walter Howard. The cast:

Tom Morgan.....Arthur De Voe
Tom Lawless.....Ralph McDonald
Willie Wood.....Clark Ross
Conroy O'Carroll.....John C. Hickey
Esther Arden.....Evelyn Faber
Annie Spink.....Addie St. John
Juanita.....Lynda Earle
Nora McSwatt.....Folde Holmes
Harrigan.....J. W. Carroll

GLOBE THEATRE—Lew Dockstader and his minstrels in "The Possum Hunt Club Review"; travesties on "Pinafore" and "Chanticleer" and incidental sketches and monologues.

JOMELLI-NICHOLS CONCERT.

Soprano and Violinist Heard Together in Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, soprano, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Charles Wark was the accompanist. Mme. Jomelli sang these songs: Beach, Exaltation; Cadman, Sayonara; G. Faure, Fleur Jette; Chaminade, Sans Amour; Massenet, L'Eventail; H. Schmedes, Der Hass; E. Wolff, Erhebung; Vanzo, Ora Triste and XII. Ode da Anacreonte; Class, To you, dear Heart; Nougues, air from "Quo Vadis"; Saint-Saens, Le Bonheur est chose legere.

Miss Nichols played these pieces: Francoeur, Sonata in E minor; Sjoegren, Poeme; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance; Cui Berceuse, Novacek, Perpetuum Mobile, and an obligato to Mme. Jomelli's two last songs.

Mme. Jomelli was unfortunate in her choice of songs. The new ones, with two exceptions of Cadman's "Sayonara," were uninteresting. Those by Schmedes and Wolff were ugly in their forced intensity. Mr. Cadman's little cycle, with its use of the whole tone scale, with the accompaniment to "I Saw Thee First" based on the scale of the Samson, with the tune sung by sailors and often heard at festivals which serves as introduction to "At the Feast of the Dead" and for the accompaniment of the opening measures, has character, melodic freshness and ingenious detail. The first of Vanzo's songs is wandering and no mood is established. The second, while better constructed, made only a fleeting impression through the lightness with which it was sung. As for "Sans Amour"—Mme. Chaminade is still charming.

Mme. Jomelli was at her best in the first two groups, and she was especially effective in Mrs. Beach's song, in the cycle of Cadman and in the first group of French songs. She has a fine legato, excellent control of breath, and her attack and management of a phrase or an isolated tone are worthy of high praise. In forte passages she did not always consider the comparative smallness of the hall and its intimate acoustic properties. At times her intonation was not pure, as in "L'eventail," which in other respects she sang delightfully.

Miss Nichols has gained in freedom of expression and in emotional interpretation. Her excellent qualities of technique have long been recognized here.

Mr. Wark accompanied with much taste and with an agreeable touch.

An audience of good size showed warm appreciation, and the program, which was too long, was made longer in answer to applause.

English Play Censors

The action of the lord chamberlain in creating an advisory board to censor plays produced in England will lessen the attack on the system which some of the decisions of the present single critic have provoked. With Sir John Hare and Squire Bancroft on the board, the players will be well represented. Sir Edward Henry Carson can admirably guard the board from all legal entanglements. Prof. Walter Raleigh is one of the most competent of Oxford's makers of literature. The greater freedom with which social problems touching sex are dealt with by contemporary dramatists, some of the frankest of whom are British, has forced public officials to consider action that was unnecessary a few years ago.

The contention of those who have attacked the single censor system has been that this oversight should be based on something more than ordinary talents and conventional standards. Critics have insisted that if there is to be any censorship it should come from persons who know something about literature and the stage as well as about law and ethics. And at last they have won their cause.

The whims and caprices of the censor in London, his strange prudishness in certain instances, his equally strange tolerance in other cases—these have for a long time kindled laughter even in the breasts of the censored. See, for example, the objection recently made by the censor to Laurence Housman's drama, "Pains and Penalties"; that George IV. was treated disrespectfully. As a matter

of fact, the censored monarch is not on the stage at all and his name is not mentioned; but the heroine is Queen Caroline; and pity is excited for her. It is as though she were now living and suffering, so modern is the story in the dramatic treatment. When the play was read to an audience a little over a fortnight ago in London, the scenes introducing her and her lawyers were so vivid that the audience, to use the words of the Times, submitted to the illusion and forgot "the less emotional judgment of history." Was there danger in this? Would an audience in a theatre be tempted to run riot against the House of Lords or the throne? Besides, "the judgment of history" is not always to be respected, and the question of the Queen's guilt was never positively determined.

VERDI'S "OTHELLO" AGAIN WELCOMED

Large Audience Roused to Enthusiasm by Artistic Repetition in Boston Opera House.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Othello." Mr. Conti conducted.

Othello.....Mr. Slezak
Iago.....Mr. Baklanoff
Cassio.....Mr. Giacomone
Rodrigo.....Mr. Stroesco
Lodovico.....Mr. Mardones
Montano.....Mr. Pulcini
A Herald.....Mr. Huddy
Desdemona.....Mme. Alda
Emilia.....Mme. Maubourg

Mr. Baklanoff, it is said, took the part of Iago for the first time. If this was the case, his performance was highly creditable, for the part is one of the most taxing in all opera. Mr. Maurel, who was the first to play it, gives an entertaining account of how Verdi labored with him at rehearsals, and at that time Mr. Maurel was probably the most accomplished actor on the operatic stage. The music is constantly wedded to the text. There is a continual demand for color and infinite nuances for the sake of dramatic expression. Many of us have heard singers, successful and applauded in other operas, make a sad mess of Iago; and if the music is sung with true significance, the personality of the actor is not always commanding.

Furthermore there is Shakespeare's Iago in the mind of the spectator. When a play "Gerfaut" was produced in Paris based on the novel of Charles de Bernard, the critic Sarcey began his review by saying that the novel for the purposes of a dramatic critic considering the play, did not exist; that the play should be judged wholly as an independent, self-existing work. This is a safe and sound rule, to be observed in the great majority of cases. But Boito, the librettist of "Othello," followed Shakespeare closely, beginning with the scene in Cyprus, and his only interpolation of any moment is Iago's creed, which is explanatory of the Ancient's character. Seeing the operatic Iago, the spectator at once recalls famous Iagos he has seen in the tragedy and remembers the many essays concerning the villain with inquiries and suggestions as to the true motive for his plotting.

The operatic Iago, then, must be a well-graced, experienced, subtle actor and a singularly accomplished singer. It is not fair to expect of any young singer a ripe, well-rounded, authoritative impersonation of this character. Mr. Baklanoff has shown during his engagement at the Boston Opera House decided skill in the characterization of parts. Never has he been merely Mr. Baklanoff seen in a part identified by a familiar costume and familiar melodies. He has his own ideas and he works out his own psychological conceptions. His Tonio, for example, is unlike other Tonios. His Escamillo, to take another instance, is more plausible, more convincing than any other Escamillo that has been seen in Boston. But the character of Iago is more complete than that of other baritone heroes or villains in opera.

The old question arises: How far should the actor in such a part take the audience into his confidence? Surely, Iago was not a scowling, melodramatic fellow, with a face marked for the executioner. Othello would have seen through him at once, and Othello was by nature neither shrewd nor suspicious. Should Iago, apparently a gay and honest fellow in company with his colleagues, drop the mask as soon as he is alone with the audience? Johnny Albaugh, the elder, used to toss the handkerchief and catch it deftly when he spoke of trifles, light as air, and his audiences were impressed by this bit of business.

Iago was outwardly a good fellow. He would have been welcome at a club. His reputation for honesty and sincerity

was a byword. No one knew him thoroughly except perhaps his wife. Mr. Baklanoff succeeded in presenting these characteristics in the scene where Iago walks and talks with Cassio that

Othello may have the ocular proof. I would have been well if Mr. Baklanoff had shown more lightness in the earlier scenes with Othello. If he had not gone at his diabolical business with such seriousness and intensity. It would also have been well if he had colored more artfully his music in those scenes. In his recitatives and in melodic phrases his voice was too monochromatic. There was a lack of varied inflection; there was too much direct manly, vigorous singing.

These things are said by way of encouragement, and not to discourage singer who is justly a favorite. As have said, Mr. Baklanoff's impersonation was creditable. It was often interesting, at times forcible, and there was abundant evidence of thoughtful ness in the composition of the part, and adherence to a well-determined plan. No doubt this impersonation will ripen and gain in subtlety and vigor with repeated performances, for Mr. Baklanoff, fortunately for his own career, is self-critical and not fatuously satisfied with the applause of the crowd.

Mr. Slezak and Mme. Alda were seen here in their respective parts, and it is not necessary to speak of them in detail or of the performance as a whole. It may be said, however, that the part of Cassio was not adequately filled, and that the intonation in the finale of the third act was unsatisfactory. Nor was the orchestral performance so well proportioned and euphonious as it was last week. The duet at the end of the second act again excited hearty applause, and there were many recalls.

The opera on Friday night will be Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," with Mmes. Nordica, Czaplinska and Bonheur, and Messrs. Constantino, Galeffi and Mardones as the chief singers.

The repertory of next week will be as follows: Monday night, "The Barber of Seville," with Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino, Fornari, Tavecchia and Sibirakoff; Wednesday night, "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Nielsen and Fornia and Messrs. Jadowker, Blanchard, Giacomone, Pulcini and Perini; Friday evening, "L'Enfant Prodigue," with Miss Nielsen, Messrs. Lassalle and Blanchard; the second scene of Rachmaninoff's "Miser Knight," with Mr. Baklanoff and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Carmen Melis and Czaplinska and Messrs. McCormack and Fornari; Saturday afternoon, "Faust," with Mmes. Nordica and Swartz and Messrs. Jadowker, Sibirakoff and Baklanoff; Saturday evening, "La Boheme," with Mmes. Nielsen and Camporelli and Messrs. McCormack, Fornari, Mardones and Pulcini.

MR. GILLETTE ACTS FINELY.

Presence of Sherlock Holmes Intrusive at Intervals Only.

HOLLIS STREET—William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy."

Maj.-Gen. H. K. Stamburg.....William Riley Hatch
Col. Harvey Brant.....Clifford Bruce
Lieut. Gordon Hayne.....A. Romaine Callender
Brigade Surgeon Fielding.....John Milner
Thomas H. Bean.....William Gillette
Uncle Rufus.....Charles H. Bradshaw
Eunice McCreery.....Louise Rutter
Susan McCreery.....Josephine Brown
Sarah McCreery.....Marie Wainwright

In these days of problem plays the jaded theatre goer is not sorry to sit for an evening with mind unperturbed by harassing psychological situations, while he beholds the course of guileless affection, with stirring war scenes for a setting, calculated to prod the enthusiasm of the mildly patriotic.

The play last evening, which demanded an excellence of ensemble, rather than dependence upon the actions of the persons most intimately concerned in the drama, was finely staged and excellently performed.

While Mr. Gillette's part was comparatively a small one he did fine work, and only at momentary intervals was the presence of Sherlock Holmes intrusive.

Mr. Callender played forcefully and with dignity, while Mr. Bruce was a chivalric lover and a gallant soldier. Miss Rutter was charming as Eunice, and Miss Brown was vivacious. Especially to be praised was Mr. Bradshaw's admirable impersonation of Uncle Rufus, the negro butler. The supporting company was in all respects adequate. The large audience gave evidence of its appreciation by frequent applause.

'ROMEO AND JULIET'

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothorn-Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." The cast:

Chorus.....William Harris
Escalus.....Miss Thelen
Paris.....Albert S. Howson
Montague.....Malcolm Bradley

John Taylor	Charles Howson
Frederick Lewis	Eric Blund
Sydney Mather	John Taylor
Thomas Coleman	Frederick Lewis
Frederick Roland	Frederick Roland
Francis Bentzen	Francis Bentzen
P. J. Kelly	P. J. Kelly
Rowland Buckstone	Rowland Buckstone
Ernest Shuclear	Ernest Shuclear
Malcolm Brandley	Malcolm Brandley
Blond and Blond	Blond and Blond
Harry Rabon	Harry Rabon
Miss Leonora Chippendale	Miss Leonora Chippendale
Miss Alma Kruger	Miss Alma Kruger
Miss Marlowe	Miss Marlowe
Miss Eucenia Woodward	Miss Eucenia Woodward
Miss Katharine Wilson	Miss Katharine Wilson

FELIX BERBER'S BOSTON DEBUT

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Felix Berber, violinist, now of Geneva, Switzerland, played in Boston for the first time. The program was as follows:

Adagio and Fugue for strings.....Mozart
Concerto for violin.....Brahms
Rondes de Printemps.....Debussy
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss

Mozart once wrote a fugue for two pianos, and five years afterward arranged it for strings and composed a prelude to it. This music was heard here yesterday probably for the first time. The introductory adagio has a certain impressive character, a sombre stateliness. The fugue is not interesting; in fact, one might speak of it as the sceptical spoke of the jumping frog in Mark Twain's story, and fall to see any distinguishing points.

Great composers and authors suffer cruelly after their death from the mistaken piety of those who take early works, or the inferior works of later years, from the sepulchre and call upon the world to do reverence. Their piety sometimes takes the form of publishing trivial, peevish letters that show the great man was, after all, a sorry mortal, and not the hero far removed from the world, its snares and temptations, its envy and petty malice. Or they publish a complete edition and ransack the waste basket and the old trunk in the garret. It is hard to say which of the three is the most injurious to the fame of a composer—the complete edition, the letters that should have been burned, or ghastly exhumation.

Mr. Berber, who studied with Brodsky and others, has filled honorable positions as concert master, and in 1908 succeeded Henri Marteau at the Geneva Conservatory of Music. He chose for his first appearance in Boston the concerto by Johannes Brahms. Only a commanding violinist of the very first rank can make this concerto endurable to ears of flesh and blood. Mr. Berber is in many respects an excellent violinist. His technique is highly developed, his tone is agreeable, it has character; he phrases with fine musical understanding; nor would it be fair to say that he is a violinist rather than interpreter through the medium of a violin.

His performance of the first movement was admirable; it was singularly clear, and that which is inherently eloquent in the concerto was fully brought before the audience. His performance of the two other movements was not so distinguished, although it had quality. Toward the end of the Adagio he slackened the pace so that he seemed to falter as though distrustful of his memory. An excellent performance as violin playing and as a display of musical intelligence; but there was no profound impression made, there was no revelation of unsuspected beauty, no soaring flight.

The violinist was never greater than the concerto, nor did he always persuade the hearer for the moment that the concerto is a masterpiece. The accompaniment was often not sufficiently subdued. Mr. Berber was applauded with a warmth unusual at these afternoon concerts, especially when the character of the concerto is taken into consideration.

Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps," the third and last of the composer's "Images," was composed in 1909 and first played in Paris last March. In this roundelay Debussy took for his chief musical idea the old French song of children at play "Nous n'irons plus au bois"; but the hearer must be well acquainted with this folk-tune to recognize it in the metamorphoses of the ingenious Debussy. This roundelay has been likened to the song of the forest rejoicing in the Spring.

It is not easy to form a definite opinion of the "Rondes de Printemps" after the performance of yesterday. It was evident that the orchestra was none too familiar with the music, that the players had not been sufficiently rehearsed. There was not the necessary abandon, elasticity, gay continuity, spontaneous

ness. The music is difficult, the score abounds in the most delicate nuances.

Although the performance was not poetic, although this charmingly vaporous music lacked atmosphere, a hearer was able to infer that the "Rondes de Printemps" is worthy of the composer of "L'Après-Midi d'un faune" and "Pelléas et Mélisande." There are some who have been led to believe by some of Debussy's later piano pieces that he is now a victim of "post-impressionism"; that he is to music what Paul Gauguin is to painting. It was Gauguin who said that in art there are only revolutionaries and plagiarists, and Debussy seemed to even his fervent admirers a seceder from Debussysm, seeking some new form of beauty. "Post-impressionism" has been defined as "a new recognition of the secret of Velasquez, that natural objects cannot be depicted as they exist in reality, but only as they appeal to the spirit of the individual; that their emotional significance—the bowl that links man to his surroundings—can be expressed only by a full confession of personal experience, and not by the adoption of any arbitrary convention of lines or spaces or colors."

It matters not whether Debussy be an Impressionist or a Post-Impressionist—the fact remains that he is still writing exquisite music. Some who have been perplexed by his preceding compositions, but have become familiar with his manner of speech, will find the "Rondes de Printemps" clearer defined by means of the recurring main idea, though it is artfully veiled. To appreciate the music fully, there must be other performances, for mere reading the score will not satisfy even the imaginative. Yet the imaginative yesterday hearing the pedestrian performance were conscious of hints and flashes of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of the Transfiguration theme in its development by Richard Strauss, and there were other fine moments in the quieter episodes of the tone-poem. Mr. Fiedler's passion for excessive speed did harm to the music descriptive of Death's attack on the sick man. "Allegro molto agitato" does not mean that the pace should be so fast that phrases lose significance and skilled musicians cannot play the notes. The commentators speak of the "Fever motive." It appeared yesterday that the poor wretch was suffering from galloping consumption. For once the motive of Death given to the trombones was not appalling.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Tchaikovsky, Symphony in E minor, No. 6; Mozart, recitative and aria, "Dove Sono," from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Delius, "Brigg Fair: an English Rhapsody" (first time here); Thomas, Mad Scene from "Hamlet"; Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz." Mme. Melba will sing for the only time in Boston this season.

NORDICA IN "LA GIOCONDA."

Crowded Opera House Gives Singer Enthusiastic Welcome.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Mr. Conti conducted. La Gioconda.....Lillian Nordica
Laura.....Maria Claessens
Enzo.....Celine Bonheur
Barnaba.....Florence Constantine
Alvise.....Carlo Galeffi
Mr. Perini

Nov 27 1910

'TROVATORE' WELL MOUNTED

Boston Opera House Production Surpasses the Usual Presentation.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Conti conducted.

Manrico.....Mr. Slezak
The Count de Luna.....Mr. Perini
Ferrando.....Mr. Giaccone
Ruiz.....Mme. Villani
Leonora.....Miss Fisher
Ines.....Miss Claessens
Azucena.....Mme. Claessens

"Il Trovatore" has never been put on the stage in this city with so great attention to scenery, costumes, stage management, as at the Boston Opera House, and seldom is this opera so well mounted in any theatre. It is true that the opera does not depend largely on the sumptuous or appropriate performances. We all have heard thrilling performances when the scenery was ludicrously inadequate; and Verdi's music has shaken the souls of the hearer when the singers were of only mediocre ability. The vitality, the passion of this music is still amazing. Hand organs have not made the airs vulgar; amateurs with all their efforts have not stripped them of their savage beauty. It is not impossible that "Il Trovatore" will be performed when Puccini will be known chiefly as one of the group of Italians that followed Verdi; a name with the names of his operas in music encyclopedias, operas attributed by careless students to Leoncavallo or Mascagni, while Puccini may be confounded with Gluck's contemporary Pielini.

The performance yesterday was evi-

dently better than the average, and should have been much better. It is true that Mme. Villani was unknown here, but Mr. Slezak should have been a magnet in Europe and now in America he is reckoned among the leading tenors. Nor is Leonora the chief woman in the opera. Azucena is the heroine, one of the most picturesquely dramatic figures in all operas. Unfortunately there are no striking Azucenas today on the stage, and, saying this, I am not unmindful of the fact that Mme. Homer takes the part of the gypsy and sings some of the music pleasingly; but Azucena is a tragic character and the part demands a powerful actress.

Mr. Slezak is one of the very best Manricos that have been on the Boston stage. There have been Manricos who sang the Tower song with melting tones and made a sad mess of "Di quella pira." Mierzwinski had upper tones like a trumpet and in the trio of the first act his high D flat was incredibly brilliant, never to be forgotten, but his general phrasing was unmusical and tasteless, and his intonation was often false. Tamagno was incomparable in respect to sheer volume of tone and amazing resonance in "Di quella pira," but he sang the romance in the first act and the Tower song abominably, with white bleating tones which usually had little relation to the orchestral pitch. Or if another's Manrico was fairly acceptable as a singer, he moved indifferently through the scenes, a man of arias and waits between them, and thus proved himself to be an operatic tenor of the Italian school, ready for applause, and in some instances thoughtfully providing for it by the judicious distribution of free tickets. For the claque is an old and cherished institution, and we all have seen and see its beneficent workings.

Mr. Slezak is a heroic tenor who can also be purely lyrical. He sang yesterday "Di quella pira" with dramatic effect, and he sang it; he did not bawl it; he respected Verdi's musical sentences and gave them due importance; he did not slur them and play tricks with the rhythm merely for the sake of the applause-compelling high notes. There were charming moments in the prison scene, moments of lyric tenderness, as there was fine expression in his delivery of "Ah si, ben mio," which some nominally heroic but inwardly cowardly tenors omit, and their cowardice is wisdom. Furthermore Mr. Slezak succeeded in making Manrico a man; he did not leave him a lay figure. He respected his colleagues; he acted with them; he was not as one standing aloof and saying to the audience, "Be patient; they will be through in five or ten minutes; then I'll have another chance to show you what I can do." Would that there were more tenors like him!

Mme. Luisa Villani sang for the first time in Boston. According to report she was born in San Francisco of Italian parents. Three years ago she began

singing in Italy. She was a member of the Italian opera company at the Academy of Music, New York, and afterward sang in Havana and Mexico. Her voice is an agreeable one without special distinction; she is a singer of moderate ability and an actress who does not stray from conventional grooves. Mme. Claessens as Azucena was unsatisfactory in the second act by reason of her explosive singing, her accentuation of every first note of a measure, her vocal failings. In the third act she improved and acted with vigor. She was still better in the prison scene, where she sang effectively.

Mr. Galeffi's voice wobbled during his first meeting with Manrico. He sang "Il balen" badly, very badly. Later he declaimed his recitatives intelligently, and in the last act he had fair control of his voice. Mr. Perini as Ferrando was a rude soldier, especially rude in song. In the old days Ferrando wore a sinister slouch hat and the chorus in the first act was composed of servants, naturally not in armor, and a few soldiers. Mr. Giaccone actually gave character to the part of Ruiz. The chorus did excellent work. Mr. Conti conducted with spirit and was fortunate in his choice of tempi. Mme. Villani should have followed his indication of pace in "Tacea la notte" and not cheapened the quietly beautiful measures by hurrying them so that any contrast with the more emotional section of the air was impossible.

There were frequent applause and there were many curtain calls after the third and fourth acts.

"FAUST" AT OPERA HOUSE.

Gounod's Work Produced by Company at Popular Prices.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Faust." Grand opera in four acts, with prologue, by Gounod.

Faust.....Robert Lassalle
Mephistopheles.....Leon Sibirakoff
Valentine.....George Backhouse
Wagner.....Pierre Letol
Marguerite.....Frances Alda
Siebel.....Jeska Swartz
Martha.....Anne Roberts

"HAMLET" AT THE SHUBERT.

Sothern and Marlowe Give Impressive Performance of Tragedy.

SHUBERT THEATRE—H. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "Hamlet." The cast:
Claudius.....Eric Blund
Hamlet.....Mr. Sothern
Polonius.....John Taylor
Laertes.....Sydney Mather
Horatio.....Frederick Lewis
Osrile.....Francis Bentzen
Rosencrantz.....Frederick Roland
Guildenstern.....P. J. Kelly
A Priest.....Arthur Sherman
Marcellus.....Albert S. Howson
Bernardo.....Arthur Lester
Francisco.....Paul Morton
Reynaldo.....William McCoombs
First Player.....Thomas Coleman
Second Player.....Malcolm Brandley
First Gravedigger.....Rowland Buckstone
Second Gravedigger.....Charles Howson
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.....William Harris
Fortinbras.....Mariano Tilden
Gertrude.....Miss Alma Kruger
Ophelia.....Miss Marlowe
Player Queen.....Miss Leonora Chippendale

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE

T. D. Since The Herald inquired curiously last Sunday into the significance of the letters "T. D."

stamped on the ordinary clay pipe, there has been discussion far and wide. No subject has so excited attention; not even the question of removing hats at Symphony concerts; not even the passionate prematureness of Mr. Foss. Children at school have worn out the patience of teachers; contractors have respectfully consulted day laborers; there has been verbal agitation in clubs, factories, offices, wherever men do congregate; Uncle Amos vainly sought light at the village store, nor could he learn anything from the hired man or the stone mason.

The Herald has received letters, some of them dogmatic in tone, some romantic, some irrelevant—as the one from the owner of a plantation in the Green Springs region, Va., who writes: "There is only one clay pipe worthy the notice of any smoker; the bowl is of red Virginia clay and there is a long fig stem."

E. W. H. of Boston writes: "Anent 'T. D.'s' Thomas Davidson is a manufacturer of clay pipes in Glasgow, Scot., and so were his father and his grandfather, both of the same name, before him. Some of his pipes are marked with a big T. D. on the bowl; some of them with a smaller T. D. on the side of the stem, with a 'Glasgow' on the other side; and some of them are not marked at all. He used to be up on Parliamentary road, and I forget how many million pipes he makes per annum. Twenty years ago I used to sell him coal."

This letter is concise and it would seem conclusive to all save Doubting Thomases. It is as calm as a patent office report. It has the authority of a judgment handed down from the supreme court, and yet the passing mention of pleasant and profitable personal relationship between the manufacturer and the writer turns the letter into what the de Goncourts and Zola were fond of calling a human document. And Thomas Davidson is a mouth-filling, dignified name, one that would guarantee the worth of any pipe. There was a Thomas Davidson whose "Cantus: Songs and Fancies," published at Aberdeen in 1666, was for a time supposed erroneously to be the first collection in which Scottish songs were found. There was a Rev. Thomas Davidson who published a volume of sermons in 1749.

But when did a Thomas Davidson first stamp a clay pipe with his initials?

The Herald alluded last Sunday to the belief of some that the Legend initials "T. D." were those of Timothy Dexter. "C. J. H. W." writes in anecdotal vein: "I would state that Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, embittered first by the refusal of the town of Salisbury, where he had a currying shop, obtained through foreclosure of mortgage, I believe, to make him Duke of Salisbury, and the further ignominy of the Legislature of Massachusetts declining to create him Lord Timothy Dexter, declared that he would have his name in every man's mouth within a year, and forthwith made a contract with a manufacturer of clay pipes, for a consideration taken from the 'high 2 ton of silver' which he confessed in the 'Pickle' for the Knowing Ones, to mark every clay pipe for a year with the initials 'T. D.' The pipes were found to be good ones, and the demand was created for 'T. D.' pipes, and all makers of that style so mark their pipes to this day. This is the story as given me by an old Newburyport lady, who presented me with a copy of the 'Pickle for the Knowing Ones,' and I do not know that it has ever been printed."

"I have tried for years to see a copy of the first edition of his 'Pickle,' as he states at the end of the text: 'Now fonder Mister Printer some folks

put down and stops and I put in here so they may pepper and pepper as they please, and then follows a lot of punctuation marks.

The editions of the 'Pickle' after the first, may have been without punctuation marks, but it is not now unique, as since the lesson of the 'semi-colon' law, many legal instruments, for example, railroad leases, etc., are devoid of punctuation marks.

And yet this glory of American letters is ignored by some, openly flouted. The laborious S. Austin Allibone devoted 1½ columns of his 'Dictionary of Authors' to the Meredith Reads of Philadelphia, Pa., and mentioned, with ill-concealed emotion, the younger's 'Relation of the Soil to Plants and Animals; the Fourth Annual Address Before the Agricultural Society of Warren County, N. Y.' also his occasional poems contributed to the newspapers and inspired no doubt by moved to Albany, but he says not a word about T. Dexter.

Were there no good day pipes before the Davidsons or Lord Tim-Backward othy? There should be something about pipes in Maginn's 'Maxims of Odorherty,' but when the learned, witty, reckless doctor wrote these maxims he had been converted from pipes to cigars—say rather he was an apostate. Quantum mutatus ah illo! How different from the younger Maginn, who wrote the praise of tobacco which, some think, Byron cribbed. Here is a stanza from Maginn's poem:

Pipe! Whether plain in fashion or F.V.-herr, Or guinea gathering in the taste of Boor, Deep-darkened meerschaum or sun-dinner, Or snovy clay of Gouda, light and pure, Not different to people different pipes prefer, Be it Barn, or catgut, long, short, older, newer, Puff, every brother, as it likes him best, The gouda non disputandum est.

'Gouda,' is, of course, Gouda, or Tir Gouga, a Dutch town long celebrated for its staple commodities, hicks and clay pipes, while the cher, named after the town is less in favor. Maginn's poem was published in Blackwoods in 1848. Surely if the T. D. had then been famous, he would have mentioned the fact. Did any English importer from Gouda insist on the two initials? Was Grandfather Davidson 'T. D.-ing' his pipes in 1848?

Amory's 'Life and Adventures of John Bull' was published in 1773-66. There is a record of Mr. Gouda's wonderful pipe, which he drank as in hand,

"that in seven glasses so paced between the fingers of his right hand that in drinking the liquor fell into the next glass, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. . . . He did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart poured in as from pitcher to pitcher, Mark it is still more extraordinary feat: 'When he smoked tobacco he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils.' A fine fellow, then, our old friend Capt. Hook in 'Peter Pan,' with his three cigars going in a holder! Did Mr. Gallop know the T. D.?

Maginn in the poem just quoted sings: 'I've no objections to a good cigar. A fine Havana smooth, and moist and ripe way.'

But then the smoke's too near the eye by far And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling down.

This looks as though he smoked a long clay. Now the true, typical T. D. is short though not necessarily a cutty, a nose warmer, a "brule-gouda," as our volatile French neighbors say.

For questions suggested by the T. D. are burning ones; but our pipe is now nearly out.

Certain Facts of Great Value

Students at Columbia have been experimenting to ascertain the dietetic qualities of tobacco. "We have found that our Havana cigar contains as much nourishment as three pounds of beef-steak." It is not uncommon in villages to hear men in the store ask for "cutting tobacco," sagely preferring plug to line-cut. And years ago tobacco was recommended as a substitute for food. James Howell in 1633 noticed this.

"In Barbary and other parts of Africa, the wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do; for those who use to ride Post through the sandy Desert, where they meet not with anything that's Potable or Edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small Balls, or Pills of Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual supply of food, and takes off the Edge of the Appetite for some days."

Mr. Eugene Heavysage writes to the Herald: "I understand that Police Commissioner O'Meara's recent order for the roasting of meat on a spit, or the spit in any way in an 18th-century style, is correct in this? Yes, it is, and in restaurants it is respected and

in broomsticks. Nature herself will soon be reproached for her spits of land.

Robert Burns has inspired many composers; and it is commonly thought that he was fond of music; but there are contemptuous allusions to fiddlers in 'The Jolly Beggars' and Mr. Alexander P. Browne calls attention to a passage in Burns's correspondence: "To add to my misfortunes, since dinner a scraper has been torturing catgut in sounds that would have insulted the dying agonies of a sow under the hands of a butcher, and thinks himself on that very account exceeding good company." Burns today would hardly be the man for a violin recital, with an admired concerto or sonata, melting airs, dazzling caprices and impudent transcriptions.

MAX HEINRICH'S VIEW OF SINGERS

By PHILIP HALE.

Max Heinrich has written a book about the art of singing and the art of interpretation. This book is entitled "Correct Principles of Classical Singing," and according to the good old fashion, there is a sub-title, which might serve in a measure as a table of contents: "Containing essays on choosing a teacher; the art of singing, et cetera; together with an interpretative key to Handel's 'Messiah' and Schubert's 'Die schoene Muellerin.'" The publishers are Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. of Boston.

This book might be divided into two parts, destructive and constructive; for Mr. Heinrich is happy in his attacks on shams, pretensions, teachers who insist that the pupil should feel tone vibrating in the left leg, possessors of the secrets known to the old Italian teachers, fashionable teachers, and all those that turn out an artist in six lessons; and the lessons on the "Messiah" and Schubert's cycle should be of great value to singers, amateur and professional, and also to concert-goers of a discriminative nature.

Mr. Heinrich first of all comments on the unwillingness of the singer, who is already before the public, to study with some visiting master lest he might thereby impair his commercial value. It is not so with the violinist pianist. The singer's fear is not groundless. "To the ordinary lover of music it appears quite easy to sing well, having a good voice, all the singer seems to have to do is to open his mouth, speak the words, sing the tune (as he calls the melodic progression), look pleasant, or fierce, as the text perchance demands. It is difficult to convince the ordinary concert-goer that great artistic singing is quite as difficult and needs fully as much serious study as great artistic violin or piano playing; the human voice having an attraction quite its own, establishes the fact that the average concert-goer would rather prefer to hear an inferior singer than a great instrumentalist." Many singers please the audience, give it greater pleasure, in fact, by voice and good looks than by brains. Mr. Heinrich remembers the performance of a celebrated singer, "her 250 pounds of 'Avondulops' enclosed in a short-sleeved, fiery red gown, singing Schubert's immortal 'Wohn' in an intentionally comic vein, in a tempo almost as fast again as intended, raising her cumbersome arms during the closing measures as if some invisible spirit tickled her ribs—all to the rapturous delight of her audience, who proclaimed it a wonderfully beautiful and artistic performance, and not for one moment saw an insult to the composer in it."

There was a famous piano teacher in Berlin, singularly skilled in giving his pupils technique, who once said to me that he could take any man in the street and if this man would only obey him, he would have an excellent technique at the end of two years. But this teacher added: "I don't say that he will play the piano well. The chances would be 1000 to one against it; but he would have mechanical proficiency."

Mr. Heinrich quotes a statement made by some teacher in a music magazine: "I can make anyone sing, I don't care if the pupil is 60 years old, or 65, it makes no difference, if he has brains. No, he doesn't even have to have brains; if he'll only follow me like a parrot! If he'll only use my brains, I'll make him sing!" This seems absurd, preposterous. The man must have been a quack. And yet Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, who is far from being a quack, who is however a Welsh mystic, and from taking the part of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio so many times really at last took himself to be the prophet—this same Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, in his prime an admirable singer and interpreter, wrote strange things in his book "The Singing of the Future." Thus in New York he lectured on "voice" and said to the audience that he should like to have a singing pupil, a man who had no

voice and had never sung, but he should be fairly musical and know how to obey. A man presented himself. At the first lesson only a jugular gurgle was the result. "At the second lesson," writes Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, "this pupil sang a song by Franz respectfully and in six weeks he could sing with a fairly crisp and sympathetic voice, arias from 'The Creation,' 'Messiah,' 'Elijah,' etc." It is true that the pupil was "a Harvard graduate and a lawyer of distinction," nevertheless his progress was remarkable. Mr. Heinrich does not quote this case, which might have served as an illuminative footnote. No one who knows Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies can doubt his sincerity in making the statement or his belief in the swift advance of his pupil.

When Mr. Heinrich says that the great majority of published "methods on the art of singing" have no special value, for no one of them can guide a pupil to a well defined goal "unless explained and exemplified anew by a competent teacher," he is not extravagant. It matters not whether the method be by a Tosi or a Lamperti, a Mancini or a Marchesi. The explanation of the teacher may fall, "for the reason that many teachers of the art of singing are unable to give it, because they themselves do not grasp the principle, cannot find the kernel, or else cannot find words, ways and means lucidly to illustrate it." And here Mr. Heinrich is speaking of conscientious and capable teachers; "not of such as, weary of a position behind the dry goods counter, possessing frequently a naturally good voice (always, however, a large amount of self-appreciation), take a course of 20 or 40 lessons from some teacher, good, bad or indifferent, imbibing during such course a smattering of knowledge and phrases of learned sound, which shall be finally inflicted upon their prospective pupils on all possible occasions. Not yet having these, a so-called benefit concert is arranged, the receipts of which shall make a summer's trip to Europe feasible (generally to France or Italy, where again their inadequate acquaintance with the language precludes a thorough understanding of the subjects to be learned and digested), taking there perhaps 10 or 20 lessons of one or two accredited masters. Finally, returning to the home shore and placing a well made likeness in the musical papers, they impose themselves upon an unsophisticated public as teachers of the art of singing in a college, in a town or in a richly appointed studio in the metropolis." This quotation will give a fair idea of the frankness of Mr. Heinrich's style.

How should a beginner find a teacher? For voice production and voice placing

he should seek out a teacher who has won a well deserved reputation "either through recommendation by well known artists or by hearing his pupils sing." An intelligent student will soon know whether his teacher is competent. Mr. Heinrich thinks that two years of diligent study with a good master are enough to form forever the habit of correct use of the voice. If the student wishes to sing in Italian, French or German opera he should turn to teachers of those nationalities. If his aim be oratorio, an American, English or German teacher well versed in that style of singing but if the study of the German classics he has ambition he should study with a German, and even among the German teachers and singers, "the want of a thorough knowledge of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Strauss, Wolf and others is often woefully conspicuous, and it is astounding to observe to what degree of gross ignorance and deliberate changing of the original masterpiece the singers of that nationality sometimes consent to expose themselves."

Hook learning, the study of treatises, a knowledge of physiology—these never yet made an artist. The student should possess a good voice, good health and physique. He should educate his mind. Above all he should learn the piano and increase his musical knowledge.

Here is a definition: "Correct voice placing gives the student the ability to sing the entire range of a given voice in such a manner that the passing from one register (so called) to another shall not be observable, shall take place without exposing the much and justly feared 'break,' so that the entire range of that voice is sung with the ease, resonance and beauty of tone belonging to the natural, easy, resonant and beautiful tones of that voice." Voice production is of close kin, but deals more with the "quality" of tone. To the acquiring student, it is science; to the imparting teacher it is art, "gained by experience, capability of judging tone color, and a musically trained ear." A teacher should study the vocal resources and the individuality of each pupil.

And what is method, that sorely abused word? "Method is the offspring of experiment and experience, grown into healthy judgment, nursed at the bosom of many years of intelligent observation of the manifold aspects which every individual voice presents, a capability of discerning the correct from the incorrect manner of the use of each

individual voice, made keen by former errors and mistakes, and profiting even by them, leading the pupil to an ultimate success compatible with his more or less pronounced natural ability."

The chapters on "Breath Control," "Phrasing and Diction," "Tone Color" and "Personality" are full of valuable hints to pupil and teacher. Mr. Heinrich points out how absurd and wretched translations are often ruinous to poetic phrasing. Sometimes the composer himself is the singer's enemy.

The first definition of "tone color" is "absolutely pure vowelism." The pupil should pay the strictest attention to ordinary speech in daily conversation. Listen to your neighbor talking. "Not one vowel pure and clean; consonants (the cement of vowels) swallowed by the hundreds; a slovenly, careless construction of nearly each and every sentence, not because of ignorance, but because of this fateful 'laissez aller' that makes many a student say 'I ben' instead of 'I have been,' 'fother' instead of 'father,' 'gurrel' instead of 'girl,' and innumerable such errors."

A personality that is the divine gift of the great artist cannot be "created"; but in some cases a personality may be evolved by study and application into a stronger out of the weaker. Thus "the soft-headed male singer (if he be not too far gone) will in a measure succeed in infusing some life, some character, into his singing."

The illustrations from "The Messiah," given in musical notation and with Mr. Heinrich's instructive comments, are prefaced by a short discussion of the art of singing recitative in oratorio. "Here, in the land of the 'Star' system, any singer with a name in concert or in opera is suddenly evolved into an oratorio singer, though he may not have the slightest conception of that particular and peculiar art form, and hardly more than the rudiments of the English or the German language at his command, and the sad (albeit often ludicrous) stories I might tell of the efforts of many opera singers with whom I have appeared in oratorio would fill a book." And yet there have been exceptions, Mr. Heinrich. Never have I heard "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart" and "Behold and See" in "The Messiah" sung with such noble simplicity and unexaggerated pathos as by Italo Campanini when he had passed the zenith of his power and fame.

These comments on recitatives and arias in "The Messiah" are characterized not only by fine taste, but by an intimate knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome by the singer. The introductory notes of the songs of Schubert's cycles and the directions for the fitting and poetic interpretation are full of the "lovely enthusiasm," to use one of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's pet phrases—that distinguished Mr. Heinrich's singing of these songs.

Mr. Heinrich is not the first to be a guide to the singer in the matter of interpretation. Stephen de La Madelaine in the sixties published his "Etudes pratiques de style vocal," in two volumes, exhaustive studies of certain arias. Heinrich Dorn in like manner wrote finely descriptive articles on Agathe's air in "Der Freischutz" and an air of Susanna in "Le Nozze di Figaro," in

which the airs are studied nearly measure by measure. Then there is the admirable series, "Ecole Classique du Chant," with the editing and comments by the late Pauline Viardot. But Mr. Heinrich's comments on Schubert's songs are as though he again were singing in his own inimitable manner the melodies that, coming from the heart, moved the heart of the hearer. As an interpreter, Mr. Heinrich has both emotion and brains. These characteristics of his art are found in this volume.

The London Times, reviewing Hubert Henry Davies's new comedy "A Single Man," produced in London Nov. 8, says that the finest scene, which came from the heart, was not reached until the play was more than half over, "and what had happened before it was reached had come not from the heart but from the head. Not that Mr. Davies's head-work is to be as people say, 'sneezed at.' It had produced quite an amusing little complication of comedy." A literary bachelor of 4 suddenly made up his mind to marry, and being a stage literary man he was shy and proposed to a pretty girl through the medium of his type writer, who loved him dearly. The vicarious wooing was successful and the bachelor and the girl still in her teens were betrothed. The girl was a sad romp, and he soon realized the difference in ages. Then came the scene from the heart. "The typist was going away to seek a situation where her feelings were less harrowed. The bachelor, dining alone, asked her to share his steak and pint of champagne. And lo! instead of a typist it was a fairy. She was going to a party, and thus was seen for the first time by the bachelor in a pretty evening frock. She sipped a little of the champagne—she had never tasted it before—and whether it was

that or the emotion of a life away she had her heart. She was wont to wear a grey life rose-tipped with dreams, and she would always dream of this little tete-a-tete dinner, where she waited on the man she secretly loved, changing the plates deftly and softly lighting his cigarette. Secretly loved, yes, but the secret was now out, and the man was all joy over it, but being an engaged man, all embarrassment, too. But for the moment joy got the best of it, and the pair were in one another's arms—to be discovered in that posture."

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph gives an account of a pleasant play. The letter is dated Nov. 3. In the absence of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt has become, for the time being, a sort of "Plus Grand Guignol." M. Andre de Lorde, parveyor-in-ordinary of horrors to the original firm, has supplied to the larger branch establishment a pretty tale of homicidal mania, one act of which takes place in a madhouse among the laughing and gibbering lunatics. One of the inmates has been shut up these three months past after an attempt to murder his wife. But he is in business partnership with his brother, and while he remains in the asylum his share of the capital cannot be touched, and the business is paralyzed. The brother makes up his mind that he must be cured by this time, and determines to get him out. Much stage "business" by about a dozen maniacs, raving in various ways, prepares the spectator's mind pleasantly. Then enters the hero, "L'homme mysterieux," who gives the play its name, to be examined by a doctor in the presence of the commissioner of lunacy. The doctor declares the man mad. The brother charges the doctor with illegal sequestration. The patient is examined, and the ingenious point in the play is that we are not sure whether he is mad or sane. At one moment in his replies he seems to be wandering like Mr. Dick. At the next he seems to be quite as sensible as Miss Trotwood always said Mr. Dick was when he took the trouble. The commissioner in lunacy ends by taking Miss Trotwood's view, and the patient is released as cured, if he ever was insane. The gallery was so beautifully taken in by the play that it vehemently applauded speeches against the tyranny of doctors who keep sane men shut up. The man has not been back home long in act three before it becomes quite clear that he still is really much more mad than Mr. Dick. He babbles, then raves of plots and persecutors, begins strangling his wife as the arch-conspirator, and, finally, in effect, does strangle his brother, who certainly did deserve some punishment for having got a maniac out of restraint merely for purposes of business. Half the interest in the play is in the acting of M. Jean Kemm, who was an admirable lunatic. His bursts of delirium were good, but his quiet moments, when he managed to feign sanity, which, it seems, is a way lunatics have, were still better."

London Ronald, a brother of Henry Russell, and well known here as a conductor and composer, has been appointed to the principalship of the Guildhall school of music, vacant through the resignation of Dr. Cummings. The salary is £1000.

Mme. Petzi-Perard doubled the parts of Venus and Elizabeth in a performance of "Tannhauser" at Covent Garden Nov. 5.

The London Daily Telegraph, speaking of Mme. Nordica as Isolde, says that her acquaintance with the London public dates from 1887. "In that season, at any rate, she was comparatively a newcomer, and appeared, during Augustus Harris's regime, in, among other roles, that of Donna Elvira in 'Don Giovanni,' the cast also including Maurel and Minnie Hauk. On a subsequent occasion Mme. Nordica was seen as Carmen—a fact that may astonish those whose operatic recollections date from more recent times. (How many opera lovers now recall Adelina Patti's essay in the part

of Bizet's heroine?) Covent Garden has also witnessed Mme. Nordica's Aida, a role in which she was very successful, while her Wagnerian impersonations are, of course, well remembered." But Mme. Nordica sang in London in 1887 in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto" and "Faust" in Col. Mapleson's company before she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris. She was with Mapleson in America the season of '85-'86. Her first appearance in opera in Boston was as "Mlle. Giglio Nordica" as Marguerite at the Globe Theatre Dec. 19, 1883.

An advertisement in a German newspaper calls for a verger-organist in a church in Kammerswaldau. His duties are as follows: "To play the organ at four services, and to lead the singing. To secure the services of singers, rehearse them, and, as they cannot be obtained in the town, provide the expenses of their journey and meals; to perform the functions of verger, including clerk's work, but not including bell-ringing and cleaning; while occupied at the organ to provide a deputy verger; to be at the verger's service for

Capitula and so forth." The yearly salary is \$12, with a special grant of \$3.75 for the deputy verger and \$1 for the organ-blower.

Bertha Legrand died recently of the Actors' Home, near Paris. She was one of the last of the famous Varieties company. The statement made by the Era that she was in the original cast of "La Mascotte," produced at the Bouffes Parisiens in 1880, is not correct. It is said that she owed her first success to the famous quarrel between Hortense Schneider and Lea Shily. The quarrel first arose over Ismail, viceroy of Egypt, who was visiting in Paris, but it was carried on to the stage and became public property. There were amusing letters in the journals. Francisque Sarcey assisted Lea in a savage letter to Hortense. The story is told piquantly in Lollee's "La Pête Imperiale." Bertha Legrand replaced Lea in Offenbach's operettas, and led the joyous life. In 1889 she went to the Palais Royal, where she took the parts of elderly women. She was 68 when she died, and they said of her that she was kind and amiable.

Mr. Beecham's opera season in London has not been receiving generous support from the general public, and yet the quality of the performances was generally good and the repertory varied.

"The Lake of the Dismal Swamp" and "The Vedic Hymn," by Bertram Shapleigh, an American composer who has lived for some years in England, were produced in London by the Queen's Hall Choral Society Oct. 28. The London Times declared that "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," set for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, is the best of Mr. Shapleigh's compositions; "the choral narration is sonorous and often effective, and the scoring is uniformly skilful, though the touch of local color which gives a refreshing originality to the solo part is strangely absent from the choral parts." The Times praises also the "Vedic Hymn," for double chorus and orchestra. The Referee's critic found that the dramatic element in Moore's poem was overlooked by the composer, and that the two pieces were lacking in distinction, individuality of style. The Pall Mall Gazette took a darker view. The compositions are "of but poor quality. The music in both cases was sadly lacking in character and individuality, while, except for some effectiveness in the choral writing, there was little ability shown in the thematic treatment. Moore's poem was set in a rather obvious pictorial sort of way; whatever value the text may possess, there was but a small degree of its poetry realized. 'The Vedic Hymn,' of a certain grandeur in conception, needed far stronger music than Mr. Shapleigh could supply; he here became pretentious." Mr. Shapleigh formerly lived in Boston.

Speaking of "The Quaker Girl," produced in London Nov. 5, the Pall Mall Review says that Lionel Monckton has done a thing which becomes more and more difficult every day—he has written a good waltz. "Good, that is to say, in being excellently well adapted for its purpose, having a melody which is easily caught and remembered, and, in fact, should rival the one in 'The Chocolate Soldier' in popular favor. Another good point about it—and this, as a matter of fact, applies equally well to most of the musical numbers—is that it is introduced as part and parcel of the development of the plot and is not irrelevant to the action, as is so often the case in the music of musical plays." The dialogue and lyrics were commended.

It appears that the "morality" of Puccini's "Tosca" is the subject of discussion in certain quarters. In connection with this discussion, a letter written in 1883 to the editors of Turf, Field and Farm may now be as entertaining as it is pertinent. The letter was occasioned by the performances of Fanny Davenport in Sardou's play:

New York, March 8, 1888.

Editors Turf, Field and Farm: Will you kindly permit me to say, through the medium of your columns, that, although I am a stranger to Miss Davenport, I am one woman who dares to raise her voice to champion her cause. She seems to be the unfortunate victim of relentless criticism, and I, for one, consider it both unfair and unjust. With my family I witnessed "La Tosca" last Tuesday night. We saw nothing to censure, and heard nothing but universal praise on all sides. I cannot understand what is in this play to call forth such wholesale denunciation and condemnation.

As I understand the story, La Tosca is a virtuous woman, whose greatest fault is her almost insane jealousy. Surely the burst of applause, prolonged and sincere, which greets La Tosca, when she kills the brute who has so cruelly tortured her lover, torn her very heart strings, and insulted her pure

womanhood, surely, I say, this applause is sufficient proof that her hearers endorse her action in defence of her honor.

If this play is so wicked that it should be expunged from the stage, why leave such plays as "Cymbeline," "Measure for Measure," "Jack Cade," "Faust," "Camille," "Theodora"—even "East Lynne," "Saints and Sinners," "Harbor Lights"—aye, and dozens of others? All these contain much greater immorality than Sardou's latest production. "Theodora" is a wanton to start on, so is

"Camille." In "Saints and Sinners" loses her purity during the course of the play. The heroine in "Saints and Sinners" lives openly with her paramour. Are the characters of "Nero," "Henry VIII." and "Richard III." anything but premeditated, brutal murderers? Yet these plays are lauded and "La Tosca" condemned. Ah! sirs, critics often strain at microbes and swallow elephants. I trust Miss Davenport will bear in mind, and may it comfort her, that the criticisms which have fallen so ruthlessly on her devoted, talented and beautiful head are but the opinions of a few gentlemen whose pens have been dipped in the bitterest of critic acid. They do not represent the voice of the theatrical public, who, I doubt not, will uphold and support her. Had I a daughter I would not hesitate an instant to allow her to witness this play. Were the women all like me, they would rise up en masse in Miss Davenport's defence. I hope they will not be deterred from going to see her. My sex are fully capable of judging for themselves, and I know they will agree with me in saying her impersonation of La Tosca is one of the finest and grandest pieces of acting ever seen on the American or any other stage.

From the bottom of my heart I wish her success. COOEE.

Boston is enlightened. Here not only the daughters, but the little children are taken to "Tosca" at matinees and learn lessons of incalculable value from witnessing Scarpia's fate.

A NEW "PSYCHIC" DRAMA.

"Behind the Veil," the "original psychic drama" by Cecil Raleigh, produced last night at the Coronet Theatre, has all the crudity of a melodrama without the simplicity which makes melodrama popular with people who like plays which are easy to follow. The first act attempts to set forth the difference between two schools of thought, one school represented by an abbess who has the faith which thinks it wrong to question, the other represented by her cousin, Prince Maurice Le Noir, who has no faith, but is much disturbed about the wonders of mesmerism. Thinking on these has so uninged his mind that he fancies he might be able to give the elderly abbess back her youth. Another cousin of his, a young girl, overhearing this, and happening to have thrown on a spare cloak and head-dress which the abbess has carelessly left lying about, conceives the idea that she may save Prince Maurice's soul by cheating him into the belief that he has performed this miracle. And the sole result of all this is that Maurice falls in love with his young cousin, and after being wounded in a duel, being in danger of madness through the foolishness of a doctor, who declares it dangerous to tell the invalid that he has not accomplished a miracle, all ends happily because Maurice discovers the simple truth and does not bother himself or the audience with attempting to solve the problems which so perplexed him and his hearers at the outset. The author has fallen between two stools, the drama of mind and the drama of circumstance; the result is mere theatricalism, dished up with a novel sauce.

—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 2.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Adolphe Borchard, pianist; his first appearance in Boston. Beethoven, Sonata op. 57; Brahms, Rhapsodie op. 79, No. 2; Schumann, Romance, F sharp major; Mendelssohn, Hunting Song, Spinning Song; Mozart, Sonata, A major; Chopin, Ballade, A flat, etudes, E major, C sharp minor, G flat, C minor, E major, G flat, Debussy, Jarsens sous la pluie; Grieg, Ich liebe dich; Liszt, Polonaise, F major.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Lilla Osgood Crocker, assisted by Miss Geneva Holmes Jeffers. Mrs. Crocker will sing these songs: Handel, "Deggio Morire"; Holmes, "Sous les Orangers"; Whelpley, "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold"; Coquard, "Hail Lull"; Elgar, "In Haven"; d'Eranger, "Morte"; Schelder, "Flower-Rain"; Beach, "My Star"; MacDowell, "The Blue Bell"; Lang, "Hills o' Skye"; Marks, "Dutch Garden"; Bohr, "Dolly Mandarina"; Clough-Letter, "My Lover, He Comes."

Hotel-Somerset, 3 P. M. First of three violin sonata concerts given by Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist, and Richard Platt, pianist.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Schumann-Heink. Mrs. Katherine Hoffmann, pianist. Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" (in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of Schumann's birth). "I Cannot Dare Not Believe It," "Thou Ring Upon My Finger," "Bridal Day," "Tears of Happiness," "Love's Delight," "For-saken"; Chadwick, "When I Am Dead, My Dearest"; M. E. Bauer, "Light"; M. T. Sailer, "Cry of Rachel"; Harold, "Child's Prayer"; C. von Gersdorff, "Mach mich Seelig, Mein Jesu" (with organ accompaniment); Bizet, "Agnus Dei" (organ, violin and harp accompaniment). John P. Marshall, organist. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Kurt Fischer of the New England Conservatory of Music. His first public playing in Boston. Bach, chromatic fantasia and fugue; Beethoven, sonata in F minor, op. 57; Grieg, ballade; Chopin, scherzo, C-sharp minor, op. 39; nocturne, F-sharp major, op. 15; Liszt, valse, impromptu, "Rigoletto" paraphrase.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola concert given by the M. Steinert & Sons Company.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

THE BOSTON OPERA.

The Bostonians have had the reputation of giving an enlightened patronage to grand opera ever since the appearance of the Havana opera company in 1847 at the Howard Athenaeum. When Marti, the fish-monger and impresario, first brought his company to Boston, the desire to hear Mme. Tedesco was so great that seats were sold at a premium of four or five dollars in some instances, and there was a general advance of \$1.50 and \$1.75 on the original sum of fifty cents demanded for parquette seats. The visit gratified the singers, the manager, the public. Yet Col. Clapp states in his "Record of the Boston Stage" that the reception of the company returning some months afterward was cool: "Novelty no longer attracted the curious and those eager for a new sensation."

Until a year ago Boston had no established opera. In the visiting companies were famous singers and the public became accustomed to brilliant casts. This public was willing to overlook shabby scenery, poor stage management, indifferent orchestral playing, as long as the evening stars sang together. Nevertheless there were many that persisted in hoping for local, permanent opera, with excellent ensemble, attention to the details of stage management, a large and well trained orchestra, a catholic repertory. Their hope last year was realized. Boston has an opera house worthy to be ranked with the most celebrated. The promises of the management concerning scenery, costumes, and the general "mounting" of operas have been fulfilled. There is a large orchestra; there is an unusually good chorus; some of the chief singers are of high and widespread reputation, and there has been great care exercised in procuring a satisfactory ensemble.

The Boston Opera House is now an institution of Boston, and the city may well be proud of it. It is true that the establishment of this opera house was due to the musical taste and public spirit of a citizen, and this should always be remembered; but the Boston Opera House is now something more than the enterprise of an individual; it is associated with the name and the fame of Boston.

It has been said that the public cannot afford to pay the prices of subscription or admission asked this year. Cheap opera is neither interesting nor profitable to a great community. Cheap opera means mediocre or poor singers, indifference to stage details, an inadequate orchestra and chorus, often a condensed score or one arranged from the piano version, an absence of modern operas for which royalties are demanded. As operatic performances go throughout the world, the prices asked in Boston are reasonable. Some point to comparatively low prices in cities of Germany as a refutation of this statement. Bostonians could not endure the singing that is heard in the cheaper German opera houses, even the great majority of the singers applauded in the larger cities. In recent performances in London two of the leading sopranos were Miss Muri Terry and Miss Ruth Vincent. They have been heard here in comic opera and as singers excited no attention. It should also be remembered that Messrs. Caruso and Amato are now singing every night at the Metropolitan Opera House; that casts in the theatre, as in Covent Garden, are often of ordinary quality, sometimes

It is not that the prices are raised extravagantly whenever a famous visiting singer is announced.

There have been brilliant performances this season in Boston, and there is the assurance of many more. When the management is actuated by a spirit of artistic devotion, when the company of capable singers and players works together for the sake of an artistic ensemble, it does not seem possible that the people of Greater Boston, who plume themselves on their love for music, who have long clamored for what is now given to them, will show themselves unappreciative, indifferent, ungrateful.

Nov 29 1910 GLOBE THEATRE.

Mabel Barrison in New Farce,
"Lulu's Husbands."

By PHILIP HALE.

GLOBE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Lulu's Husbands," a farce in three acts, adapted by Thompson Buchanan from the French farce by Maurice Soulie. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.).

Lulu Rogers.....Mabel Barrison
Dr. Herbert Morrison.....Albert Grau
Mrs. Maudie Morrison.....Fanchon Campbell
Algeron Brown.....William Foran
M. S. Billings.....Louise Dempsey
Arthur Schwartz.....Arthur Foran
Miss Colmore.....Anita Van Buren
Aziz.....Ellen Warner
Justice Jackson.....Riley Chamberlin
Officer McAuliffe.....Frank Lynch
Officer Hennessy.....Frank Davis
Annals Lynn.....Harry Sargent
James, a butler.....Leigh Potter
Charles.....Alexander McKenzie

The plot of this farce is complicated, too complex, for the attention of the audience is strained in the attempt to follow it. The introduction of the telephone and the automobile gives an air of plausible modernity, but the complications with the use of several rooms for the temporary concealment of husbands, wives, lovers and unclassified persons take us back to the period of "Pink Dominoes," "Champagne and Oysters," "Baby," and, in fact, the long line of Palais Royal farces. It is not necessary to tell the story of "Lulu and her Husbands." As Mrs. Billings says in the third act, there never was such a mix-up. It all starts from the ingenious idea of a press agent to give Lulu Rogers, an actress, publicity by publishing a story about her marriage. She answers a matrimonial advertisement and sends on the portrait of a schoolmate who is married. The wedding is to be at a road house and she is to faint and faint before she says the binding "Yes." The schoolmate elopes with her husband's best friend. The eloping couple and the husband turn up at the road house just before the ceremony. Hence the old, familiar complications.

The farce starts out at a rattling pace. It is so amusing and there are so many audacious and rib-tickling lines that the old-time playgoer is at once suspicious. The pace is so fast that, as he argues, it cannot be kept up. His suspicion is well grounded. With the beginning of the second act there is a decrescendo of enjoyment and the spirits of the comedians flag, although Mr. Foran's farcical intensity is not diminished. In other words, the two last acts are comparatively dull and the comedians act with evident effort.

The high pace in farce can seldom be maintained for over half an hour. Take any one of the old classics, the "roaring farces" that once delighted audiences at the Boston Museum, "Turn Him Out," "Poor Pilchoddy" and the rest of them; they ran from half an hour to 40 minutes. "Lulu's Husbands" boiled down to a vaudeville sketch might be irresistibly amusing. Stretched to three acts it is tiresome in spite of the comedians.

It may also be said that when there is much laughter on the stage, laughter dies out in the audience. Neither Sully nor Bergson in their inquiries into the causes of laughter has commented upon this fact or even stated it. Last night there was too much laughter among the comedians, and the spectators who had been greatly amused suddenly became analytical and wondered why the characters in the farce found the situation funny.

Miss Barrison was droll and entertaining with attractive impudence, shrewd portraiture of a type, and singular and refreshing originality in "The Blue Mouse." "Lulu's Husbands" does not give her the same opportunity. Lulu is the former heroine greatly diluted. Her slang is not so rich, not so startling. The "Blue Mouse" was a genius in her way. Lulu is a far more ordinary person. The "Blue Mouse" was simple and direct, Lulu is so enmeshed in the web of complications that she almost loses freedom of speech, audacity in action. And this Lulu sings.

Two of the songs are vapid and the sublime indifference to vocal art and the true pitch did not give them fictitious interest. There is simple, artless singing compared with which

Italian trills are tame. Miss Barrison's singing was not herolically bad.

Mr. Grau was amusing in the manner of Harry Conner during the first act and only then. Mr. Foran played throughout in true farcical spirit. Miss Dempsey gave a capital performance of Mrs. Billings, who kept to the road house. Miss Campbell had a 'hankless part. The audience took kindly to the farce.

MRS. CROCKER'S RECITAL.

Pleasant Concert with the Assistance
of Mrs. Sundelius.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Lilla Osgood Crocker, assisted by Mrs. Marie Sundelius, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Forrest was the accompanist. Mrs. Crocker sang these songs: Handel, "Deggio Morire"; Holmes, "Sous les Orangers"; Whelpley, "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold"; Coquard, "Hai Lullu"; Elgar, "In Haven"; D'Erlanger, "Morte"; Schneider, "Flower Rain"; Beach, "My Star"; MacDowell, "The Blue Bell"; Lang, "Hills o'Skye"; Marks, "Dutch Garden"; Bohr, "Dolly Mandarin"; Leichter, "My Lover, He Comes." Mrs. Sundelius took the place of Miss Geneva Jeffers, who is sick, and sang these songs: Sjoegren, two songs; Sibellus, "Black Roses"; Arne, "Plague of Love"; MacDowell, "The Swan Bent Low, a Mald Sings"; del Acqua, "Chanson Provencale"; Charpentier, air from "Louise"; Dvorak, "Songs My Mother Taught Me"; old English, "Have You Seen a White Lily?"

Mrs. Crocker is a young singer, who gives more than ordinary promise. She has a voice of fine and noble quality; it is rich, full of color, and with the haunting timbre of the true contralto. The compass of this voice is a liberal one. The upper tones are resonant and agreeable. Furthermore, Mrs. Crocker has indisputable musical feeling and an aesthetically emotional nature. These natural gifts warrant her further and diligent study in the art of interpretation, for no young singer is suddenly an interpreter, either by the command of a teacher or by a revelation in the night watches. Yesterday Mrs. Crocker was more effective in the first two groups than in the later ones, possibly because some of the songs appealed to her more than those of the other groups, and she was therefore able to reveal more of herself. The dangerous, sensuous song of Augusta Holmes was taken at too fast a pace to bring out all its beauty and lazy, smoldering passion, and in some of the songs Mrs. Crocker suffered from the rigidity and obtrusiveness of the piano accompaniment. Mrs. Crocker has every reason to pursue her art, and she surely knows, best of all, that the goal is reached only by indefatigable study and constant and intelligent self-criticism.

Mrs. Sundelius sang skillfully and charmingly. The natural beauty of her voice has long been recognized gratefully in Boston, but she has learned to differentiate sentiments and emotions; she has gained in style, and now has the authority of the artist. Especially delightful was her singing of the familiar "Chanson Provencale" and the old English air.

There was an appreciative audience, and the singers were warmly applauded.

MR. BORCHARD'S RECITAL.

Parisian Pianist Plays in Boston for
the First Time.

Adolphe Borchard, a French pianist, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Sonata op. 57 (Appassionata); Brahms, Rhapsody op. 79, No. 2; Schumann, Romance, F-sharp major; Mendelssohn, Hunting Song, Spinnling Song; Mozart, Sonata, A major; Chopin, Ballade, A-flat, Six Etudes; Debussy, Jardins dans la Pluie; Grieg, Ich Liebe Dich; Liszt, Polonaise, F major.

Mr. Borchard, though until very recently unknown in America, has already won in New York and Chicago a reputation which his playing yesterday amply sustains. As has been the case almost invariably this season, the audience was small, but it was extremely enthusiastic after the sonata by Mozart, and throughout the rest of the program Mr. Borchard added several numbers in response to the warm applause.

Perhaps the most striking feature of his playing is his marked differentiation of style according to the epoch or inherent nature of the composition, except in the case of Debussy. His performance of the Sonata Appassionata had dignity and breadth as well as display; the sonata by Mozart was all simplicity and cheerfulness under his hand; the Chopin studies were brilliant, pensive or graceful, as occasion demanded. The "Butterfly" etude and the "Black Key Study" were both played somewhat too heavily, as was the light portion of the Rhapsody by Brahms. "Jardins dans la Pluie" was quite lacking in the characteristic Debussy atmosphere.

Mr. Borchard's ability as a technician was more apparent yesterday than were

his more subjective qualities, but that he is not without appreciation of the poetic content of a composition was evident from his reading of Beethoven and Schumann, and, indeed, his program called for extreme technical facility. It might well have been varied to include more that was unfamiliar and more that struck somewhat deeper than the pieces by Mendelssohn, Mozart and Liszt.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of Francis Wilson in his own comedy "The Bachelor's Baby." The cast:

Thomas Beach.....Francis Wilson
Martin Dale.....Clarence Handisley
Theodore Harjes.....Richard Gordon
Col. John Calvert.....Thomas F. Tracy
Forbes.....E. Soldene Powell
Mrs. Brookfield West.....Mrs. Ogden Child
Winifred West.....Edna Bruns
Mrs. Emily Streater.....Eleanor Barry
Martha Calvert Beach.....Ethel Downie

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mr. Conti conducted.

Rosina.....Lydia Lipkowska
Berta.....Anne Roberts
Count Almaviva.....Florence Constantino
Figaro.....Rodolfo Fornari
Dr. Bartolo.....Luis Tavecchia
Silla.....Leon Sibirakoff
Florello.....Attilio Pulcin
The official.....Ernesto Giaccone

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance of "Katie Did," a farce with music, adapted from "My Friend from India," by W. C. Duncan and Frank Smithson, music by Karl Hoschna. The cast:

Erasmus Underholt.....Burt Baker
Charles Underholt.....Alfred Kappeler
Tom Valentine.....Freddie J. Nice
Augustus Keene Shaved.....Louis A. Simon
The Rev. James Tweedle.....Joseph Adelman
Katie Underholt.....Florence May
Gertrude Underholt.....Anna Wilks
Susie Underholt.....Eileen Kearney
Marlan Hayste.....Evelyn Danmore
Mrs. Arabella Beckman-Street Underholt's sister.....Josie Intropid
Tilly.....May Vokes

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance of "The Yankee Girl" in Boston. Book and lyrics, G. V. Hobart. Music, S. Hein.

Jessie Gordon.....Miss Blanche Ring
Dolly Dean.....Miss Marguerite Wright
Willie Wiggs.....Harry Gilford
Capt. John Lawrence.....William P. Carleton
J. Philip Gordon.....Rutherford Kent
Ambrose Castrola.....Juan Villalana
Lolotto.....Miss Juliette Lange
Salvatore.....William Halliday
F. C. Gonzaba.....Peter Curley
Marquita.....Miss Fannie Kidston
Oyama.....Paul Porter
Rudolph Schmitzel.....Alfred De Ball
Pedro.....E. J. Callwell
Angellique.....Miss Margaret Malcolm
Alfonso.....Henry Bergman
Ferdinand.....Cyril Ring

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Justice Triumphs in Presentation of
"Minister's Sweetheart."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"A Minister's Sweetheart," by Robert Wayne. The cast:

Judge Douglas Lester.....Louis Hartman
Mark Tucker.....Martin A. Somers
Victor Orme.....Wayne Naud
Dick.....Houston Richards
Bud Saunders.....Lawrence Merton
Tom Dodd.....Harry Hughes
Dora Staunton.....Grace Valentine
Kate Tyson.....May Gerald
Lolly Bell.....Edith Gray

MISS HERFORD'S RECITAL.

Original Monologue Given in Chickering Hall.

Miss Beatrice Herford, in her original monologue, delighted a fair-sized audience at Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. The program consisted of "A Professional Boarder," "The Caller," "The Matinee Girls," and "A Sociable Seamstress."

"Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare's play, presented at the Shubert Theatre by E. H. Sothorn and Miss Julia Marlowe and company.

Baptista.....Mr. William Harris
Lucentio.....Mr. Eric Blind
Vincentio.....Mr. Frederick Lewis
Petruchio, a suitor to Katherine.....Mr. Sothorn
Gremio.....Mr. France Bendtsen
Hortensio.....Mr. Thomas Coleman
Tranio.....Mr. John Taylor
Blondello.....Mr. Albert S. Howson
Gremio.....Mr. Rowland Buckstone
Katherine.....Miss Marlowe
Blanca.....Miss Nora Lamson

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Fanny Ward in Amusing Sketch—
The Mysterious Onalp.

Much was naturally expected of Miss Fanny Ward and her company at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening, for the bill had been a crescendo of excellent acts up to the time for her appearance. It is not enough to say that the English actress met expectations, nor should the sketch be lightly passed over.

In "An Unlucky Star" Miss Ward has an opportunity to measure her versatility, for the unwinding of the story of the frivolous actress is engrossingly emotional, now suggesting a tragedy and swinging into farce.

As Peggy Starr Miss Ward displayed with uncommon art the emotional

scenes, and kept in intelligent restraint her lighter playing as the complexion of the sketch changed. She was capably assisted by Miss Elizabeth Emerson and H. Pell-Trenton, William J. W. Dean and Bernard Thornton.

A mystifying act is that of Onalp. Some might describe his work as mental telepathy, while "hypnotism" might be hazarded by others. No word is spoken during the performance. The subject is treated with a passage of the hands, seated at a piano and begins to play.

Presently the piano moves steadily upward, while the player sits before the instrument, but without a chair. Suddenly, at the suggestion of Onalp, the piano and player revolve after the manner of a windmill. It is at the conclusion of this feature that a large and small iron hoop are passed around the piano and player, respectively, and the whole stage is undressed to show no mechanical contrivance is used.

Harry Williams and Jean Schwartz, writers of popular songs, sing and play some of their own compositions and gain much applause.

In "Mr. P. T. Barnum, Ja.," Edward Jolly, Winifred Wild and Lex Neal have a comedy piano and singing act that is as novel as it is entertaining.

Tom Mahoney made his first Boston appearance as a story-teller and singer of Irish songs. His act was breezy and not without a sentimental touch.

Gus Edwards's "Kountry Kids," in a rural musical sketch, gave a lively performance that excelled in its dancing numbers.

Others that contributed to the good program were Harry Tsuada, Japanese equilibrist; the Musical Johnsons, xylophone soloists, and the Camille Trio, bar performers.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who left Boston last Saturday night, after a visit of a few days, is best known here as the author of ingenious and witty comedies, "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot," "Penelope."

He was originally intended for the medical profession. He entered St. Thomas's Hospital, but never practised as a physician. Instead of which, as Judge Boompointer would say, he became a novelist. The first book by this dramatist, who now delights in depicting the tea-cup lives and clattering adventures of ladies and gentlemen and of all them that "go down into the west in broughams," was "Liza of Lambeth," a story of the slums, a story of the kind characterized as a "powerful study." He wrote other novels and a book of travels in Spain before he became known as a dramatist.

His "Schiffbruchig," a drama in German, was produced at Berlin in 1901, and his first English play, "A Man of Honor," in London in 1904. Mr. Maugham was then a serious-minded dramatist, and he believed that the stage had a mission. Either he saw a great light, or he was disappointed at the indifference of the public, for he suddenly announced his intention of writing plays solely to entertain, to amuse men and women. He has done this with considerable success, and at one time he was envied by all his colleagues, because four of his comedies were playing concurrently in London.

It has been said that Mr. Maugham writes for women rather than men, and that he is a dramatist for duchesses. The remark is ill-natured and not well-founded. "Jack Straw" and "Lady Frederick" are certainly not for women only. "Penelope" is practically an accurate report of talk and gossip around a tea-table in a well-appointed English house. Personally, Mr. Maugham, is like Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman, but absorptive in conversation, not responsive, wishing that others should take the initiative. Thus possibly he collects material for his new comedy on American life and manners. Let us hope that he will be more observing than the Count at Mrs. Leo Hunter's and yet Mr. Maugham's stay in this country is not much longer than the Count's in England. Over a year ago, Mr. Maugham wished to see Pittsburgh more than any place in the world, because he had heard that there never was a more ugly city, and he didn't believe it.

It is a pity that he is content to write merely for the amusement and the digestion of audiences. His comedy "Smith" is now running. When he was asked last week if he knew the tragedy "Smith" by the late John Davidson, he shook his head. Now Davidson's tragedy is in some respects funnier than any comedy by Mr. Maugham; but Davidson died rather than sacrifice his ideals for the sake of popular applause.

The orchestra, unfortunately for the general effect, was too assertive, constantly dominating. Often the chorus was faintly heard; often the solo singers suffered. The performance was orchestral with the assistance of a chorus and three solo singers. This was not because the orchestra was too large and

BY PHILIP HALE.

Gaylord
Quex's

Complaint

The Herald has received the following letter:
Boston, Nov. 30, 1910.
Editor of the Herald:
I earnestly hope that I am mistaken in my fear that Mr. Herklmer Johnson, otherwise known to an admiring circle of readers as The Earnest Student of Sociology, may have passed to a more complete spirituality in the beyond, since I need his large experience and various knowledge for the illumination of a problem precisely in his line of investigation. It may be Mr. Johnson himself that first pointed out the characteristic arrogance of the hotel clerk and his freely expressed contempt for his guests, but if that be the case I do not at the moment recall his analysis of this type or his exposition of the causes that lead to that attitude of mind; and so it happens that I am quite at a loss to guess why this god-like trait should also appear in the manner of the salesman in a Hat Shop. It is a conceivable matter of pride to such a one that his labors bring him into daily and hourly contact with the seat of intellect of his fellowman, his professional processes bring him within less than half an inch of the human brain, and so far his daily life partakes of the elevating influences of such institutions as Browning clubs and other gymnasia of intellect; but a moment's reflection will show that a hairdresser also enjoys this ennobling propinquity, and the tonsorial artist is, as a rule, the very type of affability. The mere association of any man with articles of great cost and value, such as hats have come to be of late years, tends, of course, to develop in him a kind of unbecoming haughtiness, such as is expressed by a dog sitting in an automobile, but I hesitate to attribute to a fellow human being so ignoble a trait upon no better ground than is afforded by my purely amateur speculations. Can and will Mr. Johnson assist me?
GAYLORD QUEX.

The Search for Mr. Johnson

Mr. Quex must have spent the 13th of last month in bed or in the country, for on that day The Herald published a letter from Mr. Herklmer Johnson in which he narrated his singular and thrilling adventures in Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library. But the days glide swiftly by, and the most illustrious mortals are as quickly forgotten. Mr. Johnson, who has certain peculiarities, has now confided his address to The Herald. When questioned he simply pointed with his thumb over a shoulder and said, "I'm very comfortable over there." Following the line indicated by his thumb, we saw signs indicating the sale of intoxicating liquors, a massage parlor and a plumber's shop. No doubt Mr. Johnson's lodgings were beyond in some vast burgess warren.

On the receipt of Mr. Quex's letter, an expedition was formed in search of Mr. Johnson. A band of intrepid reporters gladly volunteered, prepared to traverse the jungles of darkest Cambridge and the wilds of Chestnut Hill. There was no news of him in Bates Hall. An attendant, closely questioned, admitted that he had not seen "that rank" for several days. The attendant was at once sternly rebuked for his irreverence. An awful thought came to the minds of the searchers. Perhaps Mr. Johnson had been asphyxiated in that very hall. Perhaps some passionate genealogist had talked him to a horrid death. Telephone messages were coming to the Herald office in quick succession and were of a despondent note, when, lo and behold, Mr. Johnson himself appeared in the full glory of a corduroy waistcoat, checked trousers, frock coat and a dainty cravat that looked as though it had been cut from an old family bed valance.

He read the letter of Mr. Quex and was silent for a few minutes. Then he took out of his pocket one of his too well known cigars lighted it, threw the match still burning into the waste basket and lifted up his voice.

Madness of Hatters

"It is possible," said Mr. Johnson, "that Mr. Quex is in the habit of purchasing his hats of a mad hatter. It is not necessary now to inquire whether 'hatter' in the familiar phrase stands for 'utter,' equivalent to 'adder.' Nor would it be worth while to ask why a hatter should be mad. There are mad hatters. The common and familiar speech asserts it. Alice dined with one and his conduct was truly extraordinary. I now recall only one treatise on hats, 'The Hats of Humanity,'

An Old Ring Hero

The late Jem Mace was of the heroic school of boxers. When he drank, delirious of battle with his peers, there was no pompous purse; there were no profits accruing from pictures or vaudeville. In those brave days one man mauled the other and the conquered went into an honorable retreat to nurse his wounds. Neither one "was without a mark." Neither one gave a flippant account of the mill to the reporters. A fight was then a serious affair. It was epic, Homeric. To be the champion of England was as fine a thing as to conquer at Trafalgar or to be victor at Waterloo.

Mace was a gypsy by birth, and the gypsies were handy with their fists, witness Mr. Petulengro. He was of the noble fine—the brother of lion-faced Cribb, the thin, genteel Belcher, Randall of Irish blood, Bulldog Hudson, six-footed Tom Spring, John Jackson, "sole prop and ornament of pugilism," the friend of Byron and George IV., a man of character and agreeable—his monument—"a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping)"—is in Brompton cemetery. Mace would have been at ease with Turner and the Nonpareil, whose memorable encounter was watched by Keats for two hours and twenty minutes. The poet described the rapidity of the Nonpareil's hits to Cowden Clarke by tapping his fingers on the window pane. "Bob" Gregson, P. P. (Poot of Pugilism), who sat to Lawrence, was lectured upon by a professor of anatomy at the Royal Academy, would have made room for him. Hazlitt, whose account of the fight between Bill Neate and the Gas-man is incomparable, classic, would have paid him honor only a little less than that he lavished on Napoleon.

Some years ago we read a pleasant account of Mace in his declining years. He was pictured as sweet-tempered and reminiscent; just and eulogistic toward departed rivals, mildly contemptuous toward the deliberately spectacular of the degenerate ring. It is said that he died poor, although he "estimated his winnings from the prize ring at \$1250,000." The latter half of the statement is manifestly absurd. Mace and his contemporaries fought, first of all, for glory. The stakes were small; even in the fight between Mace and Joe Goss, only £200 a side. Pugilism was then idealistic rather than grossly commercial. It is true that Mace was at one time in comfortable circumstances. If he lost his money, it was through unfortunate investments or extravagant generosity, for he was a temperate man, and not a gambler. Henley tells us that Gregson was a lover of tunes and verses. Jem Mace had also an aesthetic weakness. If we are not sadly in error he appeared as the wrestler in "As You Like It."

means a weakling, and he writes as though he could afford to wait for the avenger Time.

They say there is a secret history to Tchaikowsky's symphony in E minor; that the composer wrote the symphony when he was in a peculiar state of mind. We know from his diary and his letters that he was always in "a state of mind." Deeply depressed during the process of composition, he was sure of failure. After the work was completed he said that it was good. In his more important music he took the world into his confidence; he poured out his complaints, his longings, his despair to any man in the concert hall.

Such revelations are always interesting when there is no doubt of the sincerity. There is more drama in the fifth symphony than in three-fourths of the operas, and Mr. Fiedler gave a dramatic reading. The Finale had never been played here before with the appropriate wildness, and never before had this Finale seemed so elemental and impressive.

It was a great pleasure to hear Mme. Melba again. There is no voice like unto her voice with its peculiar quality of childlike freshness and simplicity, its incomparable, golden, haunting timbre. With what exquisite tonal quality and flawless art she sang the ballad in Ophelia's scene! How deft her delivery of the Countess's relative! How pure was Mozart's melodic line! There were times when there were traces of a cold from which she was suffering, but these were few. She sang with the gracious dignity that has always characterized her in the presence of an audience, and the audience of yesterday was enthusiastic in recognition and appreciation.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of those of Dec. 16-17 will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony in A major, No. 7; Rubinstein, concerto in D minor, No. 4, for piano (Josef Hoffmann, pianist); Debussy, "Rondes de Printemps" (repeated by request); Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in "Twelfth Night." The cast:
Orsino.....Frederick Lewis Sabastian.....Sydney Mather Antonio.....William Harris A Sea Captain.....John Taylor Sir Toby Belch.....Rowland Buckstone Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Malcolm Bradley Nalvollo.....Thomas Sothorn Fabian.....Mr. Sothorn Feate, a clown.....Albert S. Howson Olivia.....Miss Alma Kruger Viola.....Miss Marlowe Maria.....Miss Norah Lamson

OPERA HOUSE TRIPLE BILL.

Carmen Mells in "Cavalleria"—John McCormack as Turiddu.

By PHILIP HALE.

A large audience was drawn by the triple bill presented last evening at the Boston Opera House.

Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" was conducted by Mr. Caplet.

Lia.....Miss Nielsen Azael.....Mr. Lassalle Simeon.....Mr. Blanchard

This was followed by a scene from Rachmaninoff's "Der gelzige Ritter," with Mr. Baklanoff as the Miser. Mr. Conti conducted.

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was conducted by Mr. Moranzoni.

Santuzza.....Mme. Mells Lola.....Miss Czaplinska Mama Lucia.....Miss Roberts Turiddu.....Mr. McCormack Alfio.....Mr. Fornari

While Debussy's cantata was never intended for performance as an opera, and was taken from the shelf only for the benefit of the publisher after the composer had made his reputation, the music is interesting to those who wish to follow Debussy in his development from an orthodox follower of Gounod and Massenet to his present position as an Impressionist, still searching for new expressions of beauty.

Unfortunately for this study of development Debussy revised his score for a music festival in England, and it would be hard to say what pages of the present score fairly represent the Debussy of the Paris Conservatory. Certainly the Debussy of 1910 must shudder at the thought of his final choros, which might have been written by any second rate English Doctor of Music.

"L'Enfant Prodigue" serves another purpose, as a component of a double bill, for this simple, pretty lyric scene serves as a sharp contrast to a short tragic opera, as the one by Leoncavallo or Mascagni. The performance last night was loudly applauded. Miss Nielsen's voice was in excellent condition and she and her associates were recalled several times.

The scene from Rachmaninoff's opera might be called a symphonic poem for orchestra and baritone, or a monologue with orchestra, for the chief strength of the scene is in the orchestral score. Mr. Baklanoff sang with marked intensity and power, but as the greater number in the audience were unacquainted with the text and knew only that a miser was looking at his treasure in the cellar of his castle, and apparently gloating over his wealth, the full force of the singer's declamation was necessarily lost. Rachmaninoff's music is more symphonic than operatic. It has a gloomy, sullen character, relieved only by passionate outbursts. It is often impressive and at times tedious. Mr. Baklanoff made the Baron a living figure and excited curiosity as to his antecedents and fate. For this and for his virile singing he received three or four hearty curtain calls.

Mme. Carmen Mells took the part of Santuzza for the first time in Boston, and Mr. McCormack sang for the first time in the Boston Opera House, and was also heard here for the first time as Turiddu. Mme. Mells sang and acted with pathos and passion. She did not constantly wear the tragico mask. Her impersonation was varied, for it had tender moments, and this Santuzza was more sensitive, more delicate in her distress than some who have preceded her.

There was not the exhibition of hopeless, grim despair, with the sudden flash of murderous vindictiveness that distinguished the performance of Mme. Agullia in the play itself. The performance of Mme. Mells was interesting and at times moving. It was thrilling, only in a few moments of the dialogue with Turiddu, when there was no sustained song, and the words were as moans and cries of agony.

Mr. McCormack as a lyric tenor in Mr. Hammerstein's company last season gave great pleasure to Boston audiences. His voice is of unusually fine quality, and he uses it with skill. Turiddu is hardly a part for him to display fully his art, and the voice itself is light for the music; nor is he the actor for the brutal part. His voice is naturally better suited to Turiddu's farewell to his mother than to the scene with Santuzza. Nevertheless, the sympathetic voice and the fineness of his style won additional admirers. He will have a far better opportunity tonight.

The chorus was effective; the stage management was excellent; and Mr. Moranzoni conducted not only with the requisite fire and fury, but with a musician's appreciation of nuances and contrasts.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust," with Mmes. Nordica, Swartz, Roberts as Messrs. Jadowker, Sibirakoff, Bak off and Letol. Mr. Caplet will conduct. The opera tonight will be "La Boheme" with Mmes. Nielsen and Camporel and Messrs. McCormack, Fornari, Puleini. Mr. Goodrich will

MELBA SINGS PART OF MAD OPHELIA

By PHILIP HALE.

The eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Melba was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, E minor.....Tchaikowsky Recitative and aria "Dove Sono" from "Le Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart "Brigg Fair, an English Rhapsody".....Dellus

Ophelia's Mad Scene from "Hamlet".....Thomas

Overture to "Der Freischuetz".....Weber "Brigg Fair" by Dellus was played for the first time in Boston. A folksong with the same title is printed on a flyleaf of the score. The song is "old and in," and perhaps "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun" and the free ball did use to "chant it. The chief theme of the rhapsody is probably the tune of the old song, though Dellus does not admit this, and I have been unable to find either the ballad or the tune in collections of English folksongs. The hero of the ballad is represented as repairing to Brigg Fair, true to meet his dear. He spied his own true love, took hold of her hand and swore to be true to her.

For it's meeting is a pleasure, And parting is a grief, But an unconquanted lover Is worse than a thief.

It is not easy to find in the music of Dellus any determined program. There is free pastoral preuding; the chief theme is given at first to the oboe, a pastoral instrument. This tune is presented in many ways, and there are lesser motives. The prevailing mood is reflective or sombro. There is no downright jollity, as might be expected from the title. The chief theme, though it is announced in a sprightly tempo, has the tone of sadness that characterizes so many folk-tunes even when the words are rollicking. Or did Dellus, as Sibelius and certain other composers, invent his chief theme after the manner of a folksong?

The music of "Brigg Fair" as that of "Paris" by the same composer, which was played here last season, has little profile and little euphonic charm. The composer stands aloof. He has his own thoughts and his own means of expression. They cannot justly be characterized as dry or dull. On the contrary, the hearer feels as though he should like to break through the composer's shell and become acquainted with him.

The composer makes no personal revelation. He does not scream his joy and sorrow; he is not frank; he is impersonal. He is apparently of no school. He writes as though Richard Strauss had never existed, as though there were no ultra-modern Frenchmen. He is said to be enthusiastic over Wagner; but there are few if any traces of Wagner's influence in this music. I suspect Dellus of admiration for Brahms; but the Yorkshireman has not caught the secret of Brahms' architectural skill.

The instrumentation of Dellus is peculiarly his own. It has no immediately attractive qualities. It is not gorgeous. It is not cleverly discreet; it is not sensuous, nor is it massively sonorous. At times it seems as though the composer chose deliberately expression in dialect. It would be unfair to charge him with acidity, yet his thoughts and his language have little that is genial and kindly, almost nothing that can be called emotional. Dellus writes as though he were a solitary, not necessarily inimical toward men and women but willing to live apart from them, a philosophical analyst of dead

the little hat in the hat store. The little hat is a thing of beauty, and there is no information about hats, from the hat store to the hat store, but it is not really anything about hats. It is a thing of beauty, and there is no information about hats, from the hat store to the hat store, but it is not really anything about hats. It is a thing of beauty, and there is no information about hats, from the hat store to the hat store, but it is not really anything about hats.

"May not the arrogance of which Mr. Quex complains be a form of madness? And why should not a hatter become insane by reason of the monotony of his life? There he stands condemned to sell goods of hideous uniformity. A certain style is decreed by unseen, unknown, mysterious beings. The hat may be a plug, a Derby, or soft and a squash, a Tyrolean incongruous in New England; but it must be of a certain height, and the brim must be of a certain width, curled or flat according to the decree. Once upon a time it was the fashion to wear helmet hats, whereupon some newspaper humorist remarked that it was the sight of fat men in these hats that made other men murderers.

"It is the duty of the hatter to dispense of these hats, to persuade the short and the tall, the lean and the obese that the appointed plug, Derby, slouch will be coming to them. There is always before him a monotonous stretch of hats. The average customer buys that which is handed to him, after he has been assured that it is the correct thing, the thing worn by 'our best people.' He does not dare to assert his individuality in the matter of head covering, 'headgear' to use the vile commercial phrase. By the way, why was the good old word, 'hattery,' allowed to disappear? I do not mean 'hattery' for a manufactory of hats, but for hatters' wares, hats collectively.

Johnson's "Now I have my hats made for me. I have Individual one on." Indeed he had, and it was a sight, a sure identification.

When I enter the hat store, the clerk or the proprietor is never arrogant; he welcomes me with an indulgent smile. The monotony of business is broken for a moment. We ask counsel as to the wisdom of extending the brim, lowering the crown. He gives me the benefit of his long experience and personal taste. He studies my architecture, my facade, the nature of my coat and overcoat. I have observed that while we are talking, or while he is adjusting the self-recording and complicated machine to my head, other clerks smile and the younger ones may even snicker right out. But, believe me, this is not from

disrespect. They are not gazing at me. They are simply overjoyed. Here at last a customer who wishes to wear his own hat; not one that is interchangeable with Ferguson's or Jones's. No, I have never found a hatter, who was at heart an artist, arrogant towards me. "Another reason for the arrogance or madness of the hatter may be his contempt for a foolish weakness of the male, his vanity. Men are vain as women. The hatter is obliged to see man before the looking glass. The customer stands there willingly, often as though he could not be torn from his reflection. He observes not only his hat, but his face, his clothes—and he pronounces them good. He is not ashamed of his projecting paunch. He arranges lovingly his whiskers, or compliments himself on a clean shave. Any sensitive man doomed to the sight of prinking, prancing customers could not long retain his reason. No wonder that he becomes arrogant, mad.

"This is an interesting subject, but I have an important engagement with Dr. Sargent to discuss his theory of the approximation of woman's physique to that of man. Please tell Mr. Quex that I do not find hotel clerks arrogant. They are to me super-men."

And Mr. Johnson left the office. "But what is your address in case The Herald is in urgent need of your vast knowledge and sound advice?" Mr. Johnson pointed his thumb and said: "Over there." The thumb pointed toward Avery street.

MME. NORDICA AS MARGUERITE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Faust.....Mr. Jadlowker
Mephistopheles.....Mr. Sibirakoff
Valentine.....Mr. Baklanoff
Wagner.....Mr. Letol
Marguerite.....Mme. Nordica
Elsa.....Miss Swartz
Martha.....Miss Roberts

guerre yesterday, and it was in this part that she was first seen here in opera at the old Globe Theatre, when she was billed as "Mlle Giglio Nordica," when her associates in Gounod's opera were Mmes. Yorke and Valera and Messrs. Bello, Cherubini, (Gassal), de Vascetti, and Luigi Arditi led the orchestra.

In those days a prima donna was expected to thrill an audience by sheer beauty of sustained song or by agility in the performance of florid passages. If Marguerite sang with emotion in the Garden scene, was brilliant in the "Jewel" song, and vocally powerful in the prison, there was enough for the hearers. There was roaring and there were wreaths.

The Church scene was thought boring, and it was often omitted. There was no discussion concerning the "psychology" of the part of Marguerite. When Pauline Lucca turned the amiable creature of the librettists into a woman of flesh and blood, there were protests in some quarters, and she was accused of coarseness.

We have changed all that. There are now plenty of "interpreters" in the opera house and on the concert stage. Many of them do not know how to sing. Mme. Nordica was always a singer, and she grew to be a mistress of song. As the years went by she also became an interpreter. Two continents have applauded her Isolde. Yesterday she gave a remarkable impersonation of Marguerite, and with her and Mr. Jadlowker and Mr. Caplet, and also by reason of the stage settings, there was a new "Faust."

Even the well seasoned and possibly hardened opera-goer who has seen men singers and women singers rise as stars, blaze in the zenith, set or disappear suddenly in the blackness of darkness forever, must yesterday have experienced a new sensation. He saw an original impersonation of Marguerite, original without affectation or eccentricity; natural and not laboriously so; an impersonation that was spontaneous in the eye of the beholder, and not thoughtlessly, recklessly spontaneous, as though the actress, relying on her personality, were experimenting.

This Marguerite, before she held Faust to her breast that night of nights, when perfume of flowers maddened and stars were conniving, was a maiden of dreams and illusions, a maiden waiting for her knight, pure in thought by very reason of her virginal passion. This Marguerite of the scenes that followed was the maiden that now knew womanhood, shamed in the eyes of her neighbors, but with unsullied soul, although remorseful, fearing the day of wrath.

There are stage Marguerites who, coquettish, amorous in the opening scenes, are afterward tragedy queens in distress, hysterical or dull. There are also Marguerites who, prim and proper in the garden, faint decorously in church, and behave themselves in the prison in a manner to elicit the approval of the most exacting jailor—and his wife.

The Marguerite of Mme. Nordica was a woman that dreamed and loved and paid the cost. It is not necessary to ask whether she were the Marguerite of Goethe or the ingenious librettists. This Marguerite was the conception of Mme. Nordica.

When she first met Faust she was neither self-conscious nor a prude; neither coquettish nor impassive. She loved that day, but she did not simmer, nor did she escape as Galatea, wishing to be seen before she hid herself. Her return to the garden and her reverie while she sang of Thule's king, singing with thoughts on her own knight, will long haunt the memory by reason of the exquisite simplicity of true emotion.

Mme. Nordica took the "Jewel" song at an unusually slow pace. Thus she was enabled to wed song and appropriate gesture and mate the musical expression with the inward sentiment. There was always the expression of wonder, "Who am I, that I should have these jewels?" For once there was not the sight of a vain woman, bought with gewgaws, prancing on the stage with looking-glass in hand, while she waited for the kind gentleman.

Her singing in the duet with Faust was the quiet ecstasy of love. How maidenly and delicate was her self-recovery when almost ready to surrender! How chastely passionate her confession to the night! And in the church scene there was agony without convulsions, the despair that by its numbed intensity is the more terrible.

There were many other features in this memorable performance, triumphs of dramatic instinct and dramatic intelligence, moments of vocally emotional beauty, phrases charged with longing, supreme happiness, terror, wild regret. There were also moments when Mme. Nordica showed herself a rounded artist by that which she did not do and did not attempt.

Mr. Jadlowker sang the music of Faust and acted the part as no one else has done in Boston since Jean de Reszke was in his prime. Miss Swartz, young as she is in life and on the stage, was one of the few Siebels of distinction in song and carriage that have graced the theatre of late years. Miss Roberts was not a conventional Martha, and it was refreshing to see

the part of the "Jewel" song, and vocally powerful in the prison, there was enough for the hearers. There was roaring and there were wreaths.

The Church scene was thought boring, and it was often omitted. There was no discussion concerning the "psychology" of the part of Marguerite. When Pauline Lucca turned the amiable creature of the librettists into a woman of flesh and blood, there were protests in some quarters, and she was accused of coarseness.

We have changed all that. There are now plenty of "interpreters" in the opera house and on the concert stage.

IRISH TENOR IN "LA BOHEME"

John McCormack Increases Boston's Approval of His Voice.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted. Mimi.....Alice Nielsen
Musette.....Maria Camporelli
Rodolfo.....John McCormack
Marcello.....Rodolfo Fornari
Colline.....Josef Mardones
Schaunard.....Attilio Pulcini
Alcindoro.....John Morgan
Benoit.....Luigi Tavecchia
Un-Doganiere.....Frederick Huddy
Parpignol.....C. Stroesco

"La Boheme" does not lose its freshness, sparkle and pathos with many repetitions. That which is honestly human does not fade or tire. In a performance of an opera that admits of characterization of the respective parts, an opera in which there are creatures of flesh and blood instead of lay figures, the audience has the pleasure of making comparisons between the singers that have impersonated Mimi, Musette and their companions. Was this Schaunard as gayly boisterous as the one seen last time? Who was the most attractive of the Musettes?

Then there are ever-recurring questions. Should Mimi be representative as ever joyous, light hearted, or as always pensive, sentimental? In an opera that pretends to be realistic is it not absurd for Colline to take a long farewell of his overcoat when Mimi is dying, and there should be immediate relief? Thus when a performance is mediocre or even poor, an audience may profitably spend its time.

SOME PLAYS NOT FOR THE THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE.

Several published plays have recently been sent to The Herald: Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger" and Leonid Andreyev's "Anathema," published by the Macmillan Company; John Galsworthy's "Justice," published by Charles Scribner's Sons; two plays by John Corbin, "Husband" and "The Forbidden Guests," in one volume (Houghton, Mifflin Company), and Mr. Pinero's "Mid-Channel" and Marie Josephine Warren's "The Twig of Thorn" (Walter H. Baker & Co. of Boston). The publication might well give rise to a discussion of the subject, whether contemporaneous plays should be published at all. Does not the effect of a play depend chiefly on the performance? Must not the characters be seen, vitalized by the actors? Is not pointed and natural dialogue on the stage poor reading in the library? Does not the "literary" dialogue that compels admiration when quietly read as though it were a marmorean "Imaginary Conversation," bore a theatre audience?

There are some who maintain that the greatest plays are not for the theatre. Charles Lamb loved the playhouse, yet more than once, and not in paradoxical vein, he insisted that "King Lear," for example, could not and should not be played; that no actor could portray the agony and sublime madness of Lear; that no stage manager could mimic the wild storm. Mr. Sothern's recent production of "Macbeth," elaborate as it was, moved even some of his admirers to wish that the tragedy were not played. How often, they ask, are the secret, black and midnight hags anything but grotesque or tiresome figures? And is not all that is supernatural in the tragedy more awe-inspiring when imagined than when seen across footlights?

And so, they argue, it is with the Greek tragedies and comedies, the plays of Terence, Plautus, Calderon, Goethe, nearly all the Elizabethan dramas, the comedies of Congreve, bubbl

Wyndham, Vanbrugh. Yet those who saw not long ago a performance of the "Medea" of Euripides, an amateur performance, gained a more intimate acquaintance with the superb play than from a dozen readings of Prof. Murray's version. It is true that Euripides is a modern, in vital respects contemporaneous in his attitude toward theological systems and certain political and sociological questions. He was, therefore, and for a long time, ranked below Aeschylus and Sophocles. Let the question of his modernity be waived. The spectators, seeing "Medea," were deeply impressed; that which they had read became alive and palpable; their imagination completed that which was, perhaps necessarily, inadequate, and supplied that which was lacking.

On the other hand there are plays that can be read and seen with delight: the plays of Ibsen, Pinero, Shaw, and Wilde. No man ever wrote with a keener and more unerring sense of the requirements and the values of the stage than the great Norwegian dramatist. No man has ever created more characters that play of themselves, that lend to a mediocre actor plausible technic and authority. Mr. Pinero's construction of a play is still uncommonly skillful; whether he be now comparatively barren of ideas is another question. Whatever the verdict of the future may be on the case of Mr. Shaw, there's no denying the interest excited by his fantasias either in the library or on the stage. "The drama of talk." Yes, but what good talk it is.

Maeterlinck left shadow land at the beck and call of his restless play-acting wife, and yet he gladly went back when he wrote his "Blue Bird." The critics all agreed in New York that in the performance at the New Theatre the strange poetic charm was missing. This was apparently not the fault of the dramatist. The reproach was not brought against the performances in Russia and England. The East Side audience that saw "The Blue Bird" at the New Theatre supplied that which was missing, for the spectators were of a more sensitive and imaginative nature than the smug subscribers. What could Wall Street find in Maeterlinck's fantastical play? Edmund Clarence Stedman was not the typical broker.

A publisher of plays said a few days ago that it was a mistake for a dramatist to publish his plays. He said this to Mr. Maugham who was speaking of an edition of his comedies. The publisher gave his reasons; that the publication was seldom profitable; that amateur companies, or pirating managers would put on rubbers and play the pieces without paying royalties. He also said, but not in Mr. Maugham's presence, that the publication of plays had only this justification; it tickled the vanity of the dramatist, and it was of advantage to the deaf who cannot hear actors, especially in these days of ignoble elocution. There is one exception apparently to the statement of pecuniary unprofitableness: Mr. Besler's "Don" has had a good sale, and the first edition is exhausted. Nevertheless the printed play gives only a faint idea of Mr. Besler's drama as it shines on the stage.

Mr. Sheldon's "The Nigger" is characterized on the title page as "an American play." I believe that some of his admirers describe it as "the American play." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was thus characterized. "The Nigger" has been seen here and it is not necessary to analyze it at this late day. Mr. Sheldon's treatment of miscegenation is purely academic. He has evolved a South out of his inner consciousness. No Southern woman of the birth and education of Georgiana Byrd would dream for a moment of any possible marriage with a man touched ever so lightly with a tar-brush. Nor in conversation among themselves or in addressing negroes do Southern ladies speak of "a nigger." Mr. Sheldon's treatment of the all-absorbing question, but a question that could not arise when the white woman knew the secret of the man's birth, is in substance fantastic. Yet the play, as a melodrama, without inquiry into probability, is interesting on the stage. Read the play in print and the interest largely disappears, except for him who remembers the powerful acting of Miss Sitgreaves as Jinny, Morrow's "mammy"; Mr. Post as Morrow, Mr. Johnson as the distiller, and the remarkable impersonation of Senator Long by Lee Baker.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" has not been played here. We all read the news of its success in England; how at the end of the second act, the trial scene, the spectators debated the questions that had been raised by opposing counsel; how the home secretary was moved at least to consider some reform in the treatment of prisoners, etc. As in "Strife," the dramatist takes neither side. He states the case of the practical man who does not like to be robbed and believes that so-lety

of the actor, and the conductor. The actor draws his own conclusions. It is easy to infer from the look the power of the acted tragedy; at the reality, if the actors were committed, would undoubtedly outstrip the performer.

Mr. Brember Willis wrote recently to Mr. Era that "Justice" offers comparatively little to the "personal protagonist," who of necessity needs a considerable amplitude of dramatic material in which to display his powers; and the distinction of this play lies in the fact that inherently, of its own nature, it has drawn together for the first time, and presented in a brilliant setting, a company of those players who stand in the van of the advanced, welcome movement, and it is this fact among others—not perhaps, sufficiently recognized—that helps to make the play a figure of a new and inspiring time. And Mr. Willis goes on to say that the actors in "Justice" make comparatively little individual personal impression. "The material they use is vital, even showy, but not expensive, or modulated on any telling length gamut. They appear to be figures acutely alive, clear-cut and sharply relieved; but, though vivid, they are, in a measure, microscopic, because the peculiarity of the technique of this play is that it reveals the story by a series of high-lights, in tragic glimpses at the peaks of crisis, rather than in the slower, fuller, more comprehensive methods to which the stage is accustomed, and which gives the actor more scope. The action, indeed, is ever at breathless pauses, at the faltering utterance, at the moment of catastrophe. There is practically no development of character. The basis of contributory movement and thought which generates the plot and its mood is, to all intents and purposes, suppressed; the spectacle is afforded as on the whole, chiefly that of the social machine in motion rather than a drama of human generation; and the business of the actor almost entirely consists in appearing at the points when the strain has reached an acute stage and the victim is squeezed to a state of agony. . . . The true artistic spirit is amply compensated by work of this kind, for though it offers some egoistic eclipse, it is vivified by dealing in living material and in entering thereby into the domain of universal—as opposed to purely theatrical art."

But will "Justice," played, or printed, bring about any better understanding of the weakness of a sentimentalist or amorist in time of temptation; or will it give practical employers, lawyers or business men, a keener insight into the character of those employed and humanize them; or will it bring about any reform in the treatment of prisoners in jail and after they have been discharged? What play has worked a great reform? Novels have been powerful tracts, as some by Charles Dickens and Charles Reade. These novelists called attention to abuses and the world cried shame. But has any play founded on one of these novels been helpful in correction or abolition? "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," "Very Hard Case," "Put Yourself in His Place" undoubtedly exerted a great influence. Any play based on one of these novels was necessarily melodramatic, and the audience looked on the suffering of Josephs, or the acted representation of any wrong as it looked on the adventures of Dantes afterward Count of Monte Cristo. "Black House" turned into a play has little to say about the delay and injustice of the chancery courts. The interest is in Lady Deacock and her French maid, or in another play based on this novel, the thought is of Jo constantly obliged to move on.

Of the plays above mentioned that have not been performed here The Herald will speak later.

Mrs. Voynich's latest novel, "An Interrupted Friendship," has been turned into a play in three acts and an epilogue, and there was a performance in London for copyright purposes Nov. 19. Mrs. Voynich had poor luck with the play adapted from her grim novel, "The Gadfly." This play was performed at Wallack's Theatre, New York in September, 1899, but it ran there only a fortnight and Col. T. Allston Brown made this short comment: "A lamentable failure," in his "History of the New York Stage." Edward B. Rose made the adaptation, and for some inscrutable reason Stuart Robson was chosen to play the part of the wildly melodramatic hero, Mrs. Voynich, a daughter of William Boole, the eminent mathematician and logician, visited the United States that fall and spent some time in Boston.

The English are still hurrahing over Elgar's new violin concerto. It is "pure, logical, sincere and most original." It must "surely rank among the great concertos of the world." But we have not forgotten the fiasco over Elgar's symphony, which has been performed here to the wonder of those who had read the glowing eulogies of London critics.

Mr. Elgar's new violin concerto is for the new advisory board to deal with the censorship of plays. He says that the chamberlain will license every play the board objects to and suppress every play it approves.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Taneff, Quartet in D minor, op. 7; Reger, Quartet in E flat major; Cherubini, Quartet in D minor.

West Roxbury High School, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Auber, overture to "Fra Diavolo"; Saint-Saens, prelude to "The Deluge"; Puccini, aria from "La Boheme" (Miss Emily G. Hayden, soprano); Wagner, selection from "Tannhaeuser"; Hubay, "The Tre Katz" (Mr. Howard, violinist); Benberg, "Nymphs and Fauns" (Miss Hayden); Massenet, march from suite "Scenes Pittoresques." Mr. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, and Nikolai Sokoloff, violinist. Lekeu sonata for piano and violin; Chopin, etudes, op. 10, No. 3, op. 25, No. 2, Fantasia (Miss Thompson); Sallit-Engel, Intermezzo, Vieuxtemps Rondino op. 32, Ysaye Reve d'Enfant, Kettner-Loeffler, Caprice Espagnol (Mr. Sokoloff); Grieg sonata for piano and violin, op. 13.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Florentine Quartet (Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Ugo Ara, Ivan d'Archembeau). Third season here. Mazur, quartet, G major (K. 587); Debussy, quartet, G minor, op. 10; Haydn, quartet, F major, op. 3, No. 5.

Borchester High School, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Rossini, overture to "William Tell"; Doppler, Nocturne for flute, violin and cello; Wagner, prize song from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" (A. C. Orcutt, tenor); Puccini, Fantasia, "La Boheme"; Wieniawski, Legende (Barthold Silbermann, violinist); Chabrier, Habanera; Piccolomini, "Whisper and I Shall Hear" (Mr. Orcutt); Brahms, Hungarian Dance in G minor. Mr. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Jaroslav Kocian, violinist, assisted by Maurice Elser, pianist. D'Ambrosio, concerto in B minor (Mr. Kocian); Rameau, Sarabande, Rameau-Godowsky, Rigaudon (Mr. Elser); Bach, Andante, Præludium; Kocian, Humoresque, Rles. Adagio; Hubay, Zephyr (Mr. Kocian); Chopin, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2; Macdonald, suite (Mr. Elser); Paganini, "Di tanti papilli" (Mr. Kocian).

THE BOSTON OPERA REPERTORY

There are some who complain of the "many repetitions" of operas at the Boston Opera House. They ask why this or that opera is not performed and they speak of the "small repertory." The complaint is unfounded; the reproach is unjust.

Some years ago when there was talk of an established opera in Boston Mr. Wilhelm Gericke was consulted as to the feasibility of the proposed plan. He then said that in the sudden establishment of any opera house the chief trouble would be in the repertory; that only a few operas could be performed during the first season. He knew through experience the difficulties attending a production; the preparation of scenery and costumes, the many rehearsals of orchestra and chorus, the patient stage drill, etc.

During the first season of the Boston Opera House twenty-one operas were performed. Fifteen were by Italian composers; four were of the French school; there was one German opera; and a scene from a Russian opera was performed in America for the first time. This record was most creditable; in fact it was extraordinary; for the operas were sumptuously mounted and infinite attention had been given to details of stage management.

This season Verdi's superb "Otello" has been added to the repertory and Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" has been produced as an opera for the first time in America. Next week Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera," which is not three years old will be performed for the first time in this country. Other operas are in rehearsal; some that have been heard here before but are not too familiar; some that will be new to audiences, as Puccini's latest opera; and Mr. Converse's "Sacrifice" will be performed for the first time on any stage.

They that complain of the "smallness" of the repertory should look over the yearly lists of long established and subsidized opera houses. They would be surprised to find that comparatively few operas are performed in the course of a year. Only nineteen different operas were heard at the Paris Opera in 1909, and this famous institution dates from 1671. In 1908 Gounod's "Faust" was performed thirty-two times, "Samson et Dalila" twenty-three times; "Romeo et Juliette" eleven times; "Tannhaeuser" fifteen times, and so on.

Repetitions of operas are to be de-

sired. Different singers appear in the parts, and there is education as there is pleasure in comparison. An opera is then studied by the audience, liked for its own qualities. It is not regarded merely as a platform for the display and glory of the singers. Repetitions are necessary. No one wishes to hear an opera that, hastily and superficially prepared, is pitchforked onto the stage.

'PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK'

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a play in three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his London company.

Joey Wright.....Allen Thomas
Christopher Penny.....David Powell
Maj. Tompkins.....Montague Rutherford
Mrs. Tompkins.....Miss Kate Carlyon
Vivian.....Miss Haidee Wright
Jape Samuels.....A. G. Poulton
Harry Larkoom.....Alexander Cassy
Miss Kite.....Miss Haidee Wright
Mrs. Percival de Hooley.....Mrs. Annerley Stasla
Mrs. Sharpe.....Miss Molly Pearson
The Third Floor Back.....J. Forbes-Robertson

Mr. Jerome's play was produced at St. James' Theatre, London, Sept. 1, 1908. Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Haidee Wright then created the parts of the Third Floor Back and Miss Kite. The play was produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, Oct. 4, 1909, by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his London company. The majority of the players seen in New York are with him this season.

Mr. Jerome based his play on one of his short stories. After Mr. Rann Kennedy had brought out his "Servant in the House" he insisted with his customary violence of assertion that Mr. Jerome and Mr. Forbes-Robertson had read the manuscript of his play and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was the fruit of their reading and reflection. But the two plays have little in common as far as the treatment of an idea is concerned.

The idea itself is not a new one. William D. O'Connor, the attaché friend of Walt Whitman, wrote a singular story, "The Carpenter," which was published in Putnam's Magazine (second series) in January, 1868. In this story, which was afterward published in book form with other tales by O'Connor, a man of gracious and commanding personality enters a farm house a stranger to the inmates.

By his quiet yet resistless influence, he sweetens their lives and brings consolation and hope; he then disappears. This stranger was described as though he were "the good grey poet," and it is known that Whitman's personal influence was strangely felt by all that came in contact with him.

In Mr. Jerome's play there is no attack on the church of England and no bishop is represented as a materialist at heart, if not a conscious hypocrite. A passer-by, a traveller, takes a humble room in a boarding house kept by a cheating landlady.

The boarders are characterized by the dramatist in his first act, a prologue, as a painted lady, a shrew, a snob, a bully, a hussy, a satyr, a coward, a rogue and a cad. A husband and his wife are always quarrelling. They wish to sell their daughter to a rich and vulgar ex-bookmaker, and she is ready to be sold though she loves a poor painter. The painted lady is vain and malicious. All the boarders, in a word, are mean and contemptible, and Stasia, the slavey, frankly admits that she is "a bad 'un."

The new boarder begins by softening the heart of the landlady. She becomes just, even generous. And so he turns his fellow-boarders, leading miserable lives, into decent men and women. His method is a simple one. He tells the painted lady that her only fault is a lack of vanity; that she is beautiful. Angry at first, she realizes her folly. The selfish man is appealed to through his well known generosity; the bullying husband, formerly of the army, through the chivalric spirit that characterizes the true soldier.

The first act, or the prologue, is amusing by reason of the sharp and unerring characterization of contemptible men and women. Those who have lived much in boarding houses have come across these types, accentuated by the enforced proximity. These types are to be met elsewhere, but in a boarding house of a certain class they are to be seen and studied at once as in a cage at the "300."

Mr. Forbes-Robertson in a short speech made after the second act, a speech that was dignified and modest, characterized the play as "symbolical." It might also be called a fairy-play, with the passer-by as the good fairy. After the first conversion is made, the others follow as a matter of course. The passer-by must inevitably preach sermons. They are not long; they are in some instances pointed; but at times they would drag, were it not for the beautiful enunciation and diction and

the compelling force of the chief actor.

Many of the lines given to the passer-by are platitudinous, fine examples of copy-book morality, wise saws of the smug; yet spoken by Mr. Forbes-Robertson they have weight and often go to the heart of the hearer and lead him to self-examination, disgust at his own conduct, however masked, and the resolve to put aside the old Adam.

As a play, judged by the ordinary laws of construction, action, intrigue, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is thin and futile. Played by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his admirable company, it made last night a profound impression. This was shown by the quietness of the large audience and by the fact that at the end there was no rush up the aisles; the spectators sat as though unwilling to leave the theatre, as though bound by a spell.

The simplicity of the ending, the passing of the beneficent and mysterious stranger, with the darkening of the stage, the illuminated face, visible for a moment, the light then streaming in the room empty save for the sobbing slavey, who walked across and was then seen no more; all this, free from any touch of the purely theatrical, crowned a memorable performance.

It would be hard to think of this drama played by others or in any other manner. There are few if any actors who have the peculiar force of Mr. Forbes-Robertson; who can express so much by inflections of voice and facial play; who know the value of sobriety in gesture; who have the strange and irresistible quality for which there is perhaps no better name than personal magnetism. There is a well-worn phrase, "the power of the human eye." This phrase has new meaning to those who have seen Mr. Forbes-Robertson in a part that might easily be grotesque, preposterous, when acted by another.

The supporting company was wholly worthy of the great actor, and there could be no higher praise. Yet the impersonation of Miss Kite by Miss Haidee Wright, of Stasia by Miss Pearson, of Jape Samuels by Mr. Poulton, of—but to do full justice to the deservings the cast would be here reprinted.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." John Craig Stock Company.

Malvolio.....John Craig
Orsino.....A. L. Hickey
Sir Toby Belch.....George Hassell
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Donald Meek
Sebastian.....Bert Young
Antonio.....Walter Walker
Feste.....Wilfred Young
Fabian.....Al Roberts
Va cente.....A. B. Clarke
Curio.....Frank Bertrand
A sea captain.....Arthur Fox
Olivia.....Marie Curliis
Maria.....Florence Shirley
Viola.....Mary Young

TRIPLE OPERA BILL REPEATED

A repetition of the triple bill—an act of Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," a tableau from Rachmaninoff's "Der Geizige Ritter" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"—drew a fair-sized audience to the Boston Opera House last night.

Mr. Caplet conducted in the excerpt from "L'Enfant Prodigue."

La.....Alice Nielsen
Azael.....Robert Lassalle
Simeon.....Ramon Blanchart

After this came the scene from "Der Geizige Ritter," in which Mr. Baklanoff was the miser, Mr. Conti conducting.

Finally Mr. Moranzoni led the orchestra for "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Santuzza.....Carmen Mells
Lola.....Janik (Czaplinska)
Mama Lucia.....Anne Roberts
Turridu.....John McCormack
Alfo.....Rodolfo Fornari

Necessarily the two short pieces were—

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Odiva, Who Dives, and an Actress Who Makes Everybody Laugh.

If the graceful young woman to whom occurred the idea of arraying herself in next to nothing and splashing in a stage tank had patented her idea, she might have made a fortune. The latest follower in her watery footsteps was at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening in the person of Odiva, billed as "The Samoan pearl diver."

She offers one improvement on the usual act in the shape of an illuminated tank with a glass front. The most interesting of her feats are graceful aquatic posing and sub-surface twists and turns. She winds up with a plunge from a platform high up toward the flies.

Elita Proctor Otis's jollity has been long familiar to theatregoers, and she was cordially welcomed into the vaudeville fold in a comedy by William Cary Duncan called "Mrs. Bunner's Deception." Miss Otis's infectious fun makes

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to the second concert. The players were recalled again and again. Mr. Bettl might easily have elided to the applause after his playing Haydn's air with the guitar accompaniment, and repeated the delightful performance, but his artistic sense prevailed.

The second concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 26.

Dec 10 1910

KOCIAN GIVES A CONCERT.

Bohemian Violinist Returns to Play in Chickering Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Jaroslav Kocian, violinist, assisted by Maurice Eisner, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mr. Kocian played these pieces: d'Amrosio, Concerto in B minor; Bach, Andante and Praeludium; Kocian, Humoresque; Rles, Adagio; Hubay, Zephyr; Paganini, Variations on Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti." The piano pieces named on the program were: Rameau, Sarabande; Rameau-Godowsky, Ragandon; Chopin, Nocturne op. 15 No. 2; MacDowell, Etude.

Mr. Kocian first came to Boston in November, 1902. He had a small, but pure and pleasing tone, and a technique adequate to the demands of the pieces chosen for performance. He was a placid, amiable violinist, almost phlegmatic at times. He was then only 18 years old, but he did not show the reckless enthusiasm of youth, and did not strive after sensational effects. When he came here later to play in a vaudeville house he did not make a marked impression, although he again gave pleasure to his audience.

Yesterday he chose d'Amrosio's concerto which was first played here by Mr. Czerwonsky at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dec. 21, 1907. The composer is best known as the author of short pieces of the Salon order. His concerto is futile music; music without character. The second movement might be called pretty in its sentimentality, but the themes in the other movements have no profile and they are feebly developed, when there is any true development at all. The other pieces chosen by Mr. Kocian might be classed as salon music, with the exception of those by Bach and Paganini's show piece.

Mr. Kocian has gained somewhat in breadth, but the distinguishing feature of his performance is still an agreeable and a pure tone. In a flowing melody the tonal quality makes its effect, but the sweetness is uniform; there is little variety in expression. Mr. Kocian showed technical proficiency yesterday and his harmonies were clear. It is a pity that he has not a more pronounced individuality as an interpreter—yet in the music chosen by him there was little to interpret.

Mr. Eisner accompanied well, and played his solo pieces modestly. A large audience applauded heartily.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." The cast.

Barbieri.....Lydia Lipkowska
Almaviva.....Anne Roberts
Figaro.....Florence Constantino
Antonio.....Rodolfo Fornari
Basilio.....Luigi Tavecchia
Leon Sibilakoff
Official Attitude Pulcini
Ernesto Giaccone

Dec 10 1910

WHEN Mr. Victor Maurel was in Boston last season for a day or two, he said that he should like to take the part of Ramon in "La Habanera." This part tempted the artist. He had much to say about the "psychology" of the impersonation.

There was talk in New York of producing the opera, but there was no performance, and Mr. Maurel is still asking how he might have played the part of Ramon, the fratricide, and how he may play it. This part, Ramon, will be taken by Mr. Kocian if when the opera will be produced at the Boston Opera House next Wednesday evening for the first time in this country.

"Habanera" is the name of a dance, and few if any histories or encyclopedias of the dance refer to it. Grove's Dictionary (revised edition) describes the Habanera as "a Spanish song and dance of an older origin than its name implies, having been introduced into Cuba from Africa by the negroes, where it was very natural." It is reported into Spain. The rhythmic character, distinctive, has been familiar to the rest of the world by the name of "Carmen." "Carmen's" Habanera is not its own; this we shall see later. The contributor to Grove's



GEORGE BAKLANOFF
BARITONE.

Dictionary, after he has described the musical form of the dance, says: "The performers, opposite to each other, one of either sex, generally dance to the introduction, and accompany their dancing of several 'coplas' (stanzas) with gestures, and the whole of the music is repeated for the final dance, which is slow and stately and of a decidedly Oriental character, the feet being scarcely lifted from the ground (though an occasional pirouette is sometimes introduced), while the most voluptuous movements of the arms, hips, head and eyes are employed to lure and fascinate each other and the spectator. The dance, if well done, can be extremely graceful; but even in its most classic form is bound to be indecent, vividly recalling the 'Danse de Ventre' of the Algerian Cafe."

And so it was in the days when Nero, high among the banqueters in the gardens of Sallust, sat drinking hard. "And from one end of the gardens came the roar of vast bands of music, while dancing girls, in the fulls between the courses, came dancing down the files of tables in troops, wrapped in thin gauze, and clattering their crackling castanets. And many of them were Spanish girls from Gades in Spain, who danced in line, rising and falling in waves of tremulous hips."

Neither the academic Desrat in his "Dictionnaire de la Danse," nor the rhetorical Gaston Vuillier in his history of dancing mentions the habanera. Richard Ford, who knew Spain perhaps better than the Spaniards, had much to say about the lots of Arragon, the bolero, the Galician and Asturian dances, the "comparsas" or national quadrilles, but he did not name the habanera. Did he refer to it? His description of a gypsy dance, the dance which is closely analogous to the Ghawasee of the Egyptians and the Nautch of the Hindus. "It is the Ole of the Spaniards, the Romalia of the gypsies. 'The Romalia, who seem to have no bones, solve the problem of perpetual motion, their feet having comparatively no rest, as the whole person performs a pantomime, and trembles like a reed leaf, the flexible form and delicate figure of a young Andalusian girl—be she gypsy or not—is what the learned to have been described by nature as the fit frame for her voluptuous imagination."

For old the Spanish dancers who, visiting Paris in the late thirties, moved Theophile Gautier to write in their praise, dance the habanera.

Neither the Mesdames Fabiani, nor Dolores Terrai; nor did Mlle. Nallet, who followed Fanny Elssler in imitating Dolores, dance the habanera. The two Spanish dances that were then the rage were the bolero and the cachucha.

Perhaps the habanera came from Africa; perhaps it was introduced into Spain after the sea voyage from Cuba; it matters not. The word itself is known through the song of Carmen and by reason of Chabrier's piano piece, "Habanera," written originally for the piano and later arranged for orchestra.

The Habanera in "Carmen," sung almost immediately after the gypsy's entrance, was written during the rehearsals of the opera. Bizet at first had composed a song in six-eight time with a chorus and this was rehearsed, but Galli-Marie did not like it. She found it ineffective. She wished something more pronounced, more daring, something in which she could employ the whole battery of what Charles Pigot characterized as her "artistic perversities"; her vocal caresses and smiles, voluptuous inflections, murderous glances, disturbing gestures.

Carmen's entrance song was written 13 times before composer and singer were satisfied, and the 13th version is the tune of a Spanish song which he had found when he was looking over collections of characteristic songs of the one now known to all. Bizet took the peninsula. This brought him into trouble; for one Iradier or Yradier had also composed a song based on the Spanish tune and his publisher, Heugel, demanded that this should be mentioned in Bizet's score. Iradier was not complaining. To avoid a lawsuit or scandal, Bizet gave his consent and on the first page of the "Habanera" in "Carmen" this line is engraved: "Initiated from a Spanish song, the property of the publishers of the Menestrel." But let us return to Laparra's opera.

"La Habanera," a lyric drama in three acts, libretto and music by Raoul Laparra, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Feb. 26, 1908. Mr. Ruhlmann conducted. The cast was as follows:

Pedro.....M. Salignac
Ramon.....M. Salignac
Un Vieux.....M. Vieuille
1er Compere 2e Avengle.....M. de Poumayrac
2e Compere, 1er Avengle.....M. Vigneau
Un Flanco, 2e Compere.....M. Doussel
1er Compere 3e Avengle.....M. Pavan
Un Damesilone.....M. Rives

La Pilar.....Mlle. Demellier
Une Fiancee.....Mlle. de Poumayrac
Une Fille.....Mlle. Ganteri

There were 15 performances of the opera at the Opera Comique in 1908.

The opera is dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Mouzay. "This work was thought out and written in the constant remembrance of her who showed herself my benevolent protectress in my youthful years as an artist." There is also a dedication to Albert Carre, the director of the Opera Comique, and to his wife, Mme. Carre, the singer.

The score contains an orchestral prelude, and it would seem from certain hints that the opera originally had a prologue in which a gypsy woman foretold Ramon his fate. However this may be, there is an explanatory note to the prelude for use in concert performances. "The gypsy girl, who had taken my hand and tried to subdue my eyes with hers, at first uttered a loud cry and then made a puzzling remark that seemed to foretell an evil end. I was afraid. A dreary fire was in the little room. From the dark suspicious door came loud blasts from Manzanares and San Isidoro, the city of the dead. Then the gypsy began to dance. Her dance seemed to draw little by little some invisible being who entered with the red splashes of sunset and sang a wild flamenco, while the nerve-fretting girl turned about and twisted as Life or as Death."

The prelude also has these lines for a motto: "My hand is not white, sewers! An evil fate separates us. I go always in pursuit of her. She is the leaf; I am the wind."

Act. I. "Romeria" (the Festival). "A bride whose arms make eternal chains of love, whose eyes are so deep that only the pupils are seen."

The curtain rises on the large hall of an old palace now inhabited by peasants. At the right, wooden steps fall into a shadowy stairway. At the left a window opens on a public square. It is a feast day, with laughter and cries and joyous shouts and the pealing of bells. Four fellows are drinking near the window and teasing a girl who runs away like a ruffled hen. Ramon is at another table, which he slashes with his case-knife. His eyes stare. He drinks deep draughts of wine. Surely he is waiting for some one, and his face in turn expresses grief, hatred, resignation, tenderness. Musicians out of doors play popular tunes. Pilar, young, beautiful, radiant, comes in, dressed in the Castilian costume of a tetroched, for she is to marry Pedro, the brother of Ramon.

The maddened Ramon, who has been brooding over the thought of suicide, seizes her as though crazed by the Habanera which he hears. He holds her tighter and tighter. Pedro enters afterward and lavishes caresses on his sweetheart. She leaves and when he would follow her, Ramon prevents him. There is a quarrel and Pedro falls dead, struck by Ramon's knife. "In true Elizabethan style," said a London critic, "the murder is preceded and accompanied by obscenities from four tapers, which are exactly parallel to the comments of the gentlemen of the bedchamber in 'The Maid's Tragedy,' and produce an equally tragical effect." No one suspects Ramon of the murder, for the brothers were known to be mutually affectionate. The old father dips his hand in Pedro's blood and, wiping it on Ramon's face, makes him swear to avenge his brother. There is now an orchestral entr'acte, a short and tragic Largo.

Act. II. "Recuerdos" (memories). There is this motto: "Does the senora wish to listen? My guitar has six heart strings—one laughs, four have a tender voice, and the lowest makes you afraid."

The scene is in the interior court of a huge house. The assembled family is in mourning. The old man asleep, Pilar lost in sad reflections, and Ramon, whose face shows pitiable weariness, are seated near a fire pan, which gives a feeble light and allows figures in the background to be seen as vague silhouettes. A young man with an older companion looks with compassion on the group of three and questions his neighbor, who puts a finger on his mouth.

Pilar, nevertheless, urges strangers in the shadows to dance. The vague rhythm of the Habanera begins to take character. Couples are dancing,



ANDRÉ CAPLET
CONDUCTOR

For these bystanders and Pilar herself are not wholly incapable of joy. They know not remorse. It is far otherwise with Ramon. He sees always before him the ghost of Pedro. The rhythm of the Habanera revives his fears. Suddenly he sees the pale phantom of his murdered brother facing him, behind a pillar, and he hears these words that come from the livid mouth of the dead: "if you tomorrow do not confess your crime to Pilar, I shall take her with me into my tomb." Pilar, who will marry Ramon the next day, is her bridegroom's partner. The spectre marks the steps with a sneering "Ole." Only Ramon sees and hears him.

The orchestral entr'acte is divided into two sections: the first one moderate in pace and dolorous, yet with a dance rhythm; the second entitled,

"Una Mala Noche" (A Wretched Night).

Act II. "Epitaph" (Epitaph). There is this motto. "A hundred years can destroy my body; when my flesh will be devoured, the worms among my bones will still know that you were adored." This motto is taken from the stanza of a Spanish dance song.

The scene is a graveyard at nightfall. The last rays of an autumnal sun fall on Pedro's tomb. Each sepulchre has a little funeral lamp. The alleys are strewn with dead leaves. A procession passes. There is solemn chanting: "Ego sum resurrectio et vita. Qui credit in me etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet! Et omnis qui credit in me non morietur in eternum." Pilar and Ramon have been kneeling by Pedro's tomb, and she breathes out her love: "And when we shall be old, dear heart, we'll always be lovers. Let us go far away to a peaceful land, and that will be Paradise." It is dark. No sound, no whisper, only a few stars shine on high. A passing bell sounds somewhere, hardly heard, but insistent, inexorable, far in the distance. Ramon wishes to lead Pilar away. Lo, she is dead! He grasps an imaginary guitar after the manner of the blind strolling musicians who the night before played the Habanera and disappears in the shadows.

"La Habanera" is a drama with music. The music was designed to articulate the dramatic points. The only approach to an aria is Ramon's monologue in which he contemplates suicide. When the opera was produced in London Mr. G. S. Robertson wrote of the music in the Saturday Review: "The (Laparra's) effects are sometimes crude, but they are gen-

erally original. To suggest that he has been influenced by the young Italian school, as some critics did, is merely ludicrous. There is a something of Debussy in the vocal writing, but it is Debussy with a good deal of difference. His scoring is appropriately peculiar, but original, like the rest of his work. The device of accompanying a large part of the action of the first act by a rather vulgar band outside, the orchestra remaining silent, is an admirable one, and so is the touch of terror added by the howls of a little girl, while the bystanders mutter their comments on the crime. That he can write really beautiful, as well as merely dramatic, music is shown by Pilar's phrases in the second and third acts. As to the Habanera itself, on which the piece so largely depends, it is a mystery to me how the critics came to the conclusion that it was not striking or distinctive. It rang in my ears for days before the performance, and it has rung there ever since."

This performance in London was at Covent Garden, July 18, 1910, when Mlle. Demellier appeared as the girl Pilar, Dalmoires as Pedro, Bourbon as Ramon, Murray Davey as the obdurate father. The London Times remarked that "the composer was evidently aware of the tragedy that often lurks beneath dance rhythms, and he has a strong poetic imagination. But this is not the same thing as being a skilful stagecraftsman or an original or successful composer. It is apparently a matter of small consequence whether a prologue which appears in the book of words is given or not; the action is stronger without it, and as it contains little more than the fate of the principal character being foretold by a gypsy, there is probably not much loss to any one. . . ."

"Certain musical devices are used

with a skill that might not, perhaps, have been present if the composer had been a more learned musician. He makes his effects with means of rare simplicity: the uproar of the festa in the sunlit square outside the window in the first act accompanies the opening scenes, and the rhythm of the dance soon begins to pervade the whole music. It sinks to what is virtually one reiterated bass note after the murder, and in a scene which almost any other composer would have been sure to treat in the manner of the death of Valentine, little is heard beyond the insistent rhythm and the wailing of a little girl. The whole of this scene is like a

realization of some picture by John Phillip, who in 'La Gloria' and elsewhere has given us that close association between the tragic and the festal which is one of the notes of Spain. The second scene in the patio of an old house, where a couple are amusing themselves in the upper gallery while the mourners warm themselves round a brazier below, is very striking, and the knocking of the beggars who come to play for the gloomy dance is in the real tragic vein. The Habanera itself is of so sinister a character that it requires little musical transformation in the last scene, which is strangely lacking in the dramatic force of its predecessors."

Raoul Louis Felix Emile Mary Laparra was born at Bordeaux, May 13, 1876. He took a minor prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1899 and several prizes after that until in 1903, as a pupil of Gabriel Faure, he took the prix de Rome. He had studied with Massenet and Gedalge. It is said that a visit to Spain with J. P. Laurens, the painter, gave him the idea of "La Habanera." Laparra has travelled in the east as far as Athens and Constantinople; he knows Italy and Germany, and in 1907, as the story goes, he visited the Indians in Canada, hoping to find material for art.

His opera was produced at Berlin Dec. 2, 1908, and at Brussels in March, 1909.

The composer has given his opinions concerning the proper interpretation of his opera. "La Habanera" should be performed in a rather small opera house; "the action to the ear of the public, everything to its soul." The music should first of all, as the roles themselves, be declaimed. The singing should intimately depend on the declamation and the expression. The actors should gesture as little as possible. "The role of Ramon should be played with especial sobriety. The greatest part of the drama should pass in his physiognomy."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Production of "La Boheme," Mr. Goodrich conductor.

Mimi.....	Mme. Lipkowska
Musetta.....	Miss Devereux
Rodolfo.....	Mr. Constantino
Schmoe.....	Mr. Fernand
Colla.....	Mr. Mardon
Schmoe.....	Mr. Pulido
Alcindoro.....	Mr. Morgan
Benoit.....	Mr. Taverchia
La Vogliere.....	Mr. Huddy
Parpignol.....	Mr. Stronco

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Il Trovatore," opera in four acts, by Verdi.

Cast:	Erice Arson
Manrico.....	Carlo Galeffi
The Count de Luna.....	Giuseppe Perini
Ferrando.....	Ernesto Giaccone
Rufz.....	Marie Rappold
Leonora.....	Grace Fisher
Don Alvaro.....	Maria Claessens

RAOUL LAPARRA
COMPOSER OF NEW OPERA



TWO FAMOUS CANTATRICES

Impressions of George Bernard
Shaw's New Play, "The
Dark Lady."

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Melba and Mme. Nordica were recently heard here; the former in concert, the latter in opera. Mme. Melba was suffering from a cold, which, growing worse obliged her to cancel an engagement in Worcester and also engagements in Chicago. Nevertheless, when she sang at the last Symphony concerts, her indisposition was only occasionally noticeable. The voice had the same sympathetic, golden, unique quality; the art of the singer was unimpaired. Mme. Nordica gave a remarkable impersonation of Gounod's Marguerite, remarkable in its composition and in the detail.

According to the books that tell the lives of singers, these two women were born in 1859. Mme. Nordica has been singing in public certainly since 1876 when she divided the solos in "The Messiah" with Mrs. J. W. Weston. She had sung before this in the same year at a pupils' concert in Bunstead Hall. She sang for the first time in opera at Brescia, April 30, 1879. Mme. Melba, who had sung as a girl in Melbourne and at a concert in London in 1886, did not venture in opera until 1887, when she appeared (Oct. 12) at the Monnaie in Brussels.

Mme. Nordica has sung many parts that were vocally taxing. It might be said of her that she has sung indefatigably. She sang brilliantly parts that are associated with lyric, colorature and dramatic sopranos. Mme. Melba was tempted only once to sing a heroic part, that of Brunhilde in "Siegfried," and she wisely did not repeat the experiment. In Boston she has been heard as Juliet, Lucia, Semiramide, Marguerite (Gounod's), Marguerite de Valois, Gilda, Manon (Massenet's), Rosina, Violetta, Mimi.

Mme. Nordica has been singing in opera for 31 years; Mme. Melba for 23 years. How is it that in 1910 they are able to give such great pleasure to hearers that have witnessed the waxing and waning of many prima donnas?

Because Mme. Nordica and Mme. Melba first of all learned to sing. They learned the proper use of the voice. After all their labor, after all the strain, they are still mistresses of song.

...whose acting was con-
...she began her opera-
...and chief-
...donna that she should
...she was still bound by
...She always carried a lace
...in joyful or gloomy situ-
...had a fixed smile
...trying moments.
...before Mine Nordica
...herself from this tradi-
...Singers began to cross
...Alatti, who acted. There had
...tenors and sopranos before them
...had shown in this country drama-
...and force, but that
...the minority I have never
...Azzeza who equalled that of
...Adelaide Phillips. Few of the later
...slow the intensity of
...But the rank and file
...the opera folk were singers
...than interpreters. When
...United States
...his acting was not remarkable, but
...himself has written how the light
...dressed him.

The De Ruzes, Mme. Calve, de Lucia,
...and others modified and edu-
...the taste of the
...The character of opera itself
...The Italian Cammarini of "Carmen"
...was a different thing from the
...of "La Favorita" and his
...after recorded as his
...dramatic. Cammarini's
...to visit after for an Italian
...The opera folk were at first
...I saw little in "Carmen"
...for the time of a baritone, and there
...Don Pucio first being
...the opera folk and proudly
..."Gloria" is a man.

Mrs. Nordica was a greatly rare
...intelligence. She
...and was not fatigued
...part of
...she was not pro-
...She learned it
...in Paris. Her
...was slow but
...and she became an entirely
...of being more a dramatist. Her
...was no longer to provoke applau-
...of performance or
...but to express in music
...of the part as under stood
...As a result, there was
...the performance
...in the Boston Opera
...it could be absurd to say that
...that of Mine.
...but by her art,
...made it seem
...of Marguerite.

Mme. Nordica acts fully with her
...and to command tones, brill-
...for Marguerite de Valois, pathos
...Alatti, still the first stage person
...their own moments, give the neces-
...What Mme. de Sael wrote
...of Puccini might be said of Mme. Nordica
...the voice of this man there is an
...the noble music which, with its first
...was all the strength of
...heart."

As a result of the study that the two
...first of all singers. They
...study they will study
...they will study life. Their
...may well be followed by all
...now looking forward to a career,
...now on the stage, who leaped
...and what a voice and what a
...known to the world as a person-
...The aplomb with which she sings,
...one voice are not passed, who have
...control of their voice, who
...yet to think masterfully
...give perfect recitation
...they can hardly enunciate and
...and the absolute and the absolute
...of the art."

There are interpreters, some about
...and many are their
...The pupils hear the will
...and copy the manner of the
...interpreters. "Why should I spend
...year in study? I have been two
...years already with Mme. Nordica."
...It is not given to every one to inter-
...to sing badly is within the power
...and hundreds seize the opportunity

Mr. Shaw's new one-act play, "The
...of the Sonnets," was pro-
...at the Shakespeare memorial
...at the Haymarket, London.
...Shakespeare, the Queen and
...Mistress Mary Fitton, the maid of
...are introduced. This was not
...the first time that Shakespeare fig-
...the stage. One of the most
...Shakespeares is that in Am-
...Thomas' opera, "Le Songe d'une
...Nuit d'Eté" in which the poet fights a
...and fancies himself beloved by
...Queen Elizabeth. Sir John Falstaff,
...of Richmond, is also an im-
...character. A Sussex poet be-
...a play with Mary Fitton, Shake-
...and either Southampton or Pem-
...as the leading figures, but he
...abandoned the idea.

In Mr. Shaw's play Shakespeare
...an appointment with the maid
...and while waiting is surprised
...a woman walking in her sleep. He
...mistakes her for Mary, awakes her
...about to pour out his soul to her
...when Mary, "a harmony in flame-red,"
...in the woman a highly
...gives Shakespeare
...that sends him
...the sleep-

...and her look
...Mary runs away, warning
...her mistress against "this man who is
...more than a man—and less than one,"
...and is power of words, "that can raise
...a soul to heaven or abase it to hell."
...Shakespeare pacifies the Queen and in-
...terests her in a scheme for a national
...theatre. She warns him that the time
...is not ripe, that perhaps in 300 years
...about the present day) the temple of
...dramatic art may be erected.

The Pall Mall Gazette welcomes the
...drollery of the play, and "the sheer
...splendor of some of its more serious
...passages."

"The most comical thing in it is its
...picture of a Shakespeare picking up
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...lect and distinction, imaginative energy
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Her failing has been a superfluity of gesture, and too often her gestures have not been significant. Her fair and rounded arms have been tossed aloft as in agony, while her face has worn the traditional smile of the singer taught according to the old rules. Last night there was true facial expression, but there was still a bodily restlessness, a nervous vivacity, natural to her race, foreign to the nature of Cho-Cho-San. Yet, on the whole, it was an interesting and creditable performance, chiefly by reason of her vocal expressiveness.

Miss Swartz sang the music of Suzuki effectively, and in the second act there were tones of rare beauty. Her sobriety in gesture and her general repose are also to be praised. It is seldom that a young woman with the comparatively slight stage experience of Miss Swartz sings with such ease and shows such pronounced instinct for an operatic career.

Wednesday night Laparra's "La Habanera" will be performed for the first time in America. The chief singers will be Mmes. Dereyne and Savage and Messrs. Baklaroff, Lassalle, Mardones and Devaux. Mr. Caplet will conduct. "Cavalleria Rusticana" will follow, with Mmes. Mills, Czaplinska, Roberts, and Messrs. Martin and Blanchart. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct Mascagni's opera.

There was a time when Boston as celebrated for its "first nights" at the theatres. There was then at least one distinguished stock company in town, and famous actors and actresses visited the city and played in standard dramas or brought new plays of importance. When a new play or an actor of marked reputation came to the city there was on the first night an audience that the late Henry A. Clapp was fond of characterizing as "representative." He did not mean by this that the audience was "smart," to use a vile term of English origin; he meant that the great majority of Bostonians interested in art—literature, painting, music, the theatre—and others prominent in various walks of life, were present. There are persons who wish to be the first

Some may reply that few plays worth seeing are now put before the public; or they are late in coming and lovers of the theatre have already seen them in New York. It is not given to every one to go to New York any more than in old days to Corinth. The real answer to the reply is this: Interesting plays admirably acted are as a rule ignored by those in Boston who some years ago constituted the first night audience.

Harvard Dramatic Club Plays "The Progress of Mrs. Alexander."

Mrs. Alexander Smith.....
 Mrs. Thorndike Dudley Howe.....
 Alexander Smith....W. C. Woodward, '12
 Florence Kenyon....Miss Louise Burielgh
 Charles Francis Fuller....M. T. Quigg, '13
 Prince Sarski.....T. M. Speiman, '13
 Prof. Winthrop.....S. A. Eliot, '13
 Mrs. Adam Berkeley Hill.....
 Miss Esther Pickering
 Mrs. J. J. Vanzynne....Miss Marjorie E. Smith
 Mrs. Vivien.....Miss Hazel MacKaye

Mr. James Ashby.....	John Craig
Mr. James Happington.....	Walter Walker
Mr. Harver his Secretary.....	Al. Rogers
Billy Ball.....	Donald Meek
Harry Marshall.....	Hickey
Jim.....	George Hassell
Spunk.....	Wilfred Young
Charley.....	Bert Young
Shorty.....	Victor Mosher
Michael.....	Frank Bertman
Miss Hazel.....	Florence McDaniel
Milly, Alione's Maid.....	Henriette McDaniel
Alene Houston.....	Mary Young

Snipman, The	Thomas E. Shea
Benjamin Clarke	Charles E. Lake
Seth Clarke	Thomas J. Tempest
Mr. Bradford	James J. Cassidy
George Langley	James J. Cassidy
George Reed	Alexis E. Nichols
Samuel Green	Charles Morris
William Blanchard	William Dickerman
Jim Mendall	Lyda Powell
Mrs. Emily Barker	Pearl Ford
Mrs. Elizabeth Baker	Alice Endres
Miss Bradford	

**"Steve" White of Boston Makes
Debut in Vaudeville.**

"Steve" White, star of several Bank Officers' shows, made his vaudeville debut at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. The young Bostonian made a distinct hit before large and appreciative

The Keith bill this week is intensely entertaining from the first, and by no means the least interesting feature of it is Prof. Braham's trained flea circus, given in the engine room prior to the opening of the regular performance.

One of the best things on the bill this week is Chick Sale, a comedy protean artist, presenting "The Country School Entertainment," a sketch that is a roar from the time Percy Good appears in the opening recitation until the "exercises" are concluded by the rewards of the chairman of the rural school committee. Mr. Sale, of course, assumes himself each of the various characters, and it would hardly be possible to improve upon his portrayal of the various persons participating in the entertainment.

In "In and Out," a well-written little sketch by Parker Emerson Brown, the stage settings are shifted with as much frequency and rapidity as Mr. Sale makes his changes in the protean act that precedes it. "In and Out" is all about the expected and the unexpected guests who call at a chum's house during his absence and while his sister is in charge. Homer B. Mason as the unexpected guest and Marguerite Keeler as the sister have the leading parts. Mr. Mason's little heart-to-heart chat with his bunch of keys while trying to make connections with the keyhole is full of bright, new material, especially when he says "Don't trust, little key, for if you do you will rust and will not fit."

"Tom Walker on Mars" is the title of a musical comedy introducing John B. Hymer and a company of 15. Tom Walker is paired up by a Coney Island fakir with another gentleman of color to do a Siamese twin act; but business being poor Prince Inepud holds the combination on an airship trip to Mars, where twins are unknown, and untold wealth awaits them. It all affords opportunity for many striking stage effects and settings. It is elaborately

A pantomimic absurdity is what the program very aptly terms "The Fire Fighters," presenting the "Brookfield" firemen at play and at work. There is plenty of action from the time the curtain rises upon the firemen in their engine house, performing acrobatic stunts, to their rescue of the old maid from the third story window.

J. Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales presented "Pavement Patter," a mélange of monologue, dialogue and song, while Edward Barnes and Mabel Robinson sing popular songs in popular fashion, and the Skremka sisters, direct from English music halls, do some feats of aerial daring.

Dec 14, 1960
CONCERT BY THE WITEKS.

Brilliant Performance by Symphony
Orchestra Concert Master.

Anton Wittek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Mrs. Vita Wittek, his wife, pianist of the Berlin Philharmonic Trio, gave a concert last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata. A major (Kreutzer). Mr. and Mrs. Wittek; Bach-Buclow, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Mrs. Wittek; Paganini, Concerto in D, Mr. Wittek; Alkan, "Le Festin d'Esoppe," op. 39; Chopin, Etude in C sharp minor, op. 25; Liszt a la Campanella, Mrs. Wittek.

Mr. Witek gave an admirable exhibition of ensemble and virtuoso playing. It is given to few to excel in such works as the Kreutzer sonata, which was probably not played in memory of Tolstol, and Paganini's concerto. Indeed, some may have wondered at Mr. Witek's choice of this concerto, but his fine taste and poetic reading freed the music from the reproach of being merely an applause-trap. It is the fashion to sneer at Paganini as a trickster, but those who heard him, and among them were envious violinists, were amazed and thrilled by his emotional manner of playing a melody. He was as great a master of cantilena as of pyrotechnical display.

Mr. Witke's tone was pure and warm. It would have been emotional through sheer tonal beauty, had not there been a controlling soul. In the sonata there was an abiding sense of proportion, a delicacy that did not fall into effeminacy, a strength that was manly, but not aggressive. There was also polished phrasing. Above all, intimacy was at once established between the violinist and the audience. The performance of the concerto was brilliant and at the same time eminently musical. There was no suggestion of the deliberate wonder-worker, the medicine-man with the violin.

The modesty and dignity of Mr. Wittek on the stage add to the gen-

eral effect of his performance. Enthusiastically applauded by an audience of good size, Mr. Wittek played in a charming manner an adagio from a concerto by Haydn.

Mrs. Weik was at her best in the sonata. A note on the program gave the impression that the pianist thought the music of Alkan was not well known in this country. One of the Rakemann brothers played pieces by Alkan in New York as early as 1847. In Boston pieces by Alkan have been played by MacDowell, Bauer and Ganz, not to mention others. The title of the piece heard here last night probably for the first time is a curious one, but Alkan gave singular titles to his compositions, as "Heraclitus et Democritus," "Odi Prophanum Vulgus," "Pseudo-nalvete." He was described in his old age—he died in 1868—as solitary, eccentric, misanthropic—but interesting. "Le Festin d'Esoppe," as it was played last night, sounded eccentric and misanthropic, but not at all interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes of New York Play in Stelnert Hall.

David Mannes, violinist, and Clara Mannes, pianist, gave the first sonata recital of their third season last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Blber (1644-1704), sonata in C-minor;
Beethoven, sonata in G-major, opus 96;
Enesco, sonata in F-minor, opus 6 (first
time).

That Mr. and Mrs. Mannes have, by their thorough musicianship, established themselves here successfully was attested by the presence of an audience ample in numbers and in friendliness.

Their program exhibited a striking and interesting illustration of the changes in form and spirit which violin music has undergone in 250 years. Heinrich Biber, a German chapel master, was a violinist and composer when there was little available music for the violin and when the sonata form as we know it now, or rather as it became in the days of strict formalism, was yet undeveloped.

His so-called sonata, therefore, takes on the character of a suite, with several dance movements, as a passacaglia and a gavotte, and half a dozen other movements of varying tempo, with little attempt at thematic development in the classical sense. Yet as played by Mr. Mannes (for in this number the piano has the merest accompaniment) the music sounded warm, modern and full of fleeting passages of beauty. Several portions with constant and complicated double stopping gave an effect of great depth and richness.

The careful development and stately handling of Beethoven's piece was grateful to the ear after the simple harmonies and loose construction of the preceding work. But the climax of interest and emotion undoubtedly lay in the sonata by Enesco, a young Roumanian violinist and composer, now living in Paris, who is already known here through works played by the Longy Club and the Orchestral Club.

His writing is extremely modern on the harmonic side, though not reminiscent of any school. Melodically, he writes with much sweep, occasionally with great power and beauty. Except for one or two passages wherein he strives too consciously after bizarre and dramatic effects, the music is alive and glowing.

The second concert by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 24.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea and company in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The cast:

Dr. Jekyll.....Thomas E. Shea
Mr. Hyde Thomas E. Shea
Dr. Lanyon, a friend of Jekyll's.....
Thomas J. Tempest
Gabriel Utterson, a lawyer...Alexis B. Luce
Rev. George Johnson...Charles F. Newsom
Richard Enfield, a man about town...
W. Lee Nichols

Slr Danvers Carew, a client of Utter-
son's.....James J. Cassady
Abraham Poole, a servant to Jekyll... Charles E. Lake
Inspector Newcomb, of Scotland Yard.

James, a servant to Sir Danvers Carew
Lyda Powell

Old Jane, housekeeper to Hyde's lodgings Alice Endres

New York plumed itself on the production for the first time on any stage of Puccini's latest opera, founded on Mr. Belasco's well known play. For once the first judgments on a new opera by a distinguished composer were not pronounced in Milan, Paris, Dresden, Berlin or London. We mention Dresden because it is the city favored by Richard Strauss for the baptism of his music dramas.

The exultation of New York over the event was reasonable and to be applauded, but now that the shouting - and the speculators are reeking their gain or loss, a few

BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

New Choral Cycle by Miss Daniels
Sung in Chickering Hall.

The Boston Singing Club, under the leadership of H. G. Tucker, gave the first concert of its tenth season last night in Chickering Hall. The club had the assistance of A. Maquarre, flutist; Miss Evelyn G. Blair, soprano; Miss M. Elizabeth Griffith, pianist. The program included these choral pieces: Schubert, "The Lord Is My Shepherd" (for women's voices); Kopylow, "The Elder Blossoms Lightly Stirred"; Brahms, "The Merry Time of Maying"; Harris, "Empire and Fatherland"; Mabel W. Daniels, "In Springtime," a choral cycle for women's voices. There were also these part songs: Neithardt, Psalm XXIV; Elgar, "As Torrents in Summer"; Leslie, "We Roam and Rule the Sea"; Schumann, "Death the Reaper." The solos for flute were: Dubois, Suite; Andersen, Intermezzo; Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp; Moquet, Eclogue.

The number of sopranos in this chorus is so disproportionate that in so small a room as Chickering Hall their predominance is far too marked. Last night the tenor part was barely audible; the bass tone, though more adequate in size, is not pleasing. The improvement shown lay in the work of the women's choruses which were handled with fluency and delicacy.

The choral feature of the concert was the cycle by Miss Daniels. She has added another to the already long list of settings of verses which have for subject the operations of nature, real or fancied. Lilies, violets and the rest are implored to awake, the west wind is the lover of the May, and the sunbeam is astonishingly active. The music is amply descriptive and gracefully pretty; the second section contains some very well-managed writing for solo soprano and chorus.

The audience showed much enthusiasm for this number, as also for the excellent flute playing of Mr. Maquarre.

IN RE BAKLANOFF.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. Baklanoff, the first baritone of the Boston Opera House Company, regret the serious misunderstanding between him and Mr. Russell, which will deprive the public of the pleasure of hearing this excellent operatic actor. There are many baritones who can thunder their jealousy of the tenor in an impassioned scene or sing a sweet romanza to their mistress' eyebrow, but baritones that can sing and also act are rare birds. Mr. Russell is right in demanding that strict discipline should be preserved. A director should direct; he should not be a weathervane, a plaything for opera singers who for the most part are spoiled children.

That they are spoiled is largely the fault of the public. Signora Sforzando, who perhaps earned a precarious living in Italy, suddenly finds herself in this country an idol on a pedestal, and thick incense tickles her nostrils. It often matters not whether she be an artist or a mere singer of ordinary skill. She is for a season or two the talk of the town. No wonder that she takes herself seriously and thinks that opera will die with her; not suspecting that she may be already reserved for the blackness of darkness forever, when other stars will shine in the operatic heaven. The press agents with their absurd gossip and chatter are also largely responsible for the megalomaniac condition of so many singers. The press agent burns with zeal and there are newspapers that do not considerately temper his flame. The singer, seeing her portrait constantly in the journals, with her child, with her pet dog, exhibiting her teeth on an automobile, feeding squirrels on the Common, or in the act of defying a manager, is soon led to believe that she is a privileged person and she wonders why her name is not in the Almanac of Gotha.

In a well appointed opera house a singer, however famous, is one of a company. There is no part that is his or hers by divine appointment.

The public is interested in the lingo of Mr. Baklanoff. It also welcomes enthusiastically Mr. Amato as the Ancient. It would like to see Mr. Renaud or Mr. Sammarco's conception of the character. There would be no perturbation of nature, if still

would do great business with China and the East Indies. It would then be not only convenient but necessary to have a quicker passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific for merchant vessels and war ships than the wearisome, expensive and dangerous journey round Cape Horn. It would be the imperative duty of the United States to cut a canal at Panama and control it.

"I should like to see it," added Goethe, "but I shall not." He also wished that he might live to see the English in control of a canal at Suez, and a union of the Danube with the Rhine. "These three great things I should like to see, and it would be well worth the trouble for their sake to remain here for fifty years or more." But Goethe doubted whether the Rhine and the Danube could be joined together, for he thought the undertaking gigantic and beyond the resources of Germany.

"LA HABANERA" GRIM PRODUCTION

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in America of Laparra's "La Habanera," an opera in three acts. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Phar. Fely Dereyne
The Fiancee Mme. Savage
The Fille Mr. Blanchard
Ramon Mr. Lassalle
Pedro Mr. Mardones
Le Vieux Mr. Mardones
Premier Compere Mr. Devaux
Un Plante Aragonais
Deuxieme Compere Mr. Stroesco
Troisieme Compere
Premier Aveugle Mr. Fornari
Quatrieme Compere
Un Madrilene Mr. Gantvoort
Troisieme Aveugle
Un D. megalomane Mr. Tavecchia
Un Homme Entre Deux Ages Mr. Letol
Un Jeune Homme Mr. Huddy
Une Femme Miss Fisher

Laparra's opera is a grim and ghastly melodrama with music designed to accentuate the situations or to establish moods rather than to tickle the ear or to be dramatically eloquent in melodic expression.

The story is a simple and ghastly one. It was told at length in The Herald of last Sunday. In its essence it is as follows: Two brothers love a girl who is betrothed to one of them. The other knives his brother, who, while a Habanera is played outside, has the strength to say that after a year less a day he will return and then the murderer will hear the dance tune.

No one knows that Ramon killed his brother. At the appointed time, while there is dancing in the court of a farmhouse to the strains of the same Habanera, the ghost appears, unseen by all save Ramon, and tells him that, if he does not confess to the girl who he is about to wed, he will take her the next day to the tomb. Ramon tries to confess the truth when he and his betrothed are by the murdered one's grave, but she will not understand him. She dies, and Ramon rushes into the darkness.

Here is the story of a man haunted by a ghost. He alone sees it, whereas in an ingenious novel by Arnold Bennett, the ghost of the former lover of an opera singer appears in public before an accident, is seen by everyone, and smiles in a singularly unpleasant manner. He also has the habit of visiting any lover of the soprano, and then is not seen by servants or callers. Mr. Laparra's ghost—for Laparra is the librettist and composer—is more traditional.

The chief character is Ramon, and his obsession of a psychological study for the actor that takes the part. For this reason Mr. Maurel was tempted to return to the stage that he might play it. The composer has expressly stated that the impersonator of Ramon should be sober in gesture, not violent or hysterical: "The drama should pass in his face."

The other characters are not sharply defined either dramatically or musically. There is one striking part, that of Ramon, and the orchestra endeavors to express his moods and emotions; it comments and dismisses him gently at the end, after the Habanera has been changed into a funeral chant.

There is little melody either direct and frank or of the arioso kind. The only approach to a set air is the expression of Ramon's purpose to kill himself before he murders in a sudden fit of jealous rage. There are suggestions of melody in the third act when the girl Pilar dreams of happiness with Ramon far away. There is also the funeral chant. Then there is the Habanera, with its characteristic rhythm, the typical theme of the opera. The dance tune

itself has little distinction. It is common and no doubt thus more faithful to nature than if it had been fashioned with greater artistic care and were plangent and sententious after the manner of Bizet or Chabrier. Nevertheless, the Habanera has a certain character and is effectively used for the dramatic purposes.

The strength of this opera lies in the play itself. The music does not always accentuate the situations or idealize the remorse and madness of Ramon. There is no spectral music for the ghost that adds horror to the apparition. The music is peculiar in this: it is devoid of sensuousness, it is not emotional in the common meaning of the term. Yet it is indisputably individual and it goes with the dramatic action, especially when as music, pure and simple, it would be crude, monotonous, almost unbearable.

There is glaring color, and this is not dependent on rhythm or castanets. There is music that is sombre, sometimes to boredom. It is easy to see that the composer had a definite purpose and only his inexperience prevented him at times from carrying it out. He is often successful, as in the vulgar street music of the first act, the indescribably monotonous opening of the second, the chant heard in the last act. He falls at times, as in Ramon's soliloquy; in the scene when the three blind musicians enter; in the apparition and speech of the ghost; and in the exit of Ramon at the end. In these scenes, where the music should be strongest, it hardly diverts the attention from the acted drama.

In spite of its weaknesses, there is something fascinating about the musical treatment, as there is about the bolsterous, screaming prelude, and the curious entr'actes. The composer's scheme is ultra-modern, but he is not indebted to the leaders of the "Verismo" school in Italy, or to the contemporary French Impressionists.

The opera was finely staged. The business in the first act was exceedingly well managed, and so was that of the second with its dismal group of mourners about the brazier and the loungers along the walls of the court. The lighting of this second act was uncommonly effective. A somewhat darker stage at the end of the opera would have been more in keeping, and Ramon could have made a wilder exit. Seldom is an opera mounted, however, with more picturesque effects. Again the Boston Opera House is to be congratulated on a noteworthy stage production.

Mr. Blanchard, who was called on unexpectedly to take the part of Ramon, acted with much dramatic intelligence. He was forcible in the expression of despair and jealousy; brutal in his wooing of Pilar; flaming in his encounter with his brother. His awakening to the horror of his bloody deed was not overdone. His second act was admirably acted. In the third he was less distinguished. He sang and declaimed with appreciation of the text. All in all, his impersonation was the strongest he has yet given in this opera house.

Mr. Lassalle's voice quavered and shook at the very beginning, no doubt from knowledge of the singer's impending fate and restless entombment. Mme. Dereyne was pretty in a conventional

part, and at times sang below the true pitch. Among the others, Mr. Mardones gave a striking performance of the old father; he was so quietly hopeless and dismal.

Mr. Caplet's reading of the score was as dramatic as the play itself, and the orchestra might well have been called before the curtain with its gifted leader. The ghost should not be forgotten; he cannot be; the light on his face was so unearthly; there was the pallor of the sepulchre; there was the suggestion of corruption and the worm, his brother.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" followed, under the leadership of Mr. Moranzoni.

Santuzza Mme. Mella
Lola Miss Czaplinska
Mama Lucia Miss Roberts
Turiddu Mr. Martin
Alfio Mr. Montella

The performance gave much pleasure to the large audience, which at the end of the evening had "supp'd full with horrors." The Santuzza of Mme. Mella was discussed here so recently that it is not necessary to speak of her at length. Mr. Martin was a capital Turiddu, one of the most dramatic and full-voiced that have been seen here of late years, and they have been very few.

The opera tonight will be "La Boheme" with Mmes. Mella and Dereyne and Messrs. McCormack and Sammarco. Mr. Goodrich will conduct.

MAJESTIC THEATRE.

Sidney Drew Presents "Billy," a
Farce by George Cameron.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Billy," a
farce in three acts, by George Cameron.

First performance in Boston. Cast:

Billy Hargreave Sidney Drew
John Hargreave George LeSole
Alice Hargreave Gladys Drew
Mrs. Sloane Blanche Moulton
Beatrice Sloane Inez Plummer
Sam Eustace S. Rankin Drew
Captain Richard Barclay
Doctor Evelyn Benson
Boatswain Frederick Nichols
Sailor Prince Miller
Stewardess Miss Elizabeth Arlans

GOETHE AND THE CANAL.

While there is dispute concerning the advisability of fortifying the Panama Canal, it may be well to recall the prophecy of Goethe, who, as a universal and not parochial poet, was by birth a seer. Early in 1827 he read a book about Cuba and Colombia by Alexander von Humboldt, and was especially interested in the traveller's remarks about the feasibility of cutting a canal at Panama. He said to Eckermann, who treasured his words even on trivial subjects, that he did not see how the United States would allow the canal to be cut by foreigners. Looking forward and observing the tendency of this country to go westward, he declared that in thirty or forty years the land beyond the Rocky Mountains would be peopled. Cut on the Pacific coast pro-

another baritone were announced as the Iago in Verdi's superb opera.

Years ago Dr. Arluthnot and Mr. Pope quoted in "Martinus Scriblerus" "Sinking in Poetry" lines addressed to Ambrose Phillips to Francesca Cuzzani, the soprano whom Handel, as an opera manager, threatened to throw out of a window for insubordination.

Little Syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell—
And they added bitter comment:
Who would think this was only a
poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

A PICTURE SHOW.

The people of Boston are deeply indebted to Mr. Frick for the loan of the pictures exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts during the last fortnight. His generosity has been widely appreciated, for the room in which these pictures were hung was crowded on all days and at all hours. All classes have been interested, and some of the harshest criticisms of the merits of those who that painting have come from those whom the superficial would not place in a class among amateurs of art. They that attend exhibitions of pictures may often learn as much from the car as from the eye.

Exhibitions not only give pleasure; they are a stimulus, they are directly

or indirectly a corrective. Suppose that a man whose mind is a blank page in matters of art picks out in the Frick collection the portrait of Miss Byng by Hoppner, and says to himself, "There's a picture I should like to own." Hoppner means nothing to him, nevertheless the picture so impresses him that he turns to the "National Dictionary of Biography." He there learns curious facts or surmises about Hoppner's parentage and also learns that the painter's drawing was "faulty," his execution "slight." He goes back to the picture. It still pleases him, but comparing it with Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Crulkshank, he finds that the portrait of Miss Byng lacks substance; there is no solidity beneath the skin; yet the fair miss still attracts him. And he wonders whether the biographer were a competent judge or whether his own taste is uneducated, crude.

It is also pleasant and instructive to hear men that know horses discussing Rembrandt's "Polish Rider." They are not impressed by the name Rembrandt. All they see and declare is that the horse is not one that they would buy, and they say openly: "He is not well drawn." Such criticism is not to be despised. John Leech was a proud man when he heard a jockey praising the horses in the draughtsman's hunting scenes. There is often a blunt honesty in the criticism of the average man that confounds the jargon of the studio and the preciousness of the "artistic."

MELBA SINGS "LA BOHEME."

Her Last Appearance of Season in America.

By PHILIP HALE.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Mimi.....Mme. Melba
Musetta.....Miss Deryne
Rodolfo.....Mr. McCormack
Marcello.....Mr. Sammarco
Coline.....Mr. Mardones
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini
Alcindoro.....Mr. Mogan
Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia
Un Doganiere.....Mr. Huddy
Farpignol.....Mr. Stroesco

It is nearly 12 years since Mme. Melba first took the part of Mimi in Boston, for Mr. Ellis produced "La Boheme" here on Jan. 25, 1899. The Boston Theatre was crowded, but the triumph was for Mme. Melba rather than for the opera itself. Many of the hearers, applauding enthusiastically the singer, were perplexed by Puccini's music. Old operagoers found it deficient in melody. This opinion seems strange in 1910. What would they have said last night to "La Hahnera"? Or what would they have said in 1909 to "Madama Butterfly"? The audiences of today more receptive? Have repeated hearings of orchestral works by Strauss and the French Impressionists influenced the taste of operagoers?

Many of us remember now beautifully Mme. Melba sang the first night of "La Boheme," and also remember how the opera slowly made its way toward popularity. "La Boheme" is still the most spontaneous, the most sincere, the most poetic of Puccini's works for the stage. The composer wrote it when he was not world-famous, and before his Muse became a shrewd business woman.

There is no voice like Melba's in quality. It is golden; it is also emotional. It has the frank, fresh, virginal accents of girlhood; it has the bloom and fullness of the woman that has lived. The lower and some of the middle tones have a richer body than they had even 12 years ago. The upper tones still have the brilliance that is warm and not metallic. With a voice like this, a singer is not obliged to put her trust in extravagant gestures or restless facial play for the expression of emotion.

Then there is the surpassing art of the singer, the art that embellishes nature and yet gives it abundant play. There is the perfect phrasing, the unerring musical instinct, the absence of anything common or claptrap for the sake of applause from the gaping. There is the dignity of the artist in the presence of the audience, the dignity that is gracious and graceful.

She acted the part of Mimi last night with less restraint, perhaps, than on former occasions. She was livelier in the first and second acts, more expansive, but she did not commit the mistake of confounding Mimi with Musetta. In her innocent gaiety she was still the sentimental grissette, one of the type that disappeared long ago in Paris, and was not easily found when the Germans besieged the city. In the acts that followed, her expression of emotion was more intense than in former years, quietly intense, and here the fuller body and the haunting beauty of the lower tones served her more than gestures of sorrow and despair.

Mr. McCormack's voice was in sympathy with hers. It, too, has exquisite quality, a purity that is warm, a sweetness that is not cloying. Rodolfo is a poet, and Mr. McCormack's voice is lyrical. He sang with a fine display of vocal art and there were memorable moments when uncommon technique seemed merely natural, inevitable vocal expression.

Mr. Sammarco also has voice and art. He excels as a singer rather than as an actor, for his histrionic ability is limited. Miss Deryne's Musetta, the Schaunard of Mr. Pulcini, and the Coline of Mr. Mardones are well known to Boston audiences, as are the Benoit of Mr. Tavecchia and the Alcindoro of Mr. Mogan. Mr. Goodrich conducted with his customary care and sense of proportion.

There was a very large audience, as large or perhaps a little larger than on the night when the opera house was opened. It certainly was the most profitable audience that has yet been in the opera house. It was also a brilliant audience, one that rejoiced in the re-appearance of Mme. Melba, and was delighted with the general excellence of the performance.

The opera next Saturday afternoon will be "Otello" with Mmes. Melis and Claessens and Messrs. Zenatello and Sammarco. The opera Saturday evening will be "Rigoletto" with Mmes. Lipkowska and Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Galeffi, Mardones and Perini.

MR. VON WARLICH'S RECITAL

A German Bass from New York State Sings Here for the First Time.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Reinhold von Warlich, bass, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall and then sung for the first time in Boston. Uda Waldrop was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Schumann, Liederkreis op. 39; early English songs—Ford, "Since First I Saw Your Face"; Jones, "Go to Bed, Sweet Muse"; anon, "Drink to Me Only"; Arne, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"; Morley, "It Was a Lover and His Lass." Scotch and English ballads—"The Bonnie Earl of Moray," "King Henry, My Son"; Dibden, "Tom Bowling"; Hullate, "Three Fishers." German ballads by Loewe—"Herr Oluf," "Der Wirtin Tochterlein," "Prinz Eugen," "Erikoenig."

Mr. von Warlich understood that his concert would be in the evening. He therefore arrived in Boston about the time when the concert of yesterday afternoon should have begun, and he and his accompanist came directly from the train to the hall. In view of this circumstance, it would not be fair to judge his performance as though he had been refreshed and thoroughly prepared. This remark applies especially to his vocal condition and technique. Yet it may be said that his technique is not yet sure; for instance, his control of breath is by no means firm. It is not necessary to go into technical details; it is enough to say that he lacks some of the essential elements of artistic singing.

The voice itself is resonant and agreeable. It is robust in heroic passages, and it is sympathetic in songs of tender sentiment. It is effective in pianissimo, and Mr. von Warlich is

apparently enamored of this effect, which yesterday he abused.

As an interpreter he was often interesting, even when he could well have been reproached for manner-

isms and misconceptions. Like many of his race, he gave undue importance to final consonants in order to gain clearness of diction, and his over-emphasis was sometimes farcical. He was inclined to unmeaning seesaws between piano and forte, monotonous alternations that were not indicated by the poet or the composer. In rapid passages or when he wished to be most dramatic his enunciation in German, as in English, was not always clear. He was most effective when he was simplest, as in Schumann's "Mondnacht" and in some of the English songs, as "Tom Bowling."

It is always a pleasure to hear the better ballads of Loewe, but in the performance of "Erikoenig" there was a gross and ruinous misconception. In this remarkable composition, a wilder and more imaginable setting than the familiar one by Schubert, there should be a marked contrast between the singing of the "Erikoenig," which is purely lyrical, and the strongly accepted and dramatic descriptive music. The voice of the Erikoenig should have a monotonously eerie character, otherwise there is no evidence of the fascination to which the child succumbed, and there is no dramatic balance. Mr. von Warlich wholly missed this point.

He sang with evident enjoyment, with the gusto that was so praised by Hazlitt, that sometimes disarms a hearer who otherwise might easily protest against this omission or that commission. Mr. Waldrop accompanied admirably. A small audience gave unmistakable evidences of its enjoyment.

Dec 17 1910

JOSEF HOFMANN SOLOIST.

Plays Rubinstein's Concerto at Ninth Symphony Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Concerto in D minor for the piano.....Rubinstein
Rondes de Printemps.....Debussy
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

It was a little over a year ago that Isadora Duncan danced the "Interpretation" of three movements of Beethoven's seventh symphony. At the time, and a year before in the same hall, there were some who scoffed at her pretension, and spoke with a fine show of indignation concerning the "desecration" of the symphony.

And yet, when yesterday the strangely solemn strains of the Allegretto were heard, the vision of Miss Duncan came into the mind and remained until the end of the Finale, with its Dionysiac joy. And there also came the thought of music composed by Eric Satie and orchestrated by Debussy, "Gymnopédies," performed here almost six years ago by the Orchestral Club. To this music, as to Beethoven's Allegretto, Grecian youth might well have danced with the gestures that have come down to us on frieze or vase.

The symphony was well chosen to commemorate Beethoven's birthday 140 years ago, for it ranks among his greatest works, and this is to say among the greatest of all musical compositions. The symphony is nearly 100 years old. Think how wildly applauded orchestral compositions that were new and surprising only 20 or even 10 years ago are now moribund or snugly entombed forever!

There is not a note of the symphony that not been long familiar to a modern audience. Even when conductors do their best, which is the worst, to give an unfamiliar, a personal reading, the music soars above them that would twist and shape it according to their own device.

In the performance yesterday the music was allowed to go its way, and was not too personally conducted. The Scherzo was finely played; the mysterious passages in the course of the first movement were more than ordinarily effective, and the orgy of joy at the end was not for once the frenzy of a red-capped, drunken mob.

Debussy's Rondes de Printemps was repeated by request. In this request it is to be hoped that the conductor and the orchestra joined, for the first performance a few weeks ago gave little idea of the composer's design or the character of the music. The Rondo would bear more repetitions for the sake of a clear understanding and it is easy to imagine it read in a lighter, a more delicate and a more poetic spirit.

Mr. Hofmann played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor. He played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra nine years ago, and the concerto was that of yesterday. He played here at a concert given by Theodore Thomas

Chicago orchestra, in March, then his choice was this concert. It is fair to presume that he favors it, perhaps because the composer was his teacher; perhaps because he believes it to be effective; possibly because he likes it as music.

Played by many, this concerto seems old-fashioned, with its plausible brilliance and its undisciplined sentimentalism. Played by Rubinstein himself, it assumed gigantic proportions. No one that ever heard the composer when he was wholly in the vein, will ever forget the opening attack, the swift descent, of the lion's paw. By the beauty of his cantabile, Rubinstein turned the sentimentalism of the middle movement into emotional song.

It is a great but deserved compliment to Mr. Hofmann to say that there were times yesterday when he recalled vividly the performance by his master. There was the superb attack, the massive chord playing, the gorgeous procession of florid passages, the clear yet dazzling runs, the succession of shifting tonal graduations, the unerring sense of proportion, the general lucidity and strength of treatment, the supreme grasp of conception. And so the performance of the first and third movements was masterly.

It was in the second movement, the Romanza, that Mr. Hofmann fell far below his master in the singing of melodic phrases. The background was deftly prepared, there was atmosphere, there was romantic suggestion, but the song itself was too pronounced, too salient. The melody was italicized until at times it was metallic in emphasis and rigidity. Nor was the song always sustained. It lacked the tenderness, the exquisite liquidity that were found, strange to say, in inherently inexpressive passages of transition or conventional bravura. There is the paradox of the pianist, as of the comedian; and yesterday this was the paradox of Mr. Josef Hofmann.

These pieces will be played at the concerts next week: Humperdinck, Prelude to "Haensel and Gretel"; Dvorak, symphony "From the New World"; Lalo, concerto in F minor for the violin, op. 20 (Mr. Noack, violinist); Brahms, Academic Festival overture.

Dec-18

ZENATELLO AS OTHELLO.

Performance of Verdi's Masterpiece Is Well Received.

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House. Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Conti conducted.

Otello.....Mr. Zenatello
Desdemona.....Mr. Sammarco
Iago.....Mr. Giaccone
Cassio.....Mr. Stroesco
Rodrigo.....Mr. Mardones
Montano.....Mr. Pulcini
A Herald.....Mr. Huddy
Desdemona.....Mme. Melis
Emilia.....Mme. Claessens

Mr. Zenatello sang for the first time in the Boston Opera House and Mme. Carmen Melis and Mr. Sammarco were heard for the first time, respectively, as Desdemona and Iago. Messrs. Zenatello and Sammarco were first brought to Boston in the spring of 1909 by Oscar Hammerstein, to whom this public is deeply indebted. Mr. Zenatello then took the parts of Radames and Canio, and Mr. Sammarco was heard as Germont, Marcello, Amonasro, Tonio and Ashton. These singers were enthusiastically applauded two seasons ago. It would have naturally been supposed that the announcement of them in Verdi's "Otello" would have packed the Boston Opera House, but the audience was not a large one.

The performance, as a whole, was one of the best that have been given in this city. Mr. Zenatello has not the amazing voice of Tamagno, whose organ was unique, and Verdi had him in mind when he wrote the music of Otello for a tenor. On the other hand, Mr. Zenatello has a voice that is heroic and lyrical. He was equally effective yesterday in savage outbursts of jealous rage and murderous passion and in the exquisite love music of the first act; furthermore, he is a much better schooled singer than Tamagno was. No one ever sang Otello's farewell to military pomp and circumstance, the oath of vengeance, the shrieks for blood, and no one has acted the murder scene as Tamagno sang and acted.

Mr. Zenatello was not only robustly powerful in the tragic scenes, but he sang the love music, in which "sex seems laid bare in sound," with amorous sentiment, and in this music Tamagno was hopelessly at sea with his white, bleating tones and false intonation. Mr. Zenatello acted with considerable force and skill, although his physique is not dominating. His costumes were gorgeous and tasteful. His make-up was unfortunate. There was too much suggestion of the blackamoor and none of the moor.

Mr. Sammarco was known here as an admirable singer with little or conventional histrionic ability. He was always first of all the singer. His impersonation of Iago was therefore the more surprising, for while it is true

... aspects was the effect of the...
... Mr. Sammarco...
... not only as one...
... value and voca...
... for expressing his purpose and achieving his end through carefully considered recitative and song.

... Carmen Melis was a fair and gentle Desdemona. She acted with commendable sobriety and with restraint in gesture. There were noteworthy moments in her performance, as in her expression of wounded affection in the third act. Throughout the first act she was charming in her simplicity. There were times when her voice in the upper register assumed an edge that has not hitherto been noticed. Her impersonation was interesting, often creditable, but her passionate voice has hardly the quality associated with Desdemona's.

The mighty storm scene was exceedingly well done, and the chorus in the second act was sung with grace and spirit. The finale of the third act was of successful carrying out. Mr. Blaccone, an inadequate Cassio—Cassio is often unfortunate on the stage not only by reason of his weak head but also by reason of his weak heart.

and others taking much character was partly responsible for the impression and the hesitation, but the chorus for once seemed uncertain, spiritless, indifferent. The performance of the finale was, as before in this season, the weak spot.

Mr. Conti at times covered the voices of the solo singers and called for a strenuous accompaniment from the orchestra, in direct contradiction to Verdi's indicated intention. And neither Mr. Sammarco nor Mr. Conti fully appreciated the wonderful music descriptive of Cassio's sleep, music "thieved from the world that lies on the farther side of dreams." Singer and orchestra should whisper this music.

The audience, cool at first and late in arrival, was finally warmed by the many excellences of the performance and grew enthusiastic.

GALEFFI IN "RIGOLETTO."

Play Is Generously Applauded at Boston Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Goodrich, conducted.
Lyda Lipkowska
Lena Leveroni
Grace Mearns
Forelio Constantino
Cato Galeffi
Jose Mari nes
Oluse o Parini
Mr. Galeffi took the part of Rigoletto last evening for the first time in Boston. His performance was painstaking and conscientious. Unfortunately, while gifted with a voice of pleasing quality and desirable range, he is not yet master of the art of singing. His tone production is faulty, his phrasing is abrupt and unfinished, and his continued emphasis of consonants is disturbing. His action moved for the most part on conventional lines. His conception lacked the depth and tragic intensity of necessity associated with the role. But Mr. Galeffi is a young man. He had best apply himself at once to the remedying of his vocal defects.
Miss Lipkowska's Gilda and Mr. Constantino's Duke are well known to Boston. Both singers were at their best last evening, and sang and acted with aesthetic skill and dramatic distinction. Mr. Mardones was a gloomy and dignified Sparafucile. Miss Leveroni, who made her reappearance, was a demure Maddalena. And yet, the sister of the bravo, the light of the boozing ken, was no "angel of gentle dream." Accustomed to the sight of men in their cups, she was not troubled with shyness, nor backward in bestowing favor. There was a large audience, which gave evidence of appreciation by frequent and hearty applause.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.
A Christmas Clearing House
The Herald has received the following timely letter:
Boston, Dec. 16, 1910
Editor of The Herald:
I want to learn from a recent editorial reply to a letter of mine that Mr. William Johnson is alive and well, and I wish to bring to his attention before giving a larger public notice of his Christmas story. One of the best of his stories is that of the "Silent Soup." It is a story of the life of a poor man who, in the midst of a Christmas Eve, finds himself in a soup kitchen. The story is told in a simple, direct, and powerful manner, and it is a story that will touch the hearts of all who read it. I hope that Mr. Johnson's story will be widely read and that it will bring to the attention of the public the needs of the poor and the importance of the Christmas story.

... of the soup...
... The noiseless spoon...
... for there is a lid over one half of its surface. There is no hint at this admirable table tool in Martial, or Juvenal, or Aulus Gallus, or even Macrobius, for the ancient Romans had little and slightly concave spoons and used them only to extract the substance from eggs, shellfish, etc. No, the idea of the silent soup spoon leaped suddenly from the brain of a St. Louis man, and his name is H. S. Campbell. He gives his personal guarantee that no one can inhale soup through this spoon and make a noise at the same time. The news of the invention was heralded abroad on Dec. 6, 1910, a day to be remembered, a date to be learned by happy school children.

On Dec. 12, 1910, the telegraph flashed the news that a still finer and more practical spoon had been invented in Chicago, and a proud citizen remarked: "The Maxim silencer has nothing whatever on this spoon, and the St. Louis variety will remind one of a steam calliope in comparison." It will be remembered that it was a gardener of south Illinois who first raised the "stand pat pea that will stay on a knife when put there." The Chicago noiseless spoon is "halled in hotels in the loop district as a first aid to etiquette" and it is said that in future, when stag dinners are given, the ladies will not crowd the dining room balcony "to hear the packers eat."

It is of course understood that these transactions are strictly confidential; the only knowledge that subscribers to such an institution is of the details of the matter being applied in the debt or credit balance that is due. If a check is received back in settlement it will have been revealed that the receiver was relatively "generally" if he is called upon to make good a shortage, it will equally appear that his intention was to be generous to those of his friends. This evil will be rewarded by good and the Christian spirit traditionally appropriate to the day will have been faithfully maintained in an institution more in keeping with the commercial spirit of the age than is the old personal and haphazard method of interchange.

The practical results attained will be identical with those arrived at in the other way. People in a hurry to be paid will find that there is a new way, that is, effect, every year a new way, that brings about an end of the old way, offers just help. Christmas and a return flow just after the holiday and leaves them exactly where they were before. This is a Christmas story that is a story of the life of a poor man who, in the midst of a Christmas Eve, finds himself in a soup kitchen. The story is told in a simple, direct, and powerful manner, and it is a story that will touch the hearts of all who read it. I hope that Mr. Johnson's story will be widely read and that it will bring to the attention of the public the needs of the poor and the importance of the Christmas story.

... project to Mr. Johnson...
... that day he neither gave nor received. His life is a constant gift to humanity. His story is the best of all. It is a story of the life of a poor man who, in the midst of a Christmas Eve, finds himself in a soup kitchen. The story is told in a simple, direct, and powerful manner, and it is a story that will touch the hearts of all who read it. I hope that Mr. Johnson's story will be widely read and that it will bring to the attention of the public the needs of the poor and the importance of the Christmas story.

The proposal of Mr. Q. X. is one that will meet with the approval of the thoughtful. It is better to give a Christmas gift in the form of money; then the recipient can buy something he wishes to have and be sure that he is not receiving a thing cast off, second-hand, a remnant rejected by the crowd, damaged goods. Some with the best intention give to friends gifts that suit their own taste without considering the desires of the friend. This is especially true of gifts within a household. Mary Jane presents Papa with a set of books that she herself would like to read at leisure, whereas Papa would much prefer a Complete Bar-Kee's Guide by the Only William or any other true artist and acknowledged authority. The young Aladdin wishing to please his adored and adored Arabella may shudder at the thought of sending her a neck, even though it be certified; but with the check Arabella may buy refined and intimate garments and think lovingly of her swain whenever she sees them.

If gifts must be given in gross and palpable form, the noiseless or silent soup spoon may be recommended. There are men who shave in a barber's shop as they may eat salted and buttered corn on the cob with greater dispatch and elegance. Few have the courage in winter to chafe that they may enjoy black bean soup in its glory, the thick and oily soup that takes three days in the making and lasts three days the soup that allows of nicety in the proportionate amount of rum. Charles Reade wrote a delightful short story entitled "The Rex Tunnel," and in it he describes the various methods of

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... The noiseless spoon...
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Intimate Gifts of Old Days
Boston's conservative, slow to welcome new ideas, the latest inventions. It is impossible to find in any shop the best corkscrew that is made.

An ingenious application of leverage, and not a fussy complication of inclined plane, pulley, wedge and screw. Neither the St. Louis nor the Chicago spoon may be on sale here. And some may think these spoons with their little cups that were once so useful and handsome. They were usually in the form of coffee cups and the purveyor was able to have them suitably inscribed: "To Father," or "To Darling." What has become of all those cups? But what has become of the decorated blis with embroidered neckband that were once worn by fine women to men, even the husband, sweetheart, brother and sister? Have they gone with the old-fashioned party, "afay in de vickar"? The dust bin of Time is a vast one, filled with things once treasured and thought indispensable.

A Boston newspaper referred not long ago to a collection of volumes by the best low-priced authors. No names were mentioned, no titles were given and yet there is an opportunity for a Christmas shopper. The unassuming line of the announcement would draw a crowd eager to learn the commercial classification. Nor need a book be high-priced or humbly bound to bring joy to a household. Mr. Marcellus Graves writes to us that his wife gave him not long ago a new literary and historical atlas of Europe sold at a ridiculously low price. "On pages 20 and 21," he writes, "is a map of Europe at the time of the Crusades. I find the land below the Pontus named 'Sujuk of Rum.' It was my impression that rum was a West Indian word and that neither the drink nor the name was known in 1189. Can you tell me the dimensions of a seljuk? Did it hold more than a hoghead or possibly a puncheon?"

Fascinating Insight Into What Preceded the Dances of Ruth St. Denis.

INQUIRY OF NORDICA'S AGE

By PHILIP HALE.
Miss Ruth St. Denis, whose series of Indian dances was one of the few memorable events of the last theatrical season, will be seen tomorrow in a series of Egyptian dances, and the Russian band of balalaika players will be heard between the dances. The Hollis Street Theatre should be crowded, even if Miss St. Denis and the Russians were not together. As for Miss St. Denis, there is no need of pompous eulogy. She is unique, incomparable. No dancer now before the public has the like imagination, or the same exquisitely poetical taste in mise-en-scene.
Her Egyptian dances are entitled an "Invocation to the Nile," "The Feast of Eternity," "The Festival of Ka," "The Mystery of Isis," etc. New York was entranced by the beauty of her art and even the staid Evening Post was moved to say that "it would be difficult to imagine anything lovelier than Miss St. Denis as she stood with her golden wings, those of the sacred scarab, extended."
Miss St. Denis is infinitely more interesting than any other dancer, except Pina Bausch and Pavlova, and

no admirer of this art, now so popular, should fail to see her."

Writers on dancing, while they say that it was born with man, admit that the oddest dances of which any trace has been left came from Egypt. How Gaston Vuillier rises in a dithyrambic flight! "Its earliest movements, as in the cadenced swingings of the censer, rocked the shrines of the gods. Its first steps were guided before the great granitic sphinxes, the colossal hypogae, the monstrous columns, and high pediments of their temples. The mysterious grandeur of these sacred dances, symbolizing the harmony of the stars, charmed the spirit of Plato."
* * * Apis, the black bull, strange and divine, with the snow white forehead, and the scarabaeus on his tongue, fed by naked priestesses from vessels of ivory, was honored by special dances." Honi soit—and it may be said of Miss St. Denis.
And all her body was more virtuous Than souls of women fashioned otherwise.

We are told that Osiris himself loved gaiety and much enjoyed songs and dances, and in Egypt dancing was a part of every religious ceremony and in later years of every worldly event, even in honor of the dead. The dancers before the image of the deceased moved with slow and gliding steps; with arms raised above the head, and with palms turned outward. Women with heads smeared and covered with ashes performed a convulsive dance of twistings, while the eyes were half closed. The dancing women in Egypt were called by a name that means wise or learned. They danced in long, transparent gowns or wore only a short apron round the loins. Ball-playing was a variety of the dance. The figures in dances portrayed on wall paintings are easily interpreted: "Some are a parody, another is the wind, others are grasses bent by the wind"; and there are postures that resemble those of the modern ballet.
In certain temples the altar represented the sun and women dancing about it were the signs of the zodiac, the planets the constellations.

In the house of Menn-hotep there was a dinner party with rounds of beef, quarters of kid and wild goat, haunches of gazelle, geese, ducks, wildgeons, quail, macaroni and batter, all sorts of sweetmeats; slaves handed cups of wine and vases of ointment and nowers, or they presented grapes, figs, lotus flowers, or threw jewelled necklaces around the necks of guests; while a woman played the double pipe and a man the harp; and when the dinner was over, jugglers, acrobats and dancing women came in.
The musicians in those gorgeous days and nights were slaves. The early and fabulously rich Egyptians preferred great groups of performers to soloists. A full orchestra was thus composed: Twenty harps, eight lutes, five or six lyres, six or seven double pipes, five or six flutes, one or two pines (rarely used), two or three tambourines (rarely used). This was the orchestra of a private gentleman, who may have had 10 or 15 large estates, thousands of droves of oxen, and tens of thousands of slaves. But the orchestra of Ptolemy Philadelphus numbered 600.

Yet this noble pomp of instruments and voices, says Rowland, was but like the pyramids, the monument of their slavery. "Giant stones were piled in hills by toll incalculable—to enclose the carcass of a King. Instruments were heaped together in glorious profusion—the exploits of 3000 years to come beggared quite when condemned to the music-room, as they were to the stone quarries, to practise their instruments eternally, and pass their lives in learning parts by heart—and all to enliven a gentleman's dinner parties. There a King's carcass, here a nobleman's stomach was the matter at stake. They raised pyramids to bid defiance to death, and they raised a pyramid to bid 'Viva la joie à life.' And Music was that pyramid.
And when the skeleton was introduced toward the end of the feast what better pendant than "the wallings of the singers, the muffled tones of the flutes and the growling of the bass on the harp?"

It would seem that the early Egyptian music was not by nature highly rhythmic; that it had more in common with song than with the dance, but it was gradually influenced and perverted by association with the dance, for in the earlier days dancing women had not invaded the rooms of private houses. In the fourth, fifth and sixth dynasties the absence of dances is marked. With the increase of dancers came the semitic lyre. Great orchestras went out of fashion supplanted by dancing girls and tambourine players. And when the orgies of Bubastis drew 700,000 Egyptians at a time—this number is stated by Herodotus—and men and women were incredibly lecherous, "the hosts resounded with the clatter of castanets, the clucking of hands and the liquid warbling of some thousands of flutes."

Appropos of the statement

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 WAS
 to the world. I have in
 a program which bears
 the date is Oct. 2, 1874
 Western Dramatic Association
 the Code of Honor and 'The
 and Miss Lillian Nor-
 between the pieces. She was
 then I have always re-
 and her as being somewhere

16 or 18 years old. . . . Al-
 that was an amateur perform-
 a surprising number of those
 who took part in it adopted the
 as a profession. In 'The Code of
 the parts were played by J. P.
 Percy W. Leavitt, H. A.
 Leighton Baker, Frank H. Rice,
 George H. Wetherell, John R. Heard,
 Frank Barbeck, Russell Foster, Frank
 Leavitt, Quincy Kilby, Susie West, Ma-
 Thorne and Nellie West. In 'The
 Belle' were seen N. C. Good-
 win, Quincy Kilby, John R. Heard, Lu-
 Lu Whittle and May Florence. The pro-
 gram state that 'During the farce Mr.
 Goodwin will give his imitations of the
 following celebrated actors: Edwin
 Booth, Frank Mayo, E. A. Sothern, Gus
 Williams and others, and in conjunc-
 tion with Mr. Kilby will imitate Harri-
 son and Hart in 'The Mulligan Guards'.
 Charles H. Thayer was the stage man-
 ager and H. P. Dennie gave a piano
 solo. Miss Lillian Norton's song was
 a waltz by Venezano. Of those taking
 part in this amateur performance, the
 following ones adopted the theatrical
 profession: J. Ed Milliken, Leighton
 Baker, Frank Rice, John R. Heard,
 Frank Barbeck, Susie West, N. C.
 Goodwin, Quincy Kilby, Lulu Whittle,
 May Florence, Charles H. Thayer and
 Lillian Norton.'

Shellus has composed a symphonic
 poem for voice and orchestra which
 will be performed first in Germany in
 concerts given by Alno Acte. The work,
 which is said to be one of the most im-
 portant of the composer's compositions,
 will probably be heard for the first time
 at Munich Feb. 17.

It is now said that Felix Weingartner
 will continue to direct the Philharmonic
 concerts in Vienna. There is a rumor
 that Mr. Nikisch has been offered 50,000
 crowns to take the musical directorship
 of the Viennese Opera House.

Serge Liapounoff will give a series of
 concerts in Berlin to bring out his com-
 positions.

Zola's 'Rome' has been turned into
 an opera, 'The Abbe Peter,' with music
 by a Hungarian, Matthalas Csany.

The Menestrel (Paris) states that
 Rubinstein's 'Demon' will be per-
 formed in Boston this season with Mr.
 Baklanoff, 'the tenor,' in the chief part.

The French composers are protest-
 ing vigorously against the foreign in-
 vasion in the Paris Opera Houses. Saint-
 Saens wrote a letter in which he said
 the attack on the Italians alone was
 unjust, as long as eight music dramas
 of Wagner were in the repertory of the
 Opera and Strauss' 'Salome' was ad-
 ded. 'Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer in-
 cluded the French stage. It seems to
 me difficult, if not impossible, to stem
 the tide of the invaders; but it would
 be possible to favor the introduction of
 French operas.' Meanwhile, Albert
 Carre refuses to accept the presidency
 of the operatic section of the Turin ex-
 position. 'My presence there at this
 time could be evilly interpreted by
 those who accuse me of favoring Ital-
 ian art to the detriment of our own.'
 He protests against the campaign, for
 the Italians would be more than human
 if they did not retaliate. 'Already the
 proposals to perform with artists of
 the Opera Comique, 'Pelleas,' 'La Ha-
 banera,' 'Fortunio' and 'Louise' at Rome
 during the exposition have been put
 aside.'

Mme. Alno Ackte, who sang here as
 a member of the Metropolitan Opera
 company, and made little impression,
 in spite of her success in Europe, sang
 last month in the Beecham opera
 season at Covent Garden. Her Senta
 was then praised by many, although
 the Times handed down this opinion:
 "Mme. Ackte's Senta is a thing of
 beauty, and her delicious singing
 musical phrasing must enlist the
 sympathy of those who might per-
 ceive a reading in which more
 and homely truth were in-
 rather than the hysterical
 which is the note of Mme.
 Ackte's impersonation."

The Paris correspondent of the
 Telegraph wrote in a letter
 published Nov. 22: "Eros Victorious,"
 by Mr. P. de Breville, was hailed as
 a great work by a fair proportion of
 the audience at Mr. Chevillard's con-
 cert on Sunday. Though not exactly
 a masterpiece, it has distinguished
 qualities. One act of the lyric tale
 in three acts, as the work is de-
 scribed, was performed by the or-
 chestra and sung by four ladies.
 Eros, laughing at high walls, has
 broken into the garden where the
 King's three daughters sleep. They
 see him and are entranced. He sings
 to them awake, and disappears 'in a
 blaze of light,' leaving the three prin-
 cesses 'in ecstasy.' What the King
 has to say when he finds it all out we
 were not told."

The London Times took Laurence

Law, based on Dostolevsky's "Crime
 and Punishment," quite seriously, and
 found Mr. Irving now and then "deli-
 ciously ghastly in his courageous
 and ingenious picture of the law-
 hunted criminal." The reviewer be-
 gan with some remarks about dramas
 adapted from novels. "If critics over
 and over again find fault with plays
 adapted from novels, it is because
 over and over again the unwisely
 adapter, like the unwisely critic, tries to
 do too much in the time. And what
 the adapter almost always forgets is
 that a novel—and especially the long,
 various and leisurely novel—of some
 years ago—is a work of art with as
 many different planes in it as a pic-
 ture; while a play must be all fore-
 ground, with at most a suggested
 middle distance and a perfectly plain
 background." The Pall Mall Gazette
 described Mr. Irving with a touch of
 acidity. He "has never yet been a
 particularly disciplined actor. He is
 prone to rant. . . . Last night he
 allowed himself two or three out-
 bursts which looked and sounded very
 like hysteria of an exceedingly violent
 kind, but which seemed to us quite
 remote from anything in the natural
 order of human conduct. . . . He
 has a good voice, clever diction and
 an interesting presence. But he will
 never do full justice to himself or to
 his patronymic until he has learned
 that noise is not force, and also that
 a method of acting which leaves lit-
 tle or nothing to the imagination of
 the audience is apt to discredit the im-
 agination of the actor himself." As for
 adaptations, the Pall Mall Gazette re-
 marks: Dramatists "forget that most
 great novels have become famous not
 through their story or their charac-
 terization, but by reason of the wis-
 dom and knowledge of life and char-
 acter with which the novelist has in-
 cidentally enriched them. . . . And
 this is precisely what the dramatist
 cannot avail himself of." "The Un-
 written Law" is a very poor play,
 "for the reason that incidents which
 the novelist artfully led up to here
 happen arbitrarily and inconsequent-
 ly."

Reynaldo Hahn has been lecturing in
 London. The following editorial com-
 ment was published in the Pall Mall
 Gazette: "Mr. Reynaldo Hahn, the com-
 poser, made some admirable remarks
 yesterday on the musical education of
 women, and was particularly shrewd in
 denouncing the folly of compelling girls
 who have no musical aptitude to prac-
 tice hard at the piano or some other
 instrument. They are only wasting
 time. Unmusical themselves, they will,
 if they marry, doubtless be the brides
 of unmusical men; and the couple will
 be able to spend their evenings quite
 happily without any of that awful rot
 called Bach and Beethoven." One point,
 however, on which M. Hahn said very
 little was the relative scarcity of the
 woman composer. For more than a
 century women have been among the
 greatest interpreters of music, but those
 of them who have attained to any real
 eminence in a creative way could almost
 be counted on the fingers of one hand.
 Mrs. Pankhurst apparently believes that
 all this will be altered when they get
 the vote. She and her sister crusaders
 attribute every intellectual shortcoming
 of the sex to the political disabilities to
 which man has subjected it; and lead us
 to believe that one result of Maud and
 Mabel getting on to the parliamentary
 register will be a symphony from the
 one and a commanding eplo from the
 other. M. Hahn should really have dis-
 cussed this. Just think what we may
 be losing through 'that horrid Mr.
 Asquith.'

Others who are to lecture in this
 course are Mme. Georgette Leblanc, who
 will talk about her husband, Maeter-
 linck, and Mrs. Brown Potter.

Plunkett Greene has also been lectur-
 ing in London. His subject was "In-
 terpretation in Song." Mr. Greene is
 well known here, and so is his tendency
 to stray from the pitch. It is there-
 fore interesting to learn that he apolo-
 gized for false intonation. He de-
 clared that singing out of tune was
 "not half as bad as it sounded," and
 that its cause was often physical; but
 singing out of time he condemned se-
 verely as destructive to the rhythm of
 the music. He gave some rules, which
 the English reviewers found excellent:
 "Find the atmosphere of your song and
 sing it as you speak. Do not make too
 many climaxes; they spoil one another.
 In humorous songs do not hang out too
 many sign posts: 'This way to the
 joke.'"

Miss Marie Brema made a curious
 experiment in London Nov. 14. The
 first part of Handel's "L'Allegro, il
 Penseroso ed il Moderato" was sung
 by unseen soloists and mimed on the
 stage with many solo dances by Miss
 Ruby Ginner (Mirth). The Times said:
 "In this transference to the stage,
 which is all the less loudly demanded
 considering that there are many operas
 of Handel awaiting revival, no process
 of dramatization has been attempted,
 and nothing at all was left to the spec-
 tators' imagination. The light, fan-
 tastic toe was indicated by the danc-
 ers' fingers, and the impersonators of
 'Nods and Becks' were named in the
 program as well as the lady who un-
 dertook the part of 'Wreathed Smiles.'
 Some touches were very pretty, as, for
 instance, when the 'Hound and Horn'

gave an appeal to the sense of
 o. Hunt, around which the light or
 spirits dance. The costumes for the
 most part were those that are a soci-
 ety with 'classical dancing, but in
 the last scene an English rustic dance
 was performed, and the end, with its
 charming quiet close in the minor key,
 made a delightful effect of lighting.
 The device of giving all the visible
 part of the performance behind a gauze
 veil is a very good one, though it is
 not new; much thicker gauze should
 have been used, for the presence of a
 veil was only apparent when a bouquet
 had to be given to Miss Marie Brema
 at the end."

Adele Plunkett died last month in
 Paris at the age of 87. She was a sister
 of Mme. Doche, the celebrated actress,
 and she made her debut as a dancer at
 the Paris Opera March 17, 1845, in "La
 Peri," a ballet by Theophile Gautier,
 with music by Burgmüller. Carlotta Grisi
 was the first to take the part of the
 Peri, when the ballet was produced in
 1843. Gautier described Miss Plunkett
 as a young and pretty girl, well formed,
 with a small foot, a fine leg and a
 charming face. "Although she is rather
 slight for the stage and not easily seen
 from afar, she has everything that is
 necessary for a dancer." In the course
 of the ballet she danced a reckless
 bolero and was enthusiastically ap-
 plauded "for reasons that were not al-
 ways choreographic." Nor did Gautier
 relish the idea of a Peri dancing a
 Spanish dance with castanets. "Even in
 a ballet there should be a little of ver-
 similitude for the eyes." Miss Plunkett
 danced at the Opera until about 1855,
 making excursions to Covent Garden
 and to Vienna. After she left the Opera
 she was applauded in Italy. She left the
 stage to marry Paul Dalloz, a publisher
 of newspapers and magazines. Dr.
 Veron, in his pompous memoirs, tells of
 a Russian prince, one Tuffiak, living
 in Paris, who thought that a man came
 into the world only for the opera, ballet,
 Italian music, pleasure trips, walks in
 the woods and romantic adventures. He
 lived to a good old age. When Veron
 asked him how he kept young, answered
 "I have never changed my diet or be-
 havior." At last Tuffiak died and
 these were his last words: "Is Plunkett
 going to dance tonight?"

It is reported that Weingartner will
 live in Italy beginning next April, at
 Genoa or somewhere in the Riviera. He
 will pass a part of the summer in Swit-
 zerland and then go to Paris

in the fall. He will busy himself in
 conducting and composing and there is
 talk of an opera by him.

Alfred Capus, the dramatist, said
 lately to a Parisian reporter: "I paint
 life and there cannot be any happy end-
 ing if my characters go on living when
 the curtain falls." You cannot—on the
 stage—introduce the stone wagon (that
 crushed a savant) and so polish off
 everybody. When I began to write for
 the stage, 20 years ago, I had the vein
 of irony, the defiance of most young
 men. But, afterwards, more general ideas
 come into one's conception, and one's
 treatment of the subject becomes more
 mellow. It is for this reason that the
 struggle for money, mixed with the
 problems of love, present such abiding
 interest for the analyzer of the human
 character today. Love no doubt has
 changed in the process of the ages. It
 is less brusque and violent in its man-
 ifestations; yet it is still strong, still
 playing a great part in everyday exis-
 tence." Yet the happy climax of this
 dramatist is proverbial in Paris.

"As You Like It" was performed
 last month at the Whitechapel Art
 Gallery, London, by scholars attending
 a Jews "free school." It was not en-
 tirely due to the Elizabethan costumes
 that the identity of the little actors was
 disguised; the purity of accent with
 which they spoke their lines added to
 the difficulty of realizing that these
 were east-end children living in the
 heart of Cockneydom. The play which
 was abridged and produced by Mr.
 F. J. Harvey Darton, was performed on
 an Elizabethan stage, and changes of
 scene were indicated by a notice board,
 so that the children received no assis-
 tance in the shape of scenic effects. It
 was perhaps inevitable that the appre-
 ciation of the audience was reserved
 for the players rather more than for the
 play, for fathers and mothers in Spital-
 fields and Whitechapel have little op-
 portunity of cultivating more than a
 passing acquaintanceship with Shake-
 speare."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Han-
 del's "Messiah," performed by the Handel
 and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, con-
 ductor; Mr. Tucker, organist. Quartet, Miss
 Florence Hinkle, Miss Nora Burns, Hum-
 ild Duffey, Clifford Cairns. Boston Festi-
 val Orchestra.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Han-
 del's "Messiah," performed by the Handel
 and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, con-
 ductor; Mr. Tucker, organist. Quartet, Miss
 Caroline Hudson, Miss Pearl Benedict, Reed
 Miller, Frederick Martin. Boston Festival
 Orchestra.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song
 recital by Bertha Cushing Child, contralto,
 assisted by E. Ferri, viola.
 Lowell School, 8 P. M. Municipal con-
 cert, William Howard, conductor. Reissiger,
 "The Mill on the Rock"; Andre, "Liebes-
 quater"; Weber, selection from "Der Freis-
 chuetz"; Massenet, march from "Scenes
 Pittoresques." Mrs. Victoria McNally will
 sing, "O, Don Fatule," from Verdi's "Don
 Carlos," and Miss Lang's Irish Love Song.
 Frank H. Eaton, flutist, will play a fan-
 tasy by Demersseman. Louis C. Elson will
 lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Lowell School, 8 P. M.
 Municipal concert, William Howard, con-
 ductor. "The Mill on the Rock"; Andre,
 "Liebesquater"; Weber, selection from "Der
 Freischuetz"; Massenet, march from "Scenes
 Pittoresques." Mrs. Victoria McNally will
 sing, "O, Don Fatule," from Verdi's "Don
 Carlos," and Miss Lang's Irish Love Song.
 Frank H. Eaton, flutist, will play a fan-
 tasy by Demersseman. Louis C. Elson will
 lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Tenth
 public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony
 Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Hum-
 erdinck, Prelude to "Haeusel and Orlow";
 Talo, violin concerto in E minor (first time
 at these concerts); Dvorak, Symphony in
 B minor, "From the New World";
 Brahms, "Academic" overture. Mr. Noack,
 second concert master of the orchestra, will
 be the soloist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Tenth
 concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
 Program as on Friday afternoon.

CONCERT NOTES.

Benedict FilizGerald will give a piano
 recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday eve-
 ning, Jan. 3, when he will play Beetho-
 ven's "Waldstein" sonata, Schumann's
 "Carnaval" and pieces by Brahms and
 Liszt.

Mme. Marie von Unschuld will give a
 piano recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday
 afternoon, Jan. 31.

Alessandro Bonci, the famous tenor,
 will give a song recital in Symphony
 Hall Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 10.

The program of the Kneisel quartet
 concert in Chickering Hall Tuesday
 evening, Jan. 10, will include R. Gold-
 mark's piano quartet in A major (Mr.
 Anthony, pianist), two movements from

Caetani's quartet in F minor op. 12, and
 Beethoven's quartet in F major op. 69,
 No. 1.

The program of the second Flonzaley
 quartet concert in Chickering Hall Tues-
 day evening, Jan. 26, will be as follows:
 Haydn, quartet in G minor, op. 74, No.
 3; Moor, Adagio from quartet, op. 69;
 Wolf, Italian serenade; Beethoven,
 quartet in F major, op. 69, No. 7.

Richard Schurig, baritone, and a
 member of the Boston Symphony Or-
 chestra, will give, with his pupils, a
 song recital at Huntington Chambers,
 next Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.
 Mrs. Mary Hale, pianist, will assist.

The second violin sonata of Clara and
 David Mannes will be given in Steinert
 Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 24.

LONGY CLUB.

The Longy Club, composed of play-
 ers of wind instruments in the Sym-
 phony Orchestra, will give its usual
 series of three concerts in Chickering
 Hall this winter. This is the 11th
 season and the members are the
 same, with one exception, as last
 year: Flutes, Messrs. A. Maquarre and
 A. Brooke; oboes, Longy and Lenon;
 clarinets, Grisez and Mimart; horns,

Hain and Lorbeer; bassoons, Sadony
 and Mosbach, with Mr. De Voto as
 pianist. Mr. Mosbach is the new con-
 tra bassoon of the Symphony Orches-
 tra and takes the place of Mr. Helle-
 berg. The three concerts will be
 given on Monday evenings, Dec. 26,
 Feb. 13 and March 6.

The program for the first concert
 comprises a suite for flute, oboe, horn,
 two clarinets and two bassoons, by Mou-
 quet; a sonata for flute and piano, by
 Woolllett, played by Mr. Maquarre and
 Mr. De Voto, and a serenade for two
 oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons,
 three horns, cello and double bass, by
 Dvorak. The assisting artists in this
 last number will be Messrs. Phair,
 horn; J. Keller, cello, and Hubor,
 double bass.

MESSIAH AT SYMPHONY HALL

Handel and Haydn Society Gives Its
 122d Performance of Oratorio.

C. C.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave
 its 122d performance of "The Messiah"
 last night in Symphony Hall. Emil
 Mollenhauer conducted, H. G. Tucker
 was at the organ, and the society had
 the assistance of the Boston Festival
 orchestra and of the following solo-
 lists: Soprano, Miss Florence Hinkle;
 contralto, Miss Nora Burns; tenor,
 Humild Duffey; bass, Clifford Cairns.

Again was it demonstrated by an
 audience which filled every seat in
 Symphony Hall that there still re-
 mains, even in these evil days of irrever-
 ence and new cults, a public which
 takes its "Messiah" as seriously and
 as religiously as the Englishman takes
 his afternoon tea.

A paradox, however, lies in the fact
 that, though a large proportion of the
 audience goes out of pure convention
 and not from sheer love of Handel's
 choruses and arias, there is little music
 that could stand the test of such repe-
 tition and that is so inherently superb
 as this.

Perhaps the most impressive portions
 of the "Messiah" are its stupendous
 choruses—they received last night a
 noble rendering. In volume, in quality,
 in precision, in responsiveness was the
 chorus tested and found not wanting.

The solo singers, who have music of
 much difficulty, were hardly so uni-
 formly satisfactory for, except in the
 case of Miss Hinkle there were with
 them all moments when their tone was
 insufficient to fill the hall. They all,
 however, appreciated the fact that

under a music must be of all be-
ng, not deformed or shouted, and it
no small praise to say that the music
is sung.
Miss Hinkle has an exceedingly clear
te, of considerable beauty and much
wer in its high range. She showed
ich ease in the florid music of "Re-
ee Greatly" and a good command of
e broad style needed for "My Re-
semer Liveth." Throughout it was evi-
dent that she is well grounded in the
traditions of oratorio.
Miss Burns's voice is of very unusu-
ly deep quality, a true contralto, and of
much beauty. It is a pity that some-
of the effect of her singing was lost
because her tones failed to carry in a
hall so large.
The large audience gave much ap-
plause. The society will repeat the
atorio tonight at Symphony Hall.

SYMBOLIC DANCES BY RUTH ST. DENIS

Russian Balalalka Orchestra
Receives Warm Praise for
Exquisite Themes.

By PHILIP HALE.
Holla Street Theatre: Ruth St. Denis
In dances symbolic of the religion and
customs of ancient Egypt, with music
by Walter Myrowitz, in conjunction
with W. W. Andreeff's Imperial Rus-
sian Court Balalalka Orchestra.
The entertainment at the Holla Street
Theatre this week and next is unique
and fascinating. While the Egyptian
dances of Miss St. Denis are not all so
distinguished as her Indian dances of
last season in stage settings, costumes,
color effects and interest and beauty of
the subjects, they are, nevertheless,
worth seeing, and two of them, "The
Invocation to the Nile" and "The Veil
of Isis," may well be ranked with those
in which she shone resplendent in her
grace and beauty.
There is nothing in the present
series to be compared with the snake
charming scene, or the incense burn-
er, or the wondrous descent from the
altar and the dance of the senses.
Those dances had been thoughtfully
prepared and carefully elaborated.
This Egyptian dances were planned
at the end of last season, and they
may yet be improved.
In "The Invocation to the Nile" the
supporting company of girls lent a
charm to the symbolical dance prayer
to the gods of the venerable and mys-
terious stream, and full opportunity was
given Miss St. Denis to display her
well known, but inimitable, movements
of her arms, with their ineffable grace,
and strange ripplings of flesh. "The
Feast of Eternity" was disappointing.
Neither the setting nor the action of
the revellers gave an adequate idea of
the sumptuousness of the memorial
banquet, nor did the dancing girls show
the results of skilful training or any
marked native aptitude.
The introduction of the mummy was
an effective tableau. The dance of Miss
St. Denis was the most pronounced
dance of the series. It was of Oriental
character and her body was appropri-
ately undraped. As long as there were
merely the traditional contortions of the
dance, the scene had character, and
the dancer wove a spell; but in the
evolutions there was little lightness of
feet and legs. The peculiar technic of
Miss St. Denis does not include this in-
dispensable mastery of movement.
In "The Veil of Isis" on the other
hand, there was the revelation of the
poetic repose and the sculptural atti-
tudes in which Miss St. Denis is in-
comparable. Here the brilliance of her
bodily beauty and facial expression was
heightened by gorgeous costume and
effective lighting. With her spread
wings, she was a vision that will long
haunt the memory.
"The Festival of Ra," with the "Dance
of Day," typifying the rise and fall of
Egypt" was not highly expressive. The
veiled figures with their mystic move-
ments and retreat before the rising of
the sun were a good deal of a bore, nor
was the performance of Miss St. Denis
of conspicuous merit.
The dancer was recalled many times,
and the Russian Balalalka orchestra,
which appeared here for the first
time, at once aroused enthusiasm.
This orchestra is composed of a
choir of balalalkas, a choir of domras,
and other instruments, among them
the gusli or dulcimer, shepherd's
reeds, tambourines, etc. The bala-
lalka was originally used chiefly by
the peasants. Mr. Andreeff perfected
it and devoted many years to the pop-
ularization of this species of mandolin
with a triangular body. He gave con-
certs, lectured, trained pupils, and at
last his labor was handsomely re-
warded. The domra is also an instru-
ment that might be classed as belong-
ing to the mandolin family, but the
sound is distinctively oriental.
The orchestra was made up of Rus-
sian

referred for artistic effect places by
Tschakowsky, Gretchaninoff and An-
dreeff, and Rodolp's song from Puccini's
"La Boheme." There were also
waltzes, a movement from Delibes's
suite, "Le Roi s'amuse" and other
pieces played in answer to the spon-
taneous and imperious applause.
It is not easy to discuss the per-
formance of these players in cool terms.
Their sense of rhythm, the elasticity
of interpretation, the delicate nuances,
the extraordinary skill in swelling and
diminishing tone, the sentiment and
the dash—these characteristics combined
with the peculiar quality of tone set
this orchestra apart from other bands.
No wonder that these players have
made a sensation in European cities
and in New York. Leaders of the best
symphony orchestras might study with
profit the effects gained quietly, with-
out semaphoric gestures, by Mr. An-
dreeff. The most fastidious musicians
might learn from these Russians.
Among the folk songs the most strik-
ing was the melancholy chant of the
bargemen of the Volga, the "El Ouch-
men," which was sung her years ago
by a Russian choir, the inexpressibly
sad melody that has appealed to several
composers, among them Mr. Loeffler.
Solos played on the balalalka by
Mr. Troyanowsky added to the pleas-
ure of the evening. The program of
this orchestra will be changed on
next Thursday, and on Monday and
Thursday of next week.
A week from next Monday night
David Warfield will come to the Hol-
la Street Theatre with a new play
written for him by Mr. Belasco.

MME. GAY SINGS BIZET'S "CARMEN"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Bizet's
"Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose..... Mr. Zenatello
Escamillo..... Mr. Rothler
El Remedio..... Mr. Devaux
Zuniga..... Mr. Glacoe
Micaela..... Mr. Gantvoort
Carmen..... Mme. Gay
Micaela..... Miss Nielsen
Fraquita..... Miss Fisher
Mercedes..... Miss Roberts
To the delight and wonder of the great
audience that had assembled to welcome
her, Mme. Gay last night created afresh
the remarkable impersonation which
made the performances of "Carmen" in
which she participated such notable
events of last season at this opera
house. But two of the new features of
last evening contributed to make this
production an improvement over that of
a year ago: they were the Don Jose of
Mr. Zenatello and the conducting of
Mr. Caplet.
Mme. Gay stops at nothing, vocally or
physically, that she can enlist to the
end of emphasizing her impression of
unbridled passion and wayward, devil-
may-care power over all with whom she
comes in contact. She has absolute
command of gesture, with hand, with
head, with body. Yet she knows the
value of moments of significant repose,
as when she folds her arms and watches
after the entrance of Escamillo. It is
difficult to pick and choose in an effort
to point out the scenes where she is
most successful; this Carmen leaves the
impression of her astonishing intensity
upon every scene. Her voice is teem-
ing with the warmth and color which
reflect so well the suddenness of her
emotional changes. From first to last
the whole portrayal is a rare one.
Mr. Zenatello brought out with equal
success the development that Don Jose
undergoes from his early lukewarmness
and almost insignificance to his fer-
ocious closing passion. He even seemed
to increase in stature, and his facial
play was remarkable. His vocal art
is of a high order, and particularly
when his voice takes on its heroic char-
acter is it beautiful and impressive.
Mr. Rothler doubtless has other parts
which give him more opportunity than
does the part of Escamillo; his ability
as singer and actor is, however, evi-
dent, though finer impersonations of
the role have been seen at this opera
house.
For the most part, the other roles
were well filled, though Miss Nielsen
was by no means at her best, par-
ticularly in her aria in the third act.
The admirable support given by all
the minor characters contributed
much toward the effect of many of
the lesser scenes.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Decided Comedy Accent in Program
for Holiday Season.

For the holiday season there is an
excellent program with a decided
comedy accent at B. F. Keith's Theatre.
Miss Lydia Barry, who appeared here
for the first time, won instant and de-
served favor with the large audience.
Her song, "Barry," was being sung
and whistled over the footlights be-
fore her final disappearance.
"Their Weight in Gold," a comedy in
one act, presented by Kathryn Oster-
man, was amusing and attractively
staged.

The musical ponies and comedy
dogs will prove a delight to the chil-
dren, and are wonderfully well trained.
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy called
forth hearty laughter in their little
sketch, "Clancy's Ghost."
Harry Lester appeared with some new
songs and stories. Among various im-
personations he gave one of Edwin Ste-
vens in "The Devil," which was re-
markably effective. It is rarely ever
one sees better team work than that of
the Carbery brothers, who do some very
clever "simultaneous stepping."
Laypo and Benjamin, the originators
of the Hebrew character in comedy ac-
robatics, made their first appearance.
John Neff, the "world's greatest mu-
sician," who starts to play upon vari-
ous musical instruments, but actually
plays upon none, was with his team-
mate, well received. The three Marcan-
tons gave an unusually good gymnastic
exhibition, and the kinetograph, with
its new pictures, finished this very good
bill.
The trained fleas are held over for
another week and are to be seen in the
engine room before the regular per-
formance. It seems incredible that such
things can be accomplished with these
tiny hoppers. They are very well worth
seeing.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Reptilian Actor Who Plays with Ver-
similitude and Discretion.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Through
Death Valley," a melodrama in four
acts, by Joseph LeBrandt. Cast:
Noah Claypool..... Phil A. Perkins
Ike Claypool..... James S. Kitts
Eve..... Harry Coggey
Edna..... Jack Bolger
Ezra..... W. C. Cameron
Amos..... C. A. Spencer
Gray Wolf..... Earl Brunside
Pat Cahill..... Clifford Mack
Jasper..... Johnnie Casey
Jack Barton..... Bert Buchanan
Van Hamlet..... H. A. Bernard
Sam Hunter..... Helen Hammel
Sally Hamilton..... Billie Burtis
Mae Hamilton..... Nanette Wallack
Mae Chase..... Mildred Van
Jim Barton..... Charles L. Crane

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

The Handel and Haydn Society re-
peated its performance of Handel's
"Messiah" last evening in Symphony
Hall. While the audience was not so
large as on Sunday night, it was of
good size and highly appreciative of the
general excellence of the performance.
The solo singers were Miss Caroline
Hudson, Miss Pearl Benedict, Reed
Miller and Frederick Martin.

A CIVIC THEATRE.

Many sympathize with the desire of
those who attended a dinner of the
"American Drama Society" in Boston
last Sunday for a civic theatre, a
theatre with a repertory of good plays
performed by a capable company and
with moderate prices of admission.
While they sympathize, they realize
the difficulties in the way.

It is not necessary now to argue
whether the managers or the play-
goers are at fault for the present con-
dition of the drama in Boston. It
may be stated as a fact that where
good plays are acted in our theatres
by excellent visiting companies they
are usually neglected by the public.
Even the performances of the New
Theatre Company last season were
as a rule poorly attended, and it mat-
tered not whether the play were by
Shakespeare or Sheridan, Maeterlinck
or Galsworthy. The great theatre-
going public of Boston prefers a farce
or a musical comedy to a drama that
demands any mental concentration or
invites serious discussion. Since man-
agers know this and see that inter-
esting dramas well played are caviare
to the general, they are not to be
blamed for yielding gracefully to the
popular demand.
No civic theatre can be managed
successfully, so that it will please and
educate the public and at the same
time bring in an adequate return, if
those in charge are only theorists,
lecturers on the drama, literary men,
well disposed but without practical
knowledge of the stage and the busi-
ness of conducting a theatre. Sup-
pose a playhouse is conducted by a
committee. Would this committee be
unanimous in its choice of plays. In
its classification of plays as good or
not worthy of performance? A reper-
tory is a plant of slow growth. Would
Bostonians patiently endure the many
repetitions necessary at first? After
a repertory is agreed upon, then
comes the question of the company;
and here again a committee would
be helpless or soon at loggerheads.
Then there is the all-important ques-
tion of money. Without an estab-
lished fund, a theatre of this nature
would soon close its doors. If the

theatre be subsidized by the city,
would city officials have much to say
in the management, and if they
should what would the effect be aes-
thetically and pecuniarily?
The problem is complicated. We do
not say these things by way of dis-
couragement. There should be a thea-
tre here that answers to the wishes
and hopes of all truly interested in
the welfare of the drama; but this
theatre will not descend like the New
Jerusalem, with a catholic repertory,
a finely appointed stage, a well-bal-
anced company, and sleek-haired,
courteous ushers. It is a business
proposition, not an aesthetic dream.
Attempts made in past years have
soon failed, because faddists were in
control, amiable persons with exalted
ideas and little or no business capaci-
ty. The New Theatre itself has been
obliged to depart from its original
and applauded plan.

CITIES IN EVOLUTION.

Mme. Victor Maurel, a brilliant
dramatist and a charming woman,
returning to New York from Paris,
complains of the changes in the latter
city. It is no longer the Paris of
which Frenchmen were proud; it is
not so picturesque; it is over-run
with an extraordinary type of for-
eigners with the South American pre-
dominating, etc., etc. Old New
Yorkers would tell Mme. Maurel that
New York had changed; that it is
now less interesting, and life there is
less comfortable. The old Bostonian
looks back regretfully on his city of
even twenty years ago.
Cities may grow less picturesque,
but picturesqueness is often asso-
ciated with dirt and danger. The
Ghetto in Rome fascinated the travel-
ler, but the Roman rejoices that it is
no more. The old streets in Paris
portrayed lovingly by Gustave Dore
were unsanitary when they were not
the lurking places of thieves and cut-
throats. It is better for Londoners
that streets in which Dickens walked
in quest of material have lost their
character. There are changes unnec-
essary and to be deplored, as when
a street in Albany, N. Y., was stripped
of its significant name "Patroon"; as
when elms that were the glory of a
town in Hampshire County of this
Commonwealth were cut down to
make room for a painfully straight
tar sidewalk. The character of a city,
the character of the community
changes. As a city grows larger, there
is often a loss of individual interest
in public welfare. Men that do busi-
ness in a town prefer to live outside
that town when they can afford the
luxury. The automobile has removed
the once insuperable objection of dis-
tance. To these fortunate beings, it
matters little whether the city streets
are clean or dirty; whether transgres-
sions of building laws are winked at.
They grow indifferent toward the pro-
posed demolition of churches or
houses with historical associations.
They live far from the smoke and the
din, and at night see the stars as
from a hillside field.
It is easy to call the conservative,
the eulogists of past years, sentiment-
al old fogies. Sentiment not only
sweetens life; it makes for civic
righteousness. Sweeping reforms have
been worked through sentiment; na-
tions have been saved by it. But sen-
timent without action is only a harm-
less form of selfish indulgence. It is
no more to be encouraged than the
policy of moving assiduously on the
line of the least resistance. The mod-
ern city is more healthful and better
planned for the convenience and com-
fort of its inhabitants than the one
that delighted those in search of the
picturesque and quaint.

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A LOST PLEASURE.

When so much is done for children in this attitude a cynic remarked that Christmas was instituted only for children, servants and poor—it seems strange that pantomimes are not produced in the theatre.

At one playhouse in this city will be a "musical extravaganza" founded on the nursery story of Jack and the Beanstalk, which will amuse young people who are not concerned about the esoteric meaning of the tale and do not puzzle their heads with inquiries into nursery tales derived from mythology, or by rigidly examining sun-myths. But this extravaganza is not a pantomime. Nor by pantomime do we mean the class of entertainment received by the French in which Pierrot acts a drama, often sinister and terrible, as "Pierrot Assassin" by Paul M. Laveritte in which the white-faced masked murders his wife by tickling her feet, is haunted by the recollection, and dies miserably.

We refer to the good old-fashioned pantomime in which the Clown affably presents a red hot poker to Pantaloon, greases the sidewalk, steals sausages, and plays all sorts of mad and foolish pranks; the pantomime with the lithe and spangled Harlequin, the light-footed Columbine, and the gorgeous transformation scene portraying the Abode of Bliss, with ballet girls bursting out of gigantic flowers.

The English are still loyal to Christmas pantomimes, as loyal as in the days when Thackeray wrote enthusiastically in praise of this entertainment. Are the English children less sophisticated than the American? Surely if there were a demand for pantomime at this season, American managers would heed the call. Or would the parents consider pantomime, a futile amusement, without educative tendencies if not absolutely low? It takes more to entertain American children in 1910 than it did in 1860 or 1870. Too much is given to them; they are blasé or skeptical before their time. Not long ago an apparently normal little boy told us that "Peter Pan" was silly, and his sister, a few years older, refused to read the adventures of Alice in Wonderland or Through the looking glass because they were not true. Perhaps there is already an edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica for the young, or a set of Ibsen's plays in words of two syllables.

THE VERB "TO MOTIVATE."

"L. J. V.," writing from Bermuda to the New York Sun, objects to the verb "motivate." He found it used two or three times in Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "Theory of the Theatre," "What is this horrid word? And why? Its context seems to make it mean to endow with motives. But is it legitimate? And if not, who invented it and what penalty did he pay for the felony?"

The verb is vile and "horrid." Yet it is used by modern writers who are anxious about the "uplift" of the drama and the "elevation of the stage," whether it be by jack screws or some other mechanical appliance, or by the combined mental effort of citizens and citizenesses. Nor is it merely the passionate press agent who has "motivate" with "vehicle" and "motoring" in his glittering and pompous vocabulary. We regret to hear that there are college professors who sanction the use of this verb.

"Motivate" is merely a more impressive form of the verb to "motive," in the passive means, with reference to incidents in a drama or work of fiction, "to be provided with a motive; to be rendered credible by what is revealed of the character, circumstances, or antecedent history of the persons." Thus Hawthorne

wrote in "The Ancestral Footstep": "His motive must be motivated in some satisfactory way." "Motivate" appeared in 1885 in an issue of the Athenaeum: "The chief defect (of the novel) is that the principal events are not sufficiently 'motivated'; but the verb was then inclosed by quotation marks. And before this Bulwer, in "Cantoniana," mentioned Goethe as saying that "he 'motivates' too much for the stage."

The verb is an awkward one, unpleasant to the ear, not easily understood by the great majority. It may perhaps be classed with "negotiate," with the meaning taken from the hunter's vocabulary: as when a ball player "successfully negotiates" second base.

MR. JOHNSON ABROAD.

The announcement that the Parisians are excited over a possible trial of manly strength and skill, i. e., a mill between Messrs. "Jack" Johnson and McVey, or possibly Jeannette, leads the earnest sociologist to reflect on the change in French taste. For many years the French looked on pugilism as a barbarous English sport and they classed it with the English custom of selling wives at Smithfield. A true French gentleman would settle a dispute with a rapier or a pistol; never with fists. Or he would fence with an expert to prove his mastery of "the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!" Victor Hugo in his "L'Homme qui rit," a bitter attack on England and English institutions, describes at eloquent length an amazing prize fight between Helmsgail, a Scot, and the Irishman, Phelim-ghe-Madone. This brutal fight was extraordinary in many ways. The bets exceeded 40,000 guineas without counting the stakes. The Lady Joslane, dressed as a man, witnessed the savage blows, and "Doctor Eleanor Sharp, nephew of the Archbishop of York," encouraged "the fine fellows." Yet the French protesting against the prize-fight, were proud of their own "savate," in which the feet are used as much as, or more than, the fists.

Of late boxing has become the fashion in Paris, and there is naturally a desire to see the flower of American civilization in action. Mr. Johnson knows history. He insists on an American referee. His illustrious predecessor, Mr. John L. Sullivan, once fought a match with an Englishman on French ground, and the ground was not favorable, though the French did not then rule the ring. American billiard experts pitted against Frenchmen in Paris have more than once complained of a lack of fair play. As for that, few nations are good losers.

RUSSIAN DANCERS RETURN TO BOSTON

By PHILIP HALE.

A very large audience welcomed last night the return of Miss Anna Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin, with assisting dancers. When Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin danced here near the end of last season they were handicapped in a measure by the inefficiency of a conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, who had little sense of rhythm and still less knowledge of the requirements of a ballet. Last evening Théodore Stier conducted admirably.

There were eight dances in the Divertissement: Polish dances by Miss Pajitzkala, Mr. Moroseff and others, music by Glinka; a Pas de Deux by Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin, music by Blechman; Variations by Mr. Mordkin, music by Tschalkowsky; the Swan by Miss Pavlova, music by Saint-Saens; Russian dances by Miss Pajitzkala, music by Tschalkowsky; Valse Caprice by Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin, music by Rubinstein; Rapsodie No. 2 by Pajitzkala, Mr. Moroseff and others,

music by Liszt, and overture by Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin.

The Polish dances and the Hungarian dances performed by eight couples had much character and they were danced with marked precision and spirit. Miss Pajitzkala, dressed in a gorgeous national costume, made the Russian dances interesting by her grace, coquetry and facial expression. These dances were warmly and deservedly applauded; but the feature of the evening was naturally the remarkable exhibition of art by Miss Pavlova and Mordkin.

Seeing Miss Pavlova, the men and women of 1910 can understand the dithyrambic eulogies pronounced on Fanny Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, Mario Taglioni and Cerito by Theophile Gautier and others who were perhaps not so inflammable or not so concerned with the composition of a brilliant article. Seeing Mr. Mordkin, it is easy to understand how male dancers, though for many years they have fallen into disrepute, once lorded it over the stage of the Paris Opera.

For Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin are, first of all, visions of womanly and manly beauty. In spite of long technical training, Miss Pavlova, unlike many of her sisters in the profession, is exquisitely shaped from sole to crown. There is no suspicion of muscular rigidity or overdevelopment. Her face, too, is beautiful. Her smile is not the professional leer or grin that is donned and put aside as a mask. Her face is mobile, eloquent in expression; for, although Miss Pavlova is not heralded as an "interpretative" or "symbolic" dancer, her dances have significance; her pantomime has an apparent spontaneity and is not merely a cut-and-dried system of formulas.

It would be hard to say in which of the dances Miss Pavlova was the most entrancing. The pas-de-deux gave full opportunity for the display of her rare technical skill. Her dancing and pantomime in "The Swan" was poetic, and on the semi-darkened stage with a light thrown on her evolutions and postures the effect was that of a dream dance. In the Valse de Caprice there were delightful alternations between the expression of amorous longing and girlish coyness.

But in the Bacchanale, with its unconfined and wild hilarity, there was the full and frank revelation of the joy in living, as when youths and maidens danced madly in Dionysian revels when the world was young, and Pan was heard piping in woods or fields, and goddesses in their splendor did not disdain to smile on mortal men. Seldom has there been such a vision of intoxicating beauty as the entrance of Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin in this Bacchanale to the delirious music of Glazounoff.

And it is almost impossible to think of Miss Pavlova without her companion, Mr. Mordkin, a supreme type of manly beauty in face and form. The male dancer is usually one to deserve the bitter diatribe that Thackeray launched against a poor, conceited, grinning wretch who was earning his living by spinning like a top and by laborious gambados. Mr. Mordkin dances as though the walk of man were an unnatural, affected gait. He leaps into the air as though that were his home. He does not strike attitudes, but in repose or action is himself.

His pantomime is also uncommon for its simplicity and expressiveness. Alone with bow and arrow, as in the Variations, supporting Miss Pavlova, or stimulating her to more surprising feats, or playfully eluding her that coming together their delight may be the greater, he is a marvel of graceful agility, sculptural, but vigorous, sentient, vivid.

The enraptured audience grew more and more enthusiastic throughout the divertissement, and there were times when the audience was hushed as though under the spell of surpassing oratory or song.

The dances were preceded by a very lifeless performance of "Pagliacci," of which the pleasantest features were the singing of Mr. Constantino and the chorus and the conducting of Mr. Moranzon. The cast was as follows:

Nedda.....Mme. Melis
Canio.....Mr. Constantino
Tonio.....Mr. Galeffi
Silvio.....Mr. Fornari
Beppe.....Mr. Giaccone
First peasant.....Mr. Strocchio
Second peasant.....Mr. Huddy

NOACK PLAYS LALO'S CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel".....Humperdinck
Symphony "From the New World".....Lalo
Concerto for violin, op. 29.....Lalo
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms

Mr. Fiedler and his orchestra arranged this program with a view to the Christmas season, and yet no specifically "Christmas" composition was on the list. No Shepherd's song by Bach, Handel, or another; no march of the Three Kings; no manger lullaby. But Humperdinck's overture is full of childish mirth and naive devotion; the symphony of Dvorak is of a popular nature; Brahms's overture is designedly jovial.

This program gave much pleasure to the audience, which was not so large as usual. The performance for the most part deserved the uncommonly hearty applause. It might be justly said that the second movement of the symphony was taken at an exceedingly slow pace, and the sugary sentimentalism of the music was thereby accentuated; but Mr. Fiedler's answer to this objection would undoubtedly be: "The audience liked it." There is no answer to this rejoinder.

With this exception, there is little or nothing to be said but praise about the reading or the performance of this symphony, which was once supposed to be distinctively "American," whereas the Czech, hearing it, swears by the graves of his ancestors that it is purely Bohemian.

Mr. Noack played Lalo's concerto, op. 20, for the first time at these concerts and to the best of my knowledge for the first time in Boston. The wonder is that the concerto has been so neglected by local or visiting violinists; for it is a composition of high degree, interesting to both musicians and the general public. It was first played by Sarasate in Paris in 1874, and it is a year older than the familiar "Symphonie Espagnole" by the same composer.

There is not enough made of Lalo and Chabrier and their influence in these days when so much attention is paid to the ultra-modern French. The two were men born out of due time. Harmonic progressions, orchestral effects that in the works of those that came after them and now excite admiration, were invented by them, and there are few to do them reverence. We have yet to hear Lalo's symphony or his piano concerto in Boston.

The compositions of Lalo are characterized by an elegance and a distinction that are approached and sometimes equalled only by Saint-Saens, but Lalo's nature was the warmer. In his orchestration no instrument is introduced unless it has something significant to say, unless it is essential to an effect of color. There is nothing superfluous, any more than there are unmeaning words in a sentence by Anatole France or Marcel Schwob. His music has a peculiar charm. It has its own peculiar atmosphere. The fastidiousness of Lalo's taste would not have allowed him to write the vulgar and thunderous theme on which Chabrier's finale to the "Gwendoline" overture is built, but this fastidiousness never became "precious," unemotional.

Mr. Noack's performance was characterized chiefly by the appropriate elegance, and also by sure and polished technique, and reassuring self-possession. The phrasing was that of the musician; the technical proficiency was that of the accomplished virtuoso. The performance was in many ways admirable. Yet the concerto admits of a broader and more passionate treatment, especially in the first movement. The Romanza might have been played with more emotion. Even a little nervousness on the part of the player might have been welcome; the nervousness that fires the soul of the performer and leads him to a stirring revelation of individuality, to an interpretation of sentiment or passion that moves an audience, and not merely delights its ears.

The program next week will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major, "Jupiter"; Saint-Saens, "Pallas Athene," hymn for soprano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Debussy, Lalo's recitative and air from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben." Mme. Jeanne Jomelli will sing with the orchestra for the first time in Boston.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

"La Habanera" Repeated and Russian Dancers in "Legend of Asyade."

"La Habanera," by Laparra, was performed last night at the Boston Opera House for the second time. Mr. Caplet conducted. The chief parts were taken as follows: Pilar, Miss Dersyne; Ramon, Mr. Blanchard; Pedro, Mr. Lassalle; the Father, Mr. Madones.

A second hearing confirms the first impression—that the strength of this opera is in its dramatic interest. There are times when the music seems a hindrance to the effect and the specta-

tor would gladly see the grim tragedy played without song or accompaniment. Yet there are episodes not directly connected with the dialogue when the music gives character to the action, as in the vulgar street tunes played outside the tavern; at the beginning of the second act, where the barbaric monotony of the music establishes a gloomy mood and there is the sense of bodement, in the funeral chant in the third act. The entr'actes have more individuality than many of the pages of recitative and arioso. There remains the Habanera tune, which by its very common melody and

the hearer. There are evidences in the opera of a composer of an original and marked talent, who is not yet master of expression and often in his instrumentation mistakes brutality for strength.

Mr. Blanchart acted with a keen sense of melodrama. He acted better than he sang. Both he and Miss Dereyne often strayed from the pitch, nor did Miss Dereyne fully realize the dramatic possibilities in her part. Mr. Lassalle was vocally tremulous as healthy lover and as ghost.

The opera was followed by Mr. Mordkin's ballet "The Legend of Azyklade," which purports to be taken from "The 1000 Nights and a Night," but this particular tale is not easily identified even in the voluminous edition of Burton. The music, led by Mr. Steir, is taken from compositions by Arensky, Blechman, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Chaminade, Glazunoff, Rimski-Korsakoff and Rubinstein. The chief dancers were Miss Pavlova, Miss Pajitzkala, Mr. Mordkin and Mr. Barboe. Thursday night the dancers were classically academic or they were of a nature that recalled the line of Swinburne: "noble and nude, and antique." Last night they were oriental and frankly sensuous, except one, the sword dance, performed by Mr. Mordkin with heroic and superb vigor. This dance was the feature of the ballet.

Miss Pavlova was expressive in pantomime, charming in postures and gestures, and her rare technical skill was fully displayed. But in this ballet there was nothing to be compared for poetic fascination with "The Swan" as danced by Miss Pavlova, or the marvellous Bacchanale in which she and Mr. Mordkin were as exultant mortals in the freshness and innocent rapture of the ancient world. The audience was a large one, perhaps not so large as that of last night, and while it was appreciative, it was not so enthusiastic.

The opera this afternoon at 2 o'clock will be "Mefistofele." Mr. Moranzoni will conduct, and the chief singers will be Mmes. Nielsen, Dereyne, Claessens and Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Mardones and Stroesco. The opera tonight at 7:45 o'clock will be "Otello," with Mmes. Mells and Claessens and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart. Mr. Conti will conduct.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Jack and the Beanstalk," a musical extravaganza by R. A. Barnet and A. B. Sloane. Cast

Richard the sailor.....	John Craig
Old King Cole.....	George Hissell
Micawber.....	Demetri Mosek
King Rat.....	Al Roberts
The Giant.....	Walter Walker
Mr. Harry Halloway.....	Bel Young
The Baron.....	Walter Young
The Maid.....	Ellie Page
St. Gay.....	A. B. Clarke
Princess Mary.....	Marie Curtis
Little Miss Muffet.....	Frances Sorely
Old Mother Hubbard.....	Kate Ryan
The Giant's Wife.....	Mabel Curtis
Jack.....	Mary Young

Dec 25 1910

TWO ITALIAN OPERAS SUNG.

Borto's "Mefistofele" and Verdi's "Otello" Saturday's Program.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE, Boston. "Mefistofele," Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Cast: Mr. Constantino, Mr. Mardones, Mr. Stroesco, Miss Nielsen, Miss Dereyne, Miss Claessens, Miss Leveroni.

Verdi's "Otello" was performed in the evening. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Zebert	Mr. Zebert
Mr. Blanchart	Mr. Blanchart
Mr. G. Hissell	Mr. G. Hissell
Mr. Steir	Mr. Steir
Mr. Pajitzkala	Mr. Pajitzkala
Mr. Mordkin	Mr. Mordkin
Mr. Barboe	Mr. Barboe
Mr. Conti	Mr. Conti
Mr. Lassalle	Mr. Lassalle
Mr. Moranzoni	Mr. Moranzoni

Miss Savage was substituted for Mme. Caron Mells who was ill. There was a rather small audience, as was to be expected on Christmas eve, but the hearers were enthusiastic. Mr. Zenatello was in brilliant voice, and sang and acted with great intensity. His impersonation of the Moor was even more striking than that of last week. Mr. Blanchart was a frankly melodramatic Jago, and made his points so that the audience could not mistake them. He sang with much intelligence.

The choruses in the first and second acts were especially well sung. It is a pity that there was not a larger audience, for Mr. Zenatello gave one of the most impressive performances of Otello that this city has witnessed.

W. W. Andreeff Heard
It as a Lad, Developed
It and Overcame the
Prejudice Against It.

His Imperial Russian Court
Ladies Orchestra, led by W.
Andreeff, and the Imperial



A Russian Playing the Balalaika.

Russian musical society to visit Boston. In January and February, 1870, a Russian chorus led by Dimitri Agre-neff Slaviansky, tenor, gave concerts in Music Hall. The choir sang folk and art songs and on their programs was "the celebrated Volga's sailor song," which has been used by many composers, among them Mr. Loeffler. These singers appeared in "national fancy costumes peculiar to their nationality." A baritone, a bass and a pianist were announced as soloists. Mr. Slaviansky was the chief soloist. On Jan. 22 and Feb. 11, the boy Fedja (12 years old) performed "The Russian National Dance," and we are told by a band that on Jan. 22 the dance was "received with unparalleled applause." On these joyous occasions children were admitted for half price.

In February, 1883, a "Russian choir" led by Mrs. Eugenie Papritz-Lineff appeared here and gave a concert in Chikering Hall. This choir, however, was organized in New York. The singers wore their national costumes. They sang old songs and again the "Ay Ouchnem," the strange and mournful chant of the bargemen on the Volga, was heard.

These visitors were singers. This week Boston will have again the opportunity of hearing a Russian orchestra playing national instruments, an orchestra that has excited lively attention in European cities and in New York.

Mr. Andreeff, a well trained musician came from Bejetsk in the government of Tver. As a boy he heard the balalaika played by a peasant and was so enthralled by the instrument that he, too, learned to play it, although there was a prejudice against it in the society to which he belonged.

Mr. Andreeff went to St. Petersburg, and there astonished musicians and amateurs of music by the originality of the efforts produced by the instrument that had long been abandoned to the peasant. He argued that if the balalaika was developed, improved, it would be still more effective, and he commissioned V. Ivanoff, a maker of musical instruments, to carry out his ideas.

With a perfected instrument, Mr. Andreeff was not content with merely the personal reputation of the virtuoso. He wished the balalaika to be the national instrument; he worked to overcome the prejudice. He invited the aid of his friends; he organized classes and taught them; he gave public concerts; he lectured; he did not spare time or money. Furthermore, he studied the history of Russian music and came to the conclusion that the other most typical national instruments and the most suitable for improvement, instruments free from foreign influence, were the domra

and the dulcimer. He found instruments of native make and bettered them.

Mr. Andreeff began his work for the regeneration of the Russian national instruments in 1888. In 1898 he saw the reward of his labors, for the Tsar then gave him permission to call his orchestra the Imperial Russian Court Balalaika Orchestra, granted him a life pension and bestowed other honors upon him.

The balalaika in its primitive form was a sort of guitar with a triangular and sonorous box. It was originally used by the Tartars, but it became the favorite instrument of Russian peasants, for the accompaniment of songs and dances. It had three strings of gut, which were tuned in at least five different ways. The length of the instrument was from 24 to 27 inches and the base of the triangular box was from 11 to 20 inches wide. There is an old balalaika in the museum of the Conservatory of Music at Brussels, with a box not triangular, but slightly rounded. There is also mention of balalaikas with five or seven strings.

The improved balalaika used by Mr. Andreeff has three metal strings. The wood is of better quality than the deal used by the peasants. There is a neck or finger board, "with permanent metal strings." It is said that the method of playing is unchanged. Mr. Andreeff has arranged a series of these instruments: first, second, viola, bass, double

bass. These instruments with the exception of the first, are only plucked. The strings of the first are plucked, and also struck evenly with the fingers of the right hand.

The domra was probably older than the balalaika, but it was not so popular. It was made with a round sounding board, with a flat base. The improved instrument has a round base and is a sort of mandolin, with catgut strings. There is a sextet of domras in this orchestra, piccolo, first, viola, tenor, bass, double bass.

Then there is a dulcimer, a gusslee, gush or gousli. It existed in three forms, that show in a measure the phases of its historical development: (1) The old Russian gush, with a small, flat-sounding box, with a maplewood cover, and strung with seven strings, an instrument not unlike those of neighboring folks—the Finnish "kantele," the Estonian "kannel," the Lithuanian "kankles" and the Lettic "kuakles"; (2) the gush-psaltery of the 14th and 15th centuries, differing from the first named in these respects—greater length and depth of the sounding-box, from 18 to 32 strings, and it was trapeziform; (3)

the piano-like gush of the 18th century, based on the form and character of the clavichord of the time. The gush is not to be confounded with the Dalmatian gusha, an instrument with sounding-box, swelling back, and the finger-board cut out of one piece of wood, with a skin covering the mouth of the box and pierced with a series of holes in a circle. A jock of horsehairs composed the one string, which was regulated by a peg. This string had no fixed pitch; it was tuned to suit the voice of the singer and accompanied it always in unison. The gush was played with a horsehair bow. The instrument was found on the wall of a tavern, as the guitar of Spanish pandero on the wall of a posada, or as the English cithern of the 16th and 17th centuries, commonly kept in barber shops for the use

of the customers. When Sadko, a famous gush player, was thrown overboard at sea during a calm as a propitiatory offering to the sea king, he took his gush with him. He played at the wedding of the sea king's daughter, and the sea grew wilder and wilder till Sadko broke the strings.

The old gush in the museum at Brussels is in form like the psaltery in the hands of angels as portrayed in the middle ages. The sounding box is in the shape of a triangle that has been rounded. There are 23 strings of catgut and of uniform size. There were two methods of playing it. The strings were struck with the palm of the right hand, while the fingers of the left hand deadened the strings that should not sound, and in this case there were from five to 13 metal strings. When the instrument had from 20 to 30 catgut strings it was played like a harp. There was a third type, which had five octaves of metal strings and was played by pinching and twanging. Mr. Andreeff's variety of dulcimer may be handled in two ways, and a mechanism has been devised to deaden strings that should not sound.

Mr. Andreeff also uses castanets, tambourine and a wood-wind instrument which probably was originally a sort of Pandean pipe.

There were other Russian national instruments which do not appear in this band. The lojki was a jingling instrument of Turkish origin, used with clarinet, oboe, cymbals, drums, Chinese pavillon, by cavalry soldiers who sang. The swistalka was a whistle of terra cotta, often in the shape of a bird. The rojok was a pastoral horn of wood, also a species of horn to accompany folk-songs. The torbane, a stringed instrument, a modification of the theorbo, was common in Ukraine and Poland in the 18th century, became popular in Russia at the beginning of the 19th, but disappeared about 1825. Then there was the hunting horn, the "ohotnitchye rog,"

used by the famous band formed by J. A. Maresch in 1751. Each player had only one note to sound. The garmonnata was simply an accordion.

EDUCATIVE DANCING.

The dancers are upon us: Miss Ruth St. Denis, with her Egyptian dances that "symbolize" and "interpret" the history, customs and religion of Egypt; the Russian dancers, headed by Anna Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin; and Mme. Adeline Genée. The Russians and Miss Genée may justly be classed as academic, for they have been drilled thoroughly in the traditions of the ballet, but they are not academic in the obnoxious meaning of the word; for their dancing is poetically expressive and eloquent. The admirers of the "interpretative" school represented by Miss Ruth St. Denis should not be so narrow as to deny the expressiveness of the charming representatives of the historic school; nor should the believers in the traditions declaim against the dances that in their eyes are not dances, because they do not see the old-time pirouettes, entrechats, gambados. There are many chambers in the great temple of art, and there are many floors for all varieties of terpsichorean evolutions posturings and gestures.

All these visitors are welcome, thrice welcome. They not only give pleasure to the eye; they have unconsciously on their part, exerted an educative and hygienic influence. Women of Boston interested in the dance, "natural," "interpretative," have organized classes in this city for the growth and development of the healthful and stimulating exercise. The members of these classes are drawn from all ranks. In the cultivation of this art there is a democratic spirit. Some of the most graceful of the dancers are working girls, as was seen early last summer when the Romaunt of the Rose was "danced" on private and singularly favorable grounds with sloping hillside, noble trees, and broad expanse of water. In these dances women of all classes and conditions learn the free use of their bodies; they also learn not to be ashamed of them; thus they cast off the false and injurious reserve that dates back to the ascetic days when ever cleanliness was considered a sin.

Sir Toby Belch exclaimed that if he had Sir Andrew's gifts his very walk should be a jig; and he asked the foolish knight why he did not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto. It may be several years before men and women in Boston go

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to their work with the joyous, serene, and the waving of arms shown on antique and vase, but already they find their allotted tasks less irksome by reason of the invigorating dance. More than one young woman who formerly dragged herself to the step now has the springy motion in her gait that characterized Charles Lamb's Hester. In Milwaukee the municipal dance, at which rich and poor employer and employee, mingle in terms of equality, is high in favor approved by the pulpit and the press. And these dances are only the conventional round and square. Who knows how important a part the "Latin" dance may not yet play in the physical and aesthetic development of Boston before 1915?

MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Brooke's Metronome has received the following letter, though of a curious character, is not irrelevant or impertinent at this festive season:

Editor of the Herald:
Chancing to be present the other evening at a large gathering at one of our dancing clubs, I was pained to note a tendency on the part of some of the members and their guests to exceed their potatoes the bounds of sobriety and sensibility. My experience of convivial life is but slight, and I am not aware if the practice that offended me is sufficiently general to call for reform. It may be that I was so unfortunate as to chance upon an exception to the rule of usual propriety, but if this be not the case I venture to ask one who is professionally aware of things that escape a simple citizen if there be, by any chance, a need for an invention of mine born of the selfish of that moment, but not resembling either parent. It is called the Alcoholic Metronome and is designed to set a pace for revelry and to insure that all shall not attain the singultuous state. I will take the form of an ornament to be worn inconspicuously by the individual and will effectually restrain its wearer from excess, while permitting a reasonable indulgence in alcoholic beverages. As its precise mechanism is at present the subject of a patent application I shall not venture to give a detailed description that might defeat my commercial ends in this direction, but if the matter is of any general interest to you I shall have pleasure in taking the matter up with you again.

REV. BABINGTON BROOKE.
Boston, Dec. 22, 1910.

A Fit, Expressive Adjective

The reverend gentleman uses a word that is not common, and seeing it, some may turn at once to the old, have helped them. "Singultus," Bailey's Dictionary, a book esteemed by our grandfathers and one of the most entertaining volumes to the curious, mentions "Singultus" the noun; (with physicians) the hiccup, a convulsive motion of the midriff. The Latin lexicons give richer material for the curious to pay in connection with the letter of the Rev. Mr. Brooke. The verb "singultus" of the first conjugation meant originally, but in classical not Cicero's language, to sob. Poetically and metonymically it was used of persons crying, to rattle in the throat; also in interrupted speech. And Sallust employed it to denote the noise of water issuing out of a narrow aperture, as that of a bottle etc. "Singultus" the noun has several meanings, all of them "Ciceronian." A sobbing, a sob; a gasping, the rattles in the throat, the clucking of a hen, the croaking of a raven, the noise which water makes when rushing out of a narrow opening. How restricted, then, how paltry, is the definition of "singultus" in a modern dictionary that plumes itself on being complete: "relating to or affected with hiccups!" As though one overcome with the hot juice of the Tuscan grapes will more rebellious liquors might not sob, rattle, or gurgle, or make gasping noises, ghastly moans or wild shrieks, as those of the water escaping through the was a pipe of a family bath tub of porcelain or block tin. Some years ago, Mr. Herkimer Johnson or perhaps it was his father-in-law, Old Chimes mentioned an instrument then not perfected, an ingenious device to serve the purpose of Mr. Brooke's Alcoholic Metronome. The deu-

Hollow But Well Filled
It is a pity that Mr. Brooke's measuring instrument is not ready for use and now in the market. There could not be a more appropriate Christmas gift to some husbands. For Mrs. Hazel Garabedian must be an exception. She testified in court against Bedros, her spouse, who was accused of assault and battery: "When my husband used to get drunk he was a good man and kind, but now that he has mended his ways and is sober I can't live with him." No wonder that Judge Utley said this was peculiar. Yet overstimulation sometimes produces strange results.

Another invention is not in the market. A walking-stick is hollow, and the space or whatever liquid fills it is kept in control by means of an India rubber siphon. The siphon expels the air "and sucks up liquid like a sponge." This admirable cane is the invention of a Frenchman. Consider the advantages of having such a stick, a vast improvement on the sword cane. A man may refresh himself with carefully proportioned whiskey and water or a yard of New England rum without exciting suspicion. He can stand in the street and put the knob to his mouth as though in dubious mood, wondering whether it is safe for him to cross to the other side. What a solace in the railway train or trolley car! Even the strap-hanger need not be wholly comfortless. The cane could be carried to a directors' meeting or sported on a platform crowded with prominent citizens. A gold-headed stick is the emblem of the highest respectability, and a cane thus ornamented would impress the mourners at a funeral, public or private, nor would it be incongruous in church. Golf sticks might thus easily be arranged. A dry town need no longer strike terror to the soul of a thirsty sojourner. He can gain strength and sustenance under the very eyes of the selectmen.

The following letter from an old and valued contributor has a still more direct bearing on the joys of Christmas-tide:

Mr. Quex and His Coupons
Editor of The Herald:
The season approaches when the lessee of a safe deposit box makes one of his periodical visits to his treasure and, among other appropriate rites, proceeds to cut the coupons from his little sheaf of bonds. From the point of view of the superficial critic of these proceedings such a one is to be envied; the task upon which he is engaged is easily assumed to be of a cheerful and uplifting nature; the easy acquisition of certain moneys in the obvious present obscures the dismal suggestions of the act. For there is nothing in the world so depressing, rightly viewed, as a coupon bond. You are possibly 50 years of age in the year 1910, and there lies before you a bond maturing in 1955 with its little perspective of coupons attached, 30 in number, one of which is to be profitably cut off by the owner at the end of each six months of the ensuing 40 years. It may be that you are the exception to the rule, and that you will under progressive conditions of disability and weakness personally cut off each and all of these, but it is far more likely that there is a point in this series beyond which you will not go. One or another of these bits of paper you will cut off, perhaps in high health, and the next will be amputated by your executor. Which is the one? No one can tell. Would you like to know definitely? God forbid. What to this is the coffin in which some monastic order is wont to sleep; what the chapless skull that says to another: "Memento mori." Yet bondholders are a cheerful class as a rule. Has Herkimer Johnson by any chance considered this anomaly?

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston, Dec. 21, 1910.

OPERA LIBRETTOS MANIFEST GLOOM

Changing Tastes in Modern Days Affect Character of Texts.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Mantelet of Paris (Dec. 3) thus characterized two new operas produced in Italy: "At the Victor Emmanuel Theatre in Turin 'Al Mulino,' a lyric drama in one act libretto by Alberto Domina (after a drama by the same author produced before this), music by Leopoldo Cassone. Libretto according to the formula. One, two, three, four murders; music without originality and without experience of the stage. At the Politeama of the same city, 'Rosita d'Alcantara' a lyric melodrama in two acts, libretto by Castellino, music by Davide Botto. Here there is only a case of arson with two assassinations. Slight success."

This reminds me of a remark made a few days ago by a liberal-minded and nimble-witted lawyer of Boston: "Why is it that the subjects of all operas are so repulsive?" The obvious answer is: "They are not," and yet some of the operas that are the most popular have librettos that recall the lines of Poe:

And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

The libretto of "Tosca," for example, is singularly repulsive, because the librettists, following Sardou, the playwright, deliberately work on the feelings of the audience by the torture scene, and the motive of physical cruelty is used to harrow the souls of the spectators. It matters little that we do not see the torture. We hear Scarpi ordering a severe application of the ingenious instrument; we see the spy crossing himself and Floria in her agony; we hear the groaning orchestra and the shrieking Mario; and when Mario is released and enters, supported by Scarpi's minions, the audience looks anxiously at his forehead to see how cruelly he was punished, to examine into the depth of the wounds and the amount of blood.

Yet when this opera is performed at a matinee there are many children present and they watch Scarpi's game of tag with Floria and the torture scene with evident enjoyment. The times have changed since Robert Louis Stevenson, who had a fine appreciation of cruelty, as is shown in some of his stories, left an opera house disgusted when "La Juive" was performed because he could not stand the sight of Rachel jumping into the cauldron of boiling oil.

When the Florentine gentlemen at the end of the 16th century met at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, and, endeavoring to resuscitate the style of musical declamation peculiar to Greek tragedy, invented opera, their subjects were taken from mythology or legend, although when Galilei, experimenting, produced before Peri's "Euridice" an innovating cantata for a single voice accompanied by a single instrument, he chose the dismal story of Count Ugolino.

The great majority of the subjects chosen for the first librettos were mythological or legendary. Pastoral subjects also pleased. Look at the first period of the Paris Opera, from 1671 to 1697—the epoch of Lully. The titles are "Pomone," "The Pains and Pleasures of Love," in which Apollo and Pan figured; "The Festivals of Cupid and Bacchus," "Cadmus and Hermione," "Alceste," "Theseus," "Atys," "Isis," "Psyche," "Bellérophon," "Proserpine," "Perseus," "Phaeton," "Medusa," "Venus and Adonis," "Jason," etc. In France, as in Italy, it was thought that the subject of an opera should be of a noble and heroic nature, or a pleasing, graceful pastoral. The librettos were usually stiff and formal. In France the ballet, then considered indispensable to opera, was conducted with pomp and ceremony. Even when characters of a mortal nature were put on the stage a god solved the final problem. "The Essence of Opera," as translated from the French by Leigh Hunt, gives the framework of these old lyric tragedies:

PROLOGUE.

A musician—People, appear, approach, advance!

TO SINGERS.

You that can sing, the chorus hear!

TO DANCERS.

You that can turn your toes out, dance, Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT I.

IMOGEN—My love!
ALMANZOR—My soul!
BOTH—At length then we unite!
People, sing, dance and show us your delight!
CHORUS—Let's sing, and dance, and show 'em our delight.

ACT II.

IMOGEN—O love!
(A noise of war. The prince appears, pursued by his enemies. Combat. The Princess faints. The Prince is mortally wounded.)
ALMANZOR—Alas!
IMOGEN—Ah, what!
ALMANZOR—Die!
IMOGEN—Ah, me!
People, sing, dance and show your misery!
CHORUS—Let's sing, and dance and show our misery.

ACT III.

(Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor and speaks.)
PALLAS—Almanzor, live!
IMOGEN—Oh, bliss!
ALMANZOR—What do I see?
TRIO—People, sing, dance and hail this prodigy.

characterized two new operas produced in Italy. "At the Victor Emmanuel Theatre in Turin 'Al Mulino,' a lyric drama in one act libretto by Alberto Domina (after a drama by the same author produced before this), music by Leopoldo Cassone. Libretto according to the formula. One, two, three, four murders; music without originality and without experience of the stage. At the Politeama of the same city, 'Rosita d'Alcantara' a lyric melodrama in two acts, libretto by Castellino, music by Davide Botto. Here there is only a case of arson with two assassinations. Slight success."

Scribe, an indefatigable librettist, and his imitators rummaged history for material. Gustave III, the men and women in "The Huguenots," the sufferers from the plague at Florence, Benvenuto Cellini, Charles VI., Don Sebastian, Mary Stuart, Robert Bruce, Pietro di Medici, Don Carlos, these and many others sang in solo or ensemble. Yet in 1858 Gounod chose Sappho, and in 1862 the Queen of Sheba for his heroines.

Weber with his "Der Freischütz" brought in the romantically fantastical opera. Hans Heiling, The Vampire, Vanderdecken were the most famous of these heroes, Verdi was eclectic in his choice, with a tendency toward plays that appealed to him, whether by

Dumas the younger, Hugo, or Shakespeare. Wagner returned to the myths and shaped them again for his own purpose.

Then came the "Verismo" school of Italy with the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The librettists of this school might have said with Leon Gozlan in his preface to "Le Notaire de Chantilly": "No more heroes! Men!" and shabby specimens are the majority of these operatic creatures.

Today some of the composers find inspiration in plays, as Strauss, Puccini, Giordano; or in popular romances, as Nougues. Few have the courage to go back to the ancient gods, goddesses and demigods and the men and women that saw and walked with them; or if they do, these inhabitants of an antique heaven and earth are transformed into hysterical, neurotic beings who writhe and slaver in their passion.

In the minds of many the play's the thing; the music is incidental. And so even Puccini with all his skill and his instinct for the stage is almost silent musically in the tragic ending of the second act of "Tosca" and in the poker game for a man's life in "The Girl of the Golden West." "L'Italiana," an opera by a lesser composer, is chiefly effective by reason of the drama with its apparition from the tomb.

There have been many protests against now applauded operas, "Don Giovanni," "Le Comte Ory," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," have been sourly condemned by the strait-laced. Tchaikowsky sternly rebuked Arensky for composing an orchestral suite on the subject of Marguerite Gautier. "It was very painful and mortifying to me and to all your friends that you had chosen 'La Dame aux Camelias' as the subject of your Fantasia. How can an educated musician—when there are Homer, Shakespeare, Gogol, Poushkin, Dante, Tolstoi, Lermontoff and others—feel any interest in the production of Dumas, fils, which has for its theme the history of a demi-mondaine adventuress, which, even if written with French cleverness, is in truth false, sentimental and vulgar?" Beethoven wished that Mozart had not set music to "Don Giovanni," while Goethe declared the subject to be an admirable one. Mendelssohn, who was, it is true, a prig, was shocked at "Robert the Devil," because the music arose from their tombs to tempt the hero, and Robert was so ungentlemanly as to enter a lady's bed-chamber; nor could Mendelssohn endure the charming scene in "Fra Diavolo" where Zerlina disrobes. Some may remember the trade of Dr. Dio Lewis against "Faust," in which he declared that no mother should allow her daughter to see Gounod's opera, that no maiden could see the garden scene without losing her purity.

Richard Strauss's "Salome" has been produced at last in England, but expurgated, prepared as Mr. August Spanuth put it, "In usum Delphini." The head of John was not brought in on a charger. Even the word "head" was tabooed; it was translated "blood" and John the Baptist was known only as "The Prophet." Only an empty tray, or dish, was kissed by Mme. Ackte, as Salome, when the opera was produced at Covent Garden, Dec. 8.

The leading English newspapers protested against this absurd version. The Daily Telegraph spoke of "the bowdlerisation of the libretto made necessary by the fearful and wonderful law which obtains in our curious dramatic world—a law which permits a solo dancer in one place of entertainment to execute her pirouettes and the rest in full possession of the head of John the Baptist, while in another, a d that ostensibly of superior

"SALOME" GIVEN IN LONDON

"Madame X" Produced for First Time in Boston at Majestic Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Madame X," a drama in a prologue and three acts by Alexandre Bisson. Adapted by John Raphael. American version edited by W. H. Wright.

Prose.....Marta Oatman
Dr. Cresswell.....Charles S. Guise
Louis Fariot.....Boy Nolan
Jacques.....Dorothy Donnelly
Victor.....Robert Paton Gibbs
W. H. Denny.....Harry C. Bradley
Maurice.....Maurice Drew
Melville.....Burnette Radcliffe
Marie.....Cecil Kern
Raymond Fariot.....William Elliott
Clark of court.....Frank Wright
President of court.....Charles H. Henderson
Fontaine.....Thomas Denison
Vamartin.....John McKee
An usher.....Edward Harris
Foreman of the jury.....Nell S. Kelly

This play is frankly a melodrama planned to introduce an effective court scene in which a woman, Jacqueline, who has committed murder is defended by her son. The son believed that his mother died in the odor of sanctity when he was a little boy. As a matter of fact, she eloped and when her lover died returned to her husband and asked forgiveness. He threw her into the street and repented when it was too late. She had lover after lover, went to South America, and 20 years after her husband refused to pardon her returned to France with an adventurer. He with two other rascals hoped to blackmail the husband into returning the wife's dot, which she had never claimed.

The woman, knowing this, killed her companion. She was a wretched creature, given to abstinence and ether. The son's sentimental argument melted the jury. She was acquitted, and died in the court room after the son knew the relationship between him and his client. The husband, who happened to sit on the bench with the President of the Court, was also deeply affected. Nothing was known about the accused.

She would not speak lest she might injure the reputation of her son. When the President announced the name of her defender she uttered a wild shriek. Inasmuch as the two blackmailers were so imprudent as to attend the trial, she recognized them, and then became talkative until the end.

There are other characters, a comic hotel porter, an eloping chambermaid, the betrothed of the son; a family doctor, and an early friend of the husband, so friendly that he did not try to win Jacqueline before she was married, but endeavored to kill himself.

The prologue is clumsily constructed as regards the exposition. The story of Jacqueline's elopement is told three times. The second act is tedious, except the scene between the husband and the blackmailers. The interest of the play is in the second and fourth acts—the second and fourth act might be shortened. The dialogue, as translated and tinkered, is of the old familiar melodrama brand. The chain of events and the situations are contrived for the purpose of bringing tears to the eyes of the spectators without much regard to probability or the springs that set human beings in motion.

Some have found in this melodrama a "great big human, vital story"; others characterize the play as a sermon; a moral lesson; "that God is love and that love reigns supreme." If "Madame X" is to be taken seriously, it may be said that its sentimentalism is mawkish, its theories of life and duty are preposterous. Surely the experienced Bisson, who has been writing plays since 1873 had no idea of spoiling a drama by injecting into it a profound moral. He wrote "Madame X" to suit the taste of the great public, without any attempt at realistic treatment or portrayal of daily life and manners. The play is popular and Mr. Bisson has his reward.

The French, even when they are Apaches, are still moved when they see on the stage the wild sacrifice of a mother for her son, and "Madame X" is certainly a "Ma Mere" drama with the piquant variation of the mother being a dope fiend, hopelessly debased in every way.

There are women who will be moved to tears by the repeated statements that Jacqueline was brought to her low state by the cruelty of her husband in not forgiving her. It was the tyrant man that pitched her into the abyss of depravity. Yet there have been women, treated shabbily or cruelly by lover or husband, that have preferred work or death to 20 years of dehauchery.

It would not be necessary to discuss this play at length if there had not been prate and cant about its "powerful

moral lesson." "Madame X" is neither a melodrama, and a melodrama is not expected to be a sermon or to portray life as it is. If it were true to nature it would not be so thrilling or so interesting.

The performance was an excellent one. Miss Donnelly was not convincing in the prologue, but her impersonation of the dope fiend was free from exaggeration, without hysterical touches, impressive by reason of its portrayal of bodily and mental weariness, hopelessness, degradation. As the prisoner at the bar and in the final scene of recognition she was emotional with a certain fine and artistic reserve. There were moments of true tragic power, tragic in their subdued intensity, as there were in the card episode of the second act, and her wild shriek at hearing the name of her son pronounced in court was the one great thrilling feature of the play.

Mr. Elliott delivered the sentimental speech to the jury with marked effect. Mr. Williams was a picturesque rascal, nor should the delightful Perissard of Mr. Denzy pass unnoticed. Mr. Bradley played the foolish Victor capitally. The court scene was effectively set and for once a stage presiding judge sat and spoke with dignity in the person of Mr. Henderson. Fantastic as this court scene is, it is the making, the cause of "Madame X."

The theatre was crowded last evening and the enjoyment of the audience was unmistakable. The play will undoubtedly have a long run here as it has had in other cities.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Mme. Korolewicz Sings in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." C.C.

Boston Opera House: Verdi's "Il Trovatore," Mr. Moranzoni conducted.
Manrico.....Mr. Zenatello
The Count De Luna.....Mr. Galeffi
Ferrando.....Mr. Perini
Ruiz.....Mr. Giaccone
Leonora.....Mme. Korolewicz
Ines.....Miss Fisher
Azucena.....Mme. Gay

An audience which packed the Opera House and expressed its holiday spirit in frequent and hearty applause saw last night the most successful presentation of "Il Trovatore" yet given at this opera house. Mme. Gay, Mme. Korolewicz and M. Zenatello all sang here for the first time in their respective parts.

Mme. Korolewicz, a Polish singer who has had much success in Europe, is at present a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. She has a voice of much brilliance, great power, and, as is essential to the role of Leonora, of large range. Her middle voice has warmth and color. As an actress she has dignity and charm. She won immediate appreciation from the audience, who recalled her after the first aria with insistent applause.

Mme. Gay infused into her Azucena the same abandon and elemental vitality that have already made her Carmen a noteworthy impersonation. Portions of the music lie perhaps too low to enable her to make the most of some of her climaxes; but this aside she is, as she should be, the dominating figure of the opera. Her singing of "Stride la vampa" and in the duet with Manrico was rarely beautiful.

Perhaps Manrico has the most taxing of the many taxing parts in "Il Trovatore." Mr. Zenatello has ample power both as actor and singer, and displayed both to the full last night. His quest of the "big tone" led him somewhat too far for pure vocal beauty in "Ah si ben mio" and "Di Quella pira," for it interfered a few times both with his legato and his pitch. But elsewhere his voice had its usual satisfying expressiveness.

Mr. Galeffi shows the same faults as before in his Count di Luna. The minor parts were acceptably taken and the stirring men's choruses received the usual quota of applause, though the orchestra and the singers did not altogether agree in the timing of the anvil strokes.

The opera on Wednesday will be Verdi's "Aida" with Mme. Mells, Mme. Gay, Mr. Zenatello and Mr. Scotti.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Good Holiday Program Given to Large Audiences.

B. F. Keith's bill this week is seasonable in character. Crowds attended yesterday's matinee and evening performances. Una Clayton was back with her sketch "His Local Color." It is a capital piece and deserves the long run it is having. Miss Clayton as Tina, the New York wail, has created a character that will probably live. She played it yesterday with the same freshness and spirit that marked her first appearances in the piece. She is well supported.

The De Haven sextet of five young women and one man, Sydney G. Gibson, gave "The Understudy." It might as well have had any other name. It served to introduce part songs of more or less merit, with plenty of graceful

dancing. The costuming was on a serious scale, that is, in respect of the many changes from one dazzling creation to another.

Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters were a fun-making trio. They gave a piece called "Props," with Mr. Van as the property man of a theatre. He is a genuine comedian, and his work yesterday was a pleasure to see.

Josie O'Mears, "the girl on the wire," gave a remarkable performance. Balancing a ladder on the wire and leaping over a chair and table were as thrilling feats as one could wish. Her act does not suffer from the fact that she is a particularly attractive young woman. Jennings and Renfrew, "the boys who write their own songs," sang a few of them. The Kratons' hoop act is a novel turn.

Harry Breen, "rapid-fire song writer," worked hard to please and was successful at last. His improvisations were funny.

Mullen and Corelli are a first-class pair of comedy acrobats. Wormwood's animals are a well trained troupe. The bicycle riding monkeys were remarkable. Then there was the smallest performing dog in the world, also a mighty Great Dane that performed like a circus horse.

At the afternoon performance the children were pleased with the pantomime showing Santa Claus speeding over the house tops and descending the chimney. Then he gave presents to all the youngsters. The distribution will take place each afternoon of the week.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance here of "The Echo," a musical comedy by William LeBaron and Deems Taylor. The cast:

Rudolph W. Sylvester.....John E. Hezzard
Dich Brown.....Douglas Stevenson
Don Ferris.....George White
Bob Ferris.....Don Ryan
Reggie Brewster.....Joseph Herbert, Jr.
Horace Randolph.....John J. Scannell
Molly Brewster.....Evelyn Carrington
Edith Sylvester.....Greece King
Dorothy Sylvester.....Rose Dolly
Laura Short.....Jennie Dolly
Mrs. Sophie Adams.....George Drew Mendon
Mrs. Brula.....Annie Neamans
Kete.....Arthur Hill
.....Bessie McCov

TREMONT THEATRE—Reproduction of "The Girl in the Taxi," by Anthony Mars, adapted by Stanislaus Stange. Principal members of the cast:

Marlette.....Miss Jeanette Bageard
Clara Stewart.....Miss Jessie Millward
Walter Watson.....Frank Carrington
John Stewart.....Fred Bond
Bertie Stewart.....Carter De Haven
Mary Peters.....Miss Fremont Benton
Frederick Smith.....Morgan Coman
Mignon.....John Glendinning
Alexis.....Miss Laura Guerite
.....Jules Cluzetti

BOSTON THEATRE—Klaw & Erlanger present Adeline Genee in "The Bachelor Belles," a musical comedy in two acts. Words by Harry B. Smith, music by Raymond Hubbell. First production of the comedy in Boston. In the cast:

Laura Lee.....Ruth Peebles
Tiny Schimmel.....Josie Sadler
Daphne Brooks.....Eva Fallon
Tim Jones.....Frank Lator
Tom Van Cortlandt, Sr.....Jack Rafael
Tom Van Cortlandt, Jr.....Harry Depp
Charley Van Rensselaer.....John Park
Magnolia.....F. Stanton Heck
and Adeline Genee, assisted by Alexis Kostoff.

GLOBE THEATRE, "The Rosary," a play in four acts, by Edward E. Rose. The cast:

Rev. Brian Kelly.....Harrington Reynolds
Bruce Wilton.....Ramsey Wallace
Kenward Wright.....Walter S. Fenner
Charley Harrow.....Edgar Murray, Jr.
Lee Marlin.....Charles Reilly
Vera Wilton and Alice Marsh.....Billy Champ
Kathleen O'Connor.....Grace E. Reading
Lesura Watkins.....Eleanor Relle

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Queen of the Outlaw's Camp," a four-act melodrama by Edward M. Simmonds. The cast:

Tom Sheffield.....William I. Flagg
Paul Medford.....Clyde Bates
Ralph Wayland.....Brian Darley
Mark McGraw.....Charles Reilly
Jim Colt.....Jack Phillips
Bill Savage.....James Worth
Henry.....George R. Doremus
Dora Wayland.....Hattie Rempel
Ellen Merrill.....Frances Meek
Daisy.....Emily Curtis

Last night in Chickering Hall, the Longy Club of players of wind-instruments, lead by Georges Longy, oboist, offered this program: Suite for flute, oboe, horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, J. Mouquet; Sonata in E-flat minor, for flute and piano, H. Woollett, Messrs. Maquarre and A. de Voto; Serenade, op. 44, for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, three horns, cello and double bass, A. Dvorak.

DEC 28 1910
VERDI'S "AIDA"

By PHILIP HALE.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida," Mr. Conti conductor.

Mme. Mells
Mme. Gay
Mme. Zenatello
Mme. Galeffi
Mme. Korolewicz
Mme. Perini
Mme. Giaccone
Mme. Fisher
Mme. Gay

A large audience was stirred to enthusiasm by the robust performance of Verdi's opera; in fact the audience was one of the most enthusiastic of the season. The performance was characterized chiefly by vigor. There was often rivalry between singers and orchestra and in the final award honors were easy.

Mr. Kirschenman in one of his sourest and most entertaining moods found fault with "Aida" because, as he said, there is no action, no story until the third act. This argument might be pressed, and yet an audience will always find pleasure in the two women sharply contrasted and ready to quarrel over a man; in the solemn temple scene; in the spectacular and varied triumphal march.

Mme. Mells was a handsome and picturesque Aida. In some respects, as in her coloring, she recalled that strange singing woman, Mme. Ambre, who cost Holland much money by reason of the infatuation of its King. Her costume was striking. Her performance vocally was uneven. In the first act she did not improve Verdi's melodic lines or add to the pathos of the music by her interpolated sobs; her tempi were often feverish when there should have been the curving amplitude and the quiet intensity of the grand style, even though the indicated pace were rapid. Her imperfect control of breath, noticeable in this act and in the great aria of the Nile scene was probably due to her recent indisposition. On the other hand, there were many fine moments, as in the duets of the third act; and the singer did not make the mistake of representing the daughter of a barbaric king as a cringing, crawling, abject slave.

Mme. Gay's Amneris was an interesting impersonation. Her full and luscious voice had the ring of haughtiness in the scenes with Aida; this Amneris was a princess, not a common sould, endeavoring to shout down her rival. For once the cry of the waiting Amneris, bored by her attendants' song, was amorous. As a rule it reminds one of "the shrilled shriek of a mother dividing the shuddering night."

Mr. Zenatello's powerful organ is well suited to the greater part of Radames' music. In the gentler lyric measures the singer was less fortunate. The ending of "Celeste Aida," for example, was as a call to arms. Mr. Galeffi, who took the place of Mr. Scotti on account of the continued sickness of the latter, was an admirable Amonasro in the second act, one of the best seen here in recent years. His make-up was wild but not grotesque; his acting had character and authority; his tones were firm and impressive. In the third act, encouraged or discouraged by the orchestral fury, he forgot the laws of song and Verdi's indications and for the most part shouted.

There were many curtain calls for singers, and the conductor was honored in like manner, but there are more things in Verdi's score than were dreamt of last night by Mr. Conti.

The opera on Friday night will be "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay, Nielsen and Messrs. Zenatello and Gilly.

On Saturday evening "Pagliacci" will be followed by the Russian dancers in "Arabian Nights."

On Saturday afternoon a performance of Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" will be followed by the ballet, "Giselle," performed by the Russian imperial dancers. Until Delibes wrote his "Coppelia" and "Sylvia" this ballet with Adolphe Adam's music was the choreographic marvel of the Paris Opera. Theophile Gautier and Saint-Georges based the pretty story on Heine's description of the Will, betrothed women who die before they are married, and then, not able to rest in their tombs, dance at midnight, and if a man be rash enough to take one as a partner he dances till he falls lifeless. In the ballet Giselle, finding out that her lover is a disguised nobleman and betrothed to a woman of high degree, dies of a broken heart. The Queen of the Will compels her to dance with this lover, who visits her tomb; but Giselle contrives that he endures until daybreak so that he escapes death, and she returns to the grave. The story has been treated in operatic form by Puccini. Carlotta Grisi was the first to dance Giselle—in 1841. In the original ballet there are two acts in 16 dance scenes.

DEC 30 1910
HOMAGE TO BOSTON.

A little over a century ago the French honored Boston by naming a game of cards allied to whist after the city, or, to be exact, after "the siege of Boston" in the war of Independence. The first mention of this game in literature was in the "Academie des Jeux," article "Whist," published in 1805. In 1866 an English writer alluded to Boston as "the French national game." We now read that "The Boston trot" is the name

en to the latest dan... the r...
e of London ballrooms." This trot
a combination of several dances, "a
o-step and a barn dance with the
suggestion of a schottische thrown in,
and all executed in waltz time."
The French will smile politely at
this information. As long ago as 1867
the Boston was danced in some Paris-
ian parlors and about 1874 it became
common. The verb "bostonner" and
the noun "Bostonneur" found their
way into the French language. Desrat
gives the Boston the honor of a seri-
ous article in his "Dictionnaire de la
Danse" (1895). He states that in
America the tempo is rather slow;
but in France it is lively and the
couples pay little attention to rhythm.
"This dance demands a great variety
of movements: advancing, falling
back, turning to the right and left,
without following any particular or-
der; it is far from being regularly

prescribed as are our waltzes." With
the French it is the custom to "Bos-
tonize" the polka, polka mazurka and
the waltz, and there are daring "Bos-
tonneurs" who "bostonize" the quad-
rille.

The belated "Boston Trot" of Lon-
don seems to be a wild romp, one
that might have delighted Heber C.
Kibball, whom Artemus Ward met
in Salt Lake City. "I am told he is
a loose and reckless dancer, and that
many a lily-white toe has felt the
crushing weight of his cow-hide
monitors." According to English
journals, a London ball in the high-
circles is often only a scene of
drinking madness and much harm is
done to ladies' costumes. The men
wearing the "Boston Trot" might
wear, instead of the traditional
frock coat, the "jimsweeper," which
is now highly recommended by in-
timate westerners.

It matters not how lively the dance:
it is a fame of our city spreads and is
worn in lands where beans, brown
bread, crackers and garters identified
with Boston might not make their
aperous way.

Oct 31, 1910
**SYMPHONY PLAYS
FOR THE VISITORS**

By PHILIP HALE.
The 11th public rehearsal of the Bos-
ton Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler,
conductor, took place yesterday after-
noon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Jeanne
Jemel, soprano, was the soloist. The
program was as follows:
Symphony in C major, "Jupiter".....Mozart
Orestes; hymn for soprano and
orchestra.....Saint Saens
Aria from "The Prodigal Son".....Debussy
"Eln Heldenleben".....Strauss
It is said that the orchestral composi-
tions were chosen at the wish of musi-
cians attending the meeting of the
Teachers' National Association. About
10 of these visitors were present yester-
day, largely through the courtesy of
scribers who gave up their seats for
the occasion.

One might seize the opportunity to
discuss the course on the amazing development
of music since 1738, when Mozart wrote
his three chief symphonies. "Eln Hel-
denleben" is now nearly 12 years old,
and there are passages in it that sound
old-fashioned as certain pages of the
"Jupiter." This "Jupiter" is not so mar-
velous a work as the symphony in G
minor, nor is "Eln Heldenleben," on the
whole, so remarkable among Strauss's
symphonic poems as "Till Eulenspiegel"
or "Don Quixote"; yet nobody could
have written the finale of the "Jupiter"
but Mozart, and nobody but Strauss in
the years since Beethoven could have
composed the love music and the noble
conclusion of "Eln Heldenleben."

The section that characterizes the
hero's snarling, carking antagonists
and the musical depiction of the bat-
tle field, while they are highly enter-
taining and show the mastery of the
conductor over the orchestra and his inven-
tive faculty in putting the grotesque
and the gigantic into tones, are not
portions of this symphonic poem
that raise it to a towering height.
There is too much that is purely cere-
bral in feats of this sort. As far back
as 1841 Von Bülow, not wholly clear
of Strauss's "Attila," thought

that "the inspired composer" had gone
to "the utmost limits of tonal possi-
bility in the region of beauty, had
even overstepped them without com-
pelling necessity." Bülow was a man
not easily disconcerted by the audac-
ity of a composer. What would he
have said to pages of "Eln Helden-
leben" and the "Symphonia Domestica"?
Neither Mozart nor Strauss can be
justly characterized as a revolutionary.
Mozart's music is the fullest, the per-
fect expression of the formulas and
traditions that held sway before him.
Neither in opera nor in symphonic
music did he strike out new paths.
Strauss has invented little or nothing
in harmonic scheme, in melodic form,
or even in instrumentation that is abso-
lutely new. He has made singular experi-
ments with instruments, but his gen-
eral scheme is the enlargement of that
which already existed. As a melodist,
he is by no means pre-eminent. His
themes in the symphonic poems are
often square-toed, often short-breathed,
sometimes commonplace were it not for
the fine trappings with which he clothes
them.

There are few melodies of Mozart
that are emotional as we now under-
stand the word. They are suave, re-
fined, tender, gay, gently melancholy,
or they have the old-world charm of
a Watteau, but there is little passion.
There are few airs in his compositions
that breathe the amorous spirit of the
songs given to Cherubino. Nowhere
in his works is there a page for tragic
intensity comparable with the short
air of Donna Anna or the awful music
that attends the Statue as he enters
the supper room to call Don Giovanni
to repentance.

But no one, except Chopin, equalled
Mozart in the perfection of his style.
Haydn was a cunning workman, and it
is not easy to pick a flaw in his ex-
pression, which was that of his period.
This very perfection makes a perform-
ance of a symphony, string quartet, air
by Mozart difficult. Every phrase, al-
most every note has a distinct value.
There must be absolute proportion, the
finest sense of tonal values, the utmost
care in the maintenance of melodic lines.
There are orchestras that can stun an
audience by a thunderous performance
of a work by Strauss and butcher a
symphony by Mozart. The conductor,
Richard Strauss, is never so happy as
when conducting Mozart's music. He
knows and exults in the difficulties.

The two symphonic works then
served to display the superb quali-
ties of the Boston Symphony orches-
tra. The performance of the "Jupit-
er" had the requisite clarity, suavity,
fleetness and proportion. That of "Eln
Heldenleben" was not too holsterous,
too frenzied. The inherent grandeur of
structure and nobility of expression
were brought out without fuss or ex-
aggeration. A feature of the many
features of this concert was Mr.
Noack's admirable playing of the solo
violin, both in the fantastical and
capricious passages typical of the coy-
ness and coquetry of the hero's help-
meet and in those glowing measures
that portray her love and adoration
after he has made her his own. Mr.
Noack's performance was brilliant and
emotional.

Mme. Jemel, favorably known here
by her singing at Handel and Haydn
and other concerts, sang for the first
time in this city at a concert of the
Boston Symphony orchestra. Saint-
Saens's Hymn was performed here for
the first time. It was composed for
the festival at Orange in 1894 and
bears all the marks of a piece pro-
vided punctiliously for an occasion.
It is irreproachably constructed; it
has a certain style, even a plausible
grandeur at times; but the music is
perfunctory in its precision, in its
formal cut. There is not one burst of
inspiration, no warmth, not even in
the music that is set to the poet's
praise of Provence with her intoxicat-
ing sky and enchanting virgins.

Mme. Jemel sang this Hymn and
Lia's recitative and aria with marked
vocal skill. The voice was clear, pure,
brilliant. Her performance was an
excellent piece of work, an example of
uncommonly good singing. There was
a lack of true feeling in Lia's lament,
and in the interpretation of the Hymn
there was not the dramatic fire, the
sweeping breadth, the grand delivery
the personal authority that might have
lent for the moment impressiveness to
the music so correctly and coldly writ-
ten.

The program of next week's con-
certs will be as follows: Sibelius, Sym-
phony in D major, No. 2; Lalo, Sym-
phonie Espagnole for violin (Mischa
Elman); Humperdinck, "In the Danish
Cafe," from "A Moorish Rhapsody."

MME. GAY IN "CARMEN."
Thrilling Portrayal of Part in Voice
and Gesture.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Car-
men." Mr. Caplet conducted.
Don Jose.....Mr. Zenatello
Escamillo.....Mr. Gilly
Dancairo.....Mr. Devaux
Remendado.....Mr. Giaccone
Zuniga.....Mr. Gantvoort
Morales.....Mr. Letol
L'Armen.....Mme. Gay
Micaela.....Miss Nelson
Frasquita.....Miss Fisher
Mercedes.....Miss Roberts

A large audience was present last
evening at a notable performance of
"Carmen." Mme. Gay was again heard
in her remarkable impersonation of
the title part. Her full rich voice
was at its best and she sang and acted
with a dramatic intensity irresist-
ibly thrilling. There are some of a
sensitive and conservative nature who
may shudder at the boldness and real-
ism of Mme. Gay's portrayal, but Car-
men was a gypsy, primitive, intense,
passionate and unversed in amorous
subtleties. She was free from the
mincing coquetry of the city woman
and her methods of approach were
frankly sensual.

Mr. Zenatello was an excellent Don
Jose and sang admirably. His imper-
sonation is finely composed and the
changes from the simple soldier be-
wildered by the compelling power of
Carmen's audacity to the impassioned
lover, and thence to the piteous being
of the last act, mad with passion and
stung by remorse and jealousy, were
powerfully marked.

Mr. Gilly was a disappointing Escam-
illo. His voice did not always appear
to be under his control, and at times
there was a noticeable falsetty of in-
tonation. His acting did not overstep
conventional limits and his portrayal was
not fraught with distinction.

Miss Nelson sang with fluency and
charm and was a winning Micaela.

Mr. Caplet gave an admirable and
finished reading of the score which left
nothing to be desired. The chorus re-
sponded excellently to the efforts of
the conductor, and the business was
telling. There was hearty and well
deserved applause.

The opera this afternoon will be De-
bussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" with
Mme. Nielsen and Messrs. Lassalle and
Planchart, followed by the Russian
rancers in "Giselle."

2nd, 911
**RUSSIAN DANCERS
REVIVE "GISELLE"**

By PHILIP HALE
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Giselle"
or the "Waltz," fantastic ballet in two
acts, by Marius de Tiphaine, Gaitier
and H. de Saint-Germain, with
Adolphe Adam. Theodore Stier con-
ducted.

Giselle, peasant girl.....Miss Anna Pavlova
Duke of Noireville.....Mikail Mordkin
The Baron.....Mikail Mordkin
The Baron's equerry.....Mikail Mordkin
Hans, the ad-keeper.....Mikail Mordkin
Berthe, Baroness of Noireville.....Mikail Mordkin
Berthe, mother of Giselle.....Miss Anna Pavlova
Myrtille, queen of the Wilis.....Miss Anna Pavlova

Ludwig Delibes' "Coppelia" was put on
the stage in 1870. "Giselle" was consid-
ered the choreographic triumph of the
Paris Opera. Gaitier and his colleague
found their scenario on a passage in
Helm's "Germany" in which the Wilis
are described, in robed maidens who,
living before marriage, rise from their
tombs and dance in the moonlight. Woe
to the Wight who comes with any one of
these charming perils! The dance
grows wilder and wilder until he falls
lifeless.

The program of yesterday afternoon
stated that the first scene was "A
French Village." Gaitier wrote "For
the sake of the utmost liberty, the ac-
tion takes place in some vague country, in
Silesia, in Thuringia or even in one of
those 'seaports of Bohemia' that
Shakespeare loved. It is enough that it
be beyond the Rhine in some mys-
terious nook of Germany."

The first Giselle was Carlotta Gold.
Gaitier described her in 1870 as a char-
ming girl, with blue eyes, a naive, yet ex-
travagant, smile, a brightly gait; "an
Italian, who has the air of being a Ger-
man, and thus deceives herself, as the
German Fairy Tale had the air of
an Andalusian of Seville." * * * She
danced with a perfection, a lightness, a
holiness, a chaste and delicate volun-
tuousness that put her in the first rank
between Elslser and Taglion. In pantom-
ime she surpassed all hopes, not a
conventional gesture, not a false move-
ment, it was nature, nature itself! But
Theophile was in love with Carlotta.

Let us hear the testimony of an in-
sensitive critic who had no prejudice in the
matter. Carlotta danced in "Giselle"
at London the next year, and Chorley
thus described her: "She had not the
dancer's face, with its set smile, put on
to disguise breathless distress and
fatigue; but she looked shy, and young,
and delicate and fragile. There was
something of the briar rose in her
beauty." * * * "Giselle" was a char-
ming ballet even before Mlle. Fanny
Elslser came, who turned the romantic
and gently melancholy story into a piece
of tragic pathos, as powerful as was
ever exhibited by Mlle."

Now Gaitier and Chorley who prob-
ably would have disagreed on many
subjects, would have joined in applaud-
ing Miss Pavlova yesterday. Her pan-
tomime, in this ballet staged and ar-
ranged by Mr. Mordkin, ran the gamut
of expression from virgin light-heart-
edness to passionate love from innocent
coquetry to terror and madness. There

was constant rivalry between her pan-
tomime and dancing, and in the dance
itself there was the expression, the in-
terpretation of emotions.

Nor has Mr. Mordkin ever been
more graceful and virile on this stage.
There was little opportunity for him
to display the terpsichorean brilliance
that characterizes his Bow and Arrow
Dance or his Sword Dance, but his
pantomime was artistic in every de-
tail, his dancing was that of a mas-
ter, and his support of Miss Pavlova,
while it was unostentatious, was in-
dispensable. Some of his feats of skill
were so quietly accomplished that
they might easily have escaped the
attention of the great and enthusias-
tic audience.

It is the fashion for the young
Frenchmen who imitate Debussy to
sneer at Adolphe Adam and his music.
He is much undervalued. His music
was essentially French in its clear-
ness, fluent melody, decided rhythm
and frank gaiety. It was something
to have written "Le Postillon de Lon-
gumeau." Nor is this music to Gis-
elle, old fashioned as it is, to be de-
spised. Its simplicity, its naive suits
the charming legend.

A modern composer would use
eight horns, three trumpets, trom-
bones and tuba, and a huge battery
of pulsatile instruments in the scene
where Giselle is called from her
tomb. Adam's music goes with
Gautier's legend and Miss Pavlova's
dancing. The effect depends largely
on the manner in which it is con-
ducted and played.

Many years ago I saw this ballet in
Munich. The conductor tried to modern-
ize the music. It therefore seemed vul-
gar and pretentious. Yesterday, led by
Mr. Stier, it was the only music for the
scenario and the dancing.

It would be interesting to trace the
history of "Giselle" in this country.
There was an excellent revival of the
ballet in New York in 1871 at the
Grand Opera House by Kathi Lanner's
Viennese ballet company. The story
of "Giselle," with certain variations,
has been used for operatic purposes,
as by Loder, in "The Night Dancers,"
and by Puccini in "Le Villi." Puccini's
first opera, written when he was at
the Milan conservatory, produced in
1884 and performed at the Metropoli-
tan a little over two years ago, and
on that same evening Maria Gay ap-
peared at the Metropolitan as Lola to
Miss Destinn's Santuzza and Mr. Car-
uso's Turiddu.

Yesterday afternoon the ballet was
conducted admirably throughout. The

ensemble dancing was pleasing, the
minor characters were individualized,
the stage lighting was effective. Ballet
like this is a rare entertainment in Bos-
ton, where we might easily forget that
this form of art admits of the utmost
beauty. Did not Stendhal call the ballet
master, Vignola, "the immortal Vignola,"
one of the three geniuses living at the
time? Did not Goethe declare in his
Olympian way the ballet to be the in-
itial and universal art?

The performance of "Giselle" was
preceded by one of Debussy's little can-
tatas in opera by courtesy "L'Enfant
Prodigue" with Miss Nielsen as Lia;
Mr. Lassalle as Azael; Mr. Planchart as
Simon. Mr. Caplet conducted.

It is said that the Russian dancers
will give two performances at the Bos-
ton Opera House this month. They will
be welcomed enthusiastically.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

"Pagliacci" and Pavlova and Mord-
kin in "Legend of Azyade." R.

Miss Anna Pavlova and Mikail
Mordkin repeated their "Legend of
Azyade," an oriental ballet from "The
Arabian Nights," arranged by Mr.
Mordkin, before a large audience at
the Opera House last night.

Miss Bronislawa Pajtzakata and Ky-
rian Barboe had the secondary parts,
and the members of the ballet, men
and women, had much to do. The piece
is a strikingly picturesque pantomime,
set to music selected from that of va-
rious composers.

A charming figure in her barbaric
silver dress and later slender and ap-
pearing in her red Turkish garb Miss
Pavlova danced with abandon and sur-
passing lightness of foot. The house
hesitated to applaud for fear of in-
terrupting some of her amorous twirlings,
her dainty toe-steppings, or her lovely
poses in her singularly clear exposition
of the ballet's story.

Mr. Mordkin was a splendid chieftain
and it was a delight merely to watch
him move about with his long, agile
strides or sudden, nimble turns. He
really danced comparatively little ex-
cept for the odd and stirring sword num-
ber, which he did with a skill which
made one wish for more.

"Pagliacci" was presented with the
cast:

Nedda.....Fely Dorena
Canio.....Florence Constantine
Tonio.....C. G. Gifford
Silvio.....Rodolfo Fontana
Beppe.....Eusebio G. Gifford
I. Pavarotti.....C. G. Gifford
II. Pavarotti.....Frederick Huddy
Mr. Mordanzoni conducted.
It was an extraordinary performance
which would have been a success in any
city.

BY PHILIP HALE.

As I should have received the following letter:

O No We
Never

Mention Her

an exceptionally respectable club. I mentioned in a superlatively respectable manner the name of a lady. For this breach of custom, as it was ponderously explained to me to be, I was taken to task by a gentleman whose respect for the other sex greatly surpassed his reverence for his Maker, unless I misconceived the basis of his incidental profanity, and told that "a lady's name should never be mentioned in a gentleman's club." Later in the evening, in the picture gallery of the same institution, admiring an exceptionally vivid and convincing portrait of another lady, I ventured to ask the name of the sitter only to be rebuked again by the information that "the catalogue does not give the names of subjects." Fearing a third criticism of my lack of innate taste or acquired information about the manners of polite society from some wholly unexpected quarter, I made my way to the coat room and went home.

I have thought the matter over for several days and still find myself entirely unable to explain why I, who hold my mother's sex in perfect respect, may not mention one of its individuals or hear one mentioned by name in an entirely proper and becoming manner under such circumstances as I have related. Have we not here a mere hold-over from the days of "Bucks" and "Mohocks"? Does this curious reticence depend upon a belated theory of some such social conditions as provided the milieu for the dramas of the late Aphra Behn?

J. POOLE

of Bethesda.

Boston, Dec. 23, 1910.

The ideal club has no "ladies' dining room," for the joy of a club should lie in the assurance of safety from all disquieting influences. A great painter declared that woman disturbed the landscape. Adorable as she is, necessary as she is to man, there should be houses of refuge, if only for the purpose of providing a quiet place for philosophic contemplation of her many and excellent virtues. This club to which Mr. Poole of Bethesda refers probably does not admit women to table in any one of its rooms. Hence the unwritten, but reasonable rule, that not even a woman's name should be mentioned in a club unless there be talk of historical or public dames, as in a discussion of the true character of Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine de Medici, Pocahontas, or in criticism of a play actress or singing woman. No matter how deeply a member may be attached to his wife or his maiden aunt he should not mention either one within the walls of the club, nor should their names be mentioned by a fellow member. Nor should a catalogue give the names of women whose portraits are on exhibition. The painter may have done them a hideous wrong, and it is only fair and decent that they should remain wholly unidentified.

A Blow
to Taste
and Pride

The exposed letter boxes of dwellers in apartment houses are receptacles for all sorts of advertisement cards and dodgers: solicitations to cleanse the flat and the inhabitants thereof by some new and ingenious pneumatic process; invitations to sell old clothes, appeals to attend religious services without great personal inconvenience, persuasive letters concerning gold mines in Honduras, clarion calls for pecuniary aid to a recently established charitable institution, printed affidavits of worthy citizens testifying to the efficacy of a lung or kidney cure. Mr. Bimlinger, for example—he says that he is not related in any way to the famous baritone of whom Louis Harrison used to sing—received a typewritten letter a few days ago from a tailor, unknown to him, in the city. This letter began: "Are you satisfied with the clothes you wear? Do they fit you so you are not ashamed to be seen in the street?" This was a severe shock to Augustus Bimlinger, for he prides himself on his dress and holds long consultations with a fashionable tailor. Furthermore, his tailor respects him. It is true that the latter, when Mr. Bimlinger a month ago selected startling material for a waistcoat, remarked:

"Really?" The garment was completed and shown in all its splendor on the "client," and then the tailor was obliged to pay tribute to Mr. Bimlinger's unerring taste. Weak and irresolute as man even in his hour of pride! The circular affected Mr. Bimlinger's nerves so that when he arrived at his office a

Mr. Bimlinger, some time after, received another shock. The persistent and personally unknown tailor sent a second typewritten letter to him. It began: "Here are the names of some of the well-satisfied customers, men you probably know. In no better way can I tell you of the character of the work I am doing. I shall believe that you also want the class of clothes I make. Won't you let me demonstrate my skill and taste by making you just one suit? I will respect your likes and dislikes—that means much to a man who wants what he wants." Then followed the names and addresses of eight men. Two of the men live in New York. The tailor remarked at the end of his letter: "These men are always well dressed. I make their clothes. Let me make yours—will you?"

What Should
Bimlinger
Do?

And now Mr. Bimlinger is wondering whether after all there may not be some out in the quality or cut of his clothes. He is conscious of espionage. He actually arrays himself in the morning that he may dazzle the eye of the unknown observer, but he is not easy in his mind. Four of the men whose dress is so highly commended live within five minutes' walk of his apartment. Three of them dwell in mansions that are sumptuously appointed. Suppose Mr. Bimlinger should ring the bell at any one of them and say to the hallman: "I should like to see Mr. Bulgerton." Would Mr. Bulgerton receive the caller kindly and show him his clothes—coats hanging without possibility of a wrinkle, a long line of trousers admirably stretched and with suspenders to each one, waistcoats ready for all possible festive and mournful occasions, and also one for each day of the month? Would Mr. Bulgerton courteously put on several suits in turn to satisfy the curiosity of the visitor? Or would it be more prudent for Mr. Bimlinger to haunt the steps of Mr. Bulgerton's mansion or observe his exits and entrances from a safe position across the street? Would the particularized well-dressed in New York regard it as presumptuous if Mr. Bimlinger should write to them asking for photographs in street costume and evening dress?

Why should not tailors agree to clothe a customer—"client" is now the genteel word—by the year, as the well-to-do in China pay a physician if they are not taken sick? Such contracts were once in fashion in England. An advertisement in the Times of Nov. 19, 1834, states that "Gentlemen can, if they choose, be dressed by contract. Two suits per year, 6 guineas. Extra fine quality, the very best, 7 guineas. Three suits, 10 guineas. Four suits, 12 guineas. The old suit to be returned before a new one is obtained."

Food for
Heated
Discussion

Prof. Jaeger wished to say that a given matter has shifted from the end of an egg to the middle. How does he express himself in his learned and invaluable treatise? "The gastral plorus which was originally located at the centripetal pole of the geocentric axis is now situated at the end of a horizontal axis."

Mr. G. R. Sims inveighs against the ordinary course dinner. "We begin with soup, which distends the stomach and makes it utterly unfit for its work for the rest of the evening. Then we have fish, which we render indigestible by the sauces we take with it, and then we go on with a mixture of dishes, more or less sauced, until we come to the sweets. And then we crown the edifice of outrage on our digestive organs by eating raw fruits." But Dr. Soltan Fenwick of London made not long ago a "spirited defence" of the many-course dinner, which, he insisted, was not the result of custom or fashion, but had been evolved from a scientific study of the true needs of the digestion.

According to him, hors d'oeuvres stimulate the flow of saliva and warm the digestive organs to get ready. Soup is the greatest digestive stimulant. Fish and entree, soft fibred and easily digestible, lead up to the meat and vegetables, which are the relatively indigestible, but filling, part of the meal. Game is "an attempt to tickle the waning appetite and quench the last pangs of hunger." Sweets only dull the sense of taste and should not be allowed; whereas ice is only fitted "for filling cavities in hollow teeth. Their origin can probably be traced back to some misanthropic and dyspeptic chef." This physician is no doubt a heavy feeder, with insides like those of the classic husbandman before the days of luxury in Rome. Is it not barbarous to eat game after the roast? Is not a dinner consisting of raw oysters, a duck, one vegetable, a salad and cheese more worthy of a civilized being in a Chris-

Bonci's Song Recital Announces
ment Calls Forth Comment
and Reminiscence.

REFORM IN DANCERS' DRESS

London Censor's Absurd Expurgations of "Salome"; Progress of the Japanese.

By PHILIP HALE.

The New York managers of Alessandro Bonci, who will give a song recital in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 10, announce him as "the world renowned tenor and the greatest living exponent of the art of singing." It is true that Mr. Bonci is a tenor, and he is world renowned. He is also an admirable singer, as a master of "bel canto" probably unequalled among men now living. That he is "the greatest living exponent," etc., is, to say the least, ungallant toward singing women. Adelina Patti is not dead; and Mme. Melba has some acquaintance with the art of singing.

Mr. Bonci is not a stranger here. He first sang in Boston as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company at the Boston Theatre, April 17, 1908, as Rodolfo in "La Boheme." From force of habit we all say "La Boheme," as though there were only Puccini's, whereas Leoncavallo's "La Boheme" is esteemed by many. Mr. Bonci was also heard that season at the Boston Theatre as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni" and Guglielmo in Thomas's "Mignon." In February, 1909, he sang in Symphony Hall as the tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House quartet. His associates then were Mmes. Rappold and Flahaut—a superb glantess who should always be seen on the stage with Mr. Slezak—and Mr. Witherspoon. Mr. Bonci was heard here again in opera when the Metropolitan Opera House Company gave a performance of "Martha" at the Boston Opera House last March and the performance was indeed a wretched one. That afternoon Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin danced here for the first time.

Not long ago Mr. Bonci gave a song recital in New York and won the unanimous and glowing praise of the critics. They paid glad tribute to his mastery of song, his exquisite art, and they were impressed by the purity and expressiveness of his diction, especially in English, which some Americans who can neither enunciate nor pronounce it in their daily walk and conversation insist is a miserable language for a singer, whether he come from Putney or Terre Haute.

All singers and teachers, and all that are interested in singing as an art or entertainment should hear Mr. Bonci in concert. Tenors may be divided into two classes: artists and tenors. Mr. Bonci is an artist, a great artist.

He was born at Loretto, where his father was a laborer with a large family. The boy sang in the choir on festival occasions. At the age of 18 he set out on foot for Pesaro to have his voice tried by Pedrotti, who was then at the head of the Rossini Conservatory. As he had no money to pay for his instruction or living at Pesaro, he stayed with an uncle at a village four miles distant and went daily to the conservatory. After a year he was awarded the stipend of \$10 a month paid to needy students and was thus enabled to live at Pesaro. He gained something as a chorus singer. He studied for five years with Felice Coen before he thought himself ready for appearance in public. In the Pilgrims' Church at Loretto there is a picked choir, which sings daily the service. The members have the opportunity to sing in opera twice a year. Here Bonci could have remained, as some one of his family had been for years in this choir, but he had married the daughter of a man at Loretto who sold crucifixes and other religious emblems and she was ambitious for her husband. He, too, wished to see something of the world. It was about 1894 that Mr. Bonci made his debut at Parma, as Fenton in "Falstaff." His success was so great that he was engaged at the Scala, Milan where he triumphed as Faust. In St. Petersburg he sang in company with the tenors Masini, Marconi, Tamagno. Later he sang in Warsaw, Spanish cities, Rome, Naples, Buenos Ayres. In 1899 he was at Covent Garden; in 1900 with Mme. Sembrich in Berlin.

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David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," an Unusual Play.

By PHILIP HALE.

LIS STREET THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "The Return of Peter Grimm," a play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced by Mr. Belasco. Cast:

Peter Grimm.....David Warfield
Frederik.....John Sainpolis
James Hartman.....Thomas Meekhan
Andrew MacPherson.....Joseph Brennan
Henry Batholomew.....William Bong
John Lawton.....John E. Webber
The Janitor.....Percy Helton
Mrs. Batholomew.....Janet Dunbar
Mrs. Batholomew.....Marie Bates
Marta.....Marie Reichardt
The Clown.....Tony Bevan

Mr. Belasco in this play said good-by to realism. In his "Rose of the Rancho" the introduction of a creaking wheelbarrow excited the admiration of the public. Other dramatists might have used a wheelbarrow, but only Mr. Belasco would have made it creak. "Ah," said the audience, "this is realism." Mr. Belasco in "The Return of Peter Grimm" has also said good-by to thrilling scenes and hair-breadth escapes.

The idea of a dead man returning as a ghost to his home, seeing the working out of commands made by him before his death and the wretched results of his foolishness or crime, and endeavoring to right wrongs or expose villainy, is not a new one in fiction. Mr. Belasco says that the idea of this play was suggested to him by Cecil De Mille, and conversations with the late William James and the works of Prof. Hyslop aided him. And in the first act Dr. MacPherson shows a wide acquaintance with the researches and writings of English, French and American explorers in psychical research.

It would be easy to say that Mr. Belasco's new play is another one of the pseudo-scientific school and adopt a patronizing air, or to dismiss the drama as a story of seduction, spooks and an abnormally sensitive little boy. This would not be fair either to Mr. Belasco or to the large audience that was deeply interested last night.

Mr. Belasco is a shrewd playwright, well versed in all stage effects; a man that has studied the psychology of audiences. In "The Return of Peter Grimm" he has taken themes that must appeal irresistibly to the public if only through curiosity. Does the soul live after death? Is there individual immortality? Can the dead return, be seen and heard, exert an influence for good or evil?

The story of the drama is simple. Peter Grimm, a rich, benevolent, obstinate Dutchman, raising flowers and vegetables in a village of New York, wishes his adopted daughter to marry his nephew Frederik, who has seduced a servant girl and proposes after his wife dies to lead a joyous life. His little boy is living at Grimm Manor and no one but the father, and possibly a servant, know the secret of his birth. Peter has a friend, Dr. MacPherson, who is apparently an active member of the American branch of the Society of Psychical Research. Peter laughs at his theories. The two make a contract: which ever one dies first will endeavor to return to confound the other. Peter, having put Frederik's hand in that of Kathrien, dies suddenly, though MacPherson knew that his friend had an incurable disease.

Frederik as soon as he is wedded purposes to sell the property. He receives a letter from his deserted sweetheart the day before the wedding. Peter returns. He attempts to make his new wishes known. No one sees him, although his presence is vaguely felt by some. He cannot give the doctor a message, but the little boy, who has been sick of a fever, tells him and is the means of exposing Frederik and bringing Kathrien and her lover Hartman together. The boy, after he has fulfilled his mission, at last sees Peter, who takes him with him.

There are other characters, a clerk and his capricious wife, a pompous lawyer, all disappointed at the memorandum that Peter left concerning gifts to them. There is a faithful family servant, also a clown, for Peter and little Willem were going to the circus if Peter had not died. It may also be said that there are details of business, many of which are effective, as the circus music heard by Willem when Peter's ghost is in the room, when the boy sleeps just before the ghost bears him beyond.

The admirable stage setting, the management of lights, the infinite care in detail all contributed to the indisputable success of the performance; but the drama would have made its way even if it had not been so well mounted and played.

For the theme itself is most engrossing, and to those who derive their acquaintance with science from articles in popular magazines the treatment is convincing. It is not necessary to be severely scientific or to be lordly as an agnostic in discussing the drama. It is better to regard "The Return of Peter Grimm" as purely fantastical and therefore the more enjoyable. The play is no more real than "Peter Pan," than any wondrous tale in the "Thousand Nights and a Night." Any treatment of the probability of a future life and the nature of that life will hold an audience, provided the treatment take a dramatic form, nor does it matter how conventional this form may be.

Only once is the play dangerously near dullness, and that is when the Doctor is quoting names of psychical explorers and titles of psychical treatises, throwing them at poor Peter's head. Mr. Belasco's skill pilots him along a dangerous coast on which theoretical playwrights, men of mere ideas, would surely come to grief. Perhaps there are too many opinions on the conduct of life, gently plitudinous, amiably commonplace, but they do not disturb the spectator, who is wondering whether death is only a transfer and promotion. Whether his egoism will be complimented by individuality in another world, the continuance of labor, and the renewed fellowship with those who have preceded him.

Mr. Warfield in the first act was the familiar Mr. Warfield of the plays that have made him famous and beloved by thousands. He had a difficult task in the acts that followed. An actor of less poise, less personal force, less competent to express gentleness and sweetness, might easily have been tedious or grotesque.

The support was excellent from Mr. Sainpolis as the blackguard Frederik to Mr. Bevan as the clown, shouting the attractions of the show through the window. The remarkable impersonation of the boy Willem by Percy Helton should not pass without a special word of praise. It was a hard part to play, and it is not easy to imagine it played otherwise or better.

There was loud and long-continued applause after each act. Messrs. Warfield and Belasco refused wisely to accept a curtain call after the second act, but they spoke their thanks after the last curtain.

This play will run two weeks. "The Spendthrift" will be produced a week from next Monday.

PARK THEATRE.

"Arsene Lupin" Presented for First Time in Boston.

PARK THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Arsene Lupin," a play in four acts by Francis de Croisset and Maurice Le Blanc. Chief persons in the cast:

Duke of Charmance.....William Courtenay
Guerehard.....Sidney Herbert
Mons. Gournay-Martin.....Charles Harbury
Examining magistrate.....Arthur Elliot
Charolais.....William E. Bonney
The Janitor.....Louis Egan
Sonia Kritchneff.....Virginia Hammond
Germaine.....Ida Greeley-Smith
Victoire.....Lena Halliday
The Janitor's wife.....Frances Comstock

NETHERSOLE PLAYS 'MARY MAGDALENE'

Maeterlinck's Drama Presented

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Mary Magdalene," a play in three acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Cast:

Lucius Verus.....Edward Mackay
Annoeus Silanus.....Arthur Porrest
Appius.....Charles B. Hanford
Coelius.....Frederick Ames
Lazarus.....Wilfrid Rogers
Joseph of Arimathea.....A. B. Imeson
Mary Magdalene.....Miss Olga Nethersole

Several years ago the adaptation of a drama by Paul Heyse was presented to the American public. It was the usual plot. A representative type of degraded womanhood is introduced. She sees the Saviour and is transformed from Mary, the sinner, into

Mary, the repentant and pious wife. She will devote her life to penitence and prayer. This is the Magdalene of mediaeval salu-tore.

Maeterlinck assures his public that not a "cue of similarity" can be found in the two works. Maeterlinck is never concerned with the rattle of theatrical machinery. His Mary Magdalene is the triumph of the intelligent vision of a woman-soul.

Even before she sees the Nazarene, she is a soul at unrest trying to find herself. She is a beautiful creature, as splendid as the Shulamite. She is a full-souled woman, hence her woe. She is by no means a mere courtesan. Maeterlinck does not comment upon her past.

The scene opens in the gardens of the Roman sage, Silanus. He is conversing with Verus, a Roman soldier who loves Mary Magdalene. She comes from her villa to the gardens of Silanus and denounces herself to Verus.

The adjacent garden resounds with the cries of the Nazarene's followers. He is heard speaking the Beatitudes. Mary Magdalene does not say "I want to hear"; but, with double meaning, she says "I want to see." The mob turns on her. Cries of "The Roman woman; Stone her! Stone her!" Verus rushes to defend her. The voice is heard; "He that is without sin," etc. The stones drop. Mary Magdalene has seen a glimmer of her true self.

Act two, in its love scene between Mary Magdalene and Verus, is pathetically beautiful. Here is her first victory over herself. She loves Verus with a pure love. The tragedy begins. She begs response of soul. Verus offers bodily protection. She speaks truths. Verus mouths materialism. Her life is emerging from the unrest of shadowed vision into the silent intelligence of light. She is so truly loving that she does not sense his warped vision. Maeterlinck is subtle in the irony of contrasts. This act is the miracle which a woman's intelligence is working for herself out of herself, a more real miracle than the mere revivifying of the shell of Lazarus. Verus looks upon the Nazarene as his rival. She longs for Verus to understand, but he is dull-witted.

The last scene is in the room of the Last Supper. A mob, for whom the "miracle" has achieved nothing, fill the room. The Nazarene has been condemned to die. The "miracles" are cringing in terror. Mary Magdalene alone rises to the event. Her only hope is in Verus, who offers to save this Nazarene, whom he thinks she loves, at the price of her surrender to himself. The swaying of the balance here is not unlike the crisis-conflict in "Monna Vanna." Slowly Mary Magdalene comprehends. The bands loosen. The only crucifixion would be the crucifixion of intelligence within herself. "I cannot plunge the flame into the mire to save the lamp." Verus goes out to join the screeching mob. Mary Magdalene stands motionless, illumined by the light from the departing torches.

There is no suggestion of religious feeling on the writer's part. The play is concerned with the triumph of a woman-soul, whose intelligence and courage expand to the crisis and beyond it. Maeterlinck's Magdalene is a great character. The accidents of life are recorded by her reason and judged by her intelligence. The experience chisels her character, polishes it. When the crisis comes, events do not impose upon her nobility of soul. Most women cling to their own shell. They rivet their gaze on a looking-glass and their chief concern is that the features do not change. Mary Magdalene sought to expand the features and the function of her life. It is because she wants to see that she does see.

The performance of last evening was not artistically or even dramatically speaking, Maeterlinck's drama. Subtlety was entirely lacking. It was a sort of redramatization of Maeterlinck's play. Devices were contrived whose aim was to make the play more dramatic. It became a biblical drama. Maeterlinck wrote a forceful, clear-cut evolution of a woman's character.

Miss Nethersole was not distinct in the evolution. She missed the pathos of the second act and many dramatic opportunities of the last act. She has mannerisms of gesture and of speech which become monotonous; nevertheless, at times she rises to a really convincing power. It was not a great characterization of Mary Magdalene, however. The first acts lacked imagination, the last dramatic power.

As the performance progressed the enthusiasm and interest of the audience increased. The musical accompaniment was not an addition to the performance.

Marie Cahill will come to the Shubert next Monday for three weeks in "Judy Forgot," a musical comedy. The seat sale opens today.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"East Lynne," a melodrama in five acts. The cast:

Archibald Carlyle.....Joseph Henly
Sir Francis Levison.....William Devoy
Lord Mont Severn.....Thomas Hay
Richard Hare.....Fred Baugh
Mr. Dill.....Alfred Allen
Officer.....Charles Green
Cornelia.....May Golda
Barbara Hare.....Aline Cramer
Jolce.....Estelle Allen
Lady Isabelle and Mme. Vine.....Estelle Allen

Verdi's "Otello" Presented with Mme. Alda as Desdemona.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Conti conducted.

Otello.....Giovanni Zenatello
Iago.....Giovanni Polese
Cassio.....Leo Devaux
Rodrigo.....Leo Sirocaco
Montano.....Jose Mardones
Lodovico.....Attilio Puddini
A herald.....Frederick Huddy
Desdemona.....Frances Alda
Emilia.....Maria Claessen

Thanks to the excellence and variety of its performances, this masterpiece of Verdi's maturity is being accorded the favor it so richly merits. Another large audience gave much evidence of its pleasure. There were many curtain calls and frequent interruptions of the action by appreciative and prolonged applause. The Iago of Mr. Polese was the feature which differentiated last night's cast from what has hitherto been offered.

Mr. Polese gave a carefully finished impersonation, laying perhaps rather more emphasis on those aspects of Iago's character where of baleful import. While his voice is not conspicuous for size or beauty, it is mellow and responsive to his demands upon it for dramatic variety of color. And vocally, too, when his music halted for a purely lyric moment, as in his relation of the dream of Cassio to Otello, he achieved much that was memorable.

The Desdemona of Mme. Alda seems to be increasing in depth and power. Hitherto she has given her best in the last act. Last night her defence of herself in answer to Otello's brutal and feverish questioning in the third act, especially her cry that he is making her shed her first tears, was of impassioned beauty.

Mr. Zenatello was hardly as impressive as before at the close of act one, but his singing of his soliloquy after his scene with Desdemona just referred to and his singing in his death scene he appears as the conventional villain than has been the case in the previous performances this season. He adopted with rather monotonous frequency the tags of melodrama, a rolling eye, a gloating smile and the like, yet there were many admirable moments, as in his differentiation of action during Otello's attacks on Desdemona toward the close of the third act.

The first time, where Otello all but strikes his wife, Iago assumes a look of triumph and his smile of exultation is not absent, though his eyes are furtive. But when Otello strikes, and Desdemona falls, Iago is for the moment shaken out even of his own self-interest and evil pleasure, and shows humanity enough to suffer at least a shock of genuine horror and repulsion. His rendering of Iago's "Credo" was full of evil and will not be forgotten. The opera on Wednesday will be Donizetti's "Lucia," with Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Constantino.

Mackaye's "Scarecrow" Given by Edmund Breese and an Able Company.

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Scarecrow," or "The Glass of Truth," a play in four acts, by Percy Mackaye. First professional presentation here. The principal characters in the cast:

Goody Rickby.....Alice Fischer
Dickon.....Edmund Breese
Rachel Merton.....Miss Beatrice Irwin
Richard Talbot.....Earle Browne
Justice Glead Merton.....Brigham Royce
Lord Ravensbane.....Frank Reicher
Mrs. Cynthia Merton.....Mrs. Felix Morris
Capt. Bugby.....Regan Huston

It was an earnest and dramatically successful attempt to stage a written and interesting play. Fortunately the greater part of the audience expected something "The Wizard of Oz." So they were puzzled and not much entertained by Mr. Mackaye's "tragedy of the ludicrous." It is to be feared that other audiences will be similarly affected.

In a New England town toward the end of the 17th century Goody Rickby, a witch, builds a scarecrow, and Dickon, otherwise the devil, endows it with life. They send him, "Lord Ravensbane," to woo and win the niece of Justice Merton, against whom Goody Rickby has a grudge. Ravensbane, taught by Dickon, makes Rachel love him, but her affection breeds a soul in the scarecrow, he shudders at his real self revealed in the magic mirror, and in an agony of horror at his ridiculousness, stops puffing at his pipe and dies.

Read, this play is greatly entertaining; staged, there is enough about it the bizarre and the weird to hold attention. But not until the last does the playwright's purpose—to stage the tragedy of a man in despair at his own ignominy—become apparent. The drama begins to grip. Before it lacks conviction; tells a story of an animated scarecrow, a pretty girl, a devil fond of masquerade, and a hypocrite caught in the pit he dug, but to no plain end. There are moments when the feeling of the unearthly, as exemplified in the feeling Dickon, struts and stiles.

the wife and her familiar chuckling the man they have built of odds and ends. Sometimes Dickon, lurking unobtrusively, after the manner of stage hands, behind his puppet, creates an atmosphere of the unearthly.

The song Ravensbane sings, with the wing of mysterious crows scraping an impalpable accompaniment, is a novel and effective dramatic idea. The magic glass is put to odd and ingenious use, in these things the piece is dramatically vigorous, and it does not entirely fail to create something of the air of the witch times. But it does not deal with things which the ordinary man cares about.

As an example of what the able actor and stage manager can do with material which promises little but difficulties, the performance is worthy of praise. None of the problems offered by the play failed of satisfactory solution. Dickon was hailed by his ear from the midst of the smithy fire; he appeared from the pages of a great Bible; the scarecrow was smoothly transformed into a man; the crows cawed their discordances as the playwright meant they should. Costuming, settings, all were appropriate and fitting.

Mr. Breece portrays Dickon with skill. He brings out sharply his sardonic humor, perhaps his most notable characteristic; nor does he neglect to make him smack of sulphur. He manipulates in the first act a tall of marvelous reality. Later, in coat and breeches, he lurks and fingers, hides, appears, whispers and suggests—all in the most sinister fashion. Not the least praiseworthy thing about Mr. Breece's acting was the way he subordinated mere physical difficulties to his effort to make his character actual.

Though the "star" part is another's, Mr. Releher's task and the manner of its carrying out, entitle him to as much distinction. As the scarecrow, gradually quickened into life, then awakened to understanding, love, and at the last despair in his hopeless husk-and-broomstick self, he played with power and feeling. His long soliloquies before the glass in which he saw his mocking image were appealing.

Goody Rickby seems of a little harder stuff than Miss Fischer made her, though she acted acceptably. Miss Irwin was a pretty and generally capable Rachel. The others did successfully all expected of them.

The applause was fractionally enthusiastic. Mr. MacKay responded to calls for the author with a speech of half a dozen words.

Friday evening will be Harvard night at the Tremont. Next week, "The Follies of 1910." Seats go on sale today.

MARGINAL NOTES.

A volume containing six copies of Byron's "Don Juan" was sold at auction recently. Though it was an odd volume it brought a comparatively high price, for its margins were enriched by notes allowed to have been written by Thackeray. Some of these notes were in cipher; some were in French. It was said of Coleridge that as a borrower of books he repaid the lender in a princely manner, for he annotated each book with wise and witty observations, no matter how slight the inherent worth of the volume. The implication is of course that Coleridge returned the books to the lenders. For the ordinary borrower to pencil a margin, whether it be to write: "Too true!" or "Bosh!" or to correct a date or any misstatement, is a gross liberty. Who would not have willingly lent his choicest books to Thackeray, who was in the habit of annotating his own? Senator Evans possessed a volume that might well have tempted any bibliophile. It was an exquisite little edition of Horace, Thackeray's favorite poet, published by Firmin-Didot of Paris, charmingly illustrated. This copy belonged originally to Thackeray, who had decorated flyleaves and margins with notes in a minute handwriting and also with sketches and illustrations. Thackeray gave this volume to a friend, who in turn gave it to Senator Evans. Nor was it kept in a lock and key; it was on a table in the Senator's house at Windsor, Vt., a prey to any bibliomaniac who knew only nine of the Commandments.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Edwin Stevens in "A Night Out" Heads Lively Bill.

The contribution of Edwin Stevens, who was assisted by Miss Tina Marshall, to the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre last evening is one of surpassing merit. The act itself, "A Night Out," is merely an "entertainment," yet it affords an excellent outlet for the versatility of the actor and none the less opportunity for the Marshall.

A bit of burlesque, a minute or two

of musical comedy, and a capital portrayal of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness were contributed. Mr. Stevens was the artful Swiveller in the minutest detail, and Miss Marshall visualized the Marchioness with fine regard for her fearfulness.

Ethel Green, better known for her work in musical comedy, made a decided impression. Her personality and voice make her act attractive. Her impersonation of bashful childhood is happy and convincing.

Hoey and Lee were seen in their new character sketch, "The Hebrew Policemen," a rapid-fire conversational act that concludes with some decidedly entertaining parodies. It is snappy and original.

Jean Bedini and Roy Arthur have a juggling act that brought more response from the audience than any number on the bill.

The Four Song Writers—Shishler, O'Donnell, Heath and Benkhardt—play and sing their own compositions and contribute an enjoyable number.

James Neil and Edythe Chapman brought out many laughs in their sketch, "The Lady Across the Hall." They were assisted by Howard Windsor.

Some fine dancing numbers were a part of the act of Hathaway, Kelly and Mack. Much graceful back kicking that seems to give way to the more easier forward movements of some of our dancers of repute was a real pleasure to the eye in its ease and rhythm.

The Van Der Kooes were funny in their sleight-of-hand and their burlesque, "Felix, the Mind-reading Duck," as was the acrobatic trick act of the Sebastian Merrill Company.

MR. FITZGERALD'S RECITAL.

Young Pianist Plays in Steinert Hall to a Friendly Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

Benedict Fitz Gerald gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a very friendly audience of good size. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 33, "Waldstein," Brahms, Scherzo op. 4, a flat minor; Schumann, "Carnaval," Liszt, St. Francis d'Assisi preaching to the Birds, St. Francis de Paula Walking on the Waves.

When Mr. Fitz Gerald is older he will not arrange a program after the manner of this one. He will recognize the worst and the charm of little pieces. There will be at least one or two of Chopin's compositions. A young pianist, not far distant from his teacher, is inclined to play at once, when he comes before the public, all the more difficult pieces he has studied. He wishes to show what he can do. He rides in his battle forces at once, as Robert Stucky rode eight or more horses in the old days of Lent's Circus. But Mr. Stucky began with one horse at a time.

In his pursuit of mechanics, Mr. Fitz Gerald has apparently forgotten that beauty of tone is the one thing that is desired in playing any instrument. Pianists in their desire to be brilliant and impressive often forget this, and the piano under their hands is stifled or rebellious; it will not give up its secrets; it will not aid the player. There were moments, as in the slow movement of the sonata and in the "Chopin" section of the "Carnaval" when Mr. Fitz Gerald showed that he could play expressively and with a sense of color, but as a rule his performance was rather hard and metallic. He is not yet aesthetically prepared for an interpretation of the "Carnaval." It is a poet, not a bravura piece. Nor is Mr. Fitz Gerald ready to interpret the sonata. There was little elasticity in his rendering of the first and last movements. His motto seemed to be: "All orders executed with neatness and dispatch."

Mr. Fitz Gerald has no doubt studied diligently, for he has acquired a certain mechanical proficiency. He could better his playing of chords; he could gain a fuller tone if his arms and wrists were more devitalized. But he has studied to some purpose. It should now be his aim to acquire the art of singing a melody, to learn a true rubato and not to make sudden changes in tempo, thinking thus to play with expression, and, above all, to be master of euphonious tone and tonal gradations. The piano is not necessarily a pulsatile instrument in a class with the drum or the xylophone.

ENTHUSIASTIC OVER "LUCIA."

Large Audience Sees Brilliant Performance at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Edgar, Mr. Constantino
Henry Ashton, Mr. Polese
Norman, Mr. Strassero
Raymond, Mr. Perini
Arthur, Mr. Glaccone
Lucy, Mme. Lipkowska
Alice, Mme. Savage

A large audience was present last even-

ing at a brilliant performance of "Lucia."

It does not often happen, as in the case of Mme. Lipkowska, that a singer is so admirably gifted both vocally and physically to impersonate the ingenuous and pathetic heroine of Donizetti's opera. There have been prima donnas who, although their singing of the florid music was irreproachable, memorable even, were hampered in their suggestion of the character by a Bovine form, and acted in the third act singularly like the traditional mad lady of the village with straw in her hair in the old-fashioned melodrama.

Mme. Lipkowska's singing last evening was marked by constant surety of intonation, delicacy of phrasing, and brilliance of execution. She gave an emotional warmth to the music. While her acting was at all times interesting and full of dramatic intensity.

Mr. Constantino's Edgardo is well known to Boston. His voice was heard to excellent advantage last evening and he sang with aesthetic skill and acted with dramatic distinction.

Mr. Polese was a spirited and distinguished Henry. While his voice was not always agreeable in quality he managed it cleverly and showed himself to be a finished actor. He made his debut in Boston as Ashton two seasons ago in a performance given by Mr. Hammerstein's company.

Mr. Glaccone was an inoffensive Arthur, and Mr. Perini a tolerable Raymond.

As usual the stage settings were elaborate. The chorus did good work and Mr. Moranzoni gave an interesting reading of the score.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Second of the 40th Season with Alwin Schroeder, Cellist, Assisting.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the second concert of its 40th season last evening in Jordan Hall. Grant Drake was the organist and Carl Lamson the pianist. The program was as follows: Knecken, "Loyal Song," Birseck, "Sonntag"; "The Christ Child's Lullaby," from the Cologne Song Book of 1623, arranged by von Othelgraven; Gounod, Ducl Sceno from "Faust"; Cadman, "The Blizzard"; W. V. Webb, "Jennie Kissed Me"; Dvorak, "Heart-Ache"; Gounod, "Gloria in Excelsis," from the Second Mass of the Orphanists. Mr. Schroeder played these pieces: Scherzo, Arioso, Gavotte, Scherzo, Dvorak, Adagio; Perrin, Old French Gavotte; Cossmann, "Tarantelle."

The concert gave much pleasure to the subscribers, who were present in large numbers, and the singing of the club was for the most part excellent. The "Loyal Song" was sung at the first concert in 1871. Birseck's "Sonntag" is melodious, well harmonized and with a well defined sentiment that does not approach sentimentalism. "The Christ Child's Lullaby" was not effective in the performance, and the singing of the club in this number fell below the high standard that has given it fame. The intonation was faulty a rare thing at these concerts. Gounod's Trio was sung by the whole club. Song experiments are seldom successful. There is so much music written for male voices that turning duets and trios into choruses is unnecessary. Mr. Schroeder was heartily welcomed and loudly applauded.

The next concert will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, when Miss Christine Miller, contralto, will be the soloist.

BAKLANOFF REINSTATED.

Fined \$10,000 and Required to Apologize to Opera Company.

George Baklanoff, the Russian baritone, who left the Boston Opera Company suddenly while rehearsing "La Habanera" and was afterward dismissed from the company "as a matter of discipline," has been reinstated in Director Russell's company.

In explanation of the return of the singer the opera company issues the following statement, showing letters passing between Director Russell and the Russian singer:

"Boston, Dec. 27, 1910.
My Dear Director:
"Before the final step is taken I once more appeal to you, no longer as director of the Boston Opera House, but as a man whom I esteem as an artist and who has always shown appreciation for the efforts of artists and who is known to be a friend of artists. Once more I ask to be forgiven for my thoughtless act and breach of discipline, and I appeal to you not to destroy my career by maintaining your decision, but to please do me the honor of reinstating me as a member of the Boston opera company.
"Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE BAKLANOFF."

"Boston, Dec. 23, 1910.

"Dear Mr. Baklanoff:

"Whilst I am determined to maintain discipline in this house, I should prefer not to take a step that would ruin your career. As you admit that to discharge you permanently will have that effect, I will consent to your rejoining the company subject to the following conditions:

"1. A fine of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000).

"2. Cancellation of old contract.

"3. Full apology to the company.

"This penalty is not excessive in view of the serious consequences which might have accrued from your action; consequences which were avoided, thanks to the goodwill and talent of Mr. Blanchard and the co-operation of every member of our company, who worked all night and all day to enable me to keep faith with the Boston public. Yours truly,

"HENRY RUSSELL."

At the time Mr. Baklanoff explained his conduct by the fact that he suffered from a sore throat, and that the numerous rehearsals exhausted his vitality, re-enforcing his explanation by a statement from Dr. T. J. Reardon. Mr. Baklanoff also declared he had no intention of offering any insult to anybody.

Director Russell took the stand that to leave the rehearsal in the manner in which Mr. Baklanoff did was a gross breach of discipline.

"PIPE OF DESIRE" IS GIVEN REVIVAL

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Pipe of Desire," book by G. E. Barton, music by F. S. Converse. First performance of the opera at this opera house. Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Iolan, Mr. Martin
Naolia, Miss D. B. B. B.
The Old One, Mr. Blanchard
First Syph, Miss F. B. B.
First Undine, Miss Schwartz
First Salamander, Mr. Strassero
First Gnome, Mr. Fornar

Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire" was produced in Boston five years ago, and although the singers had had no operative training, it was then possible to form an idea of the opera from the performances. The impersonation of Naolia by Mrs. Bertha Codd still haunts the memory. She was by nature fitted for the part.

The composer has certainly no cause to complain of the production last night. The one scene was beautifully set; the evolutions of the wood-folk were graceful; Miss Dereyne and Mr. Blanchard sang in English as though it were their native tongue, with much clearer enunciation than American singers as a rule in concert or opera; Mr. Goodrich conducted with taste, authority and enthusiasm. Mr. Russell bestowed as much care on this opera in one act as though it were a grand lyric tragedy by any Italian, French or German composer of high reputation.

Unfortunately the libretto is not dramatic, however poetic it may seem if read, it has little or no human interest. It is not necessary to inquire into the true character of Lilith, the first wife of Adam. She is not the Lilith of the old rabbinical legends, or the woman immortalized by Rossetti.

But when one inquires into the story of Iolan and Naolia he can receive no satisfactory answer. Why was Iolan punished for expressing the natural wish to see his betrothed? Why did Naolia die, for she was a godly maid and in the habit of reading the Bible daily? What were these mysterious laws that Iolan violated?

We are told in answer that the libretto is symbolical. Neither symbolism nor psychology has any place on the operatic stage. It is said that there is symbolism in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande"; but the tragedian moves the spectator without suggestion of symbolism, in spite of it.

We are told that the passion of Siegmund for Sieglinde is symbolical, but the spectator sees at the end of the first act of "The Valkyrie" a man and a woman in a wild embrace. This is intelligible. That Sieglinde should run away from her husband's house with Siegmund is also intelligible. In these librettos there is a story of human, dramatic interest, a story that inspired Debussy and Wagner respectively to write beautiful and impressive music. Nor is there any need of exquisite poetic thought or expression in an operatic libretto. Da Ponte was a poet good enough for Mozart and Italian composers have done very well with simple verses ending in "amore" and "dolore."

As a text for music the libretto of "The Pipe of Desire" is dull, without action, pointless, well nigh unintelligible.

It is not surprising then that Mr. Converse has not written for this libretto music that has any marked dramatic force. He has composed pleasing orchestral music for the evolutions of the

...is there a which... In the same between loan... The passages of relative... that might be called of an... nature have little dramatic... In spite of the careful treat-... of the orchestra there is no... marked dramatic moment in the whole... and the few lyrical pages noted... at all out consolation.

If one could only feign an interest. In... characters Iolan and Naöla are... more human than the first Salaman-... or the first Sylva. This is the fault... of the librettist. Mr. Converse does not... the characters musically dramatic... significance. A composer of greater... operatic experience might also have... ed, for no opera with an essentially... or vague libretto has been saved... y music. The emotions may be primil-... ve, the action may be conventional... ere may be the old story of two men... and a woman or two women and a man... as in "Il Trovatore," but the composer... then has something to arouse his im-... nation, to stir his blood.

Mr. Converse has written the libretto... his "Sacrifice," which will soon be... produced here. The story is fortunately... one of human life and action. There is... no Old One who must be ranked into the... great gallery of operatic boras between... the Harper in "Mignon" and the Land-... grave in "Tannhauser."

Mr. Martin did valiantly with the... part of Iolan. He strove to give dra-... matic import when neither librettist... nor composer had provided material... The audience has little time to become... acquainted with Naöla. She comes on... the stage, sings a few pages and dies... For a woman who rises from a sick... bed and hurries over fields and through... woods, her raiment was in singularly... fresh and neat condition last evening;... yet we are assured that her thin clo-... thing was torn with thorns and her... bare feet were bleeding. Mr. Blanchart... was appropriately pontifical. The mi-... nor characters were apt and the chorus... had been well drilled.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" preceded "The... Pipe of Desire."

Santuzza.....Mme. Gay
Mama Lucia.....Miss Szaplinska
Turridu.....Miss Roberts
Alfo.....Mr. Lassalle
Alfo.....Mr. Polese

The feature of the performance was... the admirable impersonation of Alfio... by Mr. Polese. Vocally and dramati-... cally he was the most striking Alfio... that has been on the Boston stage... Miss Szaplinska was an excellent Lola... something more than a mere coquette... with an interrupted song. The music... of Santuzza is not suited to Mme... Gay's voice. Her acting was conven-... tionally intense. Mr. Lassalle was sub-... stituted for Mr. Constantino. Neither... the chorus nor the orchestra was fully... up to the mark. Mr. Moranzoni did... not display his customary authority... and in the first act was inclined to... hurry or drag.

Is there any reason why Mama... Lucia should be made up as a hideous... old woman? Turridu is a young man... and there is nothing in the libretto to... at that his mother was wrinkled... and withered.

Mr. Destinn will take the part of... Madama Butterfly this afternoon for the... first time in Boston. She will be as-... sisted by Miss Swartz and Messrs... Zenatello and Polese. Tonight the opera... will be "La Traviata," with Miss Niel-... sen and Messrs. Constantino and Galeffi.

The program of the Imperial Russian... Ballet for next Tuesday night will in-... clude Adam's "Giselle" and seven mis-... cellaneous dances, ending with Glazun-... off's "Bacchanale."

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

New Piece by Liadoff—Mischa Elman... Plays Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr... Elman conductor, gave its 12th public... rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Sym-... phony Hall. Mischa Elman was the... soloist. The program was as follows:

"Baba-Yaga".....Liadoff
Symphony No. 2.....Sibelius
Symphonie Espagnole.....Lalo
"Tangier. A Night in a Moorish Cafe."... Humperdinck

Liadoff's "Baba-Yaga" was performed... for the first time in Boston. It is an... amusing, trifling piece, descriptive of a... ride through the woods in a mor-... tar, while she hastens the pace by a... pesto and removes the traces by a... broom. All this is not particularized by... the music, for such minute translation... to music is impossible.

How would even Richard Strauss typi-... fy a mortar in music? Given the subject... at inspired the composer and the rest... of it. Liadoff is a third rate com-... poser.

Baba-Yaga is a character known to... every Russian child, and Liadoff's piece... to doubt, has in Russia more signifi-... cance.

The symphony of Sibelius was played... here about a year ago and there was no... pressing need of a repetition. The... music is rhapsodic and profoundly... majestic. The hearer may easily... imagine that it will appeal profoundly... to the millions oppressed by Russia, but

...not in Russia a subject for... a subject for... In this symphony there is endless... repetition and not sufficient contrast... Nor are the chief themes truly noble... or impressive, on the contrary they... are rather common. There is a certain... rudeness, there is a certain honesty... that compels respect, and we should be... grateful to any composer who allows... opportunity to Mr. Longy to display his... art.

Mr. Elman was enthusiastically ap-... plauded for his performance of Lalo's... beautiful composition, but his playing... did not deserve this tribute. Here is a... young man of indisputable talent, who... now fiddles sluply to gain applause... "T is true 't is pity; and pity 't is 't is... true." The first movement was not... continuous; it was episodic, disjointed... Throughout the work there were con-... stant and disturbing modifications of... rhythm, deliberate appeals through sen-... timentalism to popular applause, changes... and appeals that were injurious to the... composer. There was fiddling, often ex-... cellent of its kind. There was no true... interpretation. We remember grate-... fully Messrs. Adamowski, Kreisler, Loef-... fier.

Humperdinck is an over-rated com-... poser. His "Tangier" is conspicu-... ously unoriental. We see the Ger-... man tourist with his spectacles, his... glass strapped around his neck, his... open Baedeker. Hearing this music, which... at its best is reminiscent, we are... reminded of Matthew Arnold's re-... marks concerning the weak side... of the German: "The universal dead-... level of plainness and homeliness, the... lack of all beauty and distinction in... form and feature, the slowness and... clumsiness of the language, the eter-... nal beer, sausages and bad tobacco, the... blank commonness everywhere." No, a... night in a cafe in Tangier could not... be as dull as Mr. Humperdinck would... have us think.

There will be no concerts next... week. Mr. Fiedler has not decided on... the program for Jan. 20, 21.

BRONCHIAL DISSEMINATOR.

Visitors to the theatres and concert... halls are now seriously disturbed by... the coughing of many in the audi-... ence. There are some who are in... constant fear of microbes; who carry... in the streets or to a dinner party a... menthol inhaler, as in old times men... and even noble dames were never... without a snuff-box. To them any... public gathering is dangerous. The... average spectator, not unduly sensi-... tive, is not only annoyed by the pul-... monary, bronchial and nasal noises;... he, too, though naturally courageous, is... at last anxious concerning his... health, chiefly by reason of ill-bred... neighbors. The man directly behind... him makes no effort to suppress his

cough; on the contrary he barks vio-... lently, ostentatiously. He braces... himself in his seat as though he... wished to out-vie all competitors. Or... he sneezes arrogantly without the... shield of a handkerchief. These... things should not be. If a man has... not been taught in childhood the de-... cencies of life, there should be a night... school for him and all of his kind... An apparatus might be rigged for the... face of those afflicted with severe... colds, which would allow sight and... the ability to take breath. This mask... need not be disfiguring; it might be... ornamental. By means of this "self-... consumer," a man would no longer... be dangerous to those near him, al-... though he would still be a nuisance... under any circumstances.

EMMY DESTINN AS CIO-CIO-SAN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's... "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Conti con-... ducted.

Emmy Destinn.....Miss Swartz
Suzuki.....Miss Fisher
Kate Pinkerton.....Mr. Zenatello
F. B. Pinkerton.....Mr. Polese
Sharpless.....Mr. Giaccone
Goro.....Mr. Pulini
Principe Yamadori.....Mr. Ferini
Lo Zio Bonzo.....

Yesterday afternoon Miss Destinn took... the part of Mme. Butterfly for the first... time at the Boston Opera House and... Messrs. Zenatello and Polese were seen... here for the first time in Puccini's opera.

It may also be said that for the first... time in Boston the music given to Mme... Butterfly has been sung with a wealth... of emotional nuances, with superbly

...splendor and acted with a... intensity. Other singers have given... pleasure. Some sang amably and light-... ly, acted as in refined operetta and died... gracefully; some have taken the task... more seriously and moved the audience... Miss Farrar is better adapted by nature... to the part than is Miss Destinn. Her... figure was slighter—alas, that the verb... must be in the past tense, for she too... has increased in bulk—she was plausi-... bly Japanese. She sang for the most... part delightfully and acted with native... intelligence and indisputable art.

Miss Destinn's voice is of a more... heroic character; it is a wondrous in-... strument for the expression of senti-... ments and emotions. The tones are of... natural beauty; the singer is mistress... of the art of coloring them for rhe-... torical emphasis. She sings lyric pas-... sages with appealing tenderness or... with noble breadth. There is a flow of... song that leaves the hearer with an... idea of reserve force that is not called... upon. In dramatic moments the voice... is that of a well-graced tragedian... with a throbbing heart and the widest... experience.

Seeing Miss Destinn act the part of... Cio-Cio-San the spectator is never... tempted to exclaim: "How well she... acts!" He is not tempted to analyze... or discuss the features and the details... of her impersonation. Here is a woman... that is neither smoothly conven-... tional nor aggressively original. There... is no petty business introduced to ex-... cite surprise or applause. A character... is developed on the stage. The girl of... the first act is forgotten in the woman... of the second. This woman is a... very different being after the... vigil. The face that turns from the... window is a tragic mask.

The facial play of Miss Destinn is... as remarkable as her voice. It is not... incessant and nervous. A change of... expression is significant. There is no... exaggeration. The thoughts of Cio-... Cio-San are revealed in her face. How... few the gestures! How expressive... the repose! There is never futile... wasted energy. There is no trace of... hysteria. The composition of the part... is so planned that action and vocal... emphasis early in the play, which... seemed at the time comparatively in-... significant while wholly appropriate... are recalled as the tragedy pro-... gresses. The spectator is unconscio-... usly prepared for the night agony, the... gloomy dawn, the bloody end. When... Cio-Cio-San showing her treasures to... Pinkerton handled the knife there was... no need of Puccini's orchestral... groan and scream. What the father... did the daughter might well do.

By her irresistible voice and her sur-... passing dramatic art Miss Destinn... raised melodrama to the height of tra-... gedy. Her impersonation will long be... remembered, with that of Calve's Car-... men—the Carmen of Calve's first visit... before she had been spoiled by audi-... ences and vexed by managers; with... Terina's Isolde; with De Lucia's... Canio; with Jean de Reszke's Romeo... and Des Grieux; with the Iago of Mau-... rel and Renaud's Athanael. From the... moment when her haunting voice rose... above the entering chorus to the final... frenzied farewell to her child the per-... formance was as a whole incomparable.

Miss Destinn was effectively assisted... by Miss Swartz, whose voice is full and... rich, whose dramatic finesse is surpris-... ing when her comparatively slight ex-... perience is considered, and by Messrs... Zenatello and Polese. Mr. Zenatello was... in the vein. His voice yesterday had... other qualities than force and brilliance... His conception of the part was intelli-... gent. He did not take his Japanese... marriage seriously. He was in a land... beyond the Ten Commandments. The... docility and affection of his bride moved... the heart of the vain cad. At the last... he showed remorse, sorrow and even... love when it was too late. I have seen... Pinkertons who were evidently relieved... by the suicide of Cio-Cio-San, whose joy... was dampened only by the thought of... what Mrs. Pinkerton would say for... years to come.

And why should Mrs. Pinkerton be... always represented on the stage as a... stiff, forbidding young person, with a... mouth trained to gentility by the daily... saying of "prunes, prisms and prunella?" Possibly to point a moral; to show... how hideously Cio-Cio-San was avenged... Mr. Polese gave character to Sharpless... and sang fluently and well. He is a val-... uable acquisition. The minor parts... were, as a rule, well taken. The work... of the orchestra was not always fully... up to the standard.

The name of Emmy Destinn is world... famous. It might reasonably have been... supposed that the announcement of her... appearance here in "Madama Butter-... fly" would fill the opera house to over-... flowing. Mr. Russell and the directors... may well ask: "What do the people... wish?" Performances as that of yester-... day afternoon are not common. The... audience was a large one and enthusiastic;... but there should not have been a vacant... seat.

MISS NIELSEN AS VIOLETTA.

Consistent Performance in Verdi's... "La Traviata."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's... "La Traviata." Mr. Moranzoni con-... ducted. Cast:

Violetta Valery.....Alice Nielsen
Flora Bervoix.....Grace Fisher
Anna.....Elvira Leveroni
Alfred Germont.....Florence Constantino
Giorgio Germont.....Carlo Galeffi
Doctor Grenvil.....Giuseppe Ferini

Miss Nielsen's impersonation of... Violetta is well known to Boston as... one of interest and she gave a con-... sistent performance last evening. She... sang the florid music unaffectedly and... with evident ease. Her high notes... were sonorous, her runs clear and... there was marked beauty in diminu-... endo and crescendo passages. At all... times her intonation was sure and... when occasion demanded her singing... was emotionally adequate. It would... be easy to imagine a more dramatic... Violetta, but Miss Nielsen was suc-... cessful in portraying the recklessness... of the heroine's earlier life, the great-... ness of her sacrifice and her pathetic... ending.

Mr. Constantino sang as a lyric tenor... with beauty of tone and phrasing, al-... though dramatically not at his best.

In spite of defects in tone production... and not infrequent deviation from the... true pitch, Mr. Galeffi's Germont was... highly creditable. He sang with much... feeling, his gestures were telling and... he bore himself with distinction. For... once the character was represented as... not being inexpressibly bourgeois.

The minor parts of the opera were... well taken, the chorus did good work... and Mr. Moranzoni gave an interesting... reading of the score. There was a large... and enthusiastic audience.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

The radiators in an apartment house... chill the tender emotions in the breasts... of the flat dwellers. The radiator is... not only a monument to deceit and... false pretences,

But, oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

Dampers of

Joy and

Sentiment

A bachelor indulges... in no reveries as he... looks at it. Lizzie... Hexam and Charley... see no pictures of the... past or those that tell fortunes. Lovers... over the register and hearing the girl's... father arranging the furnace for the... night, have sat the closer, reassured... but the radiator does not encourage... mutual confession and rapturous vows.

Plotinus asserted that fire surpasses... other bodies in beauty, because, com-... pared with the other elements, "it ob-... tains the order of form; for it is more... eminent than the rest, and is the most... subtle of all, bordering, as it were, on... an incorporeal nature. * * * It im-... parts heat, but admits no cold." There... is nothing so cold as a cold radiator... especially when the mocking janitor... raps on the pipes far down, Faustine... and gives the hope that steam is rising... No wonder that nations have wor-... shipped visible fire.

Whether the fire be in a Franklin... stove or on a generous hearth, or in a... grate, but one not furnished with the... hideous sham of genteel gas logs;... whether the fire come from the sea-coal... which, with three other things, as Re-... nault says in "Venice Preserved," makes... an Englishman the lasting friend of the... giver, or from pine, oak, birch, apple... driftwood, cedar stumps, maple, peat... let it be only seen and felt, then domes-... tic happiness, courageous resolves, be-... neficent intentions, high poetic thoughts... fill the room and out-vie the genial... flames and brilliant sparks.

These thoughts were suggested by... the following letter:

Eskimo The Editor of The
Herald:
Parties for I learned today
the Season that the fashionable
apartment house in

which I am living is to be con-... verted into a Cold Storage Ware-... house for the preservation of the... furs of our best people and that I... shall be unable to renew my lease. I... am obliged to admit that this designa-... tion is not wholly inappropriate for a... building that is maintained as a rule... at such an uncomfortably low tempera-... ture, but I none the less regret that... I have to leave even a cold nest that... I have fitted myself to so comfortably... in other respects, and I am minded to... celebrate its passing in the company... of a few of my nearest friends in an... appropriate manner.

To this end I have thought of giv-... ing an Eskimo party, as best answer-... ing to the thermometric conditions like-... ly to obtain on the occasion, and at... the same time forecasting in a poetic... spirit the future of the scene of our... revels. The idea will be carried out... practically as follows: Each guest will... be supplied upon his or her arrival... To.

for a small, stuffed, and stuffed with a howl of arrack punch or some other warming beverage. Large igloos imitating snow will be set here and there at convenient points for bridge, and smaller ones large enough for two only for flirtation and similar pursuits. The floor will need no artificial treatment whatever to suggest faithfully the idea of an ice-pack. I have secured second-hand Christmas trees and slightly damaged glass snow enough to take care of the wall decoration, to which a humorous touch will be given by the addition at unexpected points of little figures of Mr. Peary and Dr. Cook. At midnight a light lunch of pemmican and blubber will be served by native Eskimos and washed down with draughts of whale oil.

I shall be honored if you deem the occasion of sufficient interest to send a representative and give the event some of your valuable space.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston, Jan. 5, 1911.

The Herald has received other letters, among them one of interest to women:

An Old-time

The Editor of the

Hobble and
Public Skirt

Verily there is nothing new under the sun!" It

may be interesting to read that even the hobble skirt is not new. When the disagreeable necessity arose for executing Mrs. Surratt for supposed complicity in the murder of President Lincoln, her lower garment was tied around her ankles. The pictures of the day represented her as swinging from the gallows in a black cap covering her head, and a hobble skirt!

It was a gruesome sight, and the poor woman had not even the satisfaction of knowing that she was setting the fashion for the ladies of our more advanced civilization.

TODIN THEOLE.

The hobble skirt, as I am informed, was first worn by Miss Cecile Sorel of the Comedie Francaise. Her real name is Celeste Sorel and she is now in her 37th year. George Merrell's portrait of her is a figure. It has been greatly admired and she herself is reasonably proud of it. She was called upon to play a part in which she was obliged to stand quietly nearly all the time she was on the stage. There is a statue in the Louvre with drapery drawn tight toward the ankles, and the costume of this stone woman suggested to Miss Sorel a dress that would become her own graceful contour. She appeared in it and fashionable women admired and imitated. But the actress told Parisian reporters that this skirt should be worn only when a woman is standing; to wear it in the street is worse than a crime; it is an "artistic outrage."

Dress Reform

In the
Kitchen

The Pall Mall Gazette rejoices in the fact that this skirt has disappeared in London.

"No more shall we have the spectacle of silly women toddling as if they were marking time on hot bricks, or running a three-legged race tied to a ghost."

But will the "harem skirt" invented by the ingenious Mr. Polret of Paris be an improvement? It is nothing more than a revival of the garment designed and worn proudly long ago by Amelia Bloomer and the factory girls in Lowell. "One of Boston's foremost dress experts" disagrees with English women who advocate pyjamas for household work with a kitchen on a convenient peg in case of an unexpected visit. This expert declares that "man's garments do not in reality give him the freedom of movement he believes he enjoys." She has been misinformed, for trousers have been cut loose and comfortable for several years, indeed, those of Mr. Herkimer Johnson flap about his supple legs. Mr. Johnson as an earnest sociologist has paid much attention to dress, although his taste in color and pattern may be criticized by the purist. By the way, a subscriber writes that he has not yet received the first volume of Mr. Johnson's colossal work. It was announced for publication on Dec. 23. Nor has The Herald yet received a copy for review. Is it possible that the printer was obdurate, that the subscriptions were not sufficient to defray expenses? Mr. Johnson has

not been in The Herald office, nor has he written, for some time.

One of Boston's foremost dress experts recommends the Norwegian costume, worn by goat herders in the mountains. But few Bostonians keep goats other than in a hole in the wall side of the street. It is a costume with or without an elevated collar or tending goat does not enter into the matter.

Incongruous
Costumes

Meanwhile in
Paris the costume is different

on the Stage

It is a costume which the stage has made a fashion and which the fashion has made a costume. A London fashion magazine declares that the latest fashions; that the traditional announcement is now made: "The play which we have the honor of presenting to you is by So-and-So, and the dresses by X. and Y." An actress last month changed her dress twice "in an interval of time which represented the beginning and the end of dinner." In Capus' "L'Aventurier" the action is far off in the country and the characters are members of a manufacturer's family, but the women wear the most gorgeous gowns of the latest device, fresh from the Rue de la Paix. An actress, asked her opinion, answered arrogantly: "We do not follow the fashions; we make them."

Incongruous dress is often seen on the operatic stage. Mme. Emma Eames was a conspicuous offender in this respect. Witness her costumes for Santuzza and Slegliade. They were handsome, costly, they were designed by Mr. Story—stress was laid on this fact—but they were generally unsuited to the parts impersonated. On the other hand, her costumes for the countess in "The Marriage of Figaro" were most appropriate, and Mme. Eames was then a resplendent vision of loveliness.

JOAN OF ARC

BY PHILIP MALE.

Now that the Empress of China and Mrs. Eddy are dead, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is beyond doubt and peradventure the most remarkable of women. Her vitality is as amazing as the brilliance of her genius. During her four weeks at the Globe Theatre, New York, an engagement that ended the last night of 1910, she gave 37 performances and appeared in all of them. She produced there a new play, "Judah," and two plays were performed for the first time in the city. The gross receipts of the engagement amounted to \$115,000, and "with a very few exceptions the theatre was filled to its capacity at every performance." The quotation is from the New York Times.

The testimony of the critics of New York is unanimous. Mme. Bernhardt is playing as at the very zenith of her fame—nay, she is not at her zenith. The praise awarded her has not been out of respect to her past. It has been glowing and in some instances respectful. Truly a wonderful woman—and she was born in 1844.

One of the plays to be performed at the Boston Theatre this week is unknown here: "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc." It is the work of Emile Moreau, the author of many dramas, including "Madame Sans-Gêne" and "Dante." He prepared a dramatization of "Quo Vadis." This new drama, based on episodes in the life of Joan of Arc was produced at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, Nov. 2, 1910. Mme. Bernhardt was then supported by De Mox as the Duke of Bedford, Mme. Derval as Catherine de France, Desmet as Warwick, Gillet as Winchester and Maxaudin as Cauchon.

The story is of Joan's martyrdom. The drama is in four acts and the scenes are in Rouen.

In the first act that passes in an old chateau Warwick argues with Bedford over the fate of the maid who in this scene is not on the stage. Bishop Cauchon is ill at ease for some one prophesied to him that whatever should befall Joan in this life would happen to him in the next world. The talk about burning the maid disconcerts him. Bedford, regent of France, represented as a neurotic person, given to rages and quakes, believes that Joan has bewitched him, and hands her over to the church.

In the second act the trial of Joan is conducted in a council hall. Catherine sits on a raised dais with Bedford and Warwick. Opposite is Cauchon in royal purple with mitre and cape of embroidered gold. Along the side the French bishops sit as judges, and behind them are a few English noblemen in striking costumes. "Back of two crafty looking bishops are stained-glass windows, through which daylight shines, turning the purple and scarlet of the French prelates into myriad of colors. Warwick is a coat of mail, and Bedford, with his long iron gray locks, has emaciated body wrapped in furs and brocades." The great part at the door to allow Joan's entrance. She comes in quietly—in a coat of linked mail, a blue velvet surcoat and her hair cut short across her forehead falls to her ears in waves. The text in this scene is taken almost literally from the reports of the trial. An English relate tries to bully her: "Don't think to frighten us, Joan." She answers:

"It would not be the first time I frightened you." The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes that when Joan answered "Nineteen" in

reply to a question as to her age she was beautifully sincere and impulsive," wrote this correspondent, "yet every now and then girlishly artful, keeping all her wits about her, and not to be caught by the traps laid for her," or as Mr. Brisson, the critic of the Temps, said:

"A profound emotion took possession of the audience when, in the person of Sarah Bernhardt, the virgin of Lorraine was seen to appear before her judges, with her soft, firm voice, her energetic and candid face, her warlike and ingenuous words. We had the impression of participating in actual events, as if an accused were before us, answering her inquisitors. Each question of the interrogatory, each response, awoke that thrill which frequenters of court-rooms know so well. We hung upon the lips of Joan, we hated her butchers, we loved the frankness, the loyalty, the fine courage of her answers."

And thus she gives an account of her vision:

Joan—When I was 13 a voice of God came to me. . . . It exhorted me to conduct myself well, to be a good and brave child. The first time I heard this voice, through the fluttering of birds and the chiming of church bells, was in my father's garden, under the apple trees. I was greatly frightened by the voice and the brightness which came with it. I felt as if that were the end of my childhood, as if my life were about to change.

Joan—More and more often, as the years pass by, always through the songs of bells, bells of baptism or of burial, and especially of the Angelus at evening. For a long time I listened to it, terrified by what it demanded of me, but from the day I consented to do it, urging I have never found myself in disconcert, in tribulation, in doubt, but that it counseled me and gave me all I so tenderly.

Ladvenu—What did the voice say to you?

Joan—That I should go to the aid of the King, that I should defend the good king, who present you would have neither lack nor adding. It repeated to me two or three times a week, so often that I could endure it no longer. Then finally, I said in the names of St. Louis and St. Margaret: "God deliver Orleans, so harshly blessed the duk of which has no power to defend, be me a person among the angels." How could I do it? "Joan, I am a good girl." Then I went to Robert de Baudricourt. He tried to laugh at me, to send me back again, because enemies were on the road. But I said: "If they are there, God is there also. He will direct my route."

Cauchon—God?

Joan—And my brothers in Paradise.

Bedford—Is that your answer?

Joan—And my brothers in Paradise.

Bedford—Is that your answer?

Joan—And my brothers in Paradise.

Bedford—Is that your answer?

Joan—And my brothers in Paradise.

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The Kerner Journal of Berlin found the concerto as grand and impressive. "The different movements show an almost classic clearness and are infused with wonderful dramatic vigor. The polyphonic weave is masterly; it never appears obtrusive or pedantic; it is always transparent and natural. The piano takes neither a dominating nor subordinate position. The most wonderful movement is doubtless the Largo which is worthy of Bach." The critic of the Signale wrote in a different spirit. He found the invention short-breathed and the structure dropsical. He wrote disagreeably about the concerto.

A symphonic poem, "Le Menestrier," by Max d'Ollone, for solo violin and orchestra, was produced at Colonne concert, Paris, Dec. 4. It is in three parts. The hero expresses in song the soul of his native country. Tempted by wandering minstrels, he returns after a long absence, but has no longer the same thoughts and sentiments. Homesickness withers his heart. Mr. Enesco played the solo violin, and his Symphonie concertante for cello and orchestra was performed at the same concert. On the same Sunday Van Dyck sang Wagnerian music at a Lamoureux concert. On Dec. 11 Slegfried Wagner conducted at a Lamoureux concert compositions by his father and himself and Liszt's "Orpheus."

Semiramide again appears as a heroine in an Italian opera by Respighi which was successful at Bologna.

Frederick Steinsky, a dramatic author, was arrested recently at Komotau for setting fire to a barn. Taken to Prague he admitted that he did it so as to rectify the stage setting in a drama by him in which an inn is burned.

Yvonne de Treville is making a tour of Roumania, Galicia, Bulgaria. She has had great success throughout Europe in the years since she left America.

Gabriel Faure with the Capet Quartet has been giving concerts in Russia and Finland.

A concert of Siberian convict songs has been given in Berlin. They were collected by Wilhelm Hartewald, a Swedish composer who has lived a long time in Russia. Some of the songs are accompanied by the balalaika, others by the clanking of chains. In Berlin there was an orchestra and the police would not allow chains in "The March of the Chained."

"Norma" has been revived by Felix Mottl "with triumphant success" at Munich.

A woman at a vaudeville hall in Manchester, Eng., has been delighting audiences by songs in English, French and Italian, sung with "a delicious voice"; but her face is hid with a half mask of black velvet, that her identity might not be known. Such self-effacement is rarely found among singers. Perhaps she has only one eye.

In the new scene of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," "The Palace of Happiness," performed for the first time at the Haymarket, London, Dec. 19, the children with the Dog, the Cat, Bread and Sugar are introduced by Light into a hall where the Luxuries are guzzling and belustering. Light prevents the children from mixing with the riotous gang, but their companions fall victims. The hall empties and is filled with hideous screechers, the Luxuries stripped of their fine clothes and on their way to join the Miseries forever. They, too, leave, and the Happineses enter—Good Health, Spring, Winter, Fire and others, and after them enter the Great Joys. "On the bliss of the children at finding that Maternal Love is their own mother, whom they have left behind in the wood cutter's cottage, and on the delight of the Joys, minor and major, at meeting Light for the first time, the curtain falls." "It is all very pretty, very familiar, very true," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "and a little beyond the interests of children, but it is presented with the utmost delicacy and beauty." "The Blue Bird" has been produced in St. Petersburg with music by Ilia Satz and with great success.

The London Times, reviewing Mr. Sapellnikoff's performance of Liszt's concerto in E flat, made this illuminative criticism: "Probably what makes the concerto in E flat so popular is the fact that the composer lets himself go so freely; he wallows in the sentiment of his theme at one moment, hezes it out boldly and bombastically the next, or again loads it with a profusion of ornament. He is not at all afraid of being called cheap or vulgar, and there is something almost heroic in his confidence."

Mrs. Langtry has made her debut on the English variety stage in a little play, "The Right Sort," which is practically the third act of Sydney Grundy's comedy, "The Degenerates," provided with a new curtain. She will be at the London Hippodrome next month.

Mme. Clara Butt, who has been taking a rest cure in Germany, reappeared in London Jan. 2 in "The Messiah."

Miss Alys Lorraine, prima donna at The Hague Opera House, gave a recital in London of songs by royal composers. This month she will give a Kipling recital. Among the 23 songs on her

Max Regers' new piano concerto in E minor, op. 114, has been played at a Wandhous concert, Leipzig. Mrs. Fritz Kwast-Hodapp was the pianist.

W. Shaw, who was so intensely bored by the repetition of lectures that he swore to have his revenge. His hour came on Tuesday. I am going to enjoy myself, you are not. But the audience did, although as Mr. Shaw proceeded his listeners had to take his assertions with large pinches of the proverbial salt.

"There was more than a grain of truth, however, in some of Mr. Shaw's statements, particularly with regard to how certain effects, now common, sounded to people 30 or 40 years ago. Also the difference in the methods of interpretation at that period compared with our own. Here is a fruitful theme for speculation, and herein may be found excuses for the adverse verdict of critics when listening to effects they had never heard before, rendered by players to whom they were equally strange. As a matter of fact, it is not necessary to go back very far in one's own life to remember how different an impression certain works made on us compared with what they do now. The saying that music is a language is particularly true in this. To a far greater degree than is imagined the ear has to become accustomed to and familiar with certain sounds and harmonic progressions for those sounds and progressions to stir the imagination and thus become possessed with significance.

"Regarded from this point of view, one can understand the once prevalent misapprehension of Wagner's music. He provided a series of surprises and shocks to the musical world that agitated its foundations. Mr. Shaw said he once heard a performance of the bridal music in 'Lohengrin,' in which 'the orchestra blared and the singers screeched.' Some Refereaders may also have had this experience. I have. I am not sure that Mr. Shaw was entirely truthful in his description of the respective musical talents of his parents. According to Mr. Shaw, his father had no musical knowledge, but he played by ear various instruments, and in particular favored the trombone, on which he was content to 'vamp' an accompaniment whenever permitted by his household. His mother preferred Mozart and Beethoven and glee singing, the consequence was 'two people united in matrimony who excluded each other musically.' Mr. Shaw took his respective parents as representatives of the two classes forming the British nation. He spoke of: 'A series of concerts devoted to orchestral music attracted a cultured audience, but if Mme. Clara Butt or some other famous singer were engaged a new element was immediately introduced.'

"The element thus referred to is, of course, produced by people who are chiefly attracted by the emotional side of the art, but who, by hearing the best works, gradually are led to perceive the importance and attraction of its intellectual factors. Mr. Shaw was right, therefore, when he pleaded for larger concert halls all over the country to enable the best music to be given at low prices. I was also entirely in sympathy with Mr. Shaw when he claimed that all the profits of festivals should be devoted to the progress of music—but this is an old story. While disclaiming any wish to suggest that Mr. James Glover, of Drury Lane fame, was a better musician than Sir Charles Stanford, he claimed for the former that his work was of a practical kind for which there was a large market. This brought Mr. Glover to his feet in the subsequent discussion, and in his reference to his habit of appropriating melodies from the great masters for his pantomime music he admitted the audience into a secret. In the forthcoming Drury Lane pantomime music there is to be one particular permeating theme. Mr. Glover has taken it from an orchestral work by Tschalkowsky. 'It will occur 47 times,' said Mr. Glover. This seems to me to be a doubtful compliment to Tschalkowsky."

MRS. RICHARDSON'S DEBUT.

The Herald at the time noted the successful debut of Mrs. Richardson of Boston at the Gaite Lyrique, Paris, Dec. 17, as Leonora in "Trovatore." Foreign journals received corroborate the report of her triumph. Comedie (Paris) of the 18th published the following article: "Mme. Richardson made yesterday a very successful debut, one that honored highly the Messrs. Isola and Mr. Labis, her distinguished teacher. She is a wholly remarkable dramatic soprano. She has a beautiful presence, and is endowed with a warm and brilliant voice of liberal compass. She sings marvellously well and can be ranked at once among our best singers. There was applause without end after each act, which makes us hope that the experienced managers of the Gaite Lyrique will soon give us the opportunity of applauding Mme. Richardson again."

The London Daily Mail of the 19th said: "Rarely is a foreign singer accorded such a reception as that which greeted Mrs. Richardson on her debut at the Gaite Lyrique, Paris, on Saturday night. . . . She is a dramatic soprano of extraordinary quality, and has been well trained. Her voice is excellently placed and has a wide range.

are of particular sweetness and quality, and are used with finished art. It is easy to predict for Mrs. Richardson a great future. She has beauty, too, and a fine presence, which should make her success still more pronounced."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, 8 P. M.—West Roxbury high school, Municipal Chamber concert by Mrs. Olive Hilton, violinist; Mrs. Anna Huntling, cellist, and Miss Mary H. Sheely, pianist, assisted by Miss Abbie M. Conley, mezzo-soprano. Jadaasohn, Trio, op. 16, songs: Schubert, "Hark, Hark, the Lark"; Rubinstein, "The Asra"; Grieg, "I Love Thee"; piano solo, Schubert-Liszt, "The Erl King"; Beethoven, theme and variations from "Fio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3; cello solo, Davidoff, "Bagatelle"; Mario, "Serenade Badino, theme, Andante Religioso; songs: Godard, "Florin's song; Jensen, "O Lay Thy Cheek"; Rubinstein, finale from Trio, B-flat major, op. 52.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Alessandro Bonci's song recital. See special notice.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third Kneisel quartet concert. Rubin Goldmark, piano quartet (first time in Boston); Caetani, two movements from quartet in F-minor, op. 12; Beethoven, quartet in E-major, op. 59, No. 1. Charles Anthony will be the pianist. Rubin Goldmark, a nephew of Carl Goldmark, has lived in New York and Denver. His orchestral "Hawatha" has been played here at Symphony concerts, and chamber music by him has been played here.

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert, William Howard, conductor. Mascagni, Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Kohler, Scherzo, "The Mice and the Trap"; Beethoven, Andante from Symphony No. 5; Sinding, "Rustle of Spring"; Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano, will sing the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and Meyer-Helmund's "Magic Song." Jacques Benavente will play Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," arranged for saxophone. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Ford Hall, 8 P. M.—Municipal chamber concert by Mrs. Olive Hilton, violinist; Mrs. Anna Huntling, cellist, and Mrs. Cora Brooks, pianist, assisted by Clarence H. Wilson, baritone. Rubinstein, Moderato from Trio in B-flat major; Songs, Ware, "Boatling Song"; Parks, "Memory"; Squire, "The Old Black Mare"; piano solo, Chopin, Fantasia Impromptu; Arensky, Elegy and Scherzo from Trio in D minor; violin solos, D'Ambrosio, capriccio; Crel, Berceuse; Papini, "Fou-Follet"; songs, Strelszki, "Dreams"; Shield, "Friar of Orders Gray"; Wilson, "Pretty Creatures"; Allegro Moderato from Chamade's Trio in A minor.

THURSDAY—Bishop Cheverus school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Bohm, Petit Valse; Wagner, Introduction and Prayer from "Rienzi"; Massenet, March from "Scenes Pittoresques"; Miss Jean C. Mulachy, soprano, will sing Siebel's "Flower Song" from Gounod's "Faust" and Massenet's "Open Thy Blue Eyes." Mr. Howard will play Hubay's violin solo "Hejre Katl." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Franklin Union, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Saint-Saens, Prelude to "The Deluge"; Mozart, first movement from symphony in G minor; Sinding, "Rustle of Spring." Mrs. John D. O'Connor, soprano, will sing "O My Fernando" from "La Favorita," and Faure's "Sancta Maria." Frank H. Eaton will play Demersseman's Grand Fantasia for flute. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

The concert at the West Roxbury high school will be on Jan. 24, and not on Jan. 20 as has been announced.

PAVLOWA AND MORDKIN.

Performance of "Giselle" and Various Dances Next Tuesday Night.

Miss Anna Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin, with the Imperial Russian ballet and orchestra, will give a performance at the Boston Opera House next Tuesday evening. Theodore Stier will conduct.

The program will include a repetition of Adolphe Adam's charming ballet, "Giselle," in two acts, with Mmes. Pavlova, Pajitzkala, Brown and Schmolz and Messrs. Mordkin, West, Morosoff and Barboe and the following dances (part II):

Polish dances.....Glinka and Glazounow
Miss Bronislawa Pajitzkala, first solo dancer, and nine others.

Pas de Deux (Spanish).....Drigo
(a) Adagio.
(b) Variations.

(c) Variations.....Miss Pavlova.
(d) Coda.

Gipsy dances.....Dargomizski
Mmes. Kuhn, Bewickowa and Messrs. Trojanowski and Morosoff.

Russian dances.....Tschalkowsky
Miss Pajitzkala.

Variations.....Tschalkowsky
Miss Mordkin.

Rhapsodie, Hongroise (II).....Liszt
Miss Pajitzkala and others.

Bacchanale.....Glazounoff
Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mikail Mordkin and the entire corps de ballet.

It will be seen that this program will fully display the art not only of the famous leading dancers, but of the whole ballet. Miss Pajitzkala is a graduate of the Mariansky Institute, Russia's great academy of choreography. She has been for several years the chief dancer at the Imperial Opera House of Moscow, and has appeared in Berlin, Paris and London. Mr. Mordkin is 28 years old. He entered the Mariansky Academy when he was 8 and was graduated at 18. During his training he spent 1½ hours every day doing bar exercises in order to train his muscles. For more than 10 hours each day he studied music, literature, art, history, geography, mathematics and any number of other academic subjects. And on top of all this study he was compelled to do research work in order to get a proper grasp of the spirit of dances of

War, one of the character dancers was born in Russia of English parentage. His father, ballet master at Drury Lane, was appointed a teacher at Mariansky Institute, where the son was trained. Mr. Stier, the excellent conductor, was graduated from the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and in that city conducted the Mozart orchestra and choral societies. Afterward he conducted at the Hamburg Opera House and then organized the Bechstein Hall Symphony in London, with which he is still connected.

Jan 9, 1911

Cyrano de Bergerac, by reason of Rostand's play, is as familiar to thousands of Americans as any public man now caricatured in the daily press. His nose, his duels, his romantic flights in wooing are as a twice-told tale, but air men should be reminded that over 250 years ago he devised a plan to go to the moon by means of "filling a hollow and very thin globe with a most subtle air or by a sort of smoke that weighs less than the atmosphere."

Charles Samaran has "discovered" the place where Cyrano died, and the important news is cabled to this country. There is an old story, to which the cablegram does not refer, that Cyrano died a madman. The story is told in "Menagiana." This madness was first shown publicly when Cyrano went abroad at mid-day in knee breeches and night cap and without doublet; and failing to his last sickness he died at the house of Duc d'Arpajon. The editor of "Menagiana" says the tale is false; that the duke abandoned him in his distress, but that Regnaud des Bois-clairs kept him at his house for 14 months, then Cyrano was taken to the country and died at his cousin's home.

Theophile Gautier in a delightful article about Cyrano—the sixth article in his "Les Grotesques"—says that the Duc d'Arpajon abandoned Cyrano, who had dedicated his works to him; but as the poet was going into the duke's house one night a piece of wood thrown inadvertently hit him on the head. This accident brought his death. He went into the country to die at his cousin's, whose company and conversation were agreeable to him, and thought that the change of air would do him good. "This longing for a change precedes death and is a certain symptom among the majority of the sick." It will be remembered that Rostand makes his hero die in the Convent of Charonne, where his sister was the prioress.

In his "Voyage a la Lune," Cyrano advanced the theory that everyone should have a huge nose and the snub-nosed should be put out of the way. If the nose is a trifling immaterial affair, the owner can have no wit, valor, passion, worth; the nose is the dwelling place of the soul; it distinguishes man from the brute.

Jan 10, 1911

BERNHARDT OPENS WITH "L'AIGLON"

By PHILIP HALE.
BOSTON THEATRE — Rostand's "L'Aiglon." Mme. Bernhardt and her company.

Le Duc de Reichstadt.....Mme. Bernhardt
Flambeau.....M. Decœur
Metternich.....M. Maxudian
Prokesh.....M. Denenbourg
Gen. Hartmann.....M. Lou Tellegen
Dietrichstein.....M. Piron
L'Empereur.....M. Favieres
Sedinsky.....M. Laurent
Gentz.....M. Coutler
Tiburce.....M. Coquelle
Le Tailleur.....M. Dieck
Le Docteur.....M. Ruben
Fanny Elssler.....Mme. Seylor
Marie Louise.....Mme. Mac
Therese.....Mme. Duc
Cecile Camerata.....Mme. Mac Lean
L'Archiduchesse.....Mme. Desroches
Dame d'Honneur.....Mme. Thomas
Lady Cowley.....Mme. Romain

It is easy to see how Rostand's "L'Aiglon" appeals to French lovers of resounding and brilliant verse and to those under the spell of the Napoleonic legend. Rostand followed the legends. The Duke of Reichstadt never conspired with French emissaries or attempted to an attempt to dethrone the King of France. Metternich never threw Fanny Elssler at the Duke; indeed, Fanny never knew the Duke, never spoke to him, although the elder Dumas in his novel "Les Mohicans de Paris" introduced her as Rosa Engel in love with Napoleon's son and plotting to give him liberty.

The Bonapartists believed the legend, and in 1834, when Fanny went to Paris, formed a manifestation in her honor. There was an attempt at Vienna to interest an actress, Mme. Peché, in the Duke, but she declined the honor.

As a matter of fact the Duke was a weak and feeble creature. He was the son of his mother, not of his father. Physically and mentally he resembled her, and as many of his antecedents and relations on the maternal side, he was

was produced here as a symphony. It is Mr. C. A. Ke. January, 1911. Mr. C. A. Ke's quartet is amiable and cheerful. The most noteworthy movements are the first and second. The themes of the first are fresh and buoyant, perhaps not sufficiently contrasted, yet each has its own profile. There is fancy displayed in the development, but this movement leaves the singular impression that the parts for strings and the piano part were thought out separately and then artfully joined together, and this may also be said of the movements that follow.

There is not the authority of an orchestra structure. The second movement, Adagio, has both mood and melody. Again, this is the invention of the composer is not conspicuous. It might also be said that the instrumentation of the quartet is not always fortunate. There are moments when the strings in connection with the piano sound thin and give the feeling of remoteness. Mr. Anthony played the piano part fluently in the first movement he seemed to overlook his associates, but the composer may here have been somewhat at fault.

The first of the movements by Caetani is a "tone picture," to borrow a German phrase. The music, as much of Scambati's in serious mood, might well have been suggested by plain song, by services in a basilica. The solemn, melancholy mood is well sustained and is impressive. The following presto does not rise to the level of its fellow-movement, and shows labor rather than inspiration. I have yet to hear music by Caetani that gives proof of decided or original melodic invention.

The performance of the Knelsels was excellent, and an audience that should have been larger was enthusiastic. The fourth and last concert will be Feb. 21.

MR. BONCI'S RECITAL.

Eminent Operatic Tenor Sings in Concert in Symphony Hall.

Alessandro Bonci, the eminent tenor gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Herald Osborn Smith was accompanist. The program was made up of the following arias and songs:

"Sage Amate" ("Paris and Helen") Gluck. "Caro mio ben," Giordani. "On Wing of Music," Mendelssohn. "Who is Sylvia?" Hark! Hark! The Lark! Schubert. "Una Furtiva Lagrime" ("L'Elisir d'Amore") Donizetti. "Vieille Chanson," Bizet. "Romance," Debussy. "Embarquez-vous," Godard. "Che Gelida Manina" ("La Boheme") Puccini. "Long Ago," A. M. Sings "Light," MacDowell. "Madrinata," Leoncavallo.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Le Proces de Jeanne d'Arc," by Emile Moreau. Presented by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and this cast:

Jeanne d'Arc.....Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
Warwick.....M. Decœur
auchon.....M. Maxudian
Beaumont.....M. Denenbourg
Defontaine.....M. Lou Tellegen
Jean Moreau.....M. Piron
D'Estivel.....M. Canroy
Winchester.....M. Bary
Le Maître.....M. Durozat
Loyseleur.....M. Favieres
Reappeure.....M. Laurent
La Reine.....Mme. MacLean
Henri VI.....M. Petite Bacon

M. Emile Moreau collaborated several times with Victorien Sardou, notably in "Madame Sans Gene" and in "Cleopatra." As a result possibly and also by reason of the extreme popularity of Sardou when Moreau first began to write for the stage, he underwent the influence of the great dramatic technician. Subjectively, he is keen in his perception of dramatic possibilities; in execution, he advances with rigid technique.

But, whereas in the case of Sardou, if one abstract theatricality and technique, there is very little left. In the case of Moreau, there are found in the residue sincerity of thought and sobriety of characterization. And this discovery is sufficient to disprove the claim that the historical dramatist must necessarily reach above the average trend of character development. This is the claim of the hero-worshipper.

In Moreau's treatment of the historical heroine one finds no exaggerated glorification. The remainder of the characters, on the other hand, are not regarded as extreme types of unwarranted passion, such as the fabled conceptions represent Bedford, Warwick and Winchester. They speak with human inconsistency, and always there is a motive for their acts.

The incidents in the drama are based on apparently accurate episodes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc. Indeed, they have every appearance of possessing historical truth. This is especially noticeable in the interrogatory scene of the second act. It is in this scene that Moreau betrays most his powers of conviction by the mere array of facts. The situation is held with telling effect; question and answer, invective and retort follow in rapid succession. This act is not burdened with a lyricism that would destroy its realistic effect. Indeed, the

characters are given the same opportunity of the simplicity and ardent frankness of the central figure against a background of ignominy in the other personages.

The character of Bedford serves also to offset the sordidness and dark superstition that prevails throughout. In addition it allows the dramatist an opportunity for the introduction of a slightly pathological and romantic element.

The play is well suited to purposes of the stage, and there need be no limitation to the claim that Mme. Bernhardt's impersonation was remarkable in every respect. No discrimination should be allowed between this and her numerous past successes in judging of her excellence. Absolutely, in depth of emotion—"foyer," as the French call it—in intensity of expression, in delicacy of shadings, in matters of outward technique, gesture, action, even in voice, she is the same perfect artiste, the apollonian for whose incomparable art shook the theatre of two continents for the whole half of a century.

Whatever effects of such indefatigable exertions may appear in some of her other impersonations—and that is an infrequent occurrence—her "Jeanne d'Arc" is a masterful presentation of a character that demands more vitalization, more display of emotion, than her roles in "L'Aiglon," "Camille" and "La Sorciere," even. From her very entrance in the second act, when she first appears, to the end of the third act, her energy is taxed to the utmost.

Nor does the part require a display of consistent emotions. At first it is the expression of ardent youth flaunting its innocence in the face of prejudiced superstition. Then comes the agonizing fear of death warring against a strong conviction of right; the awful dread of physical torment shaking the deep foundations of a strong faith. Throughout the play the great artist never wavered, despite the exhaustive requirements of her impersonation. Truly she has found the philosopher's stone.

M. Decœur, who plays Flambeau in "L'Aiglon," was the Warwick of the evening, and although the part is a relatively short one, his presentation was characteristically virile. M. Lou Tellegen played Bedford, the part created by M. de Max. M. Tellegen is seemingly not a Parisian, if one is to judge by his accent alone. But if Paris is the Mecca for conscientious and capable actors, he must be a native, for his rendition of a most exacting part was admirable. The play was sumptuously mounted.

PEOPLE IN TOWN.

"The true history of Mme. Bernhardt," said a well known dramatic critic the other day, "is a strange one, almost incredible; the legends would fill volumes. One of the most ingenious of the fantastical tales was first published in 1906. It is to the effect that the actress was born Sarah King, a daughter of John King of Rochester, Ia., and started on the stage as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at Muscatine. The story was told by an alleged sister; it begins, 'My mother died in 1851, in Rochester, Ia. She called us around the bedside and bade us good-by and asked me to take care of Sarah.'

"According to this tale Sarah married a man by the name of Bernhardt, hence the name by which she is now known. One of the most touching episodes in this legend is the description of Sarah returning to Rochester for the purpose of decorating the graves of her parents." He goes on to say: "The 'Dictionary of Laureates' published by the Paris Conservatory gives the age of Mme. Bernhardt as follows: 'Bernhardt (Rosine, called Sarah), born at Paris, Oct. 22, 1844.' Mme. Bernhardt has never attempted to conceal her age. She glories in it. She celebrates her birthdays."

He also says: "She took a second prize in tragedy at the Conservatory in 1861; a second prize in comedy in 1862, and in the same year she made her debut at the Comedie Francaise."

CONVERSE'S OPERA AGAIN.

Same Care Marks Performance of English Piece at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Pipe of Desire," book by G. E. Barton, music by F. S. Converse. Mr. Goodrich conducted. Cast:

Tolan.....Riccardo Martin
Maola.....Fely Deryne
The Old One.....Ramon Blanchard
First Sylph.....Bernice Fisher
First Undine.....Jessica Swartz
First Salamander.....C. Strosser
First Gnome.....Rodolfo Fornari

A second performance saw the bestowal of the same care in detail which marked the performance of last Friday. There is much that is pleasing in the skillfully arranged dances, the varied play of lights and in the

that give the theme color to this portion of the opera.

Unfortunately, to be permissible in art, symbolism must be self-explanatory or else garbed in a form of itself so striking and impressive, as in a sculpture by Rodin or a painting by Watts, that it carries some definite message of beauty or meaning. Opera as a form is distinctly not the vehicle for the expression of philosophy or a system of ethics. Such phrases as "I wonder at the laws I have to keep," or "In myself I failed," certainly have no excuse for being in an opera. Such subjects commonly stand sponsor for the duller portions of symphonic works with a program. It is not surprising, then, that this libretto failed to serve as a basis of inspiration which could call forth music either transcendently dramatic or lyric.

Without question the orchestral writing in this work surpasses the vocal writing in interest and skill. As a result the singers have too frequently insufficient scope to show their abilities. All who participated in last night's performance acquitted themselves most creditably.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" preceded "The Pipe of Desire." Cast:

Santuzza.....Janka Czaplinska
Lola.....Anna Roberti
Mama Lucia.....Robert Lassalle
Turiddu.....Giovanni Polese
Alfo.....

This was a performance of much merit. The music of Alfio is better suited to the ability of Mr. Polese than the other parts in which he has been seen here this season. In every way his Alfio is finely done. Mme. Gay as Santuzza is convincing and powerful, and vocally she was at her best last night. Mr. Lassalle is hardly equipped to bring out fully the music given to Turiddu either when it is appealing and sustained as in his opening song or quick and light as in the first of the drinking song. Nevertheless he is a pleasing Turiddu. Mr. Moranzoni conducted capably and the chorus was responsive and well managed.

The opera on Friday will be Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mme. Lipkowska, Mr. Constantino and Mr. Baklanoff.

MME. BERNHARDT AS "LA TOSCA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—Sardou's "La Tosca" performed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris.

Mme. Bernhardt
Flora Tosca.....M. Maxudian
Scarpia.....M. Denenbourg
Mario Cavaradossi.....M. Decœur
Angelotti.....M. Lou Tellegen
Spoletta.....M. Piron
Sclarrone.....M. Canroy
Eusebe.....M. Bary
Trivulce.....M. Durozat
Attavanti.....M. Laurent
De Trevilhan.....M. Favieres
Paisiello.....M. Coutier
Prince D'Aragon.....M. Coquelet
Capreola.....M. Pierrat
Le Sergeant.....M. Dieck
Cecco.....Mme. Seylor
Gennarino.....Mme. Boulanger
Princessa Ortolia.....Mme. Desroches
La Reina.....

Mme. Bernhardt, after playing the Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon" in the afternoon, gave a brilliant performance of the heroine of Sardou's grisly melodrama, one of the series of shockers that he carpentered for her, plays that are merely theatrical and deliberately contrived to give the bourgeois goose-flesh. Puccini's "Tosca" has been seen here so frequently of late years that it interested many to mark the difference in the arrangement of the plot and in the presentation of the characters.

In the opera the Sacristan is a comic person, superstitious, cowardly, cringing in the presence of Scarpia. In the play he is an everyday Sacristan, sly, not without humor, but self-respecting, and when Scarpia questions him, he stands straight and answers him like a man.

In the opera Angelotti quivers and shakes with fear and shows hysteria. It is impossible to recognize him as a member of an important family. In the play he is a person of distinction. He is not unduly restless. He is not at all melodramatic.

In the opera the assistants of Scarpia tremble if he looks at them. They are gesticulating, apologetic, fawning creatures. In the play they are rather reserved. They are trusted and in a way respected by their master.

And it is only in operatic performances that Scarpia enters the church as though the saints themselves should leave niches and pictures to pay him reverence. The operatic Scarpia, who bullies and blusters, is not so dramatic as the suave inquisitor of the play who unmarks himself only when he is alone with Flora.

These differences are here noted for this reason: after seeing many performances of the opera, a spectator of Sardou's drama might find the carefully planned horrors tame, even when Mme. Bernhardt plays the part of the heroine. He might say to himself: "This Flora

in the chair is a woman who I know a hundred times over. This Scarpia does not do anything. He merely asks a few questions, as any curious person." Nor would he find excitement in the second act. When will the horrors begin! He is looking forward to Tosca's celebrated aria, which the Baron Scarpia, in a highly excited mood, is too much of a gentleman to interrupt, although it delays the accomplishment of his full purpose.

Mme. Bernhardt played the first act with delightful lightness and ease. She was the petted, frivolous singer, with love for Mario deep down in her heart. Her second act was in the same vein, but at the end the true character of the woman came to the surface. The great tragedian, however, was first revealed when Mario asked her how she came by the fan. Then she saw as from a tower the end of all. Then did she realize her folly and Scarpia's implacable pursuit. In the torture scene and in Scarpia's room she rose to a great height as in the bygone years. The torture scene is vile and inexcusable in its reliance on physical suffering to stir an audience. It is neither art nor good drama; but it gives the actress the opportunity of showing mastery in the expression of fear and anguish.

In the scene where Scarpia, as wretches in history have tempted devoted women, tempts Flora, her facial play, her gestures, the intonations of her voice were inimitable. Would that applauded operatic singers might sit at Mme. Bernhardt's feet and learn how Tosca should be acted! They might then be persuaded that extravagance is not emotion, that gestures are not necessarily eloquent, that one expression of Mme. Bernhardt's face, one little movement of her arm or hand is of more dramatic value than a half-hour of arms stretched in Y's and X's, than an hour of bodily writhings and contortions.

The support, as usual, was excellent. Mr. Denenbourg was a manly Mario and Mr. Decœur played Angelotti as a Roman patriot, not as a sneak thief escaped from jail. Scarpia's assistants were quietly effective. And how about the Bar on Scarpia? Mr. Maxudian presented him as a creature of flesh and blood, not as a nursery bugaboo. The impersonation became more and more impressive. There was refined cruelty in his treatment of Flora during the torture of her lover, nor was the scene in Scarpia's chamber only one of rank animalism. Scarpia's answer to Flora's threat of suicide and his order concerning the execution of Mario were features of a carefully conceived, intelligent and forcible performance.

The galleries were well filled, but there were many vacant seats in the orchestra. The audience was warmly appreciative and there were many curtain calls. Yet there were a few who laughed at one of the finest strokes in Mme. Bernhardt's performance; when, cleansing her hand of blood, she threw water indifferently on Scarpia's corpse. Perhaps the laughter came from nervousness, or perhaps Scarpia was regarded by some as a comic character whose little joke was carried too far. Audiences in these days, when farce and musical comedy reign supreme, expect to laugh, and they are unwilling to be disappointed.

The play tonight will be "Sapho" by Daudet and Belot.

Drama Spoken and Sung.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, talking in her confiding way to a reporter, admitted that she could be a popular actress: "Today I could play at practically any Broadway theatre and have my name in letters several feet high blazoned in front of the door. But I don't want to."

Of this the expert critic, however, tells: "Miss Farrar is under the impression that because she acts with force and charm in opera, she would therefore display the same qualities in drama without music. A greater than she had the same delusion. He made the attempt in Paris, failed dismally, then wrote a letter to the press in which he admitted his failure and inquired curiously into the reasons. It was in the spring of 1901 that Victor Maurel attempted to act a 'straight part.' The leading woman was Charlotte Wishe, whose pantomime has been admired in Boston. One of the Parisian critics wrote: 'Of Mr. Maurel I can only say that he looked like a fish out of water, playing heavily, and exaggerating the points of an essentially indifferent part in a pretentious manner.' In his letter Mr. Maurel promised not to prolong his experiment, and said that as he had been able to observe the difference between the art of the comedian and that of the singing actor he would embody his impressions in a book on vocal art."

Gemma Bellincioni, one of the greatest dramatic sopranos of the past 50 years, thrilled thousands as Violetta in "La Traviata." She once attempted to play Camille in Dumas's drama. She was not then so emotional; she was not wholly at ease; her stage business seemed crude; in a word, her performance was almost lifeless, dull. Take the case of a less distinguished, yet an excellent operatic singer, David Bisham. Effective in opera, he once appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre as Beethoven in the sentimental drama "Adelaide"; and he acted as an amateur.

There is a certain pathos in the first scene. Daudet began her career as an opera singer. Mme. Guérabé; losing her voice, she turned to the theatre, but she was never a singer of uncommon distinction.

"It would seem that the more conspicuous a singer is for dramatic talent, the less interesting he or she will be in drama without music. Take away the song, the orchestral roar or embellishment, even the peculiar odor of the opera house, and the singer is a poor, halting, conventional creature. In opera the effects, while they are instantaneous and striking, are comparatively few. In the drama the actor must be constantly interesting. In the opera speech is glorified by the music. In the drama the closest attention must be paid to the meaning of common words and rhetorical expression."

Jan 14, 1911

MME. BERNHARDT SEEN IN "SAPHO"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—"Sapho," by Daudet and Belot, played by Mme. Bernhardt and her company from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris.

Fanny Legrand.....Mme. Bernhardt
Jean Gaussin.....M. Lou Tellegen
Cesaire.....M. De Coeur
De heide.....M. Maxudian
Daudet.....M. Denenbourg
Do Polier.....M. Favieres
La Boudiere.....M. Lou Tellegen
M. Hottoma.....M. Durozat
Dyonne.....M. Canroy
Irene Vitalis.....Mme. Desroches
Mme. Hottoma.....Mme. Duc
Rosaire.....Mme. Boulanger
Rosario San.....Mme. Thomas
Alma Dore.....Mme. Petit
Le Petit Joseph.....Mme. Marguerite Baron
Francine.....Mme. Seylor

A few days after his "Sapho" was produced at the Gymnase, Paris, in 1885, with Jane Hading and Damala in the two leading parts, Daudet, moralizing on the cool reception, told this story: A woman in mourning got into an omnibus and her sad face and bearing led her neighbor to ask the cause of her woes. She thereupon described the death of her two children so that the passengers were deeply moved and the conductor blew his nose loudly to conceal his emotion. But the account of the death of the third excited less interest, and when she described how the fourth was eaten on the banks of the Nile by a crocodile the severest shock of all—everybody laughed. And Daudet added that this story should be borne in mind by a playwright setting himself at work.

"Sapho" is a study of a peculiar phase of life rather than a play. What continuity is in the drama is one of an idea, not of a action. The story is that of Desgrieux and Manon over again, but Manon in spite of all her treachery is a sympathetic figure and excites pity. Fanny Legrand is in no way sympathetic. An old blunt biblical word describes her accurately. She has a passing fancy for Jean. Much older than he, she holds him in her net. The relationship is what the French call a "collage." We see Jean in the first act, studiously inclined, yielding at once to the enchantress. As soon as he knows her past life he despises her and himself, but he cannot escape. Even when he realizes that existence with her would be a daily squabble, an interchange of abuse, and knows that he is loved by Irene Vitalis, he goes back to Fanny, and it is she that ends it all. She has seen Fanny, the ex-convict, the father of her child, and she leaves Jean, for, as she writes, she has need of being loved in her turn, and Fanny, who had ruined himself for her, lives her.

There is a monotony of foreboding in the play, and the tone is sentimentally sombre. Daudet said that in "Sapho" men would find a bit of their own life, but women would never care for the play, and he quoted a woman's speech to her husband moved by De helette's account of the suicide of his mistress. "I do not understand your sympathy for that gutter-snipe."

"Sapho" is interesting chiefly as a study of the mental degradation that comes through the alliance of Jean and Fanny. The play is only a study of episodes. There are familiar figures: Jean's honest and affectionate relatives in the country; Irene, the Michaela to Fanny's barmie; the men of the artistic world, with their peculiar views as to the relation of the sexes. In a way, the drama has a moral force, unless the heroine be made so seductive in her wooing that the spectator forgets her inherent baseness and sympathizes with Jean. English-speaking men will always look on Jean with a certain contempt, because he is hysterical, given to sobbing, an impractical fellow who does not diminish the light of love with his hand and save done with her (for she was). Yet they must confess that she was a better true to life.

Mme. Bernhardt showed the accomplished comedian. She revealed the shrew in Fanny, the incorrigible mendacity and treachery, her pride in not letting her victim get away from her. Her seduction scene in the first act, the denunciation of the Parisians who had described her past to Jean, and the quarrel in the third act were perhaps the features of a performance that on the whole fell below the others of the week. Nor as Fanny was she so successful in creating an illusion of comparative youth and irresistible fascination.

Mr. Tellegen, who by the way played Armand in Dumas's play and admirably though the name of Mr. Bary was on the bill, was excellent as Jean. He had at first the boyish look and bearing. He changed physically and mentally as his liaison progressed. In the scenes of quarrel and recrimination he played with nervous force, and as a Frenchman would insist, without exaggeration. Mme. Duc was a charming Irene, an ingenue without affectation. The make-up of Fanny's father was delightfully realistic; Cesaire and Dyonne were a wholesome couple; but the strongest feature of the whole performance was Mr. Maxudian's account of the way in which his discarded mistress met her death. This was narrated with the simplicity and the calm intensity of a true artist.

"Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc" will be performed this afternoon, and Sardou's "La Sorcière" this evening.

BAKLANOFF AS RIGOLETTO.

Large Audience Welcomes His Reappearance at Boston Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Goodrich conducted. G. da.....Mme. Lipkowska
Maddalena.....Miss Leveroni
The Countess Ceprano.....Mme. Savage
Civanna.....Miss Fisher
R. Duce.....Mr. Constantino
Rigoletto.....Mr. Baklanoff
Sparafucile.....Mr. Mardones
Count Monterono.....Mr. Perini

Mr. Baklanoff is a favorite with the Boston public, and a large audience welcomed his reappearance last evening. There was long and continued applause at his entrance, which persisted at intervals throughout the performance, and this, with many recalls, was deservedly shared by his associates in the cast. Although perhaps not in best of voice he sang admirably, with his accustomed aesthetic skill and variety of emotional nuance. Dramatically, his impersonation was excellent. He realizes the futility of many gestures. Those that he makes are momentous and his facial play is ever significant.

Mr. Constantino as the libertine duke was heard to the best advantage. He sang with beauty of tone and without exaggeration. His acting was spirited and he seemed at home in the ducal palace.

Mme. Lipkowska sang delightfully, with constant correctness of intonation. The florid passages were singularly clear and charmingly phrased. She possesses the rare faculty of raising a conventional part to one of emotional interest, and her acting was as usual realistic and full of import.

The performance was one of general excellence.

The opera this afternoon will be Bizet's "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay and Nelson and Messrs. Zenatello and Baklanoff. The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Mme. Dereyne and Messrs. Constantino and Polese.

Jan 15, 1911

MME. GAY'S NEW IDEA IN "CARMEN"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen" performed at the matinee. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose.....Mr. Zenatello
Escamillo.....Mr. Baklanoff
El Dancaïro.....Mr. Devaux
El Remendado.....Mr. Glaccone
Zuniga.....Mr. Gantvoort
Morales.....Mme. Gay
Carmen.....Miss Dereyne
Frasquita.....Miss Fisher
Mercedes.....Miss Roberts

The audience yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House was enthusiastic. It was a large one, the largest at any strictly operatic matinee of this season.

Mme. Gay's impersonation of Carmen was interesting throughout; in the third and fourth acts it was highly dramatic; but on the whole it was not so varied and striking as it was last season.

The woman that first took the part of Bizet's Carmen was Celestine Galli-Marie. She had already made her reputation, especially by her impersonation of Mignon in Thomas's opera, and she was 35 years old when she first sang the Habenera and tempted Don Jose. It is said that she modeled her performance after the description of the gypsy woman in Merime's ro-

manche. The cruel, sycophantic, voluptuousness that was akin to lasciviousness were revealed by her bearing on the stage. The exhibition of physical perversity was the expression of inward depravity, of a foul and vicious soul. There was in the performance a savage rudeness in passion that shocked the bourgeoisie at the Opera Comique, which was then a species of marriage market, where young girls were allowed to meet eligible young men under approving parental eyes.

In the impersonation of Carmen by Mme. Galli-Marie there was something sinister, demoniacal; and she did not find it necessary for the sake of "realism" to munch oranges, throw orange peel at the heads of her colleagues, or blow her nose with a defiant blast. Admirers of any "realistic" Carmen might say in reply: "That is exactly the way Carmen would have acted."

Carmen in real life might have done these things; no doubt her table manners would not have won the approval of genteel writers on etiquette. This, however, is not the question. By indulging in these realistic touches, Mme. Gay runs the danger of being a comic Carmen, whose entrance and presence excite laughter, a compliment to her peculiar art.

But Carmen was far from being a comic character. She was made as if by some malicious or ironic inhabitant of the air for the destruction of man. The tragedy of which Don Jose was the hero began when Carmen took the flower doubly odorous with its own perfume and that of her maddening body and threw it in his face. Carmen at that moment was a tragic figure, not a saucy sou-brette.

Nor does the opera house admit the bald realism of vulgarity. Carmen was superbly vulgar, not vulgar merely in unessential things. Something should be left to the imagination of the spectator. Perhaps Carmen did not use a handkerchief; perhaps she did; this too is not important in the revelation of her character on the stage.

Any woman that can play the fourth act as Mme. Gay played it yesterday should be above the petty and disfiguring business that excited approving laughter. Much of her detail was excellent. In her zeal for realism she too often overshot the mark. Not until Don Jose sang his romance was there yesterday any suggestion of the subtle or openly voluptuous fascination that led an honest fellow to abandon his sweetheart or lose honor as a soldier.

While Mme. Gay's impersonation was interesting in the first two acts, it was also amusing from the time of her entrance. But the entrance of Carmen should cause a certain uneasiness. The sinister beauty and the cruelly voluptuous voice should suggest the power of the flesh, for Carmen was terrible as an army with banners. Mme. Gay is consistent in the composition of the part and in the carrying out of her ideas. Let her premises be granted, and the conclusions must follow.

It is probable that she could argue shrewdly in behalf of her premises. She might say that Carmen by nature was a gutter girl, a "trainee." The women that have left the most durable impression by playing this part have given the character a certain distinction in corruption. They shone with a baleful splendor. While they were on the stage the only laughter this side of the footlights came as an unconscious relief to excited nerves.

Mr. Zenatello's Don Jose is an uncommonly fine performance. We all have seen the part acted in a highly dramatic manner. We still remember Campanini, De Luca, Lubert, Alvarez. The Don Jose of Mr. Zenatello is vocally and dramatically among the very best. Miss Dereyne was an uninteresting Michaela. Mr. Baklanoff, in the first act, has not been equalled within my recollection. He is the only one who by carefully considered diction and by finesse in action has turned the Toreador's tune into a picturesque and dramatic scene. In the third act indifference and insolence were not so graphically portrayed as they were last season.

The part of Frasquita and that of Mercedes were uncommonly well taken. The choruses were sung with appropriately varied expression and the quintet with the requisite fleetness and import.

The conducting of Mr. Caplet was one of the chief features of the performance. Bizet's score has not been read here for many years with such a keen sense of rhythm and intelligent appreciation of countless beauties. Yesterday the orchestra was truly eloquent.

MR. POLESE AS SCARPIA.

Performance of "Tosca" Is Applauded by Large Audience.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Floria Tosca.....Miss Dereyne
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Constantino
Barone Scarpia.....Mr. Polese
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoleto.....Mr. Glaccone
Sciarrone.....Mr. Puleini
In Carceri.....Mr. Huddy
Un Pastore.....Miss Fisher

Mr. Polese last night added another to the list of Scarpias already seen at this opera house. Though the performance in its entirety went somewhat haltingly,

and loose ends were discoverable, yet this characterization was one of unflinching interest. An enthusiastic audience showed unstinted applause, and drew

Mr. Moranzoni as well as the singers before the curtain.

The most striking feature of Mr. Polese's Scarpia on its dramatic side is its grisly deliberateness; on the vocal side, its real songfulness. It is by an impression of utter inhumanity under the most perfect control that he builds his effect; he is indeed no other than the supreme villain, shorn of any redeeming trait to prove him human, created by Sardou to make possible the action of his melodrama.

His restraint is noticeable in gesture and facial expression and in all his movements; it is so marked that his acting of the scene where he pursues Tosca takes on a new and forceful contrast, for he stands almost still in the centre of the stage, leaving her to hurry wildly about the room in her frenzy to escape.

BOSTON THEATRE—Sardou's "La Sorcière" (The Sorceress), performed by Mme. Bernhardt and her company. Cast:

Zoraya.....Mme. Bernhardt
Don Enrique.....M. Decour
Cardinal Ximenes.....M. Maxudian
Carnos.....M. Denenbourg
Padilla.....M. Durozat
Calabacas.....M. Lou Tellegen
Aguilar.....M. Piron
Cleofas.....M. Favieres
Ramiro.....M. Bary
Oliveira.....M. Canroy
Ibarra.....M. Laitze
Albornos.....M. Kled
Molina.....M. Letel
Africa.....Mme. Seylor
Alsha.....Mme. Boulanger
Joana.....Mme. Duc
Fatoum.....Mme. Desroches
Manuela.....Mme. Thomas
Dona Fabela.....Mme. Petit
Dona Syrena.....Mme. Laurent
Zaguir.....Mme. Suzanne

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Grout
Questions
and Discusses

Mr. Lucien B.
Grout has not
written to The
Herald for
some months,

and his valuable contributions have been missed. He at last sends a letter and asks a few questions:

"Is there any truth in the story that Bad Axe, Michigan, was settled by people from Chepachet, Rhode Island?"

"I am a sufferer from the ailment known as diabetes and am forbidden to use sugar or anything containing sugar at my meals. I am most anxious to do the right thing for my health's sake, and so ask, if in your opinion, I ought to sell some shares in American Sugar Refining Co. preferred stock that I hold."

Mr. Grout adds: "I read in a New York journal that small libraries are to be established in most fire engine houses. I should suggest as appropriate romances d'Annunzio's 'Fire' and Turgenieff's 'Smoke'."

"I also read that a woman addressed the Metaphysical Club recently on 'The Value of Living.' The reporter stated that she was 'gowned in the palest violet satin, embroidered with chiffon and pearls, and wore a pearl necklace and brooch.'"

"Treating 'in mad a penal offence in Tacoma. I doubt whether the foolish custom will die. The English assert that it is a peculiarly American custom, but they do not know their own history. Estlin's Perlin in 1558 published a French guide to England and gave minute instructions concerning the etiquette of drinking. 'If an Englishman wishes to treat you, he will say in his language, 'Vis dring a quarta olo?' which means, 'Will you drink a quart of wine?' When drinking, he will repeatedly say, 'Drink lou,' which means, 'I drink to you,' and you must reply, 'I plaig u,' which means, 'I pledge you.' If you wish to thank him, say 'God tanque artelay,' which means 'I thank you with all my heart.'"

From Strange
Drinks to
Cravats

Mr. Grout writes at considerable length "Apropos of etiquette in drinking, should finger bowls be served with free lunches? Years ago the free lunches in Albany, N. Y., on Christmas and New Year's were famous for quality and quantity, and I recollect finger bowls of cut glass stood on the bar. Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson has a note on this subject."

"Arriving in Halifax, N. S., one night I was amazed to find staid inhabitants drinking large quantities of gin and port. Bismarck used to put down vast quantities of champagne and port in a cup that reminded one of Bassompierre emptying a riding boot to the health of the cantons. But Alfred de M...er's mixture was still more formal."

According to the London Times the chief new works produced in England in 1910 were Elgar's violin concerto; Cowen's cantata, "The Veil" (Cardiff Festival); R. Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (Leeds Festival); G. H. Clutsam's opera "A Summer Night" (Her Majesty's in the summer, repeated recently at Covent Garden). The Times says of Williams's "Sea Symphony" that

that the composer's "One feels at once that Walt Whitman's poems are taken as the basis of the symphony because they themselves contribute to what the composer has got to say, not because they offer chances for effective treatment. As a matter of fact the latter is the one thing which they do not do; and the difficulty of making some of them amenable to music at all is very great, and accounts for some crude things in the composer's score which a more experienced hand might have mended."

But Mr. Vaughan Williams yokes himself to Whitman because he shares in the big and breezy view of life and the indestructible optimism for which Whitman stood, and the symphony further expands above all else the lofty aspiration which was the deepest quality in Whitman's character and the one thing about which he was apt to be reticent.

And the Times publishes these words about the standard of performance that are of more than local application. "The considerations which govern public taste are almost as hard to gauge in the concert room as at the opera; and one is continually met by conflicting instances of perception and the lack of it. For example, at the promenade concerts, which this year were as good as ever with regard to the orchestral playing, an audience which had drunk in every note of a Brandenburg concerto or a symphony by Beethoven with intense enjoyment would break into raptures over the performance of some mediocre singer or pianist whom they would not give a shilling to hear if he advertised a concert on his own account. This may be due partly to the fact that, though people will pay only to hear a good thing, they feel that applause which costs nothing is a token of good will which is demanded by every effort. Still, it appears that the level of appreciation of music for its own sake is far higher than the appreciation of the merits of a performance."

"The popular attitude of universal tolerance toward performers is undoubtedly accountable for the large number of poor executants who presume to make public appearances. We have pointed out that circumstances may have combined to suppress some of them this year; and yet a review of the concerts which have been given week by week allows a depressingly large proportion of programs which contained nothing noteworthy either in the role of music or in the manner of its performance. While this remains the case, complaints of the difficulty of securing audiences at private concerts are merely foolish. In many cases the only wonder is that people are willing to be bribed to come by the offer of a free seat. Whether people pay for their seats or are given them, such concerts make a continual drain upon the interest and energy of the musical public which takes away the edge of their enthusiasm for the recitals and concerts of artists who deserve the name. A few of the more earnest artists have made a stand against this deplorable state of things by offering seats at comparatively low prices and depending for their audiences upon the response of the public to this and the inducement of their own merits. It is a step in a right direction which deserves success. Teachers might do something by dissuading pupils of only moderate ability from the ambition to follow a career in which they can never reach distinction. But every genuinely artistic effort put forward is the most powerful corrective; and of these, when all deduction has been made, there are still a number to be gratefully remembered from the year which is past."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second annual recital in the series of three given by Miss Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Edward Dethler, violinist. Cesar Franck, sonata in A major for violin and piano; Rach. sonata in E minor; Faurer, sonata in A minor for violin and piano. This sonata by Faurer, born in 1873, was produced in New York by the two players Feb. 3, 1910. Henry Ford wrote the words for an opera, "Le Roi Aveugle," produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, May 8, 1906, and for the opera "Monna Vanna," produced at the Opéra Paris Jan. 13, 1909. A son of an architect, he studied at the Paris Conservatory under Massenet and Gabriel Faurer, and Messager, a friend of his family has been helpful to him.

Girls' Latin School: Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Komzak, folk song; Brahms, Hungarian Dance in G minor; Rubinstein, Wedding Procession from "Feramors"; Mrs. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, soprano, "The Rose of the Spring"; and Buck's "When the Heart is Young." The Misses Lawson, trio, will sing the Barcarolle from "Hoffmann's Tales" and Lynnes's "My Honey." Taftley Mauch, cornetist, will play Bender's Concert Waltz. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Mme. Liza Lehmann's concert of her own compositions. Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Hubert Elwell, tenor; Julian Henry, baritone. Selections from "The Golden Threshold," an Indian Song Garland—quartet, trio, duet and five solo numbers, trio, "The Nightingale," from "Hudson Folk Songs," two solo songs from Kipling's "Jungle Book" (Miss Palgrave-Turner); Two Little Love Songs (Mr. H. H. H.), Incident of the French Camp (Mr. H. H. H.), Pearl and Song and Everybody's secret (Miss Tomlin); Four Cautionary Tales (Miss Tomlin); A M. R. L. Rebecca (who did a few fun and perished miserably); A M. R. L. Rebecca (who ran away from his home and was burned to death);

Thursday—King's Church, 8:15 P. M. Little bits of string and was early cut off in dreadful agonies; 5. Charles Augustus Fortescue (who always did what was right and so accumulated an immense fortune). (Miss Palgrave-Turner and Mr. Julian Henry.) Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Pianola concert. Mrs. Victoria Johnson McNally, contralto, and Albert C. Orcutt, tenor, will be the soloists.

Thursday—South Boston High school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William Howard, conductor. Mozart, overture to "Marriage of Figaro"; Komzak, folk song; Wagner, introduction and prayer, "Rienzi"; Sliding, "Rustle of Spring"; Rubinstein, wedding procession from "Feramors"; Miss Alice M. Hagerty will sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," and Parker's "The Lark Now Leaves." Mr. Howard will play Hubay's "Hejre Kati" for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

Charlestown High school, 8 P. M., municipal chamber concert. Mrs. Olive Whiteley Hilton, violinist; Mrs. Anna Howe Hunting, violoncellist; Miss May H. Shedd, pianist; and Mrs. Mary White Mullen, soprano. These chamber concerts have been introduced at the request of many and after due thought on the part of the music trustees. The best class of music is performed. In all districts where these chamber concerts have been given large audiences have been enthusiastic over the programs.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., Mischa Elman's only violin recital in Boston this season. Goldmark, suite, Bruckner, concerto in D minor, No. 2; Handel, sonata in D major; Schubert, E. man, Staendchen; Monnay-Franke, Rigaudon; Martini-Kresler, Andantino; Kreisler, Schoen Rismarin, Paganini, variations on Rossini's air "Di Tanti Palpitanti." Percy Kahn will be the pianist.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. See special notice.

CONCERT NOTES.

On Sunday, Jan. 22, at 7:30 P. M., the People's Choral Union, Mr. Wodell conductor, will give its mid-season concert in Symphony Hall, assisted by Mrs. Frances Dutton Brown, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Clarence B. Shirley, Earl Cartright and Master Raymond Ott of St. Paul's Church. Herman Shedd will be the organist, and there will be 40 players of the Symphony orchestra. "Gallia," by Gounod, and "Christoforus," by Rheinberger, will be performed. The chorus numbers 400.

Clara and David Malnes will give their second and last violin and piano sonata recital this season in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, the 21th. Their program will include Brahms's sonata in A major, Beethoven's sonata in E flat major and Schumann's sonata in D minor.

The second concert of the Elonzalety quartet will be given in Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, the 25th. The program will be as follows: Haydn, quartet in G major op. 71, No. 3; E. Moor, adagio from quartet op. 59; Wolf, Italian serenade; Beethoven, quartet in F major op. 9, No. 7. Tickets are to be had at Symphony Hall.

Miss Amy Grant, assisted by C. L. Safford, will give a lecture-recital on "Parafal," at the Hotel Vendome, Saturday, Jan. 28, at 11 A. M.

Ferruccio R. Bassi will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 1, at 3 o'clock. His recital in New York last Monday was unusually successful. Tickets will go on sale at Symphony Hall next Friday morning.

Willard Hunt, bass, and some of his pupils will give a song recital in Steinert Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25. Mme. Marie von Tasehuld, pianist, will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 31. She is remembered from her recital in the same hall last season.

Miss Carolyn Louise Willard of Chicago gave a pianoforte recital two years ago in Steinert Hall. She will give her second recital on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 3.

The Gisela Weber trio comes from New York to give its first recital in Boston on Monday afternoon, Feb. 6, in Steinert Hall. The trio consists of Mme. Weber, Mme. Holmes-Tomas and Leo Schulz.

Frank E. Morse announces a recital by his pupils Thursday evening, Jan. 26, in Steinert Hall.

The Hoffmann quartet will give two concerts this season in Jacob Sleeper Hall, 638 Boylston street, on the evenings of Feb. 17 and March 28. The program of the first concert will include these pieces: Glazounoff, prelude, Fugue and Contrate (new, first time here); Dohnanyi, quartet in D flat major, op. 15; Franck piano quintet. Felix Fox will be the pianist.

The 11th public organ recital of the New England chapter of the American Guild of Organists will be given at the Eliot Church, Newton, next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock by Henry T. Wade, organist of the Newton Centre Congregational Church, assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, soprano of the Eliot Church. A limited number of free cards of admission can be obtained at the music stores.

PEOPLE IN TOWN

To Be a Stage Villain.

There have been several operatic Iagos here of late years. One singer plays the part in frankly melodramatic fashion, another refines subtlety till it disappears. What was Verdi's idea

of the part? He wrote to Morelli in a letter about the proper costumes:

"You would like to have a small figure with undeveloped limbs, one of those figures in which we at once see cunning and malice. If you think so, let it be so; but if I were an actor impersonating Iago, I should prefer a tall, spare figure, a face with thin lips, small, ape-like eyes, close together and a high retreating forehead. I should make him out to be a careless, indifferent fellow, saying things good and bad, acting as though he did not heed what he said. I should represent him of a man who, if any one should remark: 'What you say is infamous,' would quickly reply: 'Indeed? I did not mean it. Say no more about it!' Such a figure can deceive anybody—even women—to a certain extent. A little, malicious figure excites general suspicion and deceives no one."

Art of Pronouncing Names.

A man from New York says they are discussing down there the pronunciation of Miss Farrar's name. There, as in Berlin, they are inclined to throw the stress on the last syllable. In Boston she is still known as Miss Farrar with a heavy accent on the first. Surely her father, the once justly esteemed baseball player, and the sensible, unostentatious father of a prima donna, has not changed the pronunciation of his name. He does not make the name rhyme with "Tara" in the song made famous by the late Lottie Collins.

And so for many years there was dispute over the name of Emma Eames. Some thought it more genteel to pronounce it as though it rhymed with "seems." Whereas she and the other members of the family pronounce it as though it were spelled "Amea." Soon, it is said, she will spell it De Gogorza.

"TRAVIATA" AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Lipkowska and Pasquale Amato Give Admirable Impersonations.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Violetta. Mme. Lipkowska
Flora. Miss Grace Fisher
Alcina. Miss Fisher
Alfred Germant. Mr. Jadowker
Giora. Mr. Amato
Gastone. Mr. Giaccone
Baron Douph. Mr. Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny. Mr. Huddy
Dottore Grenville. Mr. Perini

Violetta last evening was wooed and spurned by a lover who had a fluent command of German. Mr. Jadowker is deservedly a favorite in Boston. His performances in operas by Puccini and in "Faust" are vocally and dramatically of a high order. Last night his impersonation of Alfred was not one of marked distinction. In the first act he was comparatively ineffective. He sang the romance in the second act with much taste, in a manner that deserved warmer recognition than was shown. Many famous tenors, however, have made little of this part, because it was not sympathetic to them, or, possibly, because they did not appreciate the intimate nature of the music, with its plaintive note, its tenderness and melancholy. And it may here be said that many tenors who shine in Puccini's operas are not eloquent in those of Verdi.

Mme. Lipkowska was in many ways a fascinating Violetta. Great mistresses of florid song have been far more brilliant in the first act, but few have sung the music of the other acts with more artistic simplicity and direct and emotional appeal. The brilliance of certain prima donnas has been that of a brazen demi-mondaine, and when they came to the sustained melodies of Verdi, to those measures charged with the emotion that Turgenieff described better than another, they were hard and cold. The voice of Mme. Lipkowska, with its peculiar quality, its delicacy that has the carrying power of a Cremona violin, its fine, high-bred distinction that does not exclude warmth, moved the hearer. Nor has there been any fairer, more exquisite apparition on the stage of the Boston Opera House than this Violetta.

When "La Traviata" was first produced, Varesi, the baritone, considered the part of the Father as secondary and unworthy of his reputation. He therefore took no pains with it. But this part is important, and true artists, as Mr. Amato and Mr. Renaud, make it impressive. Mr. Amato is always a welcome visitor. Last night he sang for the most part with beauty of tone, dramatic intelligence and uncommon skill. What a pleasure it is in these days to hear a baritone whose voice is not like unto a reed shaken by the wind; who does not quaver and mistake palsy for passion! Mr. Amato, furthermore, has authority, a presence that dominates, not by frantic gestures and vocal explosions, but by personal force and consummate art.

The sumptuous stage settings, the taste in color, the groupings in the performance of this opera at the Boston Opera House always excite lively admiration. It is true that the tradition of costuming Violetta after the manner of today and the other characters after the dress of the 17th century is followed, and of this something may be said at a more convenient season. There is no reason why the costumes should not be of the late forties or, even better, of 1911. When the opera was first produced the costumes were contemporaneous.

A large audience, apathetic at first, grew more and more demonstrative, and there were many curtain calls in the course of the evening.

Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" will be performed tonight for the first time in this city. Those who were present at the dress rehearsal yesterday afternoon were stirred by the dramatic intensity of the melodrama, the remarkable stage settings and stage business and the general excellence of the performance.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Rostand's "La Samaritaine." Presented by Mme. Bernhardt, and this cast:

Photine. Mme. Bernhardt
Jesus. M. Maxudian
The Centurion. M. Decour
Azrael. M. Denenbourg
Pierre. M. Cauroy
Sombre. M. Durzat
A Shadow. M. Lou Tellegen
A Man. M. Barry
A Man of the People. M. Laurent
A Young Girl. Mme. Seylor

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Dollar Princess," a musical comedy in three acts. Book by Willner and Grunbaum. Music by Leo Fall. Adapted for the American stage by George Grossmith, Jr. Presented by Charles Frohman.

John W. Cowder. Edw. J. Connelly
Tom Cowder. Albert Hart
Dick. George E. Reed
Freddy Smythe. Donald Brian
Marquis De Jouffontaine. P. Pope Stampfer
Lord Herbert Fitz-Jones. Cyril Bidduph
Ivan Tartaroff. Will West
Pallard. Edwin Stone
Alice Cowder. Daisy Lee Hay
Daisy. Carroll McTomas
Olga Labinsky. Hilda Vining
Marie. Zena Carzon

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The White Captive," a melodrama in four acts, by Robert Wayne. Cast:

Ruth Fairfax. Clara Joel
Gilbert Fairfax. Frank Kirtle
Injua Moll. Elberta Roy
Tom Merrick. Bernard Seraphin
"Black Jack" Murry. T. E. B. Henry
Alphonse LeGale. The Burns
Nell Carroll. Mabelle Burton
Wild Horse. Jack Marley
Red Feather. Edward C. Davis
Tom Logan. Nebraska Bill
Young Panther. Alfred Standing Bear
Bouncing Wolf. Little Bird
Swift Wind. Yellow Bird
Sunset. Little Half Moon
Texas Jack. Jim Hicks

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Good All-Around Vaudeville Bill—Second Week of Eva Tanguay.

If one has never seen two fox-terriers balancing themselves on clothes lines, a visit to B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is worth while. J. Walter Thompson exhibits the talented pair. Their names are Yankee and Dixie. As the program says, they have an intelligence that is almost human. They must be seen to be believed.

Sam Kessler and Sam Lee, dancing dandies, are a nimble pair, equally at home in a Spanish fandango, an Irish jig, a Highland fling, a German waltz or a stately measure.

Monroe Hopkins, Lola Axtell and company give what they call a sprightly musical comedy, "Travel Troubles." It is sprightly and musical. The woman member of the company is an attractive young person, and the three scenes given are well worth their place on the bill.

Something new in vaudeville is the bicycle polo game between teams of two a side. No polo sticks are used. The bicycle serves as pony and club. The play is keen. Last night the Shamrocks beat the Thistles, 4 to 3.

John World and Mindell Kingston give an acceptable "25 minutes of versatility." and J. Waldo Connolly and Margaret Webb are back with their musical sketch, "A Stormy Finish." It is still stormy.

Eva Tanguay is still at Keith's, singing and romping about in the same I-don't-care style. She has been here a week now, but who has not aged a bit. One wonders what is the subtle charm that Miss Tanguay exerts. It is not her singing alone; nor yet her beauty; nor her startling costumes—be they more or less. It must be that indefinable thing which she mentions herself—personality. That is it; not rationality or rationality; personality. She threw a lot of money away as usual last night.

The last act before the kinetograph and exit march was a sensational acro-

turn to the American House of Representatives. As a result they are no longer a part of the strength of the state. There was a large house.

THE CAT.

Mr. Benson soon after the execution of Dr. Crippen protested in a letter to the London press against all executions as they are now conducted. It would be more merciful and better for the public morals if a condemned man should be allowed to take poison, and the example of Socrates was cited, whose death was calm and apparently without much suffering. But every condemned man is not a Socrates, and there were some in Athens who no doubt made a fuss when the cup of hemlock was brought in by the jailor. Magistrate Plowden believes that a man murderously inclined dreads pain rather than death. "The spectre of death," says Mr. Plowden in a fine burst, "is too remote and shadowy" to affect the nerves of a person in vigorous health. "There is no imagination so dull that it cannot take in the terror of the cat," and I believe it such a punishment could be made part of the sentence, even without abolishing capital punishment, the deterrent effect would be unmistakable.

American magistrates have frequently said that they would like to sentence prisoners, especially those convicted of wife-beating, to a severe flogging, and there are penologists in this country who share the opinion of Mr. Plowden. It is said that where a whipping post stands there is less crime, a statement easily made, and without thought of the effect of flogging on the floggers and the witnesses. The cat brutalizes the whipped, the whipper, and the spectators.

Learned men have in all ages advocated flogging as a corrective and stimulus. Dr. Johnson, remarking on the fact that there was less whipping in the schools, asserted that less was learned. "So that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other"; but Dr. Johnson was of a conservative nature and disliked to see old

customs disappear. Until 1831 the cat was the authorized instrument of punishment in the British army and navy. Has discipline suffered since the abolition of flogging? It seems reasonable that a wife beater should himself be beaten, but few, whether they be jailors, officers, school teachers or parents, are to be trusted with a whip. With each blow the whipper becomes himself more furious. This phenomenon is observed at a "boxing match" in a private club, when highly respectable citizens, peaceable and humane in walk and conversation, at the sight of punishment shout as madmen and clamor for more savage blows.

PUCCINI AND MASCAGNI.

Boston tonight will be the third American city to hear Puccini's new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," based on Mr. Belasco's well-known drama. The rehearsals have been conducted with the utmost care and under the personal supervision of Mr. Tito Ricordi of the famous Milan publishing house. Mr. Belasco has also given valuable suggestions. The production will no doubt be a brilliant one.

While Puccini's opera is making its triumphant way, Mascagni's "Ysobel," promised for New York, is still an uncertain quantity and the composer and his American managers are at loggerheads. This state of affairs is to be regretted, but a comparison between the artistic career and the business methods of such composer is inevitable. Mascagni, the morning after the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana" awoke and found himself famous. He has written several operas since but is still known as the composer of one short musical tragedy. Puccini's first operas aroused little attention outside Italy; but his musical

He has been meticulous in keeping his promises to publishers and managers. When "Madama Butterfly" failed at first, he accepted the verdict of the public and critics, and set himself to better his opera. He did not suik and appeal theatrically to the avenger Time. He has studied the art of other modern composers, notably that of Debussy, with profit to himself; at the same time, he has preserved his individuality.

In his latest opera, Puccini chose an American subject, Mascagni's "Ysobel" is based on the legend of Lady Godiva, but, knowing the sensitiveness of Americans the heroine rides in an orchestral Intermezzo, and not on the stage. New York was to have been the first city to see the production of "Ysobel." Now it is not definitely known whether the opera is ready for production, although the composer has already received large sums from the managers. It is a pity that there is this squabbling, this mutual recrimination, for Mascagni is surely a man of talent. But in matters of art as in commercial affairs the man of business tact and a keen sense of obligation outstrips his colleagues, even though the musical equipment may be of the same weight.

BOSTON HEARS PUCCINI'S "GIRL"

BY PHILIP HALE.

When Puccini visited New York for the first time he saw a performance of Belasco's melodrama, "The Girl of the Golden West." The play, with its mixture of realism and sentimentalism, appealed to him. He said to himself, no doubt: "I have written a Japanese opera based on a story and a play by Americans, and it has been successful. Why should I not write an American opera? Mr. Belasco's melodrama is popular, and I need have no fear concerning the libretto. Americans will rush to hear my opera and there will be curiosity in Europe to see an episode in the adventurous years of California." Puccini is, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord. He might say with Whitman:

I am enamored of growing outdoors,
Of men that live among cattle or taste of the
Ocean or woods.

Here was an opportunity for wild and sturdy music with relieving pages of passionately amorous protestation and entreaty; music for the miner's boozing-ken, the gambling table, the lynching bee; music for Minnie and her highwayman lover; music that smacked of the soil. The result of Puccini's cogitations is "La Fanciulla del West," which, to quote from the Preliminary Note to the opera, is "a drama of love and of moral redemption against a dark and vast background of primitive characters and untrammelled nature." A woman is the regenerating, saving force. She cheats at cards to save her lover's life, but she thereby saves his soul, and so her deed must be accounted righteous, although poor Sid, who is caught cheating in the first act, is condemned by his indignant mates to a worse punishment than death.

"La Fanciulla del West," an opera in three acts, book based on Belasco's drama by C. Zangarini and G. Civinini, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Dec. 17, 1910, when the chief parts were taken by Emmy Destinn, Enrico Caruso and Pasquale Amato. Mr. Toscanini conducted. The next production was at the Auditorium, Chicago, on Dec. 27, 1910, when the chief singers were Carolina White, Amadeo Bassi and Maurice Renaud. Mr. Campanini conducted.

First Time in Boston.

The opera was produced last night at the Boston Opera House for the first time in this city. Mr. Conti conducted.

Minnie.....	Mme. Carmen Melis
Johnson.....	Mr. Constantino
Jack Rance.....	Mr. Galeffi
Nick.....	Mr. Gilla
Ashby.....	Mr. Gantvoort
Sonora.....	Mr. Blanchard
Trin.....	Miss Perini
Sid.....	Mr. Puccini
Bello.....	Mr. Stroccone
Harry.....	Mr. Glaccone
Joe.....	Mr. Montella
Happy.....	Mr. Forlari
Larkens.....	Mr. Tavechia
Billy.....	Miss Leveroni
Wowkie.....	Mr. Mardones
Jack Wallace.....	Mr. Sandrini
Jose Castro.....	Mr. Chidini
Post Rider.....	

It is not now necessary to inquire into any change in the construction of

Mr. Belasco's drama for operatic purposes. We are concerned only with the libretto as it stands, and this libretto is to be considered first of all for it is the essential part of the opera. The music is of secondary importance.

"The Girl of the Golden West" is a melodrama with music. It might be performed effectively without music, except perhaps for Jake's song that makes the miners home-sick, which might easily be omitted, and the singer dropped from the cast. This episode is only a picturesque sentimental detail. The strength of the opera is in the libretto, not in the music. And it is a significant fact that in the most dramatic scene—the final game of cards for a man's life—there is no music except a faint figure for the double-basses, so faint that it does not draw the attention of the spectator from the scene on the stage.

First Act in the "Polka."

The first act shows the miners amusing themselves in the "Polka" kept by Minnie, who is adored by the gold-seekers and loved by Rance, the sheriff, outwardly the Mr. Oakhurst of Bret Harte, but at heart less of a philosopher and much less of a man. The minstrel of the camp sings a ditty about home and mother and the miners, gambling and drinking, are moved to tears. One of them cries out for his cornfields and his mama and his mates stake him that he may return. A cheater is exposed. The bar-keeper is busy. Minnie takes a Bible from the bar and hears the miners repeat their lessons. She incidentally remarks that there is no sinner who cannot find redemption, that this is "the best and highest teaching of love." The agent of the Wells-Fargo Company talks about Ramerrez, the bandit, how they will soon have him swinging. A stranger comes in who wishes water in his whiskey. He is Ramerrez, but gives his name as Mr. Johnson. He and Minnie have met before. She breaks the rule of the house and allows the stranger to water his whiskey. Furthermore she dances with him. Rance is furiously jealous. He has a wife, but he will get rid of her, if Minnie will only marry him. She remembers her happy home in Soledad where her mother saw to the cooking and tended bar, where father dealt at faro. Her parents loved each other, and her mother would sometimes "snuggle her feet close up to father's" when she took a hand at the game. No, Minnie will not have a husband unless she really loves a man. Castro, one of the bandit's gang, is dragged in. He lles to his captors about the hiding place of Ramerrez and contrives to give his master the tip. Johnson and Minnie are left alone. They are conscious of dawning love. Johnson, having heard Castro's signal without, leaves her. The keg of gold belonging to the miners is safe that night.

In Minnie's Dwelling.

The second act shows Minnie's dwelling, a single room with a loft. A squaw sings a lullaby to her baby. The father, Billy Jackrabbit, will soon marry her. Minnie has seen to that. She comes in, pulls off her long boots, puts on a pair of white slippers, adorns herself and pours eau de Cologne on her handkerchief. She has invited Johnson to visit her. He comes and they drink coffee. She gives him "a real Havana." There is a blizzard without, and the door is blown open. The lovers enarmed heed not the storm. Minnie will not let Johnson go. She gives him her bed and lies down by the fire. Rance, with others, comes in, pursuit of Johnson. A Spanish girl, Nina, has betrayed him. Now, Johnson had told Minnie that he did not know this Nina. Rance shows Minnie a photograph of Ramerrez, and, lo, it is that of Johnson, but she makes no sign, and Rance, suspicious, leaves. Then Johnson is bitterly reproached. He tells his story; how, meeting her, he longed to "start a fresh life of honest work, honest work and love." "What I can't forgive," says Minnie, "is that you have taken my first kiss." Then Johnson, desperate and unarmed, goes out, willing to die. A shot is heard. Minnie goes to the door and the bandit staggers in. She helps him up a ladder to the loft. Rance enters in search. There is no sign of Johnson's presence. The sheriff embraces her by force, but is about to leave, when, stretching out his hand, a drop of blood falls on it. He calls for Johnson to come down. Then Minnie proposes poker and her stakes are her life and Johnson's. She furtively hides cards in her stocking and wins the deciding game.

A Scene in the Forest.

The third act is in the forest. Snowy mountain peaks are seen beyond huge trees. Johnson has been caught and is brought in on horseback. Rance and the miners taunt him and he is to be hanged. The bandit begs them to tell Minnie that he escaped to lead the better life that she had taught him. She must not know his fate. The noose is about his neck when Minnie comes in on horseback, "her hair flying in the wind, a pistol between her teeth." She pleads with the miners. She had nursed Harry, helped Trin write letters, been to them all a sister; will they not spare her man? They yield, and Sonora exclaims: "Oh, girl, your words must come from God, your love is something high and holy." Minnie and Johnson leave the stage, farewell California and the Sierra mountains. The weeping

The English version of the libretto by H. Elkin, and it would be interesting to compare it with the original. "Bruto affare" is "rotten business"; "Ah, miserabile" is turned into "Ah, be damned to you!" In both the Italian and the English there is pleasingly realistic dialogue.

There are old Californians who say that the men and women in Bret Harte's tales of early California are wholly fabulous; that they are as creatures of another planet invented by an imaginative writer. This may or may not be true. No doubt Bret Harte's characters are heightened, glorified. There is no reason why a rough miner should not have worshipped a child, or why a gambler with nerves of steel should not have had his melancholy and sentimental moments.

Unblushing Melodrama.

Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is as frank and unblushing melodrama as "The Span of Life" or "The Queen of the Secret Seven." Like any engrossing melodrama, it contains thrilling situations and the sentiment that is often rank sentimentalism. But the libretto of Puccini's opera shows the knowledge of stage effects and the ability to create them that have made the writer of the original play a famous man. The variety, the bustle and the sharply contrasted emotions of the first act; the card scene of the second; the excitement attending the capture of Johnson, the preparations for his execution, the entrance of Minnie—here surely is enough to insure popularity. Nor are the characters lay figures. Not only Rance with his pallid face, stove-pipe hat, long black coat and constant cigar, and Minnie and Johnson are strongly defined, but Nick, Sonora, Jake, the Redskin, each has a decided profile. The world admires an adventurer, a man who holds life as a cheap thing. The world loves a rough fellow who can be both sentimental and heroic.

When a story like that of "The Girl of the Golden West" is played in a forcible manner the audience is thrilled. It has no time for analysis, it accepts the plausibly realistic.

Libretto is American.

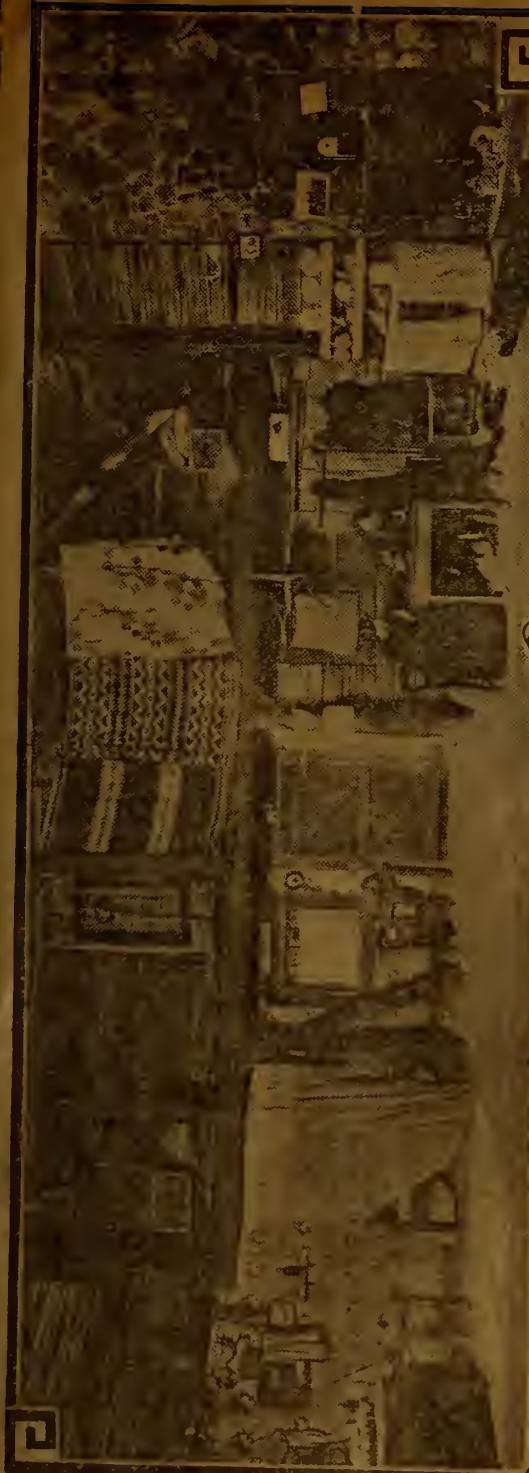
As far as the libretto is concerned the opera may justly be classed as American, for the characters and the scenes are of this country. The music is no more American than the music of "Madama Butterfly" is Japanese. This is of little importance. The question is concerning the inherent musical and dramatic worth of Puccini's score.

The chief feature of the score is the superb instrumentation, superb, remarkable. It is full of vitality and color. It is amazingly varied, kaleidoscopic. There is an uncommon fertility in the invention. There are new contrasts and blends of timbres, ravishing or startling effects. In the instrumentation of this opera Puccini stands with the greatest masters in this art. In respect of melodic invention and musically emotional and dramatic thought, the opera is a disappointment. The melodic vein is thin. The tune of the minstrel in the first act with pseudo-banjo accompaniment and Johnson's appeal in the third act are the most salient melodies, and they are not to be ranked with those in Puccini's preceding operas. Nor are the less obvious and direct motives of marked musical interest or often characteristic of the composer. The music is at times effectively descriptive as in that which accompanies the blowing in of the door during the blizzard; it is seldom in itself warmly emotional or intensely dramatic. Seldom does the music distract the attention of the spectator from the dramatic action, and he often finds himself wishing that the music would cease, that the singers would talk, not sing, that he could hear distinctly what they are saying. Neither in the love music, the second act nor in the appeal of Minnie in the third is there any insistent flow of emotion or any poignant moment. Where the music should rise to its greatest height of eloquence, in Minnie's pleading for the life of Johnson, it is commonplace, pointless.

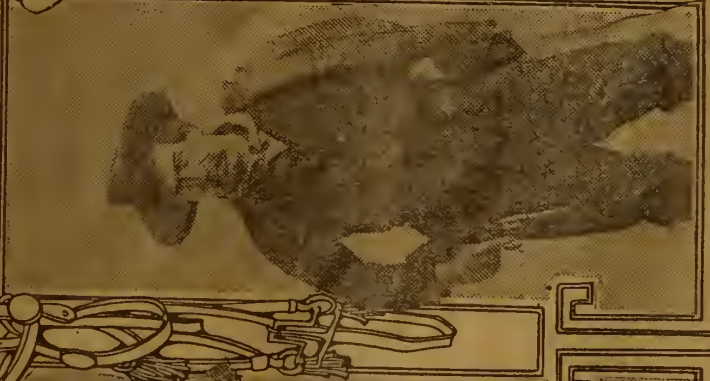
Puccini's Music.

In this opera Puccini appears as an assimilator and an experimenter. He has evidently studied the methods of Debussy, and he attempts to use them for his own purpose, but he is as a man who has memorized without fully understanding them passages in a foreign language and glibly repeats them. He is not at ease with these harmonic schemes, modes of expression, ultra-modern formulas. The Italian wears Debussy's mask. Now and then he drops it. His face is seen, his familiar voice is heard for a moment. "Ah, here is the Puccini of 'Bohème,' 'Tosca,' 'Madama Butterfly'! Let us hear what he has to say." And as the crowd draws nearer, he dons the mask again, or if he speaks in his own Italian, he repeats what the expectant throng has already heard. There are times, too, when Puccini remembers his Berlioz too well, and phrases from the "March to the Scaffold" are in his thoughts. Other composers are remembered, even Denza of "Funiculi."

It is not at all improbable that Puccini, realizing the dramatic force of his libretto, saw that lyric treatment would



ACT II—THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

CARLO GALEFFI
AS JACK RANCERAMON BLANCHART
AS SONORAJOSE MARDONES
AS JACK WALLACECARMEN MELIS
AS MINNIECONSTANTINO AS
DICK JOHNSONELVIRA LEVERONI
AS "WOWKLE"

broken it, and resolved firmly to do for the libretto what Debussy did for "Pelleas and Melisande." His imitation of the Frenchman's methods is only exterior. There is only the appearance. The mysterious secret of the melody escaped him. And when Puccini is avowedly lyrical, as in Johnson's farewell, he finds no melody that is lyrically dramatic.

For the most part Puccini has written for this libretto theatre music, wonderfully orchestrated. As an opera the meaning of the word that defines Don Giovanni, "Alda," "Tristan and Isolde," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Elektra," this "Girl of the Golden West" is far below the composer's "Bohème" and even "Madama Butterfly."

Melodrama Is Exciting.

In spite of the inherent weakness of the music, in spite of the paucity of original ideas which the gorgeous instrumentation does not conceal, in spite of the too deliberate attempt of an Italian to write in Debussy's vein which is carried to such an extent that there are thematic resemblances, "The Girl of the Golden West" will undoubtedly and should fill the Boston Opera House to overflowing, for the melodrama itself is exciting and the production is one worthy of the most famous

theatres in the world. There have already been noteworthy productions at the Boston Opera House, but this one eclipses them; and the performance is equal to the production.

The scenes have been set with the utmost care in detail. That of the "Polka" saloon is a marvel of ingenuity in realistic reproduction. That of Minnie's home is in its way equally picturesque, and the final scene with its huge trees towering on high and the sight of the mountains beyond gives the illusion of space and open air. The costumes are effective and to a "tenderfoot" true to the men and the period. The lighting of the scenes might have been under Mr. Belasco's personal supervision. The blizzard seen through the window and open door, the howling wind, the arrival of the postman, the wild racing on horseback after Johnson, were as remarkable as the general management of the groups in the first and third acts.

The Parts Well Played.

In the performance each singer, humble or of high degree, showed the results of long and painstaking rehearsal, so that each one moved as of his own volition and not at the bidding of an unseen drill-master. There was the ut-

most spontaneity in the actions of the crowd, gaming, drinking, ready to attack the stranger and Castro, as ready to aid the hopelessly homesick, eager to hang Johnson, and little by little persuaded to give him to Minnie. The minor parts were made important, so sharply were they characterized. The barkeeper, Sonora, Larkens, Castro, Ashby, the Indian, each one had individuality; nor were they the only ones; it is not too much to say that every man played well his part, and Miss Leveroni as the Squaw should not be overlooked.

Mme. Carmen Melis displayed unexpected dramatic versatility and intensity as Minnie. I say "unexpected," because in no opera in which she has hitherto appeared, not even in "Tosca," has she shown the like native force and intelligence. No doubt she had been carefully coached, but the most skilful coaching will not bring out that which is lacking within. It would be hard to say in which act she excelled. She was free and ingenuous with the miners at the "Polka," playful but not incongruously coquettish, a charming school teacher, serious in her admonition to the class, frank but not disdainful in her rejection of Rance's suit. The development of her love for Johnson was finely

shown, and her ecstasy at the recollection of his words "You have the face of an angel" was a revelation of glorious womanhood.

In the second act her task was still more difficult. Here she was called upon after her love scene with Johnson to express conflicting and stormy emotions. There was a crescendo of intensity unto the climax of the card-scene, and in this she was tragic without hysteria. There were no frantic gestures—indeed, her sobriety in gesture was noticeable throughout her performance—there were no frantic cries, no windy suspirations of forced breath; the quietness of the woman was appalling. In the moment of victory, alone with her saved and unconscious lover, there was the exultant tossing away of the cards with the wild cry "He's mine."

No Suggestion of Prima Donna.

In the last act the composer had done little to assist her, but Mme. Melis nothing common did, or mean. In the course of the whole performance there was no suggestion of the prima donna, expectant of applause, courting it. There was no appeal to the audience. Minnie was among her boys, hearing Johnson's wooing, fighting for him with

the Sheriff, saying him a second time in dialogue she gave color, significance, and, when the situation demanded, eloquence to the musical sentences; not merely as a singer but as a tragedian whose emotions were expressed in song as well as in facial play.

Mr. Constantino acted the part of Johnson with much skill. His impersonation was carefully composed, and he too played, not as an admired tenor, but as a well graced actor who was a tenor by the command of Puccini. He was not vocally at his best, yet he sang freely and often with marked effect. His dramatic performance was lifelike and sincere.

Mr. Galeffi was a striking apparition as Rance, gambler and sheriff, with the look of a dissipated Hamlet, reckless, cynical, sinister, but, unlike Denmark's prince, a man of action. It is hard to imagine the part played with greater authority. His voice was suited to the music; his pose and gesture to the situation.

Mr. Conti conducted with enthusiasm and full appreciation of the score. He well deserved the compliment of being called before the curtain.

All in all, a performance that was a glory to the management and all that were concerned in the production; a production in which this city should take pride.

The opera this evening will be Rossini's "Barber of Seville," with Mmes. Lipkowska and Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Polese, Tavecchia, Mardones, Pulcini and Giaccone.

SECOND SONATA RECITAL.

Performance of Miss Carolyn Beebe and Edouard Dethier, C.C.

Miss Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Edouard Dethier, violinist, gave their second sonata recital of this season last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Franck, Sonata in A major; Bach, Sonata in E minor; Fevrier, Sonata in A minor.

Henry Fevrier, a French composer who was born in 1873, is as yet little known here; his sonata was played last night for the first time in Boston.

Its opus number was not stated, but he gives evidence in this work of retaining somewhat more reverence for the accepted number and character of movements called for in a sonata of classic form than is observable in most sonatas of recent years.

His work has four parts, of which the first is in fairly strict sonata form, thus standing in contrast to the exceedingly free first movement of Franck's sonata.

The second is an Andante of real melodiousness, though all the suggestion of the passages for muted violin was not manifest owing to the employment of too much and too harsh tone by Mr. Dethier.

The third movement is of the nature of a scherzo, perhaps the most unified and convincing of the four, while the last is in the character of a finale, marked animato.

Mr. Fevrier displays considerable power of melodic invention, but is somewhat too constantly in search of new rhythms, which give an episodic quality to his writing. Especially in the more developed portions of the work, as the first and last movements, there is a lack of poise; they remind one a little of the first sermons of a young theologian who believes himself under the necessity of introducing and settling all problems in one discourse.

One is disposed to be cross with Mr. Fevrier for not lingering over the best of his ideas instead of padding rather obviously with little catch phrases.

Mr. Dethier played with sincerity, and so marked a tendency to romanticism that he falsified the spirit of the sonata by Bach. This very quality stood him in a good stead, however, elsewhere in the program, where it was quite in order.

Miss Beebe's playing has not as strong contrasts as that of Mr. Dethier and falls to make as deep an impression.

There was a small audience, which greeted the players warmly and gave enthusiastic applause.

ROSSINI'S 'BARBER' FRESH AS EVER

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rosina.....Mme. Lipkowska
Berta.....Miss Roberts
Conc. Almaviva.....Mr. Constantino
Figaro.....Mr. Polese
L'Alfaro Bartolo.....Mr. Tavecchia
Brazza.....Mr. Mardones
L'Alfaro.....Mr. Pulcini
L'Alfaro.....Mr. Giaccone

Rosini's "Barber of Seville" will be

100 years old in 1915, but it shows no sign of age. The music is fresh and sparkling and at times delightfully malicious. There are formulas, it is true, formulas of the period in which it was written, but formulas of certain composers applauded 20 or even 10 years ago are now more stale and irritating. The formulas, for instance, of Puccini are already becoming like a twice-told tale that bores the hearer. The vitality of "The Barber of Seville" is amazing, nor does the enjoyment depend mainly on the brilliant singing of a Rosina or on artists of the first rank. Provided the comedians have spirit and humor and play together; provided Rosina sings fluently and is pretty and roguish, the audience is in high spirits. The melodies are there; they please the ear by their spontaneity, grace and lightness and add significance to the comic situations.

The performance last night delighted a large audience. Mmes. Lipkowska was in fine vocal condition and sang charmingly. "Una voce poco fa" was for once sung with appropriate stage business, and not as a concert aria directly at the audience. In the lesson scene she interpolated a transcription from Debussy's "Sylvia" and in such a manner that it entered into the situation on the stage. It was as though Rosina were really taking a lesson to disarm the suspicion of Dr. Bartolo. Mme. Lipkowska's Rosina is arch and daintily coquettish. And what a relief it is to see a young and pretty Rosina and not a fat woman struggling heroically against the apathy of middle age!

Mr. Constantino was not vocally fortunate in the first act, and in sustained song showed vocal indisposition, but in the acts that followed his recitatives were delivered fleetly and with import. The Count is one of his best parts. He plays it in light, comedy vein, like a comedian, not as a heroic tenor condescending to be gay and amusing. Mr. Polese might have been more nimble and mercurial in action, but he was at ease in the part of Figaro and the fine qualities of his voice and art were liberally displayed. Mr. Tavecchia's Dr. Bartolo is always amusing in the good, old buffo manner, and Mr. Mardones was a capital Don Basilio.

There were many evidences of the audience's appreciation.

MME. LEHMANN'S CONCERT.

New Compositions, Serious and Amusing, Heard in Jordan Hall, C.C.

Mme. Liza Lehmann gave a concert of her own compositions yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Hubert Elsdell, tenor; Julien Henry, baritone. The program was as follows:

Selections from "The Golden Threshold," an Indian song-garland, quartet; two seal songs from Kipling's "Jungle Book," Miss Palgrave-Turner; "There's a Bird Beneath Your Window," "If I Were a Bird I Would Sing All Day," Mr. Elsdell; "Incident of the French Camp," Mr. Henry; "Pearl and Song," "Everybody's Secret," Miss Tomlin; Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral (words by H. Belloc) Miss Palgrave-Turner and Mr. Henry.

A small but most enthusiastic audience yesterday welcomed the return of Mme. Lehmann to Boston. Of the new compositions which she offered, the "Four Cautionary Tales" undoubtedly gave the most pleasure and won the heartiest applause.

"The Golden Threshold" is her new song cycle, patterned on the order of the "Persian Garden," with members for quartet, duos, solos, etc. As is so often the case when an artist tries to create anew a work calculated to inspire the same appreciation given to former deservedly popular work, the effort is too noticeable. The spontaneity of the earlier impulse is absent, and the result is not so happy. This music is distinctly pedestrian, until toward the end suddenly its character changes, and throughout the last three numbers, one recognizes the same taste and art that could find such fitting musical form for some of Omar's quatrains. These numbers were "The Royal Tombs of Gondal" for baritone and quartet, "Alabaster" for contralto solo, and "Nightfall in Hyderabad" for quartet, in which Mme. Lehmann has happened upon another of those long, strikingly rhythmical melodies of like individuality with "The Lion and the Lizard" or "Myself When Young."

In the nonsense songs there were present in the music the same qualities of incongruity and mock seriousness that make this literary form amusing. Mme. Lehmann's clever way of heightening a humorous passage by a queer interval for the voice or an unexpected harmony is irresistible. In the story of "Jim," who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion, the passage describing the "slices of delicious ham" was indeed delicious, as was also the part narrating the keeper's efforts to make the lion separate himself from Jim. "Pontol" he cried with angry

growl. "Let go, let go, down, sir! Put it down!" This one and the story of "Matilda," who told lies and was burned to death, were the funniest of this group. Upon the insistence of the audience, the latter was repeated.

The personnel of the quartet has changed, except in the case of Miss Palgrave-Turner, but these singers seem excellently fitted to interpret Mme. Lehmann's compositions, and were all received with enthusiasm, especially Miss Tomlin, who gave two encores, singing "The Cuckoo" and "If No One Ever Marries Me."

ORCHESTRA PLAYS SYMPHONIC POEMS

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C major, No. 1.....Schubert
The Wild Huntsman.....Franck
"Omphale's Spinning Wheel".....Saint-Saens
Dance Macabre.....Saint-Saens

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem illustrative of Buerger's ballad has been played here at least three times and was last heard at a symphony concert seven years ago. The other compositions were more familiar to the audience, although the Dance Macabre has not been performed at a symphony concert for many years. Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for including it in his program, nor was the dignity of the concert impaired by his action. This dance is an admirable work, picturesque, imaginative, conceived in a truly ironical and Macabre spirit. When it was played in London 30 years ago, at a concert given by the composer, the critic of the Daily News described it as "horrible, hideous, and disgusting," and added: "The piece is one of many signs of the intense and coarse realism that is entering into much of the musical composition (so-called) of the day." It is a good thing to look over the criticisms written when compositions now classic and admired were heard for the first time. Future generations will have an opportunity of thus smiling, at the expense of solemn judges of 1911.

Saint-Saens writing his four symphonic poems had this advantage over many that have followed him: he took his art seriously, but did not insist on his success in translating line by line into tones an argument or printed text. Note the irony of his preface to "Omphale's Spinning Wheel." He frankly admits that the spinning wheel was chosen only as a pretext for rhythm and the general form and character of the piece. "Those who are interested in examining details" can hear in one section Hercules groaning and endeavoring to break his bonds, and in another section Omphale mocking his efforts. The composer did not prescribe to himself preposterously. It was as though he said to the audience: "My dear friends, here is a piece and I have given a title to it. Find in it what you please, but remember it is, first of all, music."

I doubt if in the catalogue of symphonic poems of this genre there is a finer, more exquisitely worked composition than this tribute to Omphale's power of fascination. It has the traditional characteristics of French music: grace, rhythm, and, above all, clarity. There were brave men before Debussy in France, and some might say that Debussy is not an Agamemnon; yet, the composer of "Pelleas and Melisande" has the instinct for delicate and significant instrumentation; he secures charming results by apparently simple means. The better French composers, knowing the resources of the orchestra, unlike the inferior French and too many Germans, do not use all the instruments because they are at hand. To the unintelligent student a page of Saint-Saens's scores looks thin; but to the ear each instrument outside the quartet has significance; when it is used it is effective.

Franck's "Wild Huntsman" is not one of his great works. The opening is impressive, and there are a few dramatic moments up to the judgment pronounced by a voice from heaven against the sacrilegious count and his crew; but the description of the Infernal Hunt is only labor, vexation. Franck was a mystic, a man dreaming of divine pity and beneficence. He could not understand the demoniacal, and when he attempted to express it in music, as in this ride and in the music of Satan and other evil spirits in "The Beatitudes" he failed dismally, writing in a Meyerbeerish manner.

The pieces by Saint-Saens were played according to the best traditions of the orchestra. Mr. Longy was especially fortunate in his expression of Omphale's mockery and Mr. Witke gave out Death's dance tune with the appropriate mordancy. The wood-wind and the strings vied with each other in the performance of Schubert's symphony, that vast storehouse of rav-

ing melody. All in all, a very pleasant one of the pleasantest of the season and the audience showed lively appreciation.

The program of the concerts next week will include these pieces: Gernsheim, tone poem "To a Drama" (first time); Reger, variation and fugue on a merry tune by J. A. Hiller, Saint-Saens, concerto for cello, A minor (Heinrich Warnke, cellist); Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser."

BERNHARDT IN "PHEDRE."

Interprets Classic Character with Eloquence and Reticence.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—Racine's tragedy, "Phedre," played by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her own company from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris.

Phedre.....Mme. Bernhardt
Hippolyte.....M. Decour
Theseus.....M. Durozat
Theramene.....M. Piron
Oenone.....Mme. Boulanger
Aricie.....Mme. Thomas
Ismene.....Mme. Seylor

To many English speaking persons the "Hippolytus" of Euripides seems a more impressive, more tragic and more modern play than the "Phedre" of Racine; but it would be impossible to persuade a Frenchman that the Greek drama were the nobler and more passionate work. Sainte-Beuve was audacious when he said that Racine was a more distinguished poet than dramatist.

The Frenchman finds the architecture of Racine's tragedies stately and noble, with lines of perfect beauty. The Alexandrin verses rest him and, as he insists, give the actors full liberty for expressive declamation, whereas to the average English-speaking person these verses seem monotonous, no matter how skillfully they may be spoken. The French have also much to say about Racine's psychological treatment of character, and here again is an opportunity for lively discussion. This, however, may be agreed upon: that "Phedre" is chiefly rhetorical and the effect depends largely on the declamation of the actors.

It has been said that Rachel as Phedre excited terror and Ristori, pity. Mme. Bernhardt is, then, of the Ristori school, for her Phedre is the plaything of the gods, and she neither loves nor hates of her own volition. She is lovesick, ready to weep, too conscious of her shame. She is at heart a woman who would gladly have been loyal to Theseus. It is easy to find authority for this interpretation in the lines of Racine. It would also be easy for a tragedian to find authority for a flaming impersonation, and the expression of animal passion, quickened by Aphrodite for her vengeance, but already dormant in the daughter of Pasiphae, an accused daughter of an accused mother.

Mme. Bernhardt played the part as she conceives it, with rare eloquence and fine reticence. Her variety in intonation, her art of coloring tone, her quick delivery of verses in which by sighting the unessential words she made a dramatic stroke, her slackening of speech for a more poignant appeal, were features of an exquisitely artistic and memorable performance. And there were great moments, as when she replied to Oenone, "It is those who have named him," scarcely breathing the word aloud and veiling her face; as in the final confession to Hippolyte; and above all when she pictured herself in the nether world before the judgment bar of Minos, her father, "obliged to confess crimes perhaps unknown in hell." There was grace of bearing, there were significant gestures, there was the facial play that moved more than the recitation of Racine's formal lines. When, despairing, she foresaw the death of Hippolyte and inquired into her own fate, her eyes were already those of the woman standing before the Judge.

Mr. Decour was a handsome Hippolyte and Mr. Durozat a heroic Theseus, but the two were often robust in the manner that is now associated with the remembrance of the old Bowery school, and Racine's lines were marred at times by a sea-saw of explosions. Mme. Thomas was a charming Aricie and her voice gave beauty to the most commonplace sentiment. The remaining members of the cast were adequate. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The play this afternoon will be "La Tosca." A performance of "L'Aiglon" this evening will close an engagement which has shown not only the astonishing vitality of Mme. Bernhardt, but artistic qualities that long ago made her famous and, still unimpaired, excite wonder.

"AIDA" AT OPERA HOUSE.

Vocally Mme. Melis and Mme. Gay Are in the Vein.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Aida.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Amneris.....Mme. Gay
Una Sacerdotessa.....Miss Savage
Radames.....Mr. Zenatello
Il Re.....Mr. White
Amonasro.....Mr. Aniate
Ramfis.....Mr. Mardones
Un Messaggero.....Mr. Giaccone

son a hitherto unsuspected skill as an actor. Of course, in order to carry conviction, he would have to seek his opportunity in the action, as Puccini has offered him little in the music, except on its dramatic side.

Mr. Galeffi perfectly fulfilled in appearance, action and song, the requirements imposed upon him as the gambling Sheriff. His bearing, so marked by evilly contemplative restraint, was in fitting contrast to the free and easy habits of the miners.

Too much praise can hardly be given to the ensemble of this production. There were no untoward happenings yesterday. The storm raged realistically, the horses even aided in completing the illusion of breezy outdoor life, and for once were not ludicrous. Except for the unpleasantly constant disproportion of the orchestra, the performance throughout reached a level of perfection which would do credit to any opera house.

OPERA HOUSE DOUBLE BILL.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" Is Preceded by "Pagliacci."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Cavalleria Rusticana," preceded by "Pagliacci," was the double bill presented last evening. "Cavalleria Rusticana" cast:

Santuzza Maria Gay
Lola Janka Czaplinska
Mamma Lucia Anne Roberts
Turiddu Salvatore Sciarrett
Alfio Giovanni Polese

The production of Mascagni's opera was pleasing in the extreme. Giovanni Polese as Alfio was excellent, both in dramatic and vocal ability. While Mme. Gay sings beautifully, the part of Santuzza is not suited to her voice. She was conventionally dramatic, but her physique does not contrast well with the young Turiddu of Sciarrett. Her portrayal of the emotions and vitality of the Latin was inspiring. It was, however, difficult to conceive the slightly built Turiddu brutally repulsing such a magnificent specimen of womanhood.

Janka Czaplinska was consistent as Lola, the frivolous wife, and the rendering of Mamma Lucia by Anne Roberts was acceptable.

The audience was one of the largest that has been present at a Saturday night performance during the season.

"Pagliacci" cast:
Nedda Fely Dereyne
Canio Gerardo Gerardi
Tonio George Baklanoff
Silvio Rodolfo Fornari
Beppe Ernesto Giaccone

The creation of a new Tonio by Mr. Baklanoff, was the feature of the production. Mr. Baklanoff adheres closely to the spirit of the clown in his rendering of the part, and in gesture, make-up and mannerism his portrayal is consistent.

Miss Dereyne as Nedda was artistic and charming. It may be that her voice did not prove all that could be desired, but her vivacity, grace and the intelligence of her dramatic rendering of the part more than made up for any slight deficiency in her vocal powers.

Gerardo Gerardi, the new Spanish member of the opera company, found great favor with the audience. His presentation of Canio was full of fire and left nothing to be desired. The Silvio of Fornari was excellent in vocalization, but colorless.

REVIEW MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL

Changes in the Costuming of "La Traviata" Since Its Original Production.

STORY OF 'BALKAN PRINCESS'

By PHILIP MALE.

The Herald last Tuesday morning referred to the costumes in "La Traviata" as the opera is performed at the Boston Opera House, with Violetta wearing the dress of 1843-1853 or a still more modern costume, while the other characters are clad after the manner of the period of Louis XIII.

As The Herald then stated, when "La Traviata" was produced at Venice in 1853, all the characters were in the costume of that year. These costumes, "so cold, dreary, prim," did not please the spectators, and it was thought that the dress had something to do with the failure of the opera. At the end of a year "La Traviata" was revived at

Venice and elsewhere at the time of Louis XIII were worn. This practice prevailed even in Paris until Feb. 12, 1854, when Mr. Carre, director of the Opera-Comique, reviving Verdi's opera, dressed Miss Garden, Messrs Doyle and Fugere and the other characters in the costumes of the second Empire with stage settings, furniture, etc., in accordance with them.

The critics and the general public applauded the change. As a critic wrote, the opera with the traditional costuming is without sense. "La Dame aux Camélias" is not a play that can be put indifferently in this or that century; it is a drama of the bourgeoisie, relating exclusively to the manners of our time. It becomes ridiculous in any other surroundings. Can you conceive, for example, the scene between the father and the mistress of his son when manners were different from ours? In the Italian libretto this father has the appearance of a sort of old parliamentary councillor reclaiming his child from some Ninon, Marion or a beauty of the Place Royale. The scene conflicts with the costumes of those who act it. At the time indicated by them the only reclamation by a father of a family would have been a lettre de cachet for the young man and a lodging in the Fort l'Evêque for the mistress. Joyous and lusty old France, not at all sensitive or sentimental, would have laughed boisterously at any dramatist who showed her a languorous, melancholy and consumptive courtesan. This woman might have been portrayed as really in love; yes, La Fontaine has given a perfect model of her, but, amiable and half-smiling, he has kept to the sentiment he chose to express! The languishing and 'Lamartinean' courtesan is a creation of our time, and even now she is almost ancient history."

It is said that Carvalho when he was manager of the Opera Comique (1875-1888) thought of reviving "La Traviata" with modern costumes, but he abandoned the idea on account of the music. He thought an audience would not brook the sight of a tenor in a swallow-tail coat, white cravat and varnished boots, singing the airs of Verdi. "Seeing these gloved gentlemen and hearing them sing the spectator's first thought would be that they were going to dance the cotillon."

Carre was more audacious and his experiment succeeded. The tenor's garments did not shock the audience and Miss Garden was a charming apparition in crinoline and in a great hat such as is seen in pictures by Winterhalter. Fugere, as the stern father, caused some amusement by his checked trousers and "gray Bolivar." (Why did the French of the Restoration give the name of the South American Liberator to a hat whether it was of beaver, silk, felt or straw, round or pointed, stovepipe or slouch? But stay, the French slang dictionaries differ on this point. Delvaux says that "Bolivar" was applied to any hat. The later dictionary of Ariste Bruant (1901), says that the name was applied only to a tall hat and gives as synonyms tulle, tuyau, album, capsule, colonne, cylindre, and also Gibus—the opera hat, crush, accordion, named after an inventive hatter, sensible, but now voted unfashionable. Larchey notes that the name was given in 1820 to a new form of a very wide-brimmed hat, whereas a hat with a narrow brim was known as a Morillo and worn by royalists. Victor Hugo refers to these symbols of political differences in a burst of eloquent prose.

Mme. Melba introduced the 1843-'53 costumes in London when she took the part of Violetta some years ago. In 1907, when she sang at the Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Hammerstein had new costumes made to suit the period of Dumas' heroine. Modern costumes were worn in the performance of "La Traviata" by the Manhattan Opera House Company, at the Boston Theatre, March 31, 1909, when Mme. Tetrazzini and Messrs. Constantino and Sammarco were the chief singers. Mr. Sammarco as the heavy father sang finely and was not embarrassed by his plug hat and cane. In the old days there was no sadder sight than that of the elder Germont in fantastically decorated pantaloons.

I believe that Halevy's "L'Eclair" was one of the first, if not the first opera in Paris, to be costumed in a contemporaneous manner. We are accustomed now to modern dress in opera. Pinkerton in American naval dress with Sharpless perspiring and with "russet boots" do not distress us. In Giordano's "Fedora" the costumes are all modern.

Before we leave "La Traviata," let us recall the fact Dr. Henry Morley, a shrewd judge of plays, wrote in 1856 that he found "absolutely nothing" in this opera by Verdi. "Grant a decent prettiness to the brindisi 'Libiamo,' and the utmost has been said for an opera very far inferior in value to the worst of Mr. Balfe's. When the voice of the singer is forced into discords of the composer's making, and the ear is tortured throughout by sounds which the wise man will struggle not to hear, it is obviously impossible to judge fairly of the vocal powers of the prima donna." It should be remembered also that the libretto of "La Traviata" was considered in 1853 detestably immoral and there was strong objection against performances of the opera in London.

The performance of Racine's "Phedre" last week might also serve as a peg on which to hang a disquisition concern-

ing costumes. It is possible that we played for years in the grand dress of the court. He endeavored but vainly to abolish the anachronisms. When Mme. Dorval in 1833 took the part of Phedre in Pradon's tragedy, she deliberately discarded Grecian dress. She wore a fine skirt of apple-green damask with silver flowers, a pointed corsage, a high collar, and a dress that would have shown brilliantly on the staircase of the orangery at Versailles. Theophile Gautier stoutly maintained that this costume suited the tragedy of Pradon's time, an ancient theme embroidered with modern ornaments. A rigid Etruscan fold, a peplos would fall badly on a verse in the time of Louis XIV. Hippolytus wore a justaucorps or sleeved

body-coat reaching to the knees and made of pink satin.

Gautier, however, was a romanticist, and his idea of proper dress for classic characters was furiously romantic. He wished color and anything picturesque that would show his contempt for Racine and the inexorably formal lines and conventions. Julien answered soundly when he replied years afterward that if Racine wished to translate ancient manners and passions, and if his heroes sometimes expressed more modern sentiments in stilted court language, they had also bursts of passion and a noble rage wholly unknown at Versailles and Marly. Racine's characters, should, therefore, be costumed as they existed in the mind of the poet who wished to create heroes of antiquity. They should be costumed in the most severe manner, so that the truthfulness of the dress would emphasize the passages in which Racine raised himself to the height of ancient tragedy. The amusing paradox of Gautier was invented to harm the classic drama.

Even as late as 1869 Ballande of the Galette, Paris, revived "Andromaque" with the costumes worn by the actors in the time of Louis XIV. "to allow the literary," the program said, "to judge whether these costumes were not more in harmony with the piece than the Greek costumes would be." But he did not substitute the candles of old time for the footlights of gas.

Julian wrote that in 1880 the audiences even in the lesser theatres of Paris would not countenance anachronisms in dress; that simple village maidens would be laughed at if they were bedecked with precious stones; but he added that at the Opera, the Opera Comique, the Comedie-Francaise and the Odeon the actresses still persisted in arranging their hair according to the latest style, no matter in what period the action passed. But there are still gross anachronisms as in the costuming of "La Dame Blanche." And just as in bygone years Iphigenia carried a fan, so there are still Italian prima donnas, or prima donnas trained in the Italian traditions, who carry a lace handkerchief in the right hand throughout the opera. Mme. Albani when she was last here was faithful to the tradition.

"The Balkan Princess," which will be produced here tomorrow night, was performed for the first time at the Prince of Wales Theatre Feb. 19, 1910. The first performance in this country was at New Haven last Wednesday night. The chief comedians in London were Isabel Jay (the Princess Stephanie), Mabel Sealby, Mabel Green, Bertram Wallis, James Blakely, who took the part of a waiter, and Lauri de Frece. The Daily Telegraph pronounced the piece "as shapely and charming an entertainment as our musical comedy stage has witnessed for many a long day."

The music, by Paul A. Rubens, was described as unfailingly vivacious; the comedians were amusing, the women were charming; but the Telegraph was of the opinion that the "straight story and the pretty thread of sentiment carried 'The Balkan Princess' shoulder-high to a popular verdict, the sincerity of which was never for a moment doubted."

The events occur in that little known country, Balaria. It is a strange land whose inhabitants do not know the face of their sovereign, the first woman that has been called to the throne. She must choose a husband or abdicate, for there is a plot in behalf of a pretender. The prime minister tells her that her choice is restricted. She must choose one of the six tallest dukes in the country. One of them, Sergius, is missing when they are assembled. His father was exiled from Balaria, and he himself thinks poorly of rank and is a sturdy democrat. The princess, incensed, determines to seek him out. She is found in the second act in queer company at a Bohemian restaurant. Sergius, a frequenter—he is a bit of a rounder—falls in love with her at first sight and engages her for every dance. Sofia, formerly the sweetheart of Sergius, in a fit of jealousy, having discovered the identity of the princess, suggests to Sergius that he drink the old toast, "Down with the Princess Stephanie!" He is about to do so, when Stephanie orders his arrest. The third act is of course for the purpose of bringing the lovers together. She signs an abdication and is content to be the simple girl whom Sergius met in the restaurant. This sacrifice adds fuel to his flame. He tears up the abdication and forgets he is an insurgent. The two will rule

together. There is a secondary story about the antics of one Max Hien, the so-called Prince Boris of Matatia. He and a con-
fessante, Blatz, plot with Magda, a woman at the palace, to steal the
princess's jewels. Magda's husband,
in disguise, long ago, turns out to
be a waiter at the Bohemian
restaurant.

At the concert of the Boston Orchestra at Club next Wednesday night in Jordan Hall several orchestral compositions will be heard here for the first time.

Saint-Saens's Festival Overture was performed for the first time in the spring of 1910 at the inauguration of the Oceanographic Museum at Monte Carlo. It was first played in Paris at a Colonne concert on Oct. 9, 1910, the 65th birthday of the composer. According to a program note by Charles Malherbe, this overture "glorifies science and translates the struggle of man against the elements. There is at first the beauty of a calm sea, then the exploration of abysses which permits the bringing of dazzling and marvellous things to the surface. The music next portrays the beauty of angry waves and the victory of man, who, by his courage and toll, subjects the blind forces of nature to his service." As Amadee Boutarel remarked: "This explanatory interpretation would perfectly suit a symphonic poem of the kind that composers like to make in these times. It includes too much, perhaps, for a Festival Overture," and Mr. Boutarel ended significantly his criticism of the overture by saying: "Let us not forget that this music was intended to celebrate an inauguration." The overture was played again at a Colonne concert Nov. 13, 1910.

Lekeu (1870-1894) is known here chiefly by his violin sonata, though other chamber music of his has been played here. Dukas is known by his "Sorcerer's Apprentice." His overture to Corneille's tragedy "Polyeucte" is comparatively old. It dates back to 1892 and it was produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris Jan. 24 of that year. Songs by Rhene-Baton were sung here by Mrs. Sundelius at a Longy Club concert early in last February. His "Variations on a Theme in the Aeolian Mood" were performed at a concert of the National Society, Paris, in March, 1903. He won praise in Munich last year as a conductor at concerts devoted to French music. Music by Woollett has been heard at concerts of the Longy Club, nor is Lazzari an unfamiliar name. The latter's opera "Amor" was produced at Prague in 1898 and the Prelude to it has been played in Chicago.

The Vienna Philharmonic Society has engaged Felix Weingartner as conductor for three years. Hitherto the contracts with conductors have been only for one year.

Lilli Lehmann has received from the Archduke Eugen, the patron of the Mozart Festivals at Salzburg, a marble statuette of a woman playing the harp. Mme. Lehmann's mother was a harp virtuoso.

Oskar Fried of Berlin last month went to St. Petersburg to conduct at a Kussewitzky concert Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which had uncommon success in the city a year or so ago. At the first rehearsal, he was not satisfied with the orchestra and he asked for three more rehearsals, but only two were granted, whereupon Fried, who has the reputation of being rude in speech, said it must be a matter of money, for any one could have what he

wanted for money in Russia. When he came to the second rehearsal, he found the orchestra unwilling to play under his direction, and soon afterward he was told that he must leave the country in 24 hours. Fried went to the German embassy, where he was cheered by the report that the order would not be enforced. As a matter of fact, he stayed for three days in the city and was unmolested. Mengelberg of Amsterdam, to whom Strauss dedicated his "Heiden leben," happened to be in St. Petersburg, where he had conducted one of Silott's concerts. Russewitzky asked him to take Fried's place. Mengelberg said he would for 5000 rubles, about \$2500. He saw the opportunity and embraced it, hugged it; but he was finally persuaded to accept 4000 rubles.

Mr. Spanuth of the Signale rebukes Engelbert Humperdinck for saying in New York that Arthur Nevins' "Pola," an Indian opera, failed on account of a cabal against it.

Wagner's symphony—a work of his youth—will be exhumed in Berlin on Feb. 13, in memory of the composer's death day. Mr. Nikisch will be the undertaker.

Mme. Tina Lerner is giving piano recitals in England with marked success. She will play at Hans Richter's concert, in London, Feb. 13, Chopin's concerto in F minor.

Massenet's "Manon" was performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Dec. 25, for the 700th time at that theatre.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham, long known here and highly respected as an organ virtuoso, church organist and director, composer, and a teacher of the organ, will retire from active church service the first of April while he is still at the height of his usefulness. He will be missed not only by the congregation of the Harvard Street Church, Brookline,

...an artist of the highest order, his taste was pure, his repertoire was large and catholic. It is said that he will devote himself to composition and teaching, but it is to be hoped that he will be heard as a solo organist. Mr. George A. Burdette will succeed him at the Harvard Street Church.

The Boston Music Company has published Frederick S. Converse's "Festival of Pan," a romance for orchestra, in a transcription for piano (four hands) made by Wilhelm Gericke.

The third issue of the Castle Square Program Magazine (Jan. 16) contains an autobiographic sketch of Mary Young, an instalment of Mr. Craig's article on "The Staging of Plays," besides other interesting matter. There are portraits of Florence Shirley, Ethel Daggett and Bert Young.

Edward Sheldon's new play, "The Boss," incited critics in Cleveland last week to dithyrambic praise. Archie Bell began his review as follows: "It's a sure winner, one of those cracking, sure-hit successes that to praise faintly would seem ridiculous. It calls for superlatives, for it is a virile, bony, brawny and even bloody drama of affairs as we know them, with Americanism stamped upon it at every angle, so that he who runs may read."

It is a reflection of a life we all know and comprehend. It could not transpire anywhere else on earth. It couldn't have happened earlier in American history. It's a magnificent piece of literature that seems to have been got into final shape as the last forms were going to press. In short, it's the last word upon a mighty subject. And so on for a column, but the palpitating reader will miss the customary allusion to "red blood in his veins."

A Londoner is angry because a tune from Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony is used in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at Drury Lane "as a recurrent motif for some sickly business about a silver-papered Harp of Love." In a letter to the Times the complainant says: "No doubt a large part of the audience drawn together by 'Jack and the Beanstalk' is unacquainted as yet with the 'Pathetic' symphony; but this sort of thing poisons their minds beforehand and prevents their ever relishing the real thing afterward."

Paul Bourget's "Barricade" was one of the plays of 1910. "No novelist ever seemed to have less of the making of a dramatist in him." His distressingly snobbish and poor story of the last of the Clavier-Grandchamp family made a surprisingly good play. Bourget has moral principles and a social purpose. They interfere with his drama. He did not find out until late in life that he was a horn dramatist. "The result has been that while he never wrote a play without a purpose, every play he has written proves the contrary of what he set out to prove. He starts with a purpose; the play carries him on; a dramatic situation conflicts with his purpose, he jettisons the purpose and keeps the situation. Another reason of his peculiarity is that he is a born dramatist, in being able to see two sides to every question, in spite of his principles. His hero expounds the right view à la Bourget. Another character expounds the opposite, and the author insists on being scrupulously fair to his enemy. So fair is he that his opponent

is generally the character whom he makes the better and more living of the two, and the audience applauds M. Bourget's dramatic personae demolishing M. Bourget's pet ideas. "Un Divorce" failing out also unexpectedly a good play, proved irresistibly that free love is the only thing; it had set out as a demonstration of the impossibility of the marriage bond. In the adventures of the Clavier-Grandchamp family M. Bourget introduces a young officer who is a plebeian and a Republican, and the Royal M. Bourget made his young Republican so lifelike and sympathetic that it was the young Republican the audience applauded. At each of his first nights Paul Bourget the dramatist must not be, but Paul Bourget the propagandist must write."

And so "La Barricade," which set out to stir employers and wake the bourgeoisie, aroused sympathy for the Socialists. "The purpose of the play was to show that the capitalist classes must organize, stand together, show fight—back up, in fact. The hero did so, and won. The obvious conclusion to be drawn, and it was drawn, was that if those on the other side of the barricade (to use a phrase of M. Clemenceau's which has been) had backed up as well or better they would have won. Therefore, said Socialists, let us organize, stand together, show fight better than we have hitherto. The ingenious M. Pataud saw his chance, and gave lectures on "La Barricade," to M. Paul Bourget's extreme annoyance. Fighting on either side of a barricade is a game two play at. M. Bourget saw that, and being an impartial dramatist gave us both sides of the game gave them only too well, and at the cost of his political purpose. The sincere dramatic instinct is at gift, but perhaps it is not the most useful to a political propagandist.

As for M. Moore, who died about a month ago, wrote the English book "The Clavier-Grandchamp" a far

more interesting and valuable literary adviser to the late Sir August Harris, otherwise known as "Drurlocanus." He used to speak of himself and Harris as "The two Gussers." Of late years his chief contribution to the Galety of London was his adaptation from the French, "The Giddy Goat." He was a brother of George Moore, the novelist. As editor of the Hawk and as a writer connected with the Bat he got into much trouble. Whistler was annoyed by references to himself in the Hawk, and meeting Moore in the vestibule of Drury Lane struck him in the face with his cane. There was a struggle and Whistler had to pick himself up from the floor. Whistler afterward said: "I started out to cane this fellow with as little emotion as I would prepare to kill a rat. I did cane him, to the satisfaction of my many friends and his many enemies, and that was the end of it." Mr. Moore wrote his version: "I am sorry, but I have had to slap Mr. Whistler. My Irish blood got the better of me, and before I knew it the shriveled-up little monkey was knocked over and kicking about on the floor." Whistler contended that Moore never touched him.

George Moore was pained when he read in the obituary notices that his brother came "of an old Irish and Roman Catholic family." He wrote a letter to the Times in which he said his family was Protestant until his great-grandfather went to Spain and by trading amassed a fortune of three or four hundred thousand pounds. "It would not have been possible for him to do this if he had remained a Protestant; therefore it is more likely that he became a Catholic rather for commercial than for theological reasons." The grandfather was a disciple of Gibbon and probably an agnostic. "Of my father's beliefs I know nothing. He went to mass on Sundays, so I suppose he was a Catholic." All this and more in Mr. Moore's most solemn and amusing manner.

Miss Maud Allan is back again in London. The railway accident in the United States did mischief to her nerves. After her season in this country she took a rest cure in France and Switzerland, but she was not allowed to drink milk, which had been her chief diet, so she was not much benefited. "I am back on milk now, and am really improving; but there are still dreadful hours in my existence when I feel I must shriek and drive my nails into my palms to relieve the vague agonies of my mind." Thrice did she suffer during her American tour from ptomaine poisoning, but "there was always the magic tonic of the people's applause." She will appear in London soon. Her new dance is being composed for her by Debussy—who will not finish the music until the end of February, so she will not be able to "express" his music before April or May. She will revisit America at the end of this year.

HEINEMANN AT MILTON.

The concert in aid of the Milton Education Society Endowment Fund will be given in Milton next Tuesday evening by Alexander Heinemann, the celebrated

lieder singer. The program will be as follows: Schumann, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Ich grüße dich, Du bist wie eine Blume; Schubert, Wohin? Litanen, Erlkönig; Loewe, Edward, Abendlied, Die Lauer; Hans Hermann, Der alte Herr, Der oede Garten, Drei Wanderer.

Alexander Ludwig Tieck Heinemann was born at Berlin, May 31, 1873. He first studied the violin and then turned his attention to singing. He studied with Jenny Meyer and Adolf Schulze and made his first appearance at the Singakademie, Berlin, in 1897. He has sung with great success in cities of Germany and the Netherlands, and in Paris and London. This is his first visit to the United States and he will sing next Tuesday for the first time in the neighborhood of Boston. He is distinguished according to report, for the eloquence of his diction.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Concert by the People's Choral Union of Boston. Frederick W. Wedell, conductor. "Christoforus," by Rheinberger, and "Gallia," by Gounod. Chorus of 400 and orchestra of 40 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Frances Dunton Brown, soprano; Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto; Clarence B. Shirley, tenor; Earl Cartwright, baritone; Raymond Ott, boy soprano; Miss Marion Lane, pianist; Hermann A. Shedd, organist.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society, for Cecilia season subscribers of last year and of the current year. The chorus, without orchestral accompaniment, will sing these compositions: Brockway, "Wings of a Dove"; Foote, "The Jumbies"; Lang, "Wild Brier" (for female voices); Brahms, "Love-Waltzes"; Franck, the 10th Psalm; Cornelius, "Salamalekum" (baritone solo by Earl Cartwright). Mr. Fiedler will conduct. Mrs. Carmen Melis, soprano, will sing two groups of songs, accompanied by Malcolm Lang. Anton Witke will play two groups of violin solos, accompanied by Mrs. Witke.

TUESDAY—Stelbert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second and last violin and piano sonata concert by David and Clara Manner. Brahms, sonata in A major; Beethoven, sonata in D major; Schumann, sonata in D minor.

West Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. William H. Wilson, conductor. Adagio, overture to "If I Were King"; Debussy, Valse lente and Pizzicato Polka, from "Sylvia"; Leonavallo,

Fantasia, "Pagliacci"; Variations, "Michele"; "Zazou"; Mrs. Christina Gaubrecht, contralto, will sing "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," and "Gloria," by Buzzi-Peccia. Paul M. Brown, cellist, will play Casella's "Neapolitan Song." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. concert of the Boston Orchestral Club. Mrs. R. J. Hall, president. Mr. Longy, conductor. Saint-Saens' Festival overture, Lekeu, adagio for strings; Rhene-Baton, variations for piano and orchestra (F. Starck, Mason, pianist); Dukas, overture to "Polyeucte"; Wollett, "Scherza," symphonic poem for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. Hall, saxophone); Lazzari, prelude to "Armor" and March for a Joyous Festival. For notes on the program see leading article.

THURSDAY: Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Haydn, quartet in G minor, op. 74, No. 3; Moor, adagio from quartet, op. 53; Wolf, Serenade; Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 7. The adagio by Emanuel Moor will be played here for the first time. Little is known of his music in Boston. Harold Bauer played his piano concerto on 57 at a Symphony concert on April 13, 1908. Moor was born in Hungary and educated at Budapest and Vienna. He came to America about 1885, and was musical director of a concert company that included Lilli Lehmann, Musin and Franz Rummel. In New York he married a rich woman, Miss Burke, and went to England to live, and some of his compositions were brought out there. For some years he has dwelt in Lausanne. His works include three or four operas, at least seven symphonies, four violin concertos, concertos for cello and one for two cellos, much chamber music, 500 songs—he is a voluminous composer. Yay and Casaeas have interested themselves in making his works known. As long ago as 1877 the late W. H. Sherwood played in Boston a Humoresque by Moor at a concert of "American compositions."

Ford Hall, 8 P. M. Municipal concert. Mr. Howard conductor. Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Rubinstein, Song of the Spheres, from string quartet op. 17; Mozart, first movement from symphony in G minor; Bolzoni, minuet for strings; Elgar, march, "Pomp and Circumstance"; Anthony Torello, contrabassist, will play Valls' Grand Fantasia and his own arrangement of Bottesini's Air and Variations, assisted by J. A. Baumgartner, pianist. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler conductor. For program see special notice.

Roxbury High School, 8 P. M. Municipal chamber concert, given by Mrs. Olive Whitely Hilton, violinist, Mrs. Anna Howe Huntington, cellist, Mrs. Cora Gooch Brooks, pianist, and F. Morse Wemple, baritone. Saint-Saens, allegro from trio in F major, songs, Schubert, The Currier Hagen; Strauss, The Angels' Love Music; Puccini, Love Scene with Terribili; piano solo, Chopin, Fantasia Impromptu; Rubinstein, andante from trio in B flat major; Schuetz, allegretto from trio in A minor; cello solos, Davidoff, Bagatelles; Massenet, transcription of Meditation from "Thais"; Golttermann, Capriccio; Brahms, Chadeck, Love's Image; Barion, Come Away, Death, from "Twelfth Night"; Chamlinade, allegro moderato from trio in A minor.

SATURDAY: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

CHORAL UNION CONCERT.

Symphony Hall Crowded at the Mid-Season Performance.

Symphony Hall was crowded last night for the eighth mid-season concert of the People's Choral Union of Boston. The work of the soloists and the chorus of 400 voices, with the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, found favor with the audience.

The concert was given under the direction of Frederick W. Wedell, and was in two parts. The first was from "Christoforus," by Rheinberger, and the second from "Gallia," by Gounod.

The soloists for the concert were: Mrs. Florence Dunton Brown, soprano. Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto. Clarence B. Shirley, tenor. Earl Cartwright, baritone. Miss Florence M. Payne, soprano. Master Raymond Ott, soprano.

Herman A. Shedd was organist and Miss Marian L. Lane was pianist.

The 14th annual spring concert of the union will take place Sunday evening, April 23, in Symphony Hall. The program will consist of "Judas Macabaeus," by Handel.

Jan 24 1911

"AMERICAN" LIBRETTOS.

Composers wishing to write the long-looked-for "American" opera find inspiration in the far West and Southwest. Puccini has already passed into musical history with his "Girl of the Golden West," based on Mr. Belasco's melodrama. Now come Mr. Herbert with his grand opera, which will soon be produced at Philadelphia, and Mr. Converse, whose "Sacrifice" will be produced next month at the Boston Opera House. The librettist in the first instance is a Californian, whose work should have romantically western color. Mr. Converse is his own librettist, and his subject is a Mexican incident in the time of the war between Mexico and the United States. It is known that he was impressed by "The Rose of the Rancho" when it was performed here, and perhaps this play suggested to him pict-

uresque scenes and costumes for stage effects.

There are some zealous in the cause of American music who insist that an Indian legend or tale is best suited of all American subjects to the stage. Composers who have attempted operatic work in this field have not been successful. Some who would like a story of Southern life in the time of slavery are afraid that a heroic negro would not win the sympathies of an audience. There are sensitive persons who object to Othello the Moor with Desdemona; but they applaud the wild Amonasro in "Aida." Several subjects have been suggested: old Creole life in New Orleans, New York in the days of the Knickerbockers; episodes in the Revolutionary War, tragic incidents in early New England. Delius, an Englishman of German parentage, has composed an opera based on one of Cable's "reole stories; there are operettas

with Knickerbockers for characters; there are short serious operas with Revolutionary characters; Kelley, Surrette and others have chosen New England subjects, and Walter Damrosch, an American by adoption, wrote "The Scarlet Letter," a tragic opera, which was first produced in Boston. No one of the serious operas has been successful, and few of the operettas with these subjects have met with marked popular favor.

The reason why the three composers first mentioned were attracted by Californian-Mexican life is easy to see; operas based on this subject admit of a spectacular display in scenery and in costumes. The characters seem more remote and foreign. There is the illusion of romanticism, there is less of every-day life. The music requires sharply defined rhythms and brilliant color. Opera is for the eye, not only for the ear. Above all, there must be action, and action in opera is more romantic and thrilling when it occurs in scenes that are unfamiliar to the great majority of the audience.

The Maestro's Masterpiece Given for First Time in City at Boston Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Maestro's Masterpiece," a play in a prologue and two acts by Edward Locke. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein. Gaetano Merola, conductor.

PROLOGUE

Josef Pulaski..... Samuel S. Schneider
Teresa Pulaski..... Miss Ethel De Fre Houston
Maria Pulaski..... Mrs. Maria Hampel
Tony Petronini..... Leonard Samoloff
Georges Duval..... Frederick W. Peters
Jacques Baron..... Angelo Soracco

PLAY

Father Pulaski..... Samuel S. Schneider
Mother Pulaski..... Miss Ethel De Fre Houston
Antonio Petronini..... Leonard Samoloff
Georges Duval..... Frederick W. Peters
Frederick McKay..... Andrea Sarto
Freddy, Jr..... Count Enzo Bozzano
Helen Maslov..... Miss Aileen Flaven
Mary Redding..... Miss Edith M. Somes
Jacques Baron..... Angelo Soracco

This play was written for the purpose of introducing singers in excerpts from operas. There was a large orchestra which played Tchaikowsky's Marche Slav; the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" and the Meditation from "Thais." The operatic excerpts were as follows: "O Patria Mia" from "Aida"; duet "Ora Soave" from "Andrea Chenier"; "Di Provenza" from "La Traviata" duet for tenor and haritone from "La Forza del Destino"; barcarolle from "Contes d' Hoffmann"; and the Sextet from "Lucia." Mr. Merola was represented as a composer: Reverle for "cello solo"; "The Polus Monk" for bass. "The Mighty Monarch" and the finale ensemble "Liberty Triumphant."

The orchestral selections and the singers were warmly applauded by a large audience. Miss Somes was obliged to repeat the barcarolle, and the sextet from "Lucia" was redemanded.

Mr. Sarto, the baritone, whose make-up recalled the familiar face of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, has a voice of fine quality and he showed the results of good training and natural taste. Mr. Bozzano has a sonorous bass. Miss Hampel sang the aria from "Aida" with the emotional intensity of a young Italian. Mr. Samoloff has a voice that is worthy of further study. Last evening his tones were as projectiles. The orchestra, somewhat bolstered in ac-

...the most feature of the per-

formance. The play is a thing of words and patches. It has a subtitle: "A play of staid comedy," and the audience is supposed to be amused and entertained by the behavior of great actors in a private life. It should be said that it is a life of most delicate and delicate purposes in a studio, one asks for a policy for a song; no one is singing, each one is applauded by the others, and at times they all in-clude in ensemble. There is no back-lying, no slander, drinking is confined to a glass or two of champagne; and the party breaks up at an early hour.

The play has a plot and also dia-logue. Mr. Pilsch is a Polish com-poser. In the prologue he and his wife are disturbed by the conduct of Teresa, their daughter. She is an opera singer and has been commanded to sing before the Queen, probably the late Queen Victoria, for her portrait is on the parlor wall. Although Teresa's parents and the manager beg her to sing at the opera house, she sends her resignation. And why? Because she loves a Russian, poor but of a noble nature.

The father cannot brook the idea of her marrying one of Poland's oppressors. Here was a fine opportunity to introduce the song of Thaddeus: "Wan the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might"; but the father is a composer, not a tenor. Teresa leaves the house and her father curses her and begs God to strike him blind if he ever sees her again. The other characters in the prologue are a cello player who wishes to be a tenor, a real tenor who is well aware of his proficiency and commercial worth, and a distracted manager.

This domestic tragedy occurred in February, 1890, according to the program. Nineteen years elapse, while the orchestra plays "The Dance of the Flowers." The curtain rises on a studio in New York. The month is October, as in Poe's "Uplume," and there is a party in McKay's studio. This McKay was an opera singer, remarkable as Germont, but he left the stage to be a painter, for he disliked a roving life. The Polish composer and his wife are among the guests. She has been blind for a month, but her husband is not aware of it until the end of the act for the sake of a pathetic curtain.

The daughter is dead. The once famous tenor is now an ex-tenor, but he kindly consents to join in the sextet from "Lullaby." The cello player is now a great tenor and he is in love with a prima donna. Helena loves the artist's son, a bass without visible or otherwise a little occupation. Little Helena, who plays the cello, wishes that he would bestir himself, and this makes his father laugh. Mr. Pulaski, the composer, in his anger at his daughter, had destroyed the manuscript of his masterpiece, an opera, but in this act it comes back to him, words and music. In the second and last act selections from the masterpiece are heard.

The dialogue is artless. One of the characters says to the little girl: "Your mother was the finest woman I ever knew." She answers mournfully: "I never saw her." And the artist is at once requested to sing "Di Provenza." It may again be said that the singers and orchestra were enthusiastically ap-plauded.

'PIPE OF DESIRE' REPEATED.

"Pagliacci" Included in Double Bill at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Double bill of "The Pipe of Desire" and "Pagliacci." The casts:

"THE PIPE OF DESIRE."
Ivan Mr. Martin
Nedda Miss Deryne
The Old One Mr. Blanchard
First Sings Miss Fisher
First Indine Miss Swartz
First Salamander Mr. Sirocco
First Gnome Mr. Fornari

"PAGLIACCI."
Nedda Miss Deryne
Cari Mr. Zenatello
Tina Mr. Scott
Beppe Mr. Giaccone

There was sufficient variety in the program at the Opera House last evening to suit the tastes of the most catholic audience. But it happily occurred that "The Pipe of Desire" preceded "Pagliacci," else would lovers of melody and dramatic emphasis have been disappointed by a marked anticlimax. Repeated attendance at Mr. Converse's opera is not calculated to reveal to the audience hidden lyrical beauties in a well-orchestrated score, nor to dispel the impression created by the first performance. Somehow there seems to be a lack of harmony between the libretto and the music, and this, probably, accounts for the discordancy in the whole. The fable is Arabian in its revery, and the music is generally Bacchanalian in "motif." The result of the combination is wanting in harmonious unity. Mr. Martin and Miss Deryne struggled valiantly with the score and succeeded very readily. Still there was

...the most feature of the per-

"Pagliacci" was admirably acted and effectively sung. Not infrequently the bravado of the opera is interpreted after a fashion which sacrifices lyrical beauty of rendition to the portrayal of deep dramatic irony. The cast last evening evinced a slight tendency toward this judicious selection. Yet the result was not discouraging. Mr. Scott's tones are mellow and he is possessed of sufficient tragic depth to convince. The medium of his voice is stable and not wanting in the basic element that makes for stability in rendition. In the upper register he is not so successful. Mr. Zenatello's Carlo is creditably conceived and executed, save for an appreciable lack of resonance in the lower tones and a slight nasal diction in the upper register. Miss Deryne knows how to sing. She has a pleasing voice, limited in range and volume, but well marshalled in tones and generally under perfect control. Both operas were sumptuously mounted.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Billie Burke's Wild West Gives Thrilling Act.

There are those who say the wild and woolly West is a thing of the past, that the cowboy is no more and that picturesque America is becoming a memory. Let them go to see Billie Burke's Wild West in Frontier Days and forget the rashness of these statements.

Mrs. Gardner Crane and an able company dispensed laughter generously in a very realistic sleeping car farce. Any one who has experienced a night in a sleeper will be vividly reminded by this. Will Fox is not only the originator of "comedy trick playing piano acts," but is an excellent comedian. His stories were good and well pointed.

A tabloid musical comedy, "The Leading Lady," with Mercedes Lorenz in the title part, was well staged and costumed. Miss Lorenz has a charming personality, and the song in which she and the chorus kicked footballs out into the audience caused much excitement and fun.

The Three Mascagnos, European novelty acrobats, performed in street clothes with remarkable agility. Al and Fannie Stedman gave a varied program of song and dance which pleased the audience. Bob Sandberg and James Lee in songs, parodies and much very small talk made their first appearance here.

For the first time in Boston "Daylight" motion pictures were shown. These are so called by reason of the house being fully lighted while the pictures are thrown upon the sheet. They seem a bit less vivid, less clean-cut than in the old way. This may be remedied later.

Ward and Curran were warmly welcomed by many who knew them of old. They appeared in the same "comedy classic," "The Terrible Judge," and were, in their own particular way, sile-splittingly funny.

On the whole it is as well balanced a program as has been given this season. There is something for every one to enjoy and much that is of more than usual excellence.

CECILIA SOCIETY CONCERT.

Work of Two Soloists Attracts Interest of Audience.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: 150th Psalm, Franck; Love-Waltzes, Brahms; "Wings of a Dove," Brockway; "The Wild Brier," Lang; "The Jumbles," Foote; "Salamaleikum," Cornelli. Mr. Witke, violinist, played these pieces: "La Follia," Corelli; Romance in E Major, Sinding; Minuetto, Raff; Three Hungarian Dances, Brahms; Joachim; Mme. Carmen-Mells sang these songs: "Barearolla," Meyerbeer; "Vissi d'Arte," Puccini; "Un bel di vedremo," from "Madama Butterfly," Puccini, and a Neapolitan song.

The program was thoroughly enjoyable. A large audience was present. The appearance of two soloists of ability did not emphasize Hermann Klein's assertion that concert-goers are "star-worshippers." The interest of the audience was not lessened by the appearance of the soloists. The judicious balance of parts, the blending of the voices and a general excellence made the work of the society especially noteworthy in the "Psalm" by Franck and in the "Wings of a Dove" by Brockway. The former was given with breadth and fervor, the latter with fine finish.

Cornelli was a follower of Liszt and a champion of Wagner. His "Barber of Bagdad" was a failure when produced in Weimar. It was later a success in Dresden and other European cities. The Salamaleikum, with Mr. Cartwright's solo, was an interesting number. The excerpt, however, points to cantata rather than operatic part-writing.

Mr. Witke played with the judgment and musically feeling of one who summons music in reverence. This high seriousness is as compelling as it is artistic. Mr. Witke presupposes excellency of phrasing, technique and tone, in

Sinding's Romance he played with feeling; the Brahms dances were alive with imagination. Wilgore and cadenza work do not tempt him. He is always the reverent apostle, and by this token his playing is the more masterful. Mrs. Witke accompanied him.

The calithre, breadth and power of her voice mark Mme. Mells as an opera singer. Last evening she displayed these qualities. The selections from "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly" were sung with her usual tragic impressiveness. Meyerbeer's Barcarolle became operatic. The whole being of the woman was alive with histrionic force, but this and musicianship are two different things.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Balkan Princess," a musical play in a prologue and two acts, book by Frederiek Lonsdale and Frank Curzon, lyrics by Paul A. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis. Chief persons in the cast:

The Grand Duke Sergius.....Robert Warwick
Count Boethy.....W. T. Carleton
Max Helm (alias "Prince Boris of Metalia").....Joseph Herbert
Blatz (his confederate).....Teddy Webb
Henri.....Herbert Cortell
Maggie.....May Boloy
Olya.....Marie Rose
Sofia.....Vida Whitmore
Princess Stephanie of Balaria.....Loulse Gunning

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"My Friend from Dixie" Given with Real Southern Cast.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"My Friend from Dixie," a three-act musical comedy by J. Leubrie Hill. Cast:

Jasper Green.....Louis A. Mitchell
Mandy Lee.....J. Leubrie Hill
Jim Jackson Lee.....Richard W. Shelton
Emalina Lee.....Julia Gildion
Sophie Lee.....Mamie Carter
Susie Lee.....Hattie Akers
Clementine.....Mayme Butler
Bill Simmons.....Will Brown
Abe Lewis.....George A. Price, Jr.
Lucinda Langtry.....Leona Marshall
Katie Krew.....Evon Robertson
Marie Nation Brown.....Quetta Watts
Joe Moore.....Arthur Carr
Joe Brown.....Coleman L. Minor
Spiky.....Chas. H. Woody
Minnie Moon.....Tinnie Ray

Jan 25 1911
THE GALAPAGOS.

There is talk again of the United States acquiring the Galapagos, and there are some who maintain that the acquisition is necessary on account of the Panama canal. The name has a romantic sound, as that of Mesopotamia pronounced by her beloved pastor filled the soul of the old lady with a holy joy; and the name appealed to Fitz James O'Brien—witness two lines of his "Wharf Rat":

"And down through the tortuous lane
a sailor comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles
the burden of his song."

When O'Brien wrote this poem—it was first published in Vanity Fair about fifty years ago—these islands knew no inhabitants except huge turtles, now and then a marooned sailor, convicts sent from the coast, or some desperate runaway. Herman Melville gave a vivid account of the awful desolation of the huge ash heaps in one of his Piazza Tales, "The Encantadas"; a title derived from the fact that the Spaniards believed these wastes were enchanted, and sailors swore that this or that one of the islands had the trick of disappearing for a time.

The Galapagos—for O'Brien spelled after the old manner—known on the map of Ortelius in 1570 as "Insulae de los Galopegos," were first visited by freebooters and whalers. Long afterward scientific explorers, as Darwin, found the islands rich in birds and reptiles that showed the effect of long isolation, for it is believed that there

was never any connection by land between the islands and the coast. Still later an American settled on one of the islands allured by hope of gain. Then there were the convicts herded on Chatham island under the supervision of a police commissioner and his men. The tortoises which gave the islands the name—the Spanish word Galapago is accented on the second syllable—began to diminish, but dogs, cats and goats have increased. The chief exports have been guano and orchilla moss; also rum and molasses, which go well together; also hides.

A dispatch from Lima states that the Peruvians look unkindly on the proposed sale of the Galapagos, for

...the most feature of the per-

PIANO AND VIOLIN RECITAL.

Clara and David Mannes Give Delightful Sonata Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

Clara and David Mannes of New York gave the second sonata recital (piano and violin) of their third season last night in Steltern Hall. The hall was filled with an interested audience. The program was as follows: Brahms, Sonata in A major, op. 100; Beethoven, Sonata in E flat major, op. 12, No. 3; Schumann, Sonata in D minor, op. 121.

There are "sonata recitals" that strike terror to the stoutest soul. Frederiek Lamond, for example, an inflexible Scottish pianist, is in the habit of giving "Beethoven sonata recitals." Some seasons ago he visited Boston and played four or five sonatas by Beethoven in a row and in a merciless manner. The recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes are better arranged. Their programs are not too long, and the compositions chosen are well contrasted. Nevertheless, it might be more agreeable to the average audience if only two sonatas were played with an intermediate group of piano or violin pieces.

The program last night was particularly well arranged for a concert of this kind. The sonata by Brahms was the one sometimes known as the "Thun" sonata, the one about which Wldmann wrote a sentimental poem. It is among Brahms's most amiable works, with its suave melodies and occasional suggestions of Hungarian musical sentiment and expression. The hearer listening to the first movement wonders whether Brahms's chief theme will at last frankly take the shape of Walther's Prize Song. The third movement in its original form was less concise. Beethoven's sonata with its fine adagio and gay rondo finale served as an excellent transition to the feverish sonata of Schumann.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes have played together so much that their ensemble is characterized by phrasing that seems the spontaneous thought of the two, and by a full appreciation of proportion. There was much applause.

The hall is admirably planned for such concerts. Intimate relationship is at once established between the players and the hearers, and the music is for once justly described as chamber music.

ORCHESTRAL CLUB GIVES CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Orchestral Club, Mrs. Richard J. Hall, president; Georges Longy, conductor, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, overture de Fete; Lekeu, Adagio for strings; Rhene-Baton, variations for piano and orchestra (pianist, L. Stuart Mason); Dukas, overture to "Polyeute"; Woollett, "Siberia," for saxophone and orchestra (Mrs. Hall, saxophone); Lazzari, prelude to "Amor," and March for a Joyous Festival.

The orchestra was a large one with members of the club re-enforced by many members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Packard was the concert master.

The Boston public has long been indebted to Mrs. Hall, whose enthusiasm for compositions of the French school has led to the production here of many interesting works and some that are inherently uninteresting. As is customary at these concerts—and this is the ninth season of them—the pieces were played in Boston for the first time.

Saint-Saens' overture was written for the inauguration of the Oceanographic Museum at Monte Carlo last spring. A commentator has discovered all sorts of things in this overture, from the wonders brought up to the surface by deep-sea dredging to the beauty of the angry waves; from contemplation of the Kraken, Moby Dick, the great white squid, and other strange inhabitants of the ocean to the victory of man over the blind and raging forces of nature. The unprejudiced hearer finds that the overture is deftly made and sonorous, but without salient themes, without picturesquely descriptive pages; music that is amiable and at once forgotten.

Songs by Rhene Baton were sung some time ago at a Longy concert. The

The details are not ingenious; in a word, the music shows poverty of thought and invention. There are striking moments. The overture of Dukas, a much earlier composition, is solidly built and well orchestrated, but it has little individuality nor would it put an audience in the mood for Corneille's tragedy. Woollett's symphonic poem, dedicated to Mrs. Hall, was inspired by a page in which Tolstol pictures prisoners painfully making their way to Siberia, while some sing to rouse drooping spirits and others remember the gypsies dancing by night in city restaurants. It is not a deliberately important work; it might be called a frank appeal to the audience; but it has a directness and a savage vulgarity that are effective.

Mrs. Hall gave distinction to the saxophone solo by her performance, which by its technical proficiency and expressive force well deserved the hearty applause that followed. Lazari's prelude to the opera "Amor" is another example of fine instrumentation that clothes a weak and poorly nourished body; while the "Festival March" is of a paltry nature in all respects.

The features of the evening were Lekeu's Adagio and Mrs. Hall's incidental saxophone solo. Lekeu's early death cannot be too deeply regretted. He died before his thoughts were clarified, before he had learned the great secret of rejection; but he had a highly poetic individuality and in his music are the glamour and the sombre thoughts concerning nature and death that we are accustomed to associate with the Kelt.

The Adagio is not wholly admirable; but the greater part of it is eloquent, and there is no taint of bombast.

It might be said of the other compositions in general that the instrumentation was more interesting than the purely musical contents. The orchestra played much better than at the preceding concert of last season. There was a large audience.

MME. GAY AS CARMEN.

Audience Enthusiastic Over Production at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Mr. Zenatello Mr. Baklanoff
El Torcaldo Mr. Devaux
El Remendado Mr. Glaccone
Z. Mica Mr. Gantvoort
M. Mica Mr. Letol
Carmen Mme. Gay
M. Mica Mrs. Nielsen
Prasquita Miss Fisher
Mercedez Miss Roberts

This opera possesses every element calculated to divert the most jaded spectator. It is pleasing even when it has not the finish with which it is done at this house and when the title part is not performed by an actress who positively exudes "personality." But when the part of Carmen is surrounded by the immense impertinence which Mme. Gay employs in it the opera becomes absorbing.

For the benefit of the large audience which had gathered to see her do it, Mme. Gay last night vented every impulse and she had one oftener than usual—to do the unexpected, the daring, the comic act which would draw a laugh, in or out of place. She was in high spirits and in exceptionally fine voice, she aroused continual enthusiasm.

Mr. Zenatello spoiled much of Don Jose's music in the first act by his inaccuracy in pitch. The other impersonations of last night's cast are all familiar here.

It is a pleasure to have an opportunity speak in detail of one of the minor ones, that of the smugglers in the second act. It is difficult to recall from y opera a subordinate episode which carried off with similar animation and skill, both in action and song. It won't night the applause it so well deserved.

1 Jan 27 1911 SECOND CONCERT BY FLONZALEY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet gave the second concert of its fourth series last night in Chikering Hall. The program was as follows. Haydn, quartet in G minor, op. 74, No. 3. E. Moor, Adagio from quartet, op. 79, Wolf. Italian Serenade. Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 68, No. 1.

There was not a vacant seat in the hall and many stood. This was not a first concert of a new group of prima donna, but a continuation of a series of concerts, the first of which was given by the quartet in the same hall on the 11th of December last.

The quartet was not assisted by a pianist or singer of great reputation. The hall was crowded because the fame of the Flonzaley Quartet has steadily grown in Boston since the night the players came here for the first time, modestly, unheralded, almost unknown.

Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara and d'Archaubeau may well be proud of the appreciation of their art as shown by the large and enthusiastic audiences this season. Mr. de Coppet, who founded this quartet, and maintained it, at first for his own delight and that of his friends, may now be well pleased. His judgment, taste, shown in the selection of players and in the untiring preparation for the present brilliant results, will long be remembered and gratefully acknowledged.

The Adagio by Emanuel Moor, a Hungarian by birth, was heard here for the first time. A few seasons ago Mr. Bauer played a piano concerto by Moor at a Symphony concert, and his music did not leave a favorable impression; but Moor has composed many works, and the interest shown in him by Messrs. Ysaye and Casals prevented judicious amateurs from condemning him after one hearing. The Adagio is the work of no ordinary musician. It has true individuality. It does not betray the influence of any modern school or any particular composer. It leads one to think of Moor as living apart from others, dreaming his own dreams, hushed with his own musical salvation, indifferent toward Strauss or Reger, not mindful of what the French are doing.

The concerto played by Mr. Bauer was exceedingly long and exceedingly thick. This Adagio has depth, and it rises to a spiritual height. The music is solidly constructed, but not on an academic ground. The harmonization is unusual, often beautiful, always impressive. The themes have distinction and warmth, but the treatment of them is more remarkable than the themes themselves. The artist might say that the sections of this Adagio are not firmly united, but his objection would be hardly timely.

There is a sense of cohesion; a feeling of continuity, the Adagio seems a complete and rounded whole, rarely beautiful, without taint of materialism; music that is ideal yet human; music that is profound yet eloquent, music that inspires "a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the best composer."

Concerning the performance of the various compositions, what shall he say that has not already been said after the concert of this unique quartet? The program tested the versatility of the players in expression. The character, the style of the performance was suited in turn to each composition. The music of Beethoven was not played in the spirit that made the quartet of Haydn so delightful; it was the gaiety of Haydn the gaiety of Hugo Wolf. For on a Wolf's Serenade was Italian in its lightness, grace, and amorous song.

It was in the music of Beethoven, however, that the genius of the Flonzaley quartet was displayed in fullness and splendor. There has long been a curious superstition that only Germans can play the music of Beethoven and hear him with perfect understanding. This superstition has been confined chiefly to Germans. They forget that Beethoven was not a man of a parish. They forget that he is still the supreme romanticist. At times his music, as the French say of Berlioz, has its "panaches"; at times it is as superbly extravagant as the prose or poetry of Hugo.

There are sudden contrasts between the wildly fantastical and the music of the spheres. This music should be played by romanticists, as it was last night, with tenderness and passion, with bacchanic joy and the tenderness that, lying too deep for words, can be expressed only by the mastery of a master; with stormy defiance and the serenity that has left the earth below and is among the stars.

And throughout the concert there was the unflinching and exquisite sense of proportion; there was the euphony, that makes the Flonzaley quartet incomparable.

The third and last concert of this series will take place on Thursday evening, Feb. 23.

1 Jan 28 1911
Tone Poem by Gernsheim Played for First Time in America by Symphony Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fleischer conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"To a Drama," tone poem, op. 82, Gernsheim Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller, Reger

The tone-poem by Gernsheim, who is now in his 72d year, was brought out in Berlin last October by Mr. Nikisch at a public concert. The performance yesterday was the first in Boston, and the first in the United States. A sym-

phony, piano concerto and violin concerto by Gernsheim have been played in Boston, but the composer is best known here by his "Salamis," which has been sung several times by the Apollo Club. He is a thoroughly equipped musician, who has played the piano, taught, conducted and composed, always in a highly respectable manner. He has his reward, for he has been named Professor and sits as a member of the Senate of the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin. "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?"

And this new composition is highly respectable, professorial, senatorial. The themes are clearly defined and contrasted, now vigorous, now suave. The harmonization is not too old-fashioned and not too new-fangled. The thematic development shows sound technical knowledge. The instrumentation is solid, varied, free from extravagance. Everything is as it should be in the best of works by a highly respectable and respected professor. The ears of the hearers are at times soothed, at times roused, never annoyed or stabbed by unaccustomed sounds. The sifter in the seat of the scornful must admit that "To a Drama" is the work of a worthy composer; but he has no curiosity to know whether Prof. Gernsheim had any particular drama in mind, and if a drama did suggest the music he has no curiosity to see it. For there is no inspiration in this music. It is carefully made, neatly put in a package, tied so that it will not become undone and handed to the customer with a smile and a bow. And yet this music is not unpleasant to hear, and in the midst of Reger's variations there was a kindly, yes, appreciative thought of Prof. Gernsheim, senator in Berlin.

For the variations of Max Reger on a little inoffensive 18th century theme of J. A. Hiller are the abomination of desolation. I know of no music, modern or ancient, that is more exasperating and more tiring. In all of Reger's works for the orchestra there is something pretentious, something bumptious that is maddening. There is no disputing his contrapuntal skill. Would that he had little or none at all. For what use does he put it to in these orchestral compositions? There is neither beauty nor grandeur, there is no emotional appeal; there is nothing to inspire a mood, enjoying which the hearer might possibly forget Reger until some peculiarly ugly or dull page would arouse him from his reverie. The fugue yesterday with its speed and din and roar of organ provoked hearty applause. It should be remembered that this fugue came after a long and sandy stretch of variations, and if it had not been half so impressive it would still have been a relief.

The variations and the other orchestral works by Reger recall a dream of Dr. Quincey after the Malay amongst English mountains knocked at his door. The hearer might exclaim with the Optimist: "I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids . . . and I laid, confounded with all unutterable silly things, amongst reeds and Nile mud."

Even a cello concerto brought balm. Saint-Saens's is not only the most endurable of these concertos; it contains charming things; as the second theme, as the exquisitely dainty minuet with a Watteau flavor. Mr. Warnke displayed beautiful tone, fine phrasing, and the facility that is expected of a cellist of his high reputation. Nor playing measures of sustained melody did he lapse into sentimentalism so dear to players and lovers of the instrument.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb. 10-11 will be as follows: Handel, overture in D major; Haydn, symphony in E-flat major (B. & H. No. 1); Scharwenka, Concerto in F minor, No. 4 (first time in Boston); Smetana, symphonic poem "The Moldau"; Xaver Scharwenka will be the pianist.

PUCCINI'S OPERA AGAIN.

"Girl of the Golden West" as Much in Favor as at Premier.

Boston Opera House: Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Conti conducted.

Minnie Mme. Carmen Melis
Dick Johnson Mr. Constantino
Jack Rance Mr. Galeffi
Ashby Mr. Gantvoort
Sonia Mr. Bianchi
Trin Mr. Devaux
Sid Mr. Perini
Bello Mr. Paleini
Harry Mr. Stroesco
Joey Mr. Glaccone
Happy Mr. Montella
Larkin Mr. Fornari
Billy Mr. Tavecchia
Wowie Mme. Leveroni
Jake Wallace Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro Mr. Sandrali
The Pony Express Rider Mr. Ghidini

It should prove interesting to resuscitate one of the enthusiasts who applauded sincerely the early productions of "La Juvie" or "Huguenots" or "Robert le Diable" even, and allow him the benefit of a comfortable orchestral stall at a creditable rendition of Puccini's latest opera. One might well speculate concerning his appreciations.

In his generation, his contemporaries flocked to the opera primarily, if not solely, to be inspired or refined by the beauty of the score and voices. There was little confusion of the arts. Opera was opera to them and the plays of the

other theatres, things quite apart. The historical survival of that idea is to be found in the absence of orchestras in most European theatres. When melodrama began to assert its authority, it borrowed liberally from the field of music and the so-called "incidental music" was the result. But the full length of confusion is run only when, in opera, music chooses to be subservient to melodrama.

As a consequence, our antique lover of music, comfortably settled in his orchestra stall, finds much to interest him, but he needs must say to himself: "This music is less interested in its own proper harmonies than in working miracles of suggestiveness." And it is observation, and not prejudice, that prompts his criticism.

The first impression to be gathered from "La Fanciulla del West" is one of a want of proportion in the joint treat-

ment of the libretto and the score. Paramount importance is attached to the development of the former, while the latter is interested simply in telling an instrumental tale. It is not easy to complete the suggestive pictures of an opera score without being dependent on the libretto to supply the missing links.

But when, as in the case of the present opera, the action described in the libretto is accentuated to the point of making it absolutely interesting of itself, the efforts of the musical conductor will not always suffice to assert the authority of the musical element. To solve this difficulty, of course, one need only familiarize one's self with the play sufficiently so that it no longer commands all his interest, and then turn to the orchestra and lend attention to it alone.

There were some who attempted the experiment last evening, but apparently three productions of the opera were not sufficient to distract their attention from the stage to the orchestra pit.

The reason is obvious. As was noticeable last evening, repeated performances of the opera serve only to lend greater finish even to the admirable rendition of the first night. Besides, there is suggestiveness, too, in the details of the stage settings, and it is a question if visual suggestiveness is not more eloquent than descriptive music. Above all, the members of the cast betray more and more familiarity with their impersonations as the number of representations increase. And they must not be accused of injudicious selection if they lend the greatest emphasis to matters of characterization and stage action.

It is the special function of singers to interpret a score. But when they are required to comply with the dictates of an exacting libretto it is natural that they should pay the greatest attention to what they are supposed to be less familiar with—flesh and blood characterization. This is especially true in the present instance, when the singers are foreigners and the personages of the play deep crusted Americans.

This need not be pleaded in behalf of Mr. Galeffi, who evidenced last night a grim determination to increase the merits of his admirable impersonation of the sheriff by an exhaustive interpretation of the score. As a result, he betrayed greater resonance in the more lyrical passages and clearer diction in the recitatives that he did on the occasions of the first performances.

Mr. Constantino is obviously much interested in his new role. He is wont to be somewhat conventional in other parts. Not so in his presentation of the outlaw, Spirited and irascible, he offers a splendid contrast to the poise of Mr. Galeffi. There was an added earnestness in his tone, besides more evidence of vocal emphasis.

Mme. Carmen Melis surpasses herself in each subsequent performance. The purity of her tones, vitalized by her naturalness in the dialogue passages, commanded admiration. As regards her acting, she might well serve as an example to many actresses on the legitimate stage. Her performance might well be qualified by an often abused expression: it is repressionalistic. Judiciously applied, the terms should describe lack of exaggeration and abundance of resourcefulness.

The opera was mounted with the sumptuousness that does no violence to a true realism.

CARMEN MELIS IN VERDI'S AIDA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Aida" performed at the matinee. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Aida Mme. Carmen Melis
Amneris Mme. Gay
Zita Sacerdotessa Mr. Savigne
Radames Mr. Zenatello
Anonastro Mr. Baklanoff
Ramis Mr. Mardones
U. Re Mr. White
Un Messaggiero Mr. Ghidini

"Aida" drew a very large audience.

and the audience was enthralled over the magnificent performance by the solo singers and orchestra. Mr. Moran conducted with musical as well as dramatic intelligence. His conception of the finale of the second act was broad, and he succeeded in achieving an effective climax, while with some a few excess is not reached by reason of the speed and feverish intensity before the entrance of the captives.

It began with an appropriately stately pompous tempo for the march and chorus of the people; the chorus of women was finely differentiated, and so throughout the finale the contrasting sections had each its character and relative importance, and there was an ever-present sense of continuity; there was the premonition of an inevitable approach to the climax.

MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Old Age

Superbly

Blowing

turned a few days ago by a paragraph in a newspaper. In the course of a biographical sketch, the writer said that Mr. So-and-So was still active. His gait was spry, his eyes were clear and bright, there was no tremor in his voice, his digestion was unimpaired, and he slept soundly. "No one would suspect that he is 55 years old." Now I shall soon be 57. Am I an old man?

Lawrence, Jan. 25, 1911.

Old? Not a bit of it, Mr. Hatch. You are in the flush and pride of manhood. Col. Dower recently died in England. Until a few weeks before his death he rode to hounds and did his duty as a magistrate. Death took him to greater activity in his 102d year. Mr. Henry Tomlinson celebrated about the same time in Chester his 100th birthday. He shaves himself intrepidly every morning, undergoes the frightful ordeal of a family party and comes out unscathed. An English cricketer for the first time in his life was put in to bowl a match on his 100th birthday; he took a wicket. Nor are these isolated instances in England. Mr. Watkins of Marrow, near Guilford, is 101; he has labored on the land for 70 years and raised a family on wages that never went beyond 11 shillings a week. There is Mr. Coles of Croyden, hale and chipper at 103; he has seen service in the Crimea; he made a melodramatic escape from a burning theatre. Above all towers Mr. Mitchell of Worlington, 105 years old. He has a recipe for longevity. He drinks six glasses of beer daily and believes firmly in "eating as little and drinking as much as possible." No de-alcoholized beer for him. His scorn on reading Mr. Otto Overbeck's method of eliminating alcohol from beer by subjecting the brew in a lukewarm state to a brisk current of carbonic gas would be an inspiring subject for the Historical Painter. Mr. Mitchell's expression should be pictured and added to Sir Thomas Browne's draughts of three passionate looks: "Of Thyestes when he was roid at the table that he had eaten a piece of his own son; of Bajazet when he went into the iron cage; of Oedipus when he first came to know that he had killed his father and married his own mother."

reckoned civilized to postpone the question of dying. The question is not concerning the soul. "What shall I do to be saved?" but concerning the husk of the soul. "What shall I do, what shall I eat, to live?" "And, living, how shall I remain young?" The scholarly J. E. B. Mayer died at 85, vigorous in mind and body, a mere youth, as believers in the possibility of a patriarchal age for everybody would say. At 6:30 A. M. he ate porridge and fruit; at 1:30 P. M. vegetables and unleavened bread; at 7:15 P. M., vegetable soup and vegetable savory. A little lemonade was his only drink. Mr. Albert Traeger, 85 years old, said to a Berlin reporter that he did not think at all about the matter of remaining young until he was 80, and then he decided to go on living as long as he could. Emmanuel Reicher, a play-actor, answered the same reporter: "I don't do much, but also avoid much." Anna Schramm, the actress, who is 75, rejoices because she is phlegmatic and has no wishes. The dramatist, Kadeiburg, stays in bed one day in the week. A fine old gentleman at Long Beach, Cal., only 95, has for 20 years eaten only baked onions and pumpernickel, with now and then a meal of baked apples or dried beef.

The Dread of
Transfers and
Promotions

Duchesne, a court physician, who was in perfect health until he died at 91; his supper every night was a salad and champagne. At the same time he remembers the words of Rivarol: "When a man is young, it takes three days of sobriety to recover from three months of excess; when he is old, to recover from three days of excess it takes three months of abstinence." Nothing could be fairer than this.

But why this consuming desire to live for many years? Is it from curiosity to see the advance in science, the changes in governments? Or is it from sheer conservatism, the unwillingness to make any change? Or is it from the traditional dread of going into the dark? There are some, stout souls, who loudly proclaim their wish to leave this used-up earth, that they may see new worlds and voyage, alone, or personally conducted, from constellation to constellation; yet do they feel interior pain or suffer from a rheum and they summon the physician and a trained nurse. The longing for transfers and promotions may be strong when a man is robust and with money in the bank. The moment he is liverish or gripped as to his throat, he would not exchange the steam radiator, the telephone and the nearest apothecary's shop for the joys of paradise.

We all read Gulliver's Travels in boyhood, as we read Mayne Reid's romances, and "Snaky Snodgrass," "Mad

Mike the Death Shot," "Silverheels the Delaware," and other volumes in the library of Beadle or Munroe. But Gulliver's Travels is for the man of 50 years—and he should ponder daily the description of the Struldbrugs, the immortals among the Luggnagians. Who would cling to life after the friends of his youth and active manhood are at rest? Who would be the oldest member of a club, treated outwardly with a show of respect, but avoided as a bore, a nuisance, garrulous or sleepy, intolerant, childish, querulous about food, and in need of a bib? Why, then, this anxiety about diet and exercise? The thing to do is to follow Candide's example and cultivate your garden. If Death finds you with hoe in hand, your ending will be all the better. The one to be pitied is he that has no hoe or does not know how to use one.

Temples for
Vexed and
Oppressed

The Herald has received a letter that is appropriate to the day:

Editor of the Herald:

The question is frequently raised why men do not go to church. It may be because while the church holds out every opportunity to its goers to return thanks, the facilities it affords for expressing the far commoner converse sentiment are hardly perceptible. Many men are not convinced that they have much to be thankful for in this unjust world, while they are absolutely sure that they have more than one just grievance.

For such there should be a temple also offering weekly opportunity for the expression of that which is within them. It should contain the icons of such offenders of the human race as deserve obloquy ranged about the walls upon pedestals and convenient of access to visitors. Among these figures should be the inventor of the

ever of the drug known as saccharin, and a horse will readily suggest themselves to any sensitive nature.

Thither will come on whatever day
 may be appointed for the weekly of-
 fice the myriad victims of the various
 institutions typified by these images
 to throw stale eggs from a "fresh
 henner" at them or to bash them
 with clubs. The proceeds of the sale
 of sacrificial eggs and the receipts for
 the loan of clubs in the courtroom
 will serve to recompense the janitor
 and the cleaners—the only servants
 that will be needed, so that the in-
 stitution will be self-supporting and
 thus contain one of the elements of
 a great popularity. ABEL SEAMAN.

BIZONY'S WILL.

Emil von Bizony, a inscognist and at swords points with his relations, left all his real and personal property to the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapest with the stipulation that the interest should be devoted to the care of his twelve draught horses, and that on the death of one, another old horse should be taken in and cared for so that the number twelve might always be maintained. Naturally the relations are amazed and disgusted, for the property amounts to about \$200,000.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast even after death, although he runs the risk of being characterized as eccentric. Charles Lamb, enumerating the possible lacks in the future existence, mentioned the juices of meats and fishes, "the cheerful glass, and candle light, and fireside conversation," jests, irony, companionship with books; he said nothing about the separation from a dog, a horse, or even a cat, for Mohammed was not the first or the last of the great to hold a cat in respect or love her; but perhaps Lamb did not care for animals or had the simple faith of the poor Indian in an equal sky where "his faithful dog shall bear him company."

Bilzoy's brother of course disputes the will, but the Society is prepared for a fight in court. There are instances of similar bequests, undisputed, or bitterly attacked. In 1905 Mr. Benjamin F. Dilley of Wilkesbarre, Pa., left \$10,000 to his cats Blackie and Pinkie; that is, the income was to be used in providing for them as long as they lived. Pinkie died in 1906 and Blackie in 1908, sole heir, pampered, lazy. No doubt if he had been obliged to hunt for his food and take wall and gutter exercise he would still be living. In 1899 Mr. George Savage, a plumber of Jersey City, willed the exclusive use of two pasture lots to his horse Dick, who lived to the age of 34 years, undisturbed by real estate dealers vainly offering large sums to the testator's sisters for the pasture land. These wills were uncontested, but about 1781 a peasant near Toulouse named as his heir his bay horse and added: "And I wish him to belong to my nephew." The will was attacked, but a learned jurist, Claude Serres, professor of French law at Montpellier, explained the decision in its favor: "The succession of the testator was adjudged to the nephew whom he had named owner of the horse; because it was held that the simplicity of the villager should insure the execution of his last wish, and the nephew, having been designated, should be the heir."

An Englishman in 1828 bequeathed sums to his monkey, dog and cat. One Borkey, a rich Englishman, left £25 to four dogs, but Frederick Christian Winslow of Copenhagen, an eminent surgeon, having little faith in executors, ordered his horses so that they might not be tormented by purchasers. The Count de la Mirandole, who died at Lucca in 1825, left a legacy to a carp that he had fed for twenty years. And in Austria Dr Christian, dean of the Law Faculty, left 6000 florins to his three dogs.

A long list of similar bequests
he drawn up. In the great ma-
jor instances the motive was affec-
tion for the animals, not spite
kindfolk. Perhaps Bixony
that his horses were more to be
ed than his relations; he kn-

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Work Repeated at Boston Opera House at Popular Prices.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly," by Puccini, in three acts,
Cast: 1 2

Barberly	Alice Nielsen
.....	Elvira Levenson
.....	Jeska Swartz
.....	Herman Jadowick
.....	Giovanni Polese
.....	Ernesto Giaccone
.....	Attilio Pulcini
.....	Giuseppe
.....	John Moran
.....	Huddy
.....	C. Stroeck
.....	M. L. Rogers
.....	Grace Fisher
.....	Ruby Savage

A large house enjoyed last night's repetition of "Madam Butterfly." The work has already been fully reviewed in the Herald. It is an established favorite. Last night's production was marked by all the elaborateness of former presentations. Mme. Nielsen had in the leading character a part to which she is particularly well adapted. She sang and acted well, particularly in the scenes with Sharpless and at the close of the second act.

First Aid
to the

Middle-Aged riod an unmarried woman of 25 is described as perilously near the hope less condition of confirmed epinster hood; the woman of 35 is past middle age; a man of 40 is old. We have changed all that. Balzac had the cour age and the knowledge of the human heart to describe the spell of the woman of 30 over men, and today it is the woman of 40 that is still more danger ous to the male. There seems to be a

Puccini's Opera and the California of the Gold Fever Era.

STAGING OF "VANITY FAIR"

By PHILIP MALE.

The Herald last Sunday discussed the costumes that have been worn in "La Traviata" and referred to the anachronistic dress of Phedre and other classic heroines on the French stage, a dress defended by Gautier as a romanticist and a lover of paradox.

We all have applauded the manner in which "The Girl of the Golden West" is put on the stage of the Boston Opera House, and those of us who have not been beyond the Mississippi enjoyed the "realism" of scenes, costumes, manners. I was talking last week with a well-known citizen who in his adventurous youth went to California—it was in 1850—and lived in the gold region for two or three years. He, too, had seen the performance of Puccini's opera and he made some interesting criticisms.

"In those days," he said, "when a miner drank at a bar he took out a bag of gold dust; he never paid in coin. The man or woman behind the bar weighed the dust and gave him change in Mexican silver.

"No miner in those days wore a white shirt or a plug hat in a saloon or gambling den. The dealer was allowed to wear one, if he owned one, but only when he was in the exercise of his profession. A saloon of any kind was lighted with candles, and the sconces were so arranged that they followed the candles in their winking.

"Poker was not played in the mines from 1850 to 1853. The great gambling game was monte, not three-card monte, but the Spanish and Spanish-American game played with a pack of small-sized cards—the true Spanish pack had only 40 cards." (Bayard Taylor in his "Eldorado") (1850) speaks of monte as the favorite game in California. "If another game had been played, the holder of the winning hand would have thrown his cards with a swoon upon the table, and not merely named his hand.

"The women that were then in that region never used a side-saddle. If they rode, they put on 'pants' and rode man-fashion. They invariably and on all occasions wore white stockings. I will remember the first time my wife and I saw a woman in California wearing black stockings."

Mr. Belasco was born in San Francisco, and, according to the books, in 1859. He, of course, never saw the great years of the mining excitement, and the wild, strange life. Old Californians insist that Bret Hart's Californian men and women are fantastical characters, of an operetta nature or for purposes of melodrama. The sheriff in "The Girl of the Golden West" is apparently modeled as to his exterior after Mr. John Oakhurst, and the imaginary portraits of that melancholy gambler, who would have the sheriff dressed otherwise? Nor is it at all improbable that the mad rush to California and the rise and fall of fortune an ex-heraldman should have been dressed like "Mos" or a gambler in impressive broadcloth. Nor is it easy to think of the sheriff looking otherwise. Some one said at the first performance of the opera that Mr. Galeffi, who takes the part of the sheriff so admirably, bore a strong resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe. There is an engraving of Poe by T. C. that reminds one of Jack Rance.

It is highly probable that if the details of the production of Puccini's opera were as realistic as an untouched photograph, so that old "Forty Niners" would say "That is the way things looked and were done," the effect on the public would not be so marked. Bald realism is seldom to be desired. There must be a certain exaggeration to create an illusion. By the way, would the "Forty Niners" all agree among themselves as to the precise details?

Marcel Schwob tells a story about realism in the theatre; perhaps The Herald has already published it, but the story cannot be told too often. When the profoundly tragic play of John Ford with the title that is not to be repeated in these hypocritically prudish days was played in Paris it was 17 years ago—the manager valued realistic effect at any cost. "We thought it necessary," said a fellow, "that Giovanni's lower lip should part a real and bleeding wound. At the rehearsal, the actor, in a moment of audacity, took out his

dagger and stuck it into his own throat. Across the footlights, on the stage, with the scenery, nothing was less like a heart than a real one. This piece of flesh looked like a violet hued piece of butcher's meat. It was not the bleeding heart of the fair Annabella. We then thought that since a real heart seemed false on the stage, a false one would appear real. The heart of Annabella was made out of a piece of red flannel, which was cut in the shape that is seen on holy images. The red was incomparably brilliant, not at all like the color of blood. When we saw Giovanni appear the second time with his dagger, we all shuddered with anguish, for there, beyond doubt and peradventure, was the bleeding heart of the fair Annabella."

A correspondent questions the date of the first performance of Puccini's opera in New York as given by The Herald. He is right. Peccavi! It was on Dec. 10. The Boston Opera House company was the third company to give the opera. The Chicago Opera House was the second, as was stated in The Herald; but according to our correspondent the opera was performed in Philadelphia on Dec. 20th by the Metropolitan Opera House company.

How do such mistakes occur, some unerring statistician may ask, or some business man that never makes a mistake? Sometimes through pure carelessness; sometimes through heterophony, to use the word coined by Richard Grant White, as when you, for instance, Mr. Ferguson, writing to your beloved Harriet, address her as Maria, sometimes through a pathetic confidence in the accuracy of others. The newspaper articles reviewing the first performance in New York were before me, carefully dated; yet Dec. 17, the date of a repetition, and not Dec. 10, the date of the production, appeared in The Herald. And, then, we all, even exacting correspondents, are in the hands of composers and proof-readers, and newspaper men working late at night seldom see proofs over which they can mull at leisure. The man that never makes a mistake in dates is an enviable person, but I have never seen him. When he is caught he should be lodged and fed in the State House at the expense of the commonwealth. Look over biographical dictionaries published recently and regarded as authoritative. There are different statements concerning the death day of distinguished men who died within the last 20 years, and unfortunately the dead are unable, or unwilling, to settle any dispute.

Many will welcome the return of Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." Mr. Mitchell's play is the only one of the dramas derived from Thackeray's novels that has had marked success. Miss Tempest and her associates came to grief in "Vanity Fair" a fortnight or so ago at the New Theatre in New York. This "Vanity Fair" is not, as some evidently supposed, a new play. The work of Robert Hichens and "Cosmo Stuart" (Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, the husband of Miss Tempest) was produced in London as far back as 1901. (The Green Room Book gives the year correctly in the sketch of Miss Tempest and in that of Stuart, but erroneously in the sketch of Mr. Hichens.)

And in 1901 Miss Annie Hughes appeared as Becky Sharp in London in a play provided for her by Mr. Baillie. Mr. Barrie, whose one-act version entitled "Becky Sharp" was produced at Terry's in 1891, gave Miss Hughes permission to use the title of his play. There were other adaptations of the novel to the stage.

In New York in 1849 Brougham's dramatization was brought out at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre at which Brougham was stage manager (1848-1850). Brougham took the part of Rawdon Crawley and Miss Chapman as Becky Sharp bore away the honors according to contemporaneous report. Sir Pitt, Mr. Pitt, Dobbin, the O'Dowds and Amelia were introduced. Steyne was played by Mr. Mears and Burton was to have impersonated Joe Sedley but was prevented by sickness, much to his regret. While Brougham was stage manager at this theatre he also brought out a dramatization of "David Copperfield."

In 1857 "a new comedy dramatized from Thackeray's novel, 'Vanity Fair,' was acted" in Tripler Hall. "Vanity Fair" produced in 1850 at Laura Keane's Varieties had nothing to do with the novel. There was a sub-title, "Van of Their Vices." Laura Keane, Agnes Robertson, Dion Boucicault, Charles Fisher, Charles Wheatleigh and Mary Wells were in the company. Nor had Godfrey's satirical comedy written for the Court Theatre, London, in 1855, anything to do with the novel. Gus Hill's "Vanity Fair," a burlesque (1896), as far as the title goes, might as well be associated with Bunyan as with Thackeray.

But there was a "Becky Sharp," attributed to Charles Coghlan, in which his daughter Gertrude starred, and this play is sometimes referred to as "Vanity Fair." The scenario was much like that of Mr. Mitchell's play, but there was a preliminary scene in Miss Pinkerton's school.

Thackeray himself once sought fame as a dramatist. He submitted a comedy, "The Wolves and the Lambs," to Buckstone of the Haymarket and afterward

to Wigan of the Olympic. The play was at the height of his fame—as after his visit to America—but neither manager was willing to risk a production. Thackeray was sorely disappointed. "I thought I could write a play, and I find I can't." But he converted it into a novel, "Love the Widower" and retained much of the dialogue. The comedy, however, was once performed. The writer of an entertaining column that is published daily in the Pall Mall Gazette tells the story: "When the author had built for himself the only Queen Anne house in London, in Palace-green, his play was chosen by him as the material for the house warming, and was acted on Feb. 24 and 25, 1862, by a company of amateurs, of whom Merevale was one. There was a passing allusion in the play to M. T. (empty) House, which Thackeray could not be persuaded to omit. He himself appeared in the piece in a 'thinking part,' that of a clerical father, who stood on a chair to pantomime 'Bless you my children!' at the final curtain. Merevale subsequently—in 1883—told the story of this performance in the pages of Temple Bar."

"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond" have been dramatized, but with the exception of Mr. Mitchell's "Becky Sharp" no play derived from Thackeray's novels, as I have said, has met with any lasting success. Dickens, who loved the stage and might have been a well-graced actor, according to the testimony of those who saw him in amateur theatricals, has been more fortunate.

Only last month there was a new Dickens dramatization in London: "The Old Curiosity Shop; or, Quilp, the Dwarf," credited to "Walter Frederick Evelyn," who turned out to be "three single gentlemen rolled into one." The Referee says the dramatization was not so good as the one by Andrew Halliday produced at the Olympic, London, 40 years ago. "The latest version, however, was far better than many I have known, the worst of which was undoubtedly the Lotta one at the Opera Comique in 1853."

It appears that in this new dramatization Mr. Daniel Quilp was made up as a Jew. Why? We know his malice and his love of rum, either cold from a case bottle or boiling hot in a pipkin. We also know that he was a furious smoker of tobacco. But why a Jew? Is there the slightest authority for this modern presentation, either in the novel or in stage tradition? Edward Coleman was famous for many years in this country as Quilp. There was a version "Little Nelly" with "Little Lola" as the heroine at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1883; Rosalie Jack was the heroine at Kelly and Leon's 10 years later; Katie Pittman was playing Little Nell in 1879 at Niblo's and in 1890 at Jacobs's Third Avenue Theatre. Lotta's doubling the parts of Little Nell and the Marchioness is remembered pleasantly by many, as is the Quilp of Mr. Anderson; but has one of The Herald readers ever seen Quilp masquerading as a Hebrew?

Sardou's statue is to be put up in the Place de la Madeleine, and the Vaudeville on Jan. 12 revived "La Famille Benoiton" in aid of the monument fund. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote a review that is worth reading by Sardou's admirers and enemies.

"The play dates back to 1865, and it has been brought out again in 1865 dress. Pink trousers, with short-skirted frock-coats and hugh top-hats for the men, crinolines, shawls and ringlets, like Dora's, for the ladies, are quite necessary for the understanding of the play. Part of it seemed to have aged as much as crinolines and peg-top trousers. Sardou's technique, in which he gloried, his tricks and his 'follies,' delighted us last night, but not in the way he meant. The fun of the play was not wholly in the jokes, and it was almost funnier when it was serious.

"A husband suspects his wife, and the spectators suspected her, too. A man brings three letters of hers, which he entrusts to her best woman friend, because the husband may challenge him to a duel, and if he dies he does not want the letters to be found among his papers. Excuse the man, who may be the wife's lover, and the woman friend. She returns alone in a flurry, having left the letters on a table. Enter at the same moment, by the opposite door, the husband, and cries 'Give me those letters!' She refuses; he pursues, and she throws them into the fire, which burns them completely. Exit husband in a fury; enter wife, and has an explanation with the bosom friend, who ends by saying point-blank that she is suspected of unfaithfulness. Indignation of wife. A little indiscretion is all she has to reproach herself with. The suspected lover merely lent her some money to pay a gambling debt she dared not confess.

"But what proof have you?" asks the friend. The wife considers. 'All I can think of is to ask the man for three letters of mine, which will prove conclusively that all that passed between us was a money transaction.'

"Three letters! The hosom friend tears her hair. The three letters which she burned to prevent the hus-

band from seeing them, because she believed them to prove the wife's guilt, were precisely the only evidence of her innocence.

"Is this not the sublimity of Sardou's technique? Some of Sardou's fun also remains funny. Just as good as 45 years ago," said some spectator behind me, who had been at the 1865 first night when Fanfan Benoiton, aged 6, gambles in postage stamps and makes a corner in American confederates, and when, after breaking open his admiring father's safe, he goes to the races and comes home drunk; when Theodule Benoiton, aged 14, yearns to be the centre of a public scandal, and is satisfied by the police raiding the schoolboys' club, of which he is a moving spirit; when the unmarried daughters dress as much like demi-mondaines as they can and are mobbed at the races; when a young cousin jockeys his own father in money matters, to the father's delight, and so on. Sardou's picture of the 'new' education and its consequences may not perhaps be quite so good as in 1865; but it is still funny, and the 45-year-old joke about Mme. Benoiton, who is another example of the new ideas, because she is 'always out' and never appears in the play at all, still raised a laugh last night. An excellent company carries off the jokes briskly and acts the serious scenes in proper 1865 manner. An especial delight was the husband. He was old-fashioned for 1865, being a serious man, and looked as if he had come straight out of an original illustration of Dickens."

The story of "Le Vieux Homme" ("The Old Adam"), a new play by Porto-Riche, produced at the Renaissance, Paris, can be told in a few words, although the play takes nearly five hours for its performance, in spite of the fact that there is no change of scene. Michel Fontanet, husband, father, business man, left Paris to avoid temptation, to escape the wiles of Satan wearing any petticoat. He establishes his publishing house at Grenoble and there lives a blameless life. His wife has forgotten or pardoned his many escapades at Paris. Their son, Augustin, about 16 years old, is an inflammable and mooning Werther. He dreams of a grand passion. Mme. Allin arrives from Paris, a shopkeeper's wife, a mother, and the possessor of an "artistic temperament." It is summer and she wears Directoire toilettes of a ravishing nature. She climbs ladders in order to paint panels; she dances with seductive steps. The boy falls wildly in love with her; so does the reformed rake of a father. To quote from the Times: "The atmosphere of this French comedy of bourgeois intrigue becomes surcharged with the electric sultriness of Ibsenism." The boy suffers so keenly that the mother forgets her own grief. The boy declares his love and Mme. Allin reads him a lecture, almost motherly, on his folly. The father about to leave for Paris for a few days—he has been persuaded to do so by Mme. Allin, to whom the mother has appealed—has arranged a final meeting with the siren. The wife scolds him and he has a fit of remorse. The boy, who knows too much, had been sent by his father to the grandfather in the mountains to get him out of the way; and now, the father, remembering the boy's strange look, is anxious, terrified. "He pretends"—I quote from the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph—"that he is the fickle husband again, jauntily slipping off to the assignation; but the wife sees the change in his face. At last, to keep up the pretence, he tells her outright that he is going out to meet his mistress, but she reads in his look that it is not his mistress now he is thinking gayly of, but his son, of whom he is thinking with a wild dread. The man who was a Lothario five minutes ago now pretends that he is a Lothario still, when he is an agonized father, and to spare the mother he feigns to bully the wife. It is a good situation. The mother sees through it all, and at last the feigning Lothario breaks down, and husband and wife lament together in fear for their son—and lament too long. A noise outside. Michel goes out, returns carrying his dead son, and cries, 'I am a murderer!'" The part of the boy was played by Mme. Margel; the husband and wife were represented by Mr. Tarride and Mme. Simone, and Mme. Lanteline took the part of the enchantress.

The mail that brought this description by a Paris correspondent brought also the news that a mother at Tottenham had applied to a magistrate to shield her son of 19 from the alleged persecution of a woman of 30. The Pall Mall Gazette took this cynical view: "We hardly know which moves us most—the passivity of the one side or the persistence of the other—especially as the 'engagement' is said to have started six years ago. This would make Young Iphigene 13 years of age when he first captivated the lady, and as there is mention of a rival engagement, his attractions would seem to have grown. Or are we to make allowance once more for maternal bias? In his dilemma the magistrate turned to that source of suburban omniscience, the police, and soon on

ained fresh light. According to this new point of view the lady with the requisite passion had provided furniture with a view to marriage, and lent the young man money. The furniture had been seized by some one or other, and the summons she had obtained had proved so far ineffectual. We wish her well out of her distresses, but we think the magistrate showed his discretion in deciding for non-intervention. Time in things like this is of the essence of the bargain, and if it does not produce a reconciliation, it may bring disillusion, which is sometimes better still."

But here is an opportunity that a French dramatist would eagerly embrace.

Mr. de Croisset has been studying the young Englishman and he has introduced him in his play "Le Feu du Volsin." This Englishman speaks real English, as, "Please, my lady, accept these simple flowers"; "She is very cross. What she means by that." A lady in the play is not disturbed by his speech, but calls to him: "Come along; kiss me, kiss me!" and the stage direction is "He embraces her lengthily." In this play, as in Henri Batallie's, "La Declaration," the French heroine is in love with the young Englishman. Having merely seen him in a hotel reading room, she adores him. To quote again from the Daily Telegraph:

"His great, broad smile, his blue, thoughtful eyes, even the color of his jacket is sympathetic. If you knew how my heart beats when I see his ridiculous little blue jacket with white braid! Who ever suspected so much meaning in a college blazer before? The lady goes on to a friend: 'He looks at me, the little monster. He understands, only they are hypocrites in a country. He makes all sorts of pretences to be able to seem to turn his blue eyes accidentally upon me.' The lady attacks the young Englishman alone over a game of cards. The stage directions are: 'She seizes his hand, and articulates forcibly in English, 'I love you!' then repeats, 'I love you!' The Englishman is amazed.' One would perhaps be amazed at less in an hotel reading room. 'Pray, pray, coming!' says the Englishman, cryptically, in his own mysterious tongue, but apparently means going, not coming; for he goes at once, still amazed, and leaves the lady annoyed. The funniest thing of all is that M. Batallie is evidently quite unconscious of the real humor of the situation. It is difficult to decide whether the fascinated French woman or the fascinating Englishman is the more delirious of the two."

Mr. de Croisset's Englishman is not cold. He has never met the French lady before, but no sooner does he meet her than he hugs her violently and kisses her frantically. He thus communicates what the author calls in his title "Le feu du Volsin." The lady after that dreams of Harry constantly, a high compliment to young Englishmen in general, and she is remorseful because she is engaged all the time to a Frenchman, who is the pattern of sober French sense as a contrast to English passion and impetuosity. It will thus be observed that French dramatists are learning to know the sedate French people better, as they are learning to form newer ideas of the passionate English. The end of "Le feu du Volsin" is that the lady has to fall back upon her steady and safe French lover after all, the impetuous Harry having married somebody else in the interval between acts I and II.

John F. Runciman was disgusted by the appearance of Miss Edyth Walker at the Palladium Music Hall, London, and he freed his truculent mind in the Saturday Review. The London Times was more philosophical. Miss Walker sang between No. 12, "Minnie Kaufmann, the Greatest Lady Trick Cyclist in the World," and No. 14, "The Two Bobs, in musical skit, 'Before the Party.'" The Times said: "No sooner did she begin to sing than all recollections of trick cyclists, all anticipation of musical skits, were gone. Certainly Miss Walker made things easy. She sang to us from 'Rienzi,' which is not difficult music for the listener. And the first few notes of her superb voice drove away

all sense of incongruity by driving away all sense of anything but the voice and the music; while by wearing the costume for the part—not the concert-singer's dress, as we had half-fared—Miss Walker helped the much-demanded illusion." And then she sang "The Lost Chord."

Rossini's amusing opera buffa, "L'italiana in Algeri," has been revived in Venice, where it was first produced in 1813.

The Paris Opera proposes to give this year a revival of Chabrier's "Gwendoline," the first performance in French of Gordan's "Siberia," Mme. Ferraris "Le Cobzar," Saint-Saens's "Dejanire" and a revival of Massenet's "Cid," also in June three complete series of Wagner's tetralogy. But the Opera Comique believes it has the rights to "Gwendoline." In 1912 the Opera will produce new operas by Salvayre and Massenet, Gaillet's "Penelope," a new

opera by D'Amboise, Valéry's "Celle de Rome," a ballet, "La Roussette," by Lambert. There will also be a revival of d'Indy's "Pervanel," which was performed at the Opera-Comique after it had been produced at Brussels.

A tenor, Adolf Peschler, engaged at the Vienna Court Opera in 1880 at a salary of 12,000 florins a month, died in extreme poverty recently in the city where he was once applauded. Found sick and ragged in the street, he was taken to a hospital, where he confessed that he had not eaten for several days. Peschler was successful at the Court Opera, especially in "The Barber of Seville," "La Traviata," "The Marriage of Figaro," until 1885, when he quarrelled with the manager and went to Milan. In Italy he accepted the humblest engagements, tried his luck in London and then fell into want. The members of the opera company in Vienna, hearing of his misfortune, raised a substantial sum of money for him, but it came too late.

The Herald of last Sunday told the story of Oskar Fried's misadventures in St. Petersburg; how he made some stirring remarks at an orchestral rehearsal and was ordered to leave Russia within 24 hours. Mr. Kussewitzky, whose orchestra Fried was conducting, talked with a representative of the Signale about the affair. According to the Russian's story Fried irritated the players by his rudeness. "Russian orchestral musicians are accustomed to a more courteous treatment; they wish to be considered as gentlemen, for they rightly think they are artists." It appears that Fried went so far as to say, "In Russia you can buy even the Tsar for money." Nor was Fried allowed to stay three days in St. Petersburg after the scene, as has been reported. He remained only one day, nor is it likely that he will ever be allowed to return.

A symphonic poem, "Anielli," by Ludomir Rozycki, produced recently in Warsaw, attracted much attention. It illustrates a poem by Slowacki in which the sufferings of those sent to Siberia are depicted. The work is said to be original and eloquent, while the instrumentation is after the manner of Richard Strauss.

The new scenery, costumes, etc., for a revival of "The Magic Flute," at the Berlin court opera cost \$50,000.

Henri Marteau has edited and revised a violin concerto in C sharp minor composed in 1820 by Franz Berwald, who was director of the Conservatory of Music at Stockholm. Berwald (1796-1868) wrote symphonies and chamber music, an opera, "Estrella de Soria," three operettas and choral works. Little of his music was published, but his symphony in G minor is a favorite in Sweden, and Liszt and von Bülow thought highly of him. He has been described as the first great Swedish early-romanticist in orchestral and chamber works.

There is a controversy in London as to whether Napoleon ever visited that city. There is curious testimony in the affirmative, curious and entertaining although perhaps it would not bear rigid cross-examination. The Era states that Napoleon's great grandson Juan Bonaparte will shortly play in the chief cities of England and Ireland in a new drama, "The Real Napoleon," of which he is part author. He will take the part of the emperor. It is said that Juan's family tree is well defined and his resemblance to the illustrious great-grandfather strikingly close. Juan was educated on the continent. At the age of 18 he made a tour of the world and has spent much time outdoors.

A new opera "Vesta," libretto by Henry Cain, music by Massenet, will be produced at Monte Carlo next fall. MacKenzie's cantata, "The Sun God's Return," was produced at Vienna Jan. 13, when the composer conducted. The Pall Mall Gazette recalls the fact that British composers have been made welcome in Vienna, as Sir George Smart, who was received by Beethoven, and in German cities, as Sterndale Bennett and Sir Edward Elgar. "On the whole, however, our musicians are not lionized abroad as foreign musicians are here."

King Manuel recently paid a second visit to Worcester Cathedral to hear the organist, Ivor Atkins. The king chose the program and after the recital went to the organ and played "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Like a blacksmith? Leaving the cathedral he gave Mr. Atkins a royal gift, a signed photograph of himself.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, soprano. Henry T. Wade, accompanist. Whelpley, The Splendor Falls, Tears, Idle Tears, O Swallow, Flying South (from Tennyson's "Princess"). Mrs. Beach, I Send My Heart up to Thee, Empress of the Night, An Old Love Story; Beethoven, Kennst du das Land; Schumann, Frühlingssnacht; Reger, Des Kindes Gebet; Tschakowsky, Warum, Whelpley, All in a Garden Green; Schmidt, The Dream Robber; Huhn, It, When Soul Is Birthday; Mrs. Beach, O Sweet Content, A Prelude, Dark as the Night; Strauss, Wiegengesang, Ständchen; Haydn, With Verdure Clad (with organ).

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. "Collo recital by Boris Hambourg. George F. Boyle, pianist. Valentin (18th century), Suite in E, Tschalkowsky, Variations on a Rocco for piano and cello, op. 6; Cui, Cantabile; Sinding, Ritonelle; Saint-Saens, The Swan; Herbert, Petite Valse; Popper, Spinning Song.

Shawmut Congregational Church, 8 P. M. Municipal Organ Recital. Everett E. Truette, organist. Miss Mary Tracy, soprano. Bach, Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Hall, Offertoire in B flat; Merkel, Sonata in G minor; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Gullmaier, Dubois, Nuptial Mass. Miss Tracy will sing Proch's "Ave Marie Stella" and "Jerusalem, Thou That Stonest the Prophets," from "St. Paul." The next organ recital will be given at this church Wednesday, Feb. 8, by John A. O'Shea.

THURSDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Scenic production of Pienre's "Children of Bethlehem," by Walter Damosch, the New York Symphony Orchestra, singers, mixed chorus and chorus of children. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony will be played before the performance.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Recital by Mme. Isidora Martinez. Carl E. Lamson, pianist. Songs by Rachmaninoff, Dubois, Darcieux, L. Adriauff, Lazzari, Rubinstein, Vanbrugh, MacKenzie, Stanford, Duparc, Lalo, Gounod, d'Indy and others.

FRIDAY—Stehert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Carolyn Louise Willard of Chicago. Beethoven, Variations in F; Brahms, Scherzo, E flat minor; Chopin, No. 12; Preludes, B minor and B major; Ballade, op. 47; Otterstrom, Preludes in F sharp minor, E major, C sharp minor; Juon, Etude, op. 18; Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Palmgren, Waltz from "Osterbotten." The Approch of Spring; Rubinstein, Concerto, D minor, 8 P. M. South Boston High School, 8 P. M. Municipal Concert, William Howard, conductor. Weber, "Jubel" overture; R. Strauss, Adagio from Sonata in B minor; Gounod, selection, "Faust"; Grieg, Melodie; Massenet, Ahnada, "To Spring"; Chabrier, Habanera. Howard Lyman, tenor, will sing in "Native Worth," from "The Creation," and Purcell's "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly." Bariloff Silberman, violinist, will play Wieniawski's Legende. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

W. H. CRANE ACTS UNDER HANDICAP

Produces "United States Minister Bedloe" First Time in Boston at the Park.

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "U. S. Minister Bedloe," a play in four acts by George Ade. Produced by Charles Frohman. Colonel Jackson Bedloe, William H. Crane. Elvira Tatewell Bedloe, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Katherine Bedloe, Millicent Evans. Robert Deane, Harrison Ford. Charles P. Granby, Louis Massen. Edwin M. Stanton, Chester. Dan Collyer. Gerlie Hooper, Rebecca Ridgeley. Senator Morgan, Henry Miller, Jr. Juan Lautaro, Macey Harlam. Lucientes Alonso de Ojeda, Arthur Holman. The Hon. Cecil Thornby, E. H. Kelly. Mrs. Thornby, Madred Beverley. Herr Otto von Maxhausen, Carl Sauerman. Capt. Moreno, Edmund Shalet. Hilarton Escobar, Richard Sherman. A Pedlar of Matches, Frank Richter.

The first act of this play is amusing in a frankly farcical way. Col. Bedloe, a country politician and editor, without any illusions, is appointed minister to Caribay, where his wife will enjoy a warm climate. His daughter is in love with Deane, a college senior, and Deane has for a friend and fellow-member of a secret society one Lautaro, who is buying rifles and ammunition for the revolutionary party at Caribay, his home. Then there is a volatile and slangy secretary, Chester, who has honorable designs on Miss Bedloe's companion. This act moves swiftly, the dialogue is entertaining, and there is some attempt at portrayal of character. The act is playable in itself and it at once puts the audience in good humor.

With the rise of the second curtain there is a constant diminution of interest. The story is of the attempt of the revolutionaries to capture the palace and the President. Young Deane, who had gone with Lautaro to Caribay, is seized, sentenced to be shot, then saved by the ingenious advice of the minister to the revolutionaries; and the minister, who prided himself on maintaining a strictly neutral position, welcomes his successor and leads his family in triumph to the steamship for America. The story is thin; there are few amusing situations, and the dialogue is funny only when Mr. Ade puts into the mouth of his characters slang phrases, queer comparisons, or paragraphs that might fit a

humorous column but have nothing to do with the characters on the stage or with the situation. In a word, the play as a whole, is weak and jejune.

And what is there for Mr. Crane in such a play, one that might have been written by a person without dramatic instinct and experience in the theatre who had read tales by O. Henry and Richard H. Davis? The character that he impersonates is a faded photograph of a familiar acquaintance: The American full of resources, not hampered by principles, cool, not to be bluffed, game to the last. We all know this American and have read of him in many stories and seen him in many shapes upon the stage.

Mr. Crane, of course, delivers his lines neatly, makes all the points to be made, and is always his genial self, but the dramatist gives him no opportunity to rise above himself and impersonate a man of decided characteristics. Mr. Crane has many friends, and there was a large audience last night ready to laugh at whatever he said, pleased to see him again, eagerly anticipating his little speech. Those who remembered his impersonations of former years pitied his present plight.

It is not the fault of the company or the stage manager that Mr. Ade's comedy is not more successful. The members in some instances give body and life to the dramatist's puppets and they all play with individual sincerity and regard to the ensemble. Mr. Harlam individualizes sharply the fire-eating patriot Lontaro and is funny without crossing the line that separates comedy from burlesque. All the men, in a word, are worthy of a better play. The women have little to do.

Miss Evans is attractive as Bedloe's daughter, more attractive in face and figure than in voice. Mrs. Whiffen has an insignificant part, which the dramatist at the end strives to make important by the sentimentalism of the scenes in which the husband attempts to conceal from her the fact that there is an insurrection.

Mr. Ade in his early books contributed to the gayety of this nation by his happy use of slang words and phrases, "foot-pads and loafers of speech," and his first plays made many laugh. It is to be hoped that his vein is not exhausted. It is charitable to suppose that he wrote "U. S. Minister Bedloe" in great haste, for in structure and in dialogue it is unworthy of his reputation.

MME. RABINOFF'S BOSTON DEBUT

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Debut of Mme. La Salle-Rabinoff. Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Gilda.....Mme. Rabinoff
Maddalena.....Miss Leveroni
Contess Ceprano.....Miss Savage
Giovanna.....Miss Fisher
Paggio.....Miss Swartz
Duca di Mantova.....Mr. Constantino
Rigoletto.....Mr. Baklanoff
Sparafucile.....Mr. Mardones
Monterone.....Mr. Perni
Marullo.....Mr. Pulcini
Ceprano.....Mr. Euday
Borsa.....Mr. Giaccone

Victor Hugo had already proclaimed with brazen determination his theory of the grotesque when "Le Roi s'Amuse" was given its initial representation. Triboulet was the incarnation of those laws of pathetic characterization which filled many pages of the preface of "Cromwell." As a result the play was hardly refreshing—but the audience applauded the innovator. Folks have grown more cheerful these days, and "Le Roi s'Amuse" is seldom found as such in the repertory of modern theatres.

But Verdi's opera has lost none of its popularity if one is to judge by the approval of operagoers and the proportions of box-office returns. And yet, it is curious to note that "Rigoletto" fared much worse than Hugo's play on the occasion of its early representations. The critical dilettanti found the opera wanting in melody, devoid of fine concerted pieces, restricted in orchestration. Despite these invectives the score did assert its living properties and—well, time is the best judge of merits.

But "Rigoletto" has been deprived of none of its gruesomeness. The optimist is roughly shaken in his belief after sitting through the four acts of the opera, except when he is occasionally refreshed by some such pleasant surprise as was in store for the audience last evening.

The opera served to introduce Mme. Rabinoff to Boston opera-goers, and the result of the meeting was pleasing in the extreme. Gilda is not too infrequently interpreted in such a fashion as to destroy the possibility of a necessary contrast between herself and the sensuousness of the other personages.

She is too often made the creature of unbridled passion. Mme. Rabinoff is not a rhythmical declaimer and that qualification defines her special charm. Simplicity of methods marked her impersonation. She possesses youth, attractiveness, finesse and a liberal share of conscientiousness. Above all, her voice is calculated to charm by the sweetness of its timbre. It is not a strong voice, and for that reason, if

not for her knowledge of technique, there is a happy absence of impure imitation. The singer possesses evident ease in the production of her tones, which are delicately rounded even in her difficult phrasing in the second act. Above all, there was noticeable in her voice an easy flexibility in transition which made her rapid and vivid shadings delicate in the extreme. Altogether the success of Mme. Rabinoff was well marked. It was natural that she should have been a trifle nervous, and she did mark time too obviously even in the midst of her gestures. But that was a passing discomfort. Mr. Baklanoff's Rigoletto is well known—a trifle too declamatory perhaps and slightly wanting in vocal color, but sympathetically powerful. Mr. Constantino was not so successful as is his wont. Probably the strain of too many performances was responsible. Verdi is seldom obtrusive with the brass in this opera. There was a tendency to overrule his suggestions, last evening, when the orchestration demanded only a minimum of emphasis.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Hamlet," performed by the John Craig stock company. Cast: Hamlet.....John Craig Ghost.....George Hassell Claudius.....William Parke Polonius.....Walter Walker Laertes.....Robert Homans Horatio.....Bert Young Rosencrantz.....Wilfred Young Guildenstern.....A. B. Clark Bernardo.....A. L. Hickey Francisco.....Frank Bertrand Orla.....Arthur Fox First gravedigger.....Al Roberts Second gravedigger.....A. L. Hickey A priest.....Frank Bertrand First player.....Arthur Fox Second player.....Arthur Fox Third player.....Frank Field Player Queen.....Mabel Colcord Gertrude.....Mario Curtis Ophelia.....Mary Young

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Mrs. Fliske and the Manhattan Company in, "Becky Sharp," by Langdon Mitchell. The Marquis of Steyne.....Leonard Shepherd Sir Pitt Crawley, Bart.....Robert V. Ferguson Mr. Pitt Crawley.....W. C. Andrews Rowland Crawley.....Henry Stephenson William Debbin.....Reginald Carrington George Osborn.....R. W. Tucker Joseph Sedley.....Harold Russell Fritz.....Ralph Harlow Max.....Thomas Clifton Lord of the "Elephant".....Mr. Ferguson Becky Sharp.....Mrs. Fliske Amelia Sedley.....Helen Van Brugh Miss Crawley.....Florino Arnold Miss Manners.....Mary Madden Miss Jane Crawley.....Mabel Reed

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"At Chippie Creek," a melodrama by Hal Reid, in four acts. Cast: Joe Mayfield.....E. B. Bonner Marion Mason.....William Innes Manuel Alvarez.....Edward J. Shober Waketah.....Richard M. Simson Ben White.....Stewart Johnston Reginald Harwood.....Harry Dubois Ann Marbury.....Lola Meredith Belle Gordon.....Lucille Douglas Maggie Mason.....Floia Young Little Tattle.....Virginia Banks Sally.....Rose McCabe

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE. Good Vaudeville Bill Headed by Christy Mathewson in "Curves."

How to pitch an out curve or a drop, or even a deadly fade-away, was told at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday when Christy Mathewson, the Peerless Pitcher of the New York Giants, took large audiences into his confidence. Mathewson, with "Chief" Myers and Miss May Tully, give a lively baseball sketch. Mathewson teaches Miss Tully how to pitch, but is disappointed with the result. "You pitch like I act," he tells her. Later she has an opportunity to say to him: "You act like I pitch." Miss Tully will never get into a big league for her pitching. She cannot give her wrist that snap that is essential. Mathewson may in time be a good actor. At present he is a better pitcher. Still, it was Matty, and no mere actor, the crowd wanted to see. Myers was an acceptable addition to the little company. Miss Tully's imitations of popular stage favorites engaged in abusing the umpire at a game were original and clever. Imagine Ethel Barrymore expressing scorn at a decision. The rest of the bill is excellent this week. Billie Burke's Wild West show continues and the bucking broncho scene is as thrilling as ever. Max Hart's dancers are a capable sextet, and the Charles Ahearn troupe of cycling comedians are genuinely comic. The Woods and Woods trio in a pantomime, "An Elopement by Wire," give a clever sketch. Jesse L. Lasky presents "The Planophilend Minstrels." These are four young women and four pianos. It is a lively act and was enjoyed yesterday. The Kemps are amusing and Jimmie Lucas, "the boy with the dialects," assisted by Miss Field, in "Nonsense Personified," give lots of amusing nonsense. The daylight motion pictures are a novel and interesting feature.

RECITAL GIVEN BY MRS. GOODBAR

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, soprano, gave a song recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Henry T. Wade was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Whelpley, "The Splendor Falls," "Tears, Idle Tears" and "O, Swallow Flying South" from Tennyson's "Princess"; Mrs. Beach, "I Send My Heart up to Thee," "Empress of the Night," "An Old Love Story"; Beethoven, "Kennst Du das Land"; Schumann, "Fruehlingsnacht"; Reger, "Des Kindes Gebet"; Tschalkowsky, "Warum"; Whelpley, "All in a Garden Green"; Schmidt, "The Dream Robber"; Huhn, "If"; Woodman, "A Birthday"; Mrs. Beach, "When Soul Is Joined to Soul," "O, Sweet Content," a prelude, "Dark as the Night"; R. Strauss, "Wiegenlied Serenade"; Haydn, "With Verdure Clad." The hall was well filled with an audience that applauded warmly.

Mrs. Goodbar has natural qualifications for a successful career. Her voice is that of a lyric soprano. At present the upper register is the most agreeable and effective, for the lower and middle tones need further development. She has an uncommonly good control of breath and is thus enabled to sustain long phrases without effort and give significance to a poetic sentence as well as to a musical line. Her enunciation is delightfully distinct, and her pronunciation of English, a language that is too often mangled by American singers in speech and in song, is pure. When the occasion demands she has warmth as well as delicacy of expression. Furthermore her appearance on the platform is ingratiating.

She has yet much to learn, both in the formation of tone in the middle and lower registers and in the coloring of tone for purposes of interpretation. Last evening the unvarying tonal quality became monotonous in spite of the evident animation of the singer. Women with inferior voices and less command of breath sometimes work wonders by their ability to vary tonal quality, to suggest a mood, or to give dramatic emphasis. Mrs. Goodbar has good reason to continue her studies. She has it in her power to become an interpreter, not merely a singer, to whom all songs are alike as far as the emotional contents are concerned.

The program does not call for comment. Among the less familiar songs, the one by Louis Schmidt was noteworthy by reason of its originality in melodic contour and its poetic character.

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, who has been chosen to take the part of Thais when Massenet's opera is produced at the Boston Opera House, has her own ideas concerning the bodily as well as the musical presentation of the famous woman, who in Anatole France's romance ruled Alexandria until the march from the desert led her to long for spiritual beauty and the celestial life. In this country opera goes naturally to associate Thais with Miss Mary Garden, but Mme. Lipkowska believes that the part may be played otherwise, with less physical abandon.

She studied the part with Massenet last summer, and the composer, who made certain changes in the score to suit her, was deeply interested in her conception of the character of Thais and in her proposed expression of this character. Furthermore, he gave his hearty approval. Mme. Lipkowska thinks that Thais had neither a girlish figure nor one flagrantly sensual. "She appealed to the eye by her symmetry and delicately sensuous lines. She must also have had 'esprit,' for Alexandria was as much given over to systems of philosophy as to pleasure." The part of Thais appeals to her strongly, and it may here be said that she is eager to appear before the Boston public in other parts than those that chiefly demand the performance of floral arias.

It is interesting in connection with the discussion of the physical characteristics of Thais to note that Miss Constance Collier has been selected as the heroine in the dramatization of France's novel, and Miss Collier is of a decidedly oriental and sensuous type.

911 2 1911
AROUND A GARDEN.

Interesting announcements have been made by the management of the Boston Opera House; thus, on next Saturday, "Haensel and Gretel," which might be described as Wagner for the use of children, will be added to the repertory, to the delight of many, young and old. Humperdinck's

opera was sung at the Boston Opera House last season, but by the visiting Metropolitan Company. Other operas to be added to the repertory this month are Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," both founded on the famous romance of the Abbe Prevost; the one treated in typically French manner, so that Manon is "a dainty rogue in porcelain," the other full of Italian passion and as a whole following more closely the lines of Prevost's story. Puccini's version has been performed here only once and Massenet's is not too familiar.

To some an event more important than an addition to the repertory, or even the production of a new work, is the appearance of Miss Mary Garden, who is expected to take the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" on Friday night. Miss Garden has been seen and heard here as Thais, Melisande, Louise, Jean the Juggler and Griseldis, but not yet as Marguerite. Many are already speculating concerning the nature of her entrance and reply to Faust, her singing of the Jewel Song, her behavior in the Garden scene, the precise nature of her final madness. Miss Garden is an uncommonly clever woman, a woman of surprises. Whatever the part she impersonates, she is interesting. Her versatility is indisputable. There are few women who could be the ideal Melisande and also a sensuously resplendent Thais.

It is only fair to caution professional critics. In addition to her other accomplishments Miss Garden is a fluent conversationalist and a mistress of monologue. She recently told a reporter of the New York Times, in the strictest confidence, that she purposes to write a book this summer. She will thus relieve her mind. "The managers and the singers and the critics have all talked about me to their hearts' content, and now I am going to talk about them. I fancy the book will sell. I hope to make some money out of it, besides relieving my mind of a lot of things which I want to say." Nothing could be more reasonable than this. Verbum sap! No newspaper reader should be surprised after this to find Miss Garden extolled in print as the one and only impersonator, whether the opera be by Gounod or by one of the ultra-modern school. Perhaps it is not too late even for certain critics in New York to see the error of their ways, repent and stand, glorified, among the elect.

REPETITION OF "THE GIRL."

Exciting Scenes and Puccini's Music Lose None of Their Appeal.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Repetition of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West." Cast:

Minnie.....Carmen Melis Dick Johnson.....Florence Constantino Jack Rance.....Carly Galeffi Nick.....Luigi Galla Ashby.....Carl Gantvoort Snora.....Ramon Blanchart Trin.....Leo Devaux Sid.....Giusseppe Perini Belle.....Attilio Puichi Harry.....C. Strosoco Joe.....Emilio Ciaccono Happy.....Carmine Montel Larkens.....Rodolfo Fornari Boy.....Luigi Tavecchia Winkle.....Evelra Leveroni Jake Wallace.....Jose Mardones Jose Casati.....Eugenio Sandrini Pony Express Rider.....Ricardo Ghidini

The exciting scenes in the Polka saloon, in Minnie's mountain home and in the redwood forest, accompanied by Puccini's music, seem to lose none of their appeal by repetition, for the audience that filled the Opera House last night applauded with marked fervor the love-making of Johnson and Minnie, her rescue of her wounded sweetheart after she had driven him out into the blizzard to be shot, and her final saving of him from the sheriff and his band of lynchmen. The applause came only at the ends of the acts, but it was all the more hearty for being pent up and the chief singers were called out often.

Repeated production of the opera, by familiarizing the performers with the life they are striving to depict, has served to intensify the illusion of realism and to furnish more and more completely a '49 mining camp atmosphere that one is led to believe is the correct one whether it is or not.

Carmen Melis roused warm admiration by the hearty, sincere, light-hearted camaraderie with which she handled the rough gold-diggers who

flocked to the Polka saloon. She was charming in the frank simplicity with which she allowed her growing love for Johnson to be seen. She was passionately strong in her defiance of the sheriff and in her heroic work first in protecting Johnson in her house and later in rescuing him by appealing to her boys who were about to take his life.

Mr. Constantino gave a wholly acceptable portrayal of Johnson. He was at his best in the lynching scene, as he silently watched the effect of Minnie's appeal on the crowd and exhibited the alternating currents of hope and despair that coursed through him with the rope around his neck.

Mr. Galeffi was a truly saturnine sheriff, cold, calculating, malevolent, insensible to danger, immune to excitement. He looked very pale. Of course, that goes with the idea of the cold-blooded gambler that he is, but one is tempted to feel that it may be due in some measure to those cigars that he puffs so incessantly on all occasions.

911 3 1911
MME. MARTINEZ'S RECITAL.

Program of an Unusual Nature Presented in Chickering Hall.

Mme. Isidora Martinez gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last night. The program was in part as follows:

Rachmaninoff, "Floods of Spring"; Dubois, "Par le Sentier"; three French folk-songs with accompaniments arranged by Darcieux and L'Admirault; Lazzari, "Nachtstille"; Rubinstein, three songs from the Persian; MacKenzie, two rustic songs; Villiers Stanford, two sonnets; Lalo, three melodies.

In that many of these composers and most of these songs rarely find place upon a program, there was promise of the unusual in this recital.

Notwithstanding the large number of songs written by Anton Rubinstein, few of them in these days are well known or popular. The three sung by Mme. Martinez are not calculated to heighten the fame of the Russian.

Sir Villiers Stanford falls to demonstrate. In the two sonnets from "The Triumph of Love," that the sonnet form can be easily adapted to a musical setting. He has elsewhere valiantly tried to add music to certain poems of Shelley and Tennyson, which are too perfect in themselves to gain by borrowing from a sister art. Furthermore, to make music more is required than a series of wild upward leaps and downward plunges, even if the subject does happen to be the ebb and flow of "cosmic billows."

Mme. Martinez in some cases used her own translation from the French. Her enunciation is exceedingly distinct, and she succeeds in making clear her differentiation of mood.

MRS. WENTWORTH READS 'BLUE BIRD'

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth began her reading of Maeterlinck's play with a few words of introduction, in which she said that "The Blue Bird" stands for happiness. But Maurice Maeterlinck tells us, she continued, that "It is the great secret of things and of happiness." There is as much difference between the secret—the soul of a thing—and the thing itself, as there is between our real instincts and our conventionalized expression of them.

If we see happiness without grasping its secret, said the speaker, we are as blind as Tytyl and Mytyl were when they found satisfaction in counting their imaginary cakes before the entrance of the fairy. After they had seen the souls of the animals the trees and the elements; after Tytyl had outstood the most terrifying warnings and thrown open the last awful door in the Palace of Night, they were no longer content with pretense. Tytyl had found truth in finding hidden reality. He had discovered "the great secret of things and of happiness." Maeterlinck shows that happiness must be the result of vision, but still a result, a by-product, not an end.

As Mrs. Wentworth aimed to create the air of joy, of search for personal happiness, she often lost the real beauty and meaning of Maeterlinck's symbolism. But her characterizations were clearly defined, she showed understanding and appreciation of the imagery and the beauty of the lines. There was no artificiality of expression, no superfluity of gesture or exaggeration of utterance. She expressed herself with her voice simply and naturally, and she has a voice that lends itself to sweetness and pathos; yet it is not particularly flexible. Her impersonations of Night, The Dog and The Cat were the most successful. She has a keen sense of the humorous, which gave the most charm to her reading.

the audience was extremely responsive, and evidently familiar with the

MARY GARDEN AT OPERA HOUSE

As Marguerite in Gounod's

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Faust.....Charles Dalmores
Mephistopheles.....Leon Rothler
Valentine.....George Baklanoff
Wagner.....Pierre Leton
Marguerite.....Mary Garden
Marsch.....Jeska Swartz
Martha.....Marie Mattfeld

The performance was one of unusual interest. Miss Garden appeared for the first time in the Boston Opera House and as Marguerite for the first time in Boston. Mr. Dalmores also sang in this opera house for the first time. There was a very large and brilliant audience.

Many no doubt were drawn from curiosity to see what Miss Garden would do as the heroine of Gounod's librettists. They knew her already as Thais and Louise, also as Massenet's Jongleur, originally a tenor part; and they had admired her in other operas, especially as Melisande. Some perhaps looked forward to a display of extravagance, something bizarre, an impersonation daring in its originality. They forgot that Miss Garden is extraordinary in this. She has brains. She is an actress of rare talent, who expresses herself in song and recitative rather than in spoken dialogue; she composes a part with the utmost care, and vitalizes and illuminates it with imagination; her versatility is indisputable, for while her Thais in the first part of Massenet's opera is frankly and superbly sensual, her Melisande is a vision of dreamy purity and pathetic innocence. As Marguerite she could not do anything common or mean.

But some said and with more reason that while the voice of Miss Garden was well suited to the melodic phrases of Debussy and her sumptuous figure and histrionic skill to the portraiture of the Alexandrian light of love, her voice would not do full justice to the sustained

of Gounod, man taking the part of Marguerite singing exquisitely and he only a passive glove-box beauty; or yet with passionate intensity regard of the rules of song; deliberately reshape the and take liberties with the ounded to carry out her oses. The question is, ors taking this part sing, manner, with a view first ty, or should she sing the y as a means of dramatic

Miss Garden's voice is not inherently golden, mellow or sensuous in tonal quality. As a singer, judged by the ordinary rules of songs, she has faults that are easily detected by any intelligent student: her attack is often not decisive; she slurs from a low note to one higher and vice versa. She is inclined in music expressive of tender emotion to drag the pace, as she did last night in the first section of the long love duet in the garden scene. It would not be difficult to point out other faults of omission and commission. But what are all these faults when they are weighed against the many excellencies of her performance?

For Miss Garden first of all gave Marguerite character. Her entrance was unconventional, natural, effective. She was neither awkwardly shy, nor coquettish, nor sophisticated. There was no backward and inviting glance at the handsome stranger; there was no foolish running away as though she were in imminent danger of wild pursuit and capture. At the beginning of the garden scene there was no petty hushiness, no aimless wandering about as though Marguerite were saying: "See how naturally I behave!" She sang of Thais's king with the thought of the stranger, and her girlish pleasure at the sight of the jewels was irresistible and contagious.

Nor was this overdone: Marguerite was trapped by the jewel box. Mephistopheles did not bring it merely as a singing idle compliment. And so the Jewel song, which is sung as a concert aria, became a revelation of character, nor did Miss Garden find it necessary to distort the rhythm of the air in her revelation. But when she was face to face with Faust, when she related the simple story of her life, then the other side of Marguerite's character was disclosed. The love scene was managed with the finest art. The face that was tilted to Faust after her confession, and she was almost ready for his kiss, was

that of the girl who, adoring love, to want to the stars was one of virtual passion.

Still more remarkable even was her acting in the church scene by reason of its dramatic restraint. Marguerite was not a heroine of heroic mould, who, assailed by demoniacal voices, would have sung heroically against them. Her agony was not the less intense because it did not find vent in passionate outbursts or hysterical demonstrations. Nor did Miss Garden find it necessary to give an imitation of the mad lady of the village the moment Valentine died.

In this impersonation the most dramatic points were made quietly, by ever-changing facial expression. How eloquent her look when she first saw Faust in the garden!

Mr. Dalmores sang and acted not merely as a tenor, but as an artist, a word that is much abused in these days, when every little goosie is a swan. He was manly, chivalric, a tender lover. His costumes were picturesque, and for once we were allowed to see a Faust without disfiguring whiskerage. He sang with consummate skill both in amorous and heroic measures. In his performance song and action were inseparable.

Mr. Rothler was for the most part an admirable Mephistopheles. His "Serenade" was not vocally so effective as his "Call of Gold," but in the many scenes in which he figured his voice gave sonorous emphasis to the music, and his action was varied, interesting, free from extravagance. Perhaps his performance lacked the sinister note, the fiend's mockery, but as a whole it was one of the best that has been seen here in recent years.

The Valentine of Mr. Baklanoff and the Siebel of Miss Swartz are familiar and always worthy of praise. The chorus, with few exceptions, as in the male chorus in the first scene, did excellent work, and Mr. Caplet conducted with spirit and finesse. The stage settings and management again excited the heartiest admiration. There were many curtain calls, but the performance deserved more enthusiastic appreciation.

The opera this afternoon will be "Haensel und Gretel," with a scene from "Der Gelzige Ritter." The opera this evening will be "Carmen," when Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello will sing here for the last time this season.

Miss Isadora Duncan will appear in an entirely new program at the Boston Opera House Thursday evening, Feb. 23, with Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra. Tickets for this engagement will be on sale Monday morning.

MISS WILLARD'S RECITAL.

Unfamiliar Composers Represented on Program in Stelnert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Carolyn Louise Willard of Chicago gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Stelnert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, variations in F; Brahms, Scherzo, E flat minor; Chopin, Nocturne op. 48. No. 1; prelude, B major, B minor, F major, Ballade op. 47; Otterstroem, three preludes—F sharp minor, E major, C sharp minor; Juon, etude op. 18; Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Palmgren, waltz from Osterbotten and the Approach of Spring (from the Finnish Lyrics); Rubinstein, concert study, D minor.

The names of composers represented are unfamiliar here to the great majority of concert goers. Thorvald Otterstroem is a Dane, born at Copenhagen in 1868, who, moving to Chicago about 10 years ago, by chamber music, piano pieces and songs is classed among the Scandinavian modern romanticists. Sellm Palmgren is a Finn, born in 1878. He has composed choral works, piano pieces, songs, and a few pieces for orchestra. It is said that while the younger Finns are influenced generally by Sibelius or Tschaiakowsky, his latest piano pieces show that he has studied carefully and retentively the methods of Debussy. "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" is one of Debussy's latest preludes.

Miss Willard's program was an agreeable departure from the conventional and hackneyed. The pieces should not have been beyond her technical ability and criticism is concerned chiefly with her interpretation. She is evidently a thoughtful pianist with the best of intentions. At present her performance suffers from a curious and unnecessary rigidity. This is seen in her attack of chords and also in running passages. It would be unjust to say that her touch is always metallic. It was often harsh or brittle in passages demanding force, but in sustained melody or in transitional measures it sometimes had a pleasing and even sensuous quality. This quality, however, was only occasional. Miss Willard has naturally a certain fluency, but she gives the hearer the impression of working out a problem as she plays. There is undue deliberation, and at times positive hesitation, not from any nervousness or timidity; rather from the wish to be

free, and she is thus as one dissecting a composition for a class. This was especially noticeable in Brahms' scherzo, in which she lacked restless energy and demoniacal spirit, and in Chopin's nocturne and prelude in B minor. Her interpretation was seldom elastic, spontaneous. The hearer was reminded inevitably of a task to be overcome, and this task was as evident to the eye as to the ear. He would have welcomed an occasional technical slip or undue exuberance or extravagance, if there had also been the revelation of a sensitively musical nature, a poetic light, or strongly marked individuality.

Children Young and Old Pleased

with Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel."

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Haensel.....Marie Mattfeld
Gretel.....Bella Alten
Die Hexe.....Maria Claessens
Gertrude.....Florence Wickham
Sandmaennchen.....Jeska Swartz
Taunmaennchen.....Bernice Fisher
Peter.....Otto Goritz

Humperdinck's fairy music play was added yesterday to the repertory of the Boston Opera House. It was performed at this opera house by the Metropolitan company a year ago last month, when ham and Mr. Goritz were seen and heard in the parts they took yesterday, but Mr. Hertz conducted a year ago, and with a heavy hand. The orchestral performance was then a bluster, a roar; there were no gradations of force, and children, drunken father, angels and witch all fared alike; they were swallowed up in the orchestral din.

Yesterday the performance gave pleasure to a great many children, young and old. They delighted in the sight of Gretel, knitting and dancing, frightened in the wood, but bold and alert in the presence of the witch; of Haensel teasing his sister, trying to comfort her at night, fattened in the coop; of the witch, hideous to behold, discordant in song, yet at home on the aerial broom; and then there was good-natured Peter, too fond of the bottle, but thoughtful of his wife in the matter of sausage and idolizing his children. How well Mr. Goritz played the part of Peter! How funny and at the same time how effective his description of the witch's operations. And Miss Wickham was an excellent companion as Gertrude.

Perhaps Mme. Claessens had not played the part of the witch before. She did not seem at ease, for she kept an eye on the conductor even when she was most diabolical. Her tones emphasized the malevolent character of the sorceress, but did not do justice to Humperdinck's music. Her strength was only in her make-up.

Miss Alten and Miss Mattfeld, as before at this opera house and at the Boston Theatre, were highly entertaining. Some one said yesterday that there was a sophisticated Gretel on the stage. The criticism was not just, and a little girl taken from every-day life and thrown into the part would be stupid, unbearable. The stage settings with the glowing stairs for the angels and the trick-change in the last act were also features of the performance. The angels walking about the sleeping brother and sister crowded one another and there was fear lest one should break a wing. The chorus of freed children at the end was rather weak. Mr. Goodrich conducted sympathetically and with taste. It was no more than just that he should have appeared with the singers in answer to curtain calls.

It is not necessary at this late day to discuss the music itself. A German, especially if he be a Wagnerite, will appreciate this opera more than a man of another nation. The music was taken seriously until the objection was made that Humperdinck made his nursery characters speak to the music of Wagner's heroes and heroines—little fishes with the voice of whales. Then this ingenious answer was devised: Humperdinck slyly burlesqued the methods of Wagner. But the burlesque is inherently German, long-winded and ponderous, altogether too solemn. There are charming and simple tunes for the children, and good songs for Peter and the witch; but the music for the angels is bombastic and there are dull and dreary stretches in the second and third scenes.

After the performance of "Haensel und Gretel" came one of a scene from Rachmaninoff's "Gelzige Ritter," with Mr. Baklanoff as the Knight. Mr. Conti conducted this scene, which is in effect a symphonic poem for baritone and orchestra.

MME. GAY SAYS FAREWELL.

Last Appearance of Season in Bizet's "Carmen" at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Boston opera company. Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose.....Giovanni Zenatello
Escamillo.....Jose Mardones
El Dancaïro.....Leo Devaux
El Rematado.....Ernesto Giza

Don Jose.....Giovanni Zenatello
Escamillo.....Jose Mardones
El Dancaïro.....Leo Devaux
El Rematado.....Ernesto Giza

A large audience crowded the Opera House last evening, the occasion being the farewell appearance of Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello. There was frequent and reiterated applause throughout the evening, and the singers were repeatedly recalled.

Mme. Gay again gave her remarkable impersonation of Carmen. She was in excellent voice and sang and acted with her wonted spirit.

Mr. Zenatello, too, was in the vein. He sang with rare beauty of tone and phrasing, and gave an admirable performance of his dramatically intense conception of the part of Don Jose.

Mr. Mardones is not heard to the best advantage as Escamillo. He sang, however, with his customary finish, and his part was carefully composed. Miss Nielsen was a charming Micaela.

A feature of the opera as presented at the Boston Opera House, is the consummate art displayed by Mr. Caplet in his reading of Bizet's haunting score.

The opera Monday evening will be Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," with Mme. Mells and Messrs. Constantino and Galeffi.

FORTY-NINERS AND THE 'GIRL'

"Youngster" of California's
Golden Rush Presents Some
Tangible Evidence.

By PHILIP HALE.

It may be remembered, although many things are forgotten in the course of a week, that The Herald published last Sunday the comments of a Bostonian on the mise-en-scene of "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Boston Opera House. This Bostonian was in California in 1850 and for two or three years following. It may be remembered that he spoke in an entertaining manner about plug hats and boiled shirts, monte, side saddles, women's hose, miners paying at the bar in gold dust, etc.

In the production of a modern opera of the ultra-realistic school it makes considerable difference whether a hero wear a plug or a slouch hat. Years ago Ferrando telling his horrible tale to the retainers at the palace of the Count di Luna used to wear a sinister slouch hat. He was at his ease, garrulous, without thought of war and the camp. Now he wears a glittering helmet and is not half so impressive. And "Il Trovatore"—what a masterpiece it seems in comparison with Puccini's two youngest operas!—is a fine example of the old romantic opera in which the accuracy of a costume was not the most essential feature of the performance.

The Herald has received a letter from a well known Bostonian, who speaks about early Californian life with authority.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was much interested in the comments made last Sunday by an old Forty-Niner on the production of Puccini's opera at the Boston Opera House, for I, too, have been in Arcadia and also seen a performance of "The Girl of the Golden West" at our Opera House. The production to me seems admirable in many ways. If I were inclined to criticize the "realism" of the stage settings and costumes, I should say that the dress of the miners is of a later period than 1850. In that year and for some years after the miners wore blue or red shirts and tucked their trousers in their boots. The miners in the opera are dressed more after the manner of cowboys.

Your informant is right about the manner of payment at the bar. A miner always paid in gold dust.

I think he is wrong in saying that side-saddles were unknown in California in the early fifties. My mother crossed the plains in the early fifties on a side-saddle, and used it in California, nor was she the only woman to ride in this manner in the Nevada City region.

Nor is your informant correct in saying that miners never wore plug hats and boiled shirts. They did not when they were prospecting or at work; but when they were on a holiday, spending their money in the bar-rooms and at the gaming tables, they were often plug-hatted, and their shirts were often white and sometimes ruffled.

I have a photograph of Nevada City, taken from a daguerreotype of 1852. There are tall pines; there are rough wooden houses; a bakery, a store where hay was sold, a shop with a watchmaker's sign, and a saloon, "The Miners' Friend," then kept by James Hoel, a fine old gentleman from Virginia, sah! Mr. Hoel sitting in front of his saloon wears a hat like that of the Sheriff in the opera. Two or three other citizens are wearing plug

—possibly with a...
 through...
 are is a miner in prospecting dress
 with his mule. Furthermore, the
 rag-hatted citizens are wearing
 the shirts, "billed shirts," as Arter-
 Ward called them.

Your informant is right in saying
 that poker was not then played. The
 great game was monte. Euchre was
 sometimes played for amusement, but
 monte was the gambling game, though
 I have a vague recollection of seeing
 a roulette table in one saloon. I was
 but 8 years old when I was first in
 Nevada City, but early impressions
 are now clear, when it is not always
 easy to remember what happened 10
 years ago or even last month. I be-
 lieve Schopenhauer made some im-
 posing remarks on this subject in an
 essay on old age, or on sliding down
 the other side of the hill. I remem-
 ber as it were yesterday seeing a
 crowd in a saloon, men with uplifted
 heads and gaping faces. I went in
 and crawled under the legs of the
 gamblers to see what was going on.

There was a woman dealing the cards.
 She wore black velvet and her waist
 was cut extremely low. Her complex-
 ion was fresh laid. To me she was a
 dream of beauty. And over her a
 miner stood with drawn bowie knife,
 old directly over her neck. Whether
 she disarmed him by a languorous
 glance, so that he forgave her cheat-
 ing; whether he was obdurate and
 stalk her, I do not know. I realized
 it was no place for me and I crawled
 out.

I should say that Nevada City had
 about 2000 inhabitants in 1852. There
 was a theatre, the Jenny Lind Theatre,
 and I remember when Deer Creek rose
 seeing this theatre float away with the
 American flag flying proudly on top of
 John Phoenix, who was at San
 Diego about the same time gave an
 amusing account of that place.
 All night long in this sweet little village
 you hear the soft note of the pistol.
 With the pleasant sreak of the violin
 and all day horses are running.
 With drunken greasers astride
 A holier and hooping like demons
 And playing at billiards and monte
 The they're nary red cent to ante.

Nevada City was different, although
 there was gaming, drinking, and there
 were quantities of drunken foot women
 sitting in the street and railing at
 passers. Nevada City was still primi-
 tive. Cowboys made the night life
 and digger Indians lived not far away
 in wigwags. A favorite amuse-
 ment was a bear again, a bull in a pig
 bait would stand on his hind legs
 I grew between the bull's horns and
 bull would gore. Yet I went regis-
 tered Sunday school in 1853 went down
 course your informant must have
 lived at exactly the conditions, the
 here and outside in the region
 and lived I speak only of life and
 in Nevada City.

YOUNG FORTY-NINER

There is a wide difference of opinion
 in London concerning Henry James's
 one-act play, "The Saloon," produced
 at the Little Theatre, Jan. 17. The
 critic of the Saturday Review was over-
 powered by the drama. He shuddered
 in the theatre after he left it, and ap-
 parently while he wrote the article
 which is in a hysterical vein of wonder,
 love and praise for Mr. James and his
 little shaker. Other weekly periodicals
 sniff at the play. The Pall Mall Gae-
 tette is enthusiastic. The critic speaks
 of "art so perfect," "touches so deli-
 cate and rare," "those soft rhythms
 of prose, those delicate economies of
 expression which every lover of Mr.
 Henry James's work knows so well."
 "And when the tragedy suddenly deep-
 ened, it came in stroke upon stroke of
 merciless power, till the spectators
 fairly shivered." The Times is cool.
 It begins its short review: "In a mat-
 ter that so tests all round our voca-
 tion." A brief sentence; but long enough
 to reveal to the understanding ear the
 presence of Henry James. "The Saloon"
 is full of Henry James's sentences, so
 full that the poor players knit their
 brows in the effort to remember the un-
 usual collocation. . . . It gives you
 an odd sense of incongruity to find dia-
 logue so literary leading up to melo-
 drama so vivid. But you get your thrill
 and you satisfy your taste (an acquired
 taste, as people say, but one well worth
 acquiring) for the peculiar Henry James
 rhythm of speech—all within the com-
 pass of half an hour.

The play begins cheerfully with talk
 in the saloon, the drawing room of an
 old general whose grandson, Owen,
 thinks warfare abominable and is un-
 willing to enter military service. Kate,
 his cousin and betrothed, reviles Owen
 and glories in the memory of another
 Gen. Wingrave, two generations back
 who beat to death his son, afflicted with
 similar scruples. The murder had been
 committed in that very room, and it is
 believed that the general's ghost walks
 the house yearly at midnight. The old
 man disinherits Owen. When the youth
 alone at midnight Kate comes back
 to make a final appeal. He declares
 against the "brute" that killed his son
 and all other murderers in uniform. She
 tells him to be left. The lamp goes
 out, a spectre is dimly seen, Owen
 screams and Kate shrieks. When they
 find that Owen lies on the floor dead

W. S. Maugham's "Smith," a comedy
 in four acts will be produced at the
 Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night,
 with John Drew as Freeman, who, re-
 turning from Rhodesia and finding
 women in society vain, selfish, heart-
 less, marries Smith, the parlor maid.

When the comedy was first produced
 in London—at the Comedy Theatre, Sept.
 30, 1909, the part of Smith was taken
 by Miss Marie Lohr, that of Freeman
 by Robert Lorraine; and that of Alger-
 non Peppercorn, the "tame robin," or
 celsbo, by A. E. Matthews, that ad-
 mirable comedian who was seen here
 early this season in "Love Among the
 Lions." It appears from the contem-
 poraneous reviews that certain lines
 which shocked the audience on the first
 night were cut out by the dramatist.
 The part of Smith was later played by
 Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Freeman is the "backwoodsman" dis-
 mayed and disgusted by the frivolity
 of modern Londoners. "He is Primitive
 Man acting as missionary for the con-
 version to simplicity of the overcivilized.
 Finding all the Kensington ladies of
 his acquaintance neglecting their nur-
 series for the bridge table, he lectures
 them on the whole duty of woman,
 which it appears is, first, to have babies
 and, next, to suckle them." Nor can he
 endure the "tame robin," the married
 woman's poodle dog. One of the hard-
 ened bridge players lures him on to pro-
 pose to her; "is miraculously converted
 by the spectacle of his virtuous nature
 to a virtuous action of her own," and
 tells him that she does not love him,
 but will go to the colonies to marry
 and rear babies. Nor will Smith have
 him at first. "You came away from
 'Smith,'" said the Times. "In that
 happy, detached, ironically indulgent
 frame of mind that is the true test of
 comedy."

"Les Heures Dolentes," for orchestra,
 by Gabriel Dupont, will be played to-
 night for the first time in Boston at the
 concert given at the Boston Opera
 House.

Dupont first attracted general atten-
 tion by taking in 1904 the Sonzogno
 prize of £50,000 with his opera, "La
 Cabrera." He was born at Caen, March
 1, 1875, and has always suffered from
 the results of pleurisy and pneumonia
 so that more than once he has been at
 death's door. His father was an or-
 ganist at Caen. The boy went to Paris
 to further his studies, and Widor be-
 came interested in him, and took him
 into his organ class at the Conserva-
 tory. The organ did not interest Du-
 pont, and he studied composition with
 Massenet until the composer of "Man-
 non" resigned his professorship; then
 Dupont went back to Widor and in 1901
 as his pupil took the "first second"
 prix de Rome. The first prize was
 awarded to Mr. André Caplet, who, a
 conductor at the Boston Opera House,
 will conduct his colleague's work to-
 night. The "second second" prix de
 Rome was awarded to Maurice Ravel,
 now a well known name. Dupont was
 unable on account of his health to
 compete the next year for the first prix
 de Rome. Widor, however, had so great
 confidence in his pupil's future that he
 provided him with money for rest in a
 warmer climate, and when Dupont took
 the Sonzogno prize—there were 237 com-
 petitors—Widor went to Milan to re-
 hearse the performance of "La Cae-
 rera," which, produced on May 17, 1904,
 with Gemma Bellincioni as the heroine,
 made a sensation.

Up to that time Dupont was known to
 a few as the composer of a sym-
 phonic poem that took a prize offered
 by the city of Nancy and performed
 under the direction of J. Guy-Ropartz,
 "Poeme" for violin, and "Poeme
 d'Antoinette" for voice, an organ piece
 "Pour la Toussaint," and "Les Ef-
 fares," melodies.

Engelbert Humperdinck was the
 president of the jury that awarded
 the Sonzogno prize, for Massenet,
 who had been chosen for the office,
 was sick, and it was Humperdinck

who first noticed the merit of Du-
 pont's opera and called to it the at-
 tention of his fellow jurors.

Meanwhile Dupont was very sick at
 Lyons, and it was there that he com-
 posed a set of a dozen or more piano
 pieces "Les Heures Dolentes," which
 he dedicated to Humperdinck. They
 told in music the romance of a young
 artist, an invalid who looked from
 his bed at the garden without. The
 titles reveal his impressions. "The
 Sun in the Garden," "The Song of the
 Wind," "The Song of the Rain," "Hal-
 lucinations," "Death Prowls About,"
 etc.

Colonne brought out at his Chat-
 elet concert, Oct. 22, 1906, three or-
 chestral compositions based by Du-
 pont on the piano compositions. They
 form a suite, and the first is "Death
 Prowls About," with two alternating
 motives—a melancholy one with its
 song doubtless by the harp, the other
 sombre and somewhat dramatic given
 to the brass. The second movement,
 "Children Play in the Garden," intro-
 duces children's sounds, and the
 music is full of life and color. The
 third is "Sleepless Night: Hallucina-
 tions" with the description of an
 imaginary wild flight, while the chief
 motive of "Death Prowls About" is
 at once recalled. At this perform-
 ance the suite was highly successful.

In the man true "La Cabrera" had

been produced at the Opera Comique,
 Paris, May 5, 1905, with Mme. Bellin-
 cioni and Edmond Clement in the chief
 parts. The story by Henri Cain is sim-
 ple and tragic. A girl, a keeper of
 goats, is seduced. Abandoned, insulted,
 she is obliged to leave her village.
 Some time afterward she returns and
 finds her lover whom she had involun-
 tarily betrayed. She wins him back
 through the pity with which she in-
 spires him, but her woe and joy are
 too much for her and she dies in his
 arms.

Dupont's other chief compositions
 are "Le Chant de la Destinée" for or-
 chestra, suggested by Jules Laforgue's
 "Berce moi, roule moi, vaste Fatalité,"
 and produced at a Colonne concert in
 Paris Oct. 27, 1907; a set of piano
 pieces, "La Maison Dans les Dunes,"
 a hymn to Aphrodite (Colonne, March
 20, 1910); and an opera, "La Glu," in
 four acts, founded on Jean Richepin's
 terrible story, produced at Nice Jan. 26,
 1910, and performed at the Monnaie,
 Brussels, last month. The chief singers
 at Nice were Mmes. Claire Friche and
 Genevieve Vix and Messrs. Morati,
 Danges and Baldo. At Brussels the
 chief singers were Mmes. Friche and
 Beral, and Messrs. de Clery, Saldou and
 La Taste.

And at the concert tonight Mr. Cap-
 let will bring out his orchestration of
 Debussy's piano pieces, "Children's
 Corner," which were played in Paris at
 the Cercle Musical by Harold Bauer
 Dec. 18, 1909. The first to play these
 piano pieces in Boston was Felix Fox
 at a recital in Steinert Hall Nov. 18,
 1909. The titles of the pieces are origi-
 nally in English: "Dr. Gradus and
 Parnassus," "Jumbo's Lullaby," "Ser-
 enade for the Doll," "The Snow Is
 Dancing," "The Little Shepherd," "Gol-
 dwagg's Cakewalk."

Mr. Chaplet has thus done for these
 pieces what Henri Busser did for De-
 bussy's Petite suite written originally
 for the piano (four hands).

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Con-
 cert by John McCormack, tenor, Miss Marie
 Narelle, Irish ballad singer, and Miss Ada
 Sassall, harp. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. First grand
 concert of this season by leading singers, chorus
 and orchestra of the Boston Opera Company.
 Miss Nielsen and Mr. Constantino, soloists.
 Orchestra pieces by Wagner, Dupont,
 Debussy, Gounod and others. Program to
 "Meditation," Massenet, Caplet, Couperin
 and Gounod's conductors. See leading article.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First con-
 cert of the Giesela Weber Trio in Boston.
 Mme. Giesela Weber, violin; Mme. Holmes
 Tomas, piano; Leo Schulz, cello. Gade,
 Tri. Op. 12, Bach, Sonata, E major (violin
 and piano); Ikerak, Trio (Dumky).
 Girls' Latin School, 8 P. M. Municipal
 Chamber Concert by Mrs. Hilson, violinist;
 Mrs. Hummel, cellist, and Mrs. Cora Gooch,
 harp. Program, selected by Oscar Hummel.
 The Salut Song, allegro from Trio in F
 major, Op. 18, songs, Howard, "My Wife";
 A. L., "Fair Maiden"; Gounod, "She Alone
 Carmeth My Sadness," from "The Queen of
 Sheba," piano solo; MacDowell, "Improvisa-
 tion," piano solo; "Prelude," Arensky,
 violin and cello; from Trio in D minor;
 violin solo, Mazke, Meditation; Couperin,
 "Pavane"; Poppo, "Elfenfant"; songs, Boott,
 "Lullaby," Neveu, "That We Two Were
 Maying"; Gounod, "My Song Is of the
 Sacred Nativ"; allegro moderato from
 Couperin's Trio in A minor.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15. Third and
 last piano and violin recital of Miss
 Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Edouard Dethier,
 violinist. The programme will be as follows:
 Beethoven, Sonata in E flat minor; Reger,
 Suite in F major; Szymanowski, Sonata in G
 major.

WEDNESDAY—Shawmut Church, 8 P. M. Mu-
 sical Organ Recital, John A. O'Shea, or-
 ganist. Organ pieces: Wagner, overture to
 "Tannhauser"; O'Shea, Barcarolle; Liszt,
 Prelude and Fugue on "Ave"; H. Godard,
 "Berceuse from 'Jocelyn'"; Beethoven, an-
 dante and variations from the Septet; Ho-
 ratio Parker, andante and allegretto from
 Sonata in E flat; Krieger, March Pittoresque;
 Weber overture to "Oberon." Miss Margue-
 rite Gilling, soprano, will sing "O Harp
 Immortal" from Gounod's "Sappho," and
 "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Crea-
 tion." Mrs. Olive Whiteley Hilson, violon-
 cellist, will play Rubinstein's Moderato, varia-
 tions and finale, op. 19, and the Meditation
 from Massenet's "Thais."

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third
 concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer
 conductor. Chadwick, Pack, Clouds Away;
 Abt, Sleep, Thou Wild Rose, Koechert, The
 Young Love, Parker, Blow, Blow, Thou
 Winter Wind; Mendelssohn, The Word
 Went Forth; Gibson, The Elfman; Hatton,
 Evening's Twilight; Wagner, Apotheosis of
 Hans Sachs. Miss Christine Miller, con-
 tralto, will sing songs by Franck, Van Der
 Stucken, Brahms, Calman, Chadwick, Sauer
 and "My Love Is a Lassie," arranged by
 Miss Hopekr.

THURSDAY—Roxbury High School, 8 P. M.
 Municipal Orchestra Concert. William How-
 ard, conductor. Weber, overture, "Jubel";
 Strauss, a largo from Sonata in B minor;
 Bizet, prelude, allegretto and carillon from
 suite, "L'Arlesienne." No. 1, German, Shep-
 herd's Dance; Debussy, Pizzicato Polka from
 "Sylvia"; Gounod, Valse from ballet suite,
 "The Queen of Sheba." Miss Celestine Ober,
 soprano will sing Chaminade's "Summer"
 and Hawley's "Spring's Awakening." Jacques
 Benavente will play a transcription
 of Rossini's "Una voce poco fa" for saxo-
 phone. Louis C. Elsen will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fif-
 teenth public rehearsal of the Boston Sym-
 phony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor.
 See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fif-
 teenth concert of the Boston Symphony Or-
 chestra. See special notice.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Easy Laughter In that extra-
 at Human ordinary drama.
 Weaknesses "The Return of
 Peter Grimm,"
 there is a reading

of a will. The selfishness and the greed
 of those hearing and bitterly disap-

pointed, and the reflection on their sin-
 cerity toward the testator when he was
 alive, amused the audience at the first
 performance, and no doubt audiences
 afterward. It is true that the average
 man in these days wishes to laugh in
 the theatre; he is uneasy unless he is
 invited to laugh by dramatist or actor;
 he feels resentment if a serious vein is
 long pursued; at last he laughs incon-
 gruously, often when he should be
 deeply moved. There is no question,
 now, of the constitutional and cock-tail
 healed "guffoon," to use the term coined
 by Mr. F. E. Chase, a portmanteau-
 word made up of "guffaw" and "buff-
 foon." The reference is to the great
 mass of theatregoers who are uncom-
 fortable when "Hamlet" is performed
 until Polonious appears disguised as
 Pantaloon.

This scene in Mr. Belasco's play was
 familiar; it has been introduced in
 melodrama, comedy and farce from time
 immemorial; yet it made its effect as
 usual, and not merely because Grimm,
 returning after death, seeing but un-
 seen, was revealed to the audience as
 conscious of the insincerity of men and
 women who had pretended to be his
 friends and admirers while he was
 alive. In other words, Grimm's will
 was a grim joke, and the audience sym-
 pathized with the jester.

An Inquiry Into a Literary Mystery

The receipt of a letter from Mr.
 J. Poole recalls this scene. His
 personality is un-
 known to members of The Herald staff.
 It is fair to infer from his letter pub-
 lished here some weeks ago that he is a
 club man, resident or non-resident in
 Boston. That letter was dated "Bos-
 ton" and mailed in this city. His latest
 communication was left at The Herald
 office. He punctiliously signs himself
 "of Bethesda," as John Randolph used
 to add "of Roanoke" to his signature.
 Is Bethesda a town or a family estate?
 The Bethedas in the gazetteer are named
 as in Arkansas, Iowa, Ohio, Tennessee,
 Maryland and Pennsylvania. They are
 described as post hamlets. It is not
 easy to think of Mr. Poole in a post
 hamlet, although Artemus Ward's hero,
 Reuben Pottgill, preferred a peaceful
 hamlet to a noisy Othello.

Mr. Poole is probably an elderly man
 with a serious cast of countenance. He
 puffs a little after a walk, and would
 prefer Congress gaiters to boots with
 buttons or hooks for lacing. This is
 evident from his style, which is modelled
 after that of the Guardian, the Ram-
 bler and other collections of staid Brit-
 ish essayists. This style was respected
 in colleges by professors of rhetoric
 40 or 50 years ago, and it is highly prob-
 able that Mr. Poole took a prize or two
 for "literary composition" or was one of
 the solemn, sonorous, impressive speak-
 ers at the graduation exercises. The
 style is still maintained by certain lead-
 ing writers for the more conservative
 London dailies.

Mr. Poole's Proposed Little Joke

Editor of Herald: I have been re-
 minded by a per-
 formance of Mr.
 Pinero's "Thunder-
 bolt" in New York of the immense
 pleasure that can be derived from mere
 mention in somebody's will. It is large-
 ly a pleasure of hope, as is that of
 stock speculation, and frequently no
 more profitable; but while equally
 aleatory, it is far less expensive and
 thus to be recommended.

To the innocent and praiseworthy end
 of making others happy it is my in-
 tention to make hereafter at intervals
 of three months a quarterly will, to be
 described in its text as my latest rather
 than my last, disposing of wholly fabu-
 lous sums to lists of beneficiaries chang-
 ing each quarter. I make no secret to you
 that the millions thus liberally disposed
 of in these inexpensive manuscripts were
 made and are owned solely in my dis-
 posing mind, but I shall not insist on
 this circumstance in the text of the
 will itself, a copy of which will be
 mailed to each person benefiting tem-
 porarily under it. I shall simply in-
 struct my executors to pay to such a
 one, Ephraim or Eliza, so many thou-
 sands of dollars, leaving it entirely to
 them to discover the money; and I
 think you will agree that a man unable
 to take care of the details of an enter-
 prise such as this is hardly worth the
 name of executor.

Upon the receipt of copies of this will
 by the beneficiaries joyful hope will
 have been implanted in the breast of
 each and the future will present itself
 clad in the rosiest of hues. At any mo-
 ment during the ensuing quarter wealth
 may be theirs and the irksome need of
 work be done with forever. For three
 glorious months they will be in fancy—
 and possibly in fact—as rich as the most
 autobillions of their neighbors. At the
 end of that period another set of people
 will enter upon a similar period of bliss
 through the operation of a new will
 superseding and cancelling its predeces-
 sor.

I am aware that the grateful interest

was a small but enthusiastic audience. Dupont's music was played for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in America. The Herald yesterday described the circumstances under which "Les Heures Dolentes" were composed, at first for the piano. Young Dupont, a sick man, put into music the impressions of an invalid looking at the life and hearing the sounds in the garden close to his bedchamber. Some of these impressions were gay yet with a tinge of melancholy; others were sombre and hopeless. Dupont afterward arranged some of these sketches for orchestra. The three played last night are entitled "Epigraphe," "La Mort rode" ("Death prowls about"), and "Des Enfants jouent au jardin." Of the three the second is by far the most impressive. The piece is constructed of two alternating themes: the first singularly plaintive; the second, gloomy, sinister, inexorable. The motives themselves have true originality of expression and are treated skilfully. The instrumentation gives pathetic, tragic force. There is no attempt at the bizarre; the music is sincere and poignant. In the third of the excerpts, "Children playing in the Garden," use is made of a children's round or dance song, and there is the suggestion of careless mirth and lightness. Debussy's "Children's Corner," a collection of six little pieces with fanciful titles, was also composed originally for the piano, and Mr. Fox played the set at one of his concerts last season. Mr. Caplet orchestrated the pieces, and his arrangement was performed last night for the first time.

J. POOLE OF BETHESDA.

Two Wills of Unusual Interest

Hazlett in his sour-est manner wrote an essay on will-making. To him the final disposal of real and personal property showed human character in a ridiculous light. His text was of his own invention: "All that we seem to think of is to manage matters so (in settling accounts with those who are so unmanly as to survive us) as to do as little good, and to plague and disappoint as many people as possible." In this essay he speaks of a person addicted from his youth up to a habit of lying, not out of malice or any base motive, but as "a gratuitous exercise of invention." This man felt sick and was ordered abroad. Not recovering, but declining he was advised to return home. He paid out all that he had for his passage, went on board, and solaced himself by remaining days by making and executing a fantastical will.

He bequeathed large estates in various parts of England, estates with deer parks and avenues and noble trees, money shrewdly invested, rich jewels, precious stones, libraries, wine cellars, all things that in the minds of the majority are enviable and worth a struggle. It was a long time before his old friends and acquaintances could be convinced that the will was the testator's last and most annoying lie.

And here in Boston a singular will was drawn. A stranger arrived, well dressed, but not suspiciously well dressed, plausible in speech, but not loquacious, evidently a man of means and authority. He called on a prominent firm of lawyers and instructed them as to his will. He bequeathed land, stocks, bonds, as a man of some millions, and he was generous and discriminative in bequests to charitable institutions. He then went to certain banks and asked for credit. When there were questions about security he referred to his lawyers. They vouched for him, almost eloquently. And, lo, one morning the stranger disappeared with sums of money for which he had given nothing in return, possibly with a copy of his last will and testament, and was seen no more—in the city or in suburban districts. In this instance the beneficiaries were unaware of their good fortune. A modest man, he did not trumpet his purposes from the house tops or on the Common.

Feb 6 1911

Music by Dupont and Debussy Included in Concert at Opera House.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House this season took place last night. The program included the overture to "Der Freischuetz" and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," conducted by Mr. Goodrich; the Prologue to "Meistersinger," with Mr. Mardones and the chorus of the Boston Opera House, conducted by Mr. Conti, and excerpts from Gabriel Dupont's suite "Les Heures Dolentes," Debussy's "Children's Corner," orchestrated by Mr. Caplet, and Chabrier's "Marche Joyeuse," led by Mr. Caplet. Miss Nielsen sang "Deh Vieni" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Un bel di" from "Madama Butterfly"; Mme. Bonheur sang "Mon coeur s'ouvre" from "Samson et Dalila," and Mr. Constantino sang "C'è e mar" from "La Gioconda" and "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana." There

was a small but enthusiastic audience.

Dupont's music was played for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in America. The Herald yesterday described the circumstances under which "Les Heures Dolentes" were composed, at first for the piano. Young Dupont, a sick man, put into music the impressions of an invalid looking at the life and hearing the sounds in the garden close to his bedchamber. Some of these impressions were gay yet with a tinge of melancholy; others were sombre and hopeless. Dupont afterward arranged some of these sketches for orchestra. The three played last night are entitled "Epigraphe," "La Mort rode" ("Death prowls about"), and "Des Enfants jouent au jardin." Of the three the second is by far the most impressive. The piece is constructed of two alternating themes: the first singularly plaintive; the second, gloomy, sinister, inexorable. The motives themselves have true originality of expression and are treated skilfully. The instrumentation gives pathetic, tragic force. There is no attempt at the bizarre; the music is sincere and poignant. In the third of the excerpts, "Children playing in the Garden," use is made of a children's round or dance song, and there is the suggestion of careless mirth and lightness.

Debussy's "Children's Corner," a collection of six little pieces with fanciful titles, was also composed originally for the piano, and Mr. Fox played the set at one of his concerts last season. Mr. Caplet orchestrated the pieces, and his arrangement was performed last night for the first time.

Mr. Caplet was known in Boston as a composer of marked talent long before we had the pleasure of seeing him as conductor at the Boston Opera House. The Longy Club for several years has brought out chamber music by him. It seems a pity that he did not improve the time spent on this instrumentation of trifles in composition on his own account.

His instrumentation of Debussy's pieces is well done; it is varied, ingenious, brilliant, imaginative, and in the vein of Debussy; yet it may be asked whether the labor was worth while. For these pieces as a whole are hardly worthy of Debussy's reputation. Last night the "Serenade for the Doll," "The Little Shepherd" and "Golowog's Cakewalk" met with special favor. The instrumentation of the cakewalk is exceedingly clever and led by Mr. Caplet with the finest sense of tonal contrasts and rhythm was irresistible by reason of its humor and spirit.

It was also a pleasure to hear Chabrier's "Marche Joyeuse" again as conducted by Mr. Caplet. There has been only one Chabrier in the history of music. How later French composers have profited by him! Some of them have helped themselves from Chabrier and Lalo with both hands.

The operatic arias gave great pleasure to the audience and the singers were warmly applauded and recalled.

JOHN McCORMACK'S BALLADS

Miss Narelle and Miss Sassoli Also Please in Music of Erin.

Attracted by expectation of hearing Irish melodies sung by John McCormack, the opera tenor, and Miss Marie Narelle, soprano, an audience filled Symphony Hall last night. The people were not disappointed, either in the nationality of the music or the manner in which it was set forth. Besides the singers and their songs, still another touch of Erin was added by the harp playing of Miss Ada Sassoli, though none of her selections smacked of Ireland.

Mr. McCormack was thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of his audience, and he won his hearers quite as much by his charm of manner as by the excellence of his singing. He gave them first an aria from Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore," with rare beauty of tone and the tenderness of expression that is his singular possession. Afterward he sang a group of old Irish songs—"The Lark in the Clear Air," "A Lagan Love Song" and "Molly Bawn." The simplicity, directness and clarity with which he sang these appealing melodies roused immense enthusiasm, and he was compelled to respond to encores after two of them.

For modern Irish songs Mr. McCormack gave "Lullaby" and "Looking Back," by Hamilton Hart, and he endeared his hearers to him again by singing, in response to insistent demands, "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away." His last group of lyrics was just modern songs, good ones and beautifully sung, but they lacked the distinctive, quaint character of the Irish melodies, and there was nothing extraordinary about their delivery, as there was in the singer's remarkable sincerity and sympathy in the ballads of Erin.

Miss Narelle was well received. She first sang with freshness and sweetness of tone and with appropriate feeling "The Green Hills of Ireland," Del Riego; "The Harp in the Air," Wallace,

and "The Minstrel Boy." Afterward she gave "Oh, Native Music," an air 700 years old; "A Memory," Rooney, and "O'Donnell Aboon," slinging the last with a martial fire that called out strenuous approval. In response to re-

calls she sang "The Low-Backed Car" in a fashion that took the house by storm.

Miss Sassoli gave harp selections by Rameau, Piorne, Rubinstein and Debussy, and finally Zabel's "Am Springbrunnen," this last winning a demand for another piece, which Miss Sassoli granted. She played with her usual skill, finish and expressiveness.

GOSSIP OF MUSIC AND THE THEATRE

Dalmores Studied for Orchestra.—Calve's Illness—Young Violinist Coming.

Charles Dalmores, whose Faust was greatly admired last Friday night, was born at Nancy of a family named Brin. He intended to be an orchestral player and for that purpose studied at the Paris Conservatory, but he found that he had a voice. In 1900 he sang at Rouen as Siegfried. For some time he was a member of the company at the Monnaie, Brussels. In 1902 he took the part of Siegfried in a performance of "The Dusk of the Gods" in French at the Chateau d'Eau; also that of Tristan at the same theatre. In Germany he is regarded as a fine example of a Wagnerian heroic tenor. His one conspicuous failure was his Pelleas. The impersonation was too pronounced and aggressive, whereas it should have stood as in tapestry.

It is to be hoped that Mme. Calve is not seriously sick of a fever at Kobe, Japan. She left France last March for a concert tour which should include Australia, India, Japan, and western cities of this country. In India she gave some operatic performances. Some years ago she was deeply interested in eutectic building and chemistry, and she longer than it the past. The have been all sorts of stories about her since she last sang here. One was to the effect that she had married a blind man of great wealth who fell in love with her voice.

A young Italian violinist, who will make his first public appearance in New York Feb. 18, rejoices in the name of Illuminato Miserendino.

There are conflicting opinions about Mr. Pinero's new comedy, "Preserving Mr. Pannure," produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, Jan. 19. Mr. Pannure, the ugly and grotesque husband of an exceedingly strait-laced and painfully pious woman, kisses Josepha, a governess, and she thinks herself stained, insulted for life. But she cannot tell the woman whose bread she eats who insulted her, and the question arises in the house, where there are four other men, who did kiss her? Mr. Pannure must be preserved at any cost. All the leading dailies spoke of superfluously ugly details and defects of taste in the play. Some characterized the comedy as extremely funny. The Pall Mall Gazette's reviewer found it hard work to laugh. In the first three acts "the crew are for the most part busy doing rather tiresome things and very economical in saying clever ones." It has been stated, on what authority we know not, that Sir Arthur Pinero attaches but slight importance to the new play. It certainly struck us as a good deal below the best form of a writer who, in the years gone by, has given us some of the most humorous work in the modern British theatre.

The London Times maintains that "Der Rosenkavalier," Strauss's new opera, contains some of the most beautiful music that the composer has written. "The style alternates between extreme simplicity and the composer's worsted complexity." After the first performance of "Elektra" we suggested that Dr. Strauss's creative faculty, on the musical as opposed to the purely technical side, appeared to be somewhat exhausted. The present work appears to refute any such notion. It is full of exuberant vitality and freshness of invention.

The New York Times described Saint-Saens's "L'Ancre," produced at the Opera Comique last month, as "a new opera." New to Paris, but "L'Ancre" was produced at Monte Carlo Feb. 24, 1906.

Leo Fall's new operetta, "The Syren," produced early in January at the Johann Strauss Theatre, Vienna, is concerned with a secret love affair in which Napoleon figured. The libretto is said to be weak in invention and lacking in dash. "But the score, like all that Fall does, is very clearly worked out, and the orchestration is full of charm. The period chosen affords plenty of opportunity for gorgeous costumes. So much dancing as takes place

is not seen or heard. Vienna long time. The music glows with a rhythm of Strauss, and is full of the purest Viennese color. The critics are generally agreed that Fall has scored another success." This is from the Vienna correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

Johann Strauss's operetta, "The Gipsy Maiden," has been advertised in the repertoire of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. At the first performance there, on March 15, afternoon for the benefit of the opera pension fund the ordinary prices were quadrupled, but the house was sold out and the audience an extraordinarily brilliant one. Selma Kurz took the part of the Gipsy maiden. The opera house has been crowded at the subsequent performances.

A Paris newspaper recently asked its readers to name the 10 operas they wished to hear most frequently at the Opera Comique. 36,360 voted as follows: "Carmen," 26,116 votes; "Manon," 20,524; "Louise," 15,468; "Lakme," 14,374; "Werther," 12,587; "Mignon," 12,329; "Mireille," 10,943; "The Barber of Seville," 9002; "La Boheme," 5692, and "La Traviata," 5150.

The Herald recently spoke of dramatizations of some of Dickens's novels. Since then the publication of "Dickens and the Drama," written by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, has been announced in London. The author says that he consulted some hundreds of books, plays, newspapers, magazines, play bills and programs in order to make his book correct and complete.

Mimi Aguglia, who, with her Sicilian company made the flesh creep by representations of epileptic fits and sundry forms of madness when she was in Boston, has been acting in Florence. The Mask regrets that she has added French plays to her repertoire. "It appears that she does not like being called a Sicilian actress; she wants to be mistaken for an Italian actress or even a European actress. What the difference is does not seem quite clear. These 'departures,' if natural, are in bad taste. Yet they are nothing new in the story of women on the stage. It is pitiful to read in the history of the theatre of the wrecks women have made of many good managerial ships which attempted to reach the Fortunate Islands." Then the Mask argues that woman, beautiful and unselfish as she often is in daily life, is a "continual threat to the existence of art in the theatre, and also to the successful management of the theatre." * * * to achieve the reform of the theatre, to bring it into the condition necessary for it to become a fine art, the women must have first left its boards. I arrive at this conclusion—first, through my study of the stage; and, secondly, because of my admiration and knowledge of womankind." To this the Pall Mall Gazette answers that so long as a great actress provides herself with parts which enable her to display her powers to the best advantage the public does not care "whom she may have injured or what enterprise she may have wrecked in order to gratify her ambition. As to Signora Aguglia, however, she will probably realize soon enough that her powers, remarkable as they are, are limited. Even during that London season of triumph she had two failures. One was in the last act of 'La Figlia di Jorio,' in which she lacked sublimity; the other was in 'Morte Civile,' in which she lacked distinction of manner."

Feb 7 1911

JOHN DREW ACTS REFORMER'S PART

Appears as Hero of Maugham's "Smith" at the Hollis Street Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Smith," a comedy in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Production by Charles Frohman. Cast:

Thomas Freeman.....John Drew
Herbert Dallas-Baker, K. C.....Morton Sollen
Algernon Peppercorn.....Hassard Short
Blanche.....Lewis Casson
Mrs. Dallas-Baker.....Isabel Irving
Emily Chapman.....Sibyl Thorneike
Mrs. Otto Rosenberg.....Jane Laurel
Smith.....Mary Roland

Mr. Maugham might have taken for the motto of "Smith" these words of Hazlett: "I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these bonnet fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well." * * * I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a dis-

cause still regards "L'Ami Fritz" as an honor to its repertory.

BEEBE-DETHIER RECITAL.

Unfamiliar Works by Bernard and Reger Played in Chickering Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Mr. Dethier, violinist, gave their third and last sonata recital last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Bernard, sonata in E flat minor for violin and piano; Reger, Suite in F major for violin and piano; Stojowski, sonata in G major for violin and piano. There was a small but appreciative audience.

Beebe and Dethier is a name not wholly unknown to concert goers in this city. His suite for violin and piano, a melodious and agreeable composition, was popular for a time; a Divertissement for wind instruments has been heard more than once; a few of his piano pieces have been played and organists know his pieces for the organ, especially a brilliant suite.

The sonata performed last night contains an andante "after the manner of a ballad" and a spirited allegro. It is an original and interesting composition—neither of the older French school as represented in chamber music by Saint-Saens, nor of the younger school that is influenced by Franck or Gabriel Faure. (Bernard died in 1902, when he was nearly 59, for he was born in 1843, not 1845, as stated by the program.) The first movement is of a romantic nature. The opening at once attracts attention by the character of the melody thought and the simplicity and power of expression. The hearer is eager to hear the rest of the narration. The themes have a broader sweep and a deeper significance than are usually found in the older French chamber music, and the treatment includes passages of rhapsodic passion. This music has decided atmosphere. The other movement is in marked contrast. It has something of the nature of the display pieces to which the title "Perpetuum Mobile" is applied. It is sparkling music, but not coldly glittering; it has a piquancy that was peculiar to Bernard; it makes demands on technique.

Reger's suite on the other hand is after the manner of Bach; say rather as Reger thinks Bach should have written. The prelude is conceived according to the old formulas. The middle movement, a Largo, has fine and elevated moments, although as a whole it lacks continuity. For a finale Reger of course wrote a fugue with a long winded episode that is insignificant, only chatter, and with a stormy and exciting coda. It is a pity that this man is so prolific; that he writes with such astounding facility; that he does not seem to have the gift of criticism and the courage to blot and prune.

Miss Beebe played with spirit and with a force that was at times forgetful of her associate. She has mechanical proficiency and she displays an enthusiasm that might at times be tempered with advantage to the ensemble. Mr. Dethier is a violinist of talent. He plays intelligently. His tone was mellower than at the first concert, but there were times last evening when it was rather dry.

GOSSIP OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Veteran Pianist for Symphony Concerts—Reminiscences of Scharwenka.

Xaver Scharwenka, the pianist, who will play at the Symphony concerts this week, is now in his 62d year. He played for the first time in this city at a Symphony concert 21 years ago this month. He then played his first concerto; this week he will play his fourth and latest one.

There are some in this town that as students in the Berlin of the early eighties remember Xaver and his brother Philipp. The brothers were then in marked contrast. Xaver was one of the most striking personalities in the city. He was of military bearing, handsome, alert, a man of action. Philipp was shorter and he had the appearance of laziness, although as teacher and composer he has been industrious. The two were witty in speech. Xaver was idolized by women of all ages and countries. After he founded his conservatory many girls who studied under another master would frequent the classes of Schar-

wenka as "a queen." But this did not save on the teacher rather than note the progress of fellow students. And yet he had already met the "tragic end" of Hugo's Captain Phoebus, for in 1877 he married a Russian, beautiful and rich.

Xaver did not parade as a beau cavalier. He was a hard worker, faithful in instruction, taking the same interest in the advanced pupil and the one still struggling, as courteous and painstaking with the ill-favored and lean as with the languorous and seductive. He played frequently in concerts, as soloist and in ensemble. He composed, for he did not wish to be known only as the author of the Polish Dancers.

When he visited Boston in 1890 he bore outward marks of prosperity. He was sleek, there were symptoms of approaching baldness, and there was more than the symptom of a paunch. He was still elegant in manner, witty, delightful. While in the city he saw a picture of himself in a piano shop, a picture taken when he was young, a hero of romance. Looking at it for some time, he made a profound bow to his "vanished glory."

When he played in those days his performance was distinguished by dash, rhythmic sensibility, piquancy, fine taste. When you heard him play his concerto in B flat minor, it was as though you heard the clink of spurs and the clash of swords.

He visited Boston again in '91, in '97, in '98, but his recitals were not well attended and he did not play with the same spirit. It was in '91 that he made New York his dwelling place and conducted a conservatory there for several years. It is said that his latest concerto is interesting and his performance of it excellent.

As a student he was associated at Theodor Kullak's school in Berlin with Moszkowski and Sherwood. Moszkowski has never visited America. Sherwood died at Chicago only a few weeks ago.

Before Scharwenka made his first tour in this country he was asked to furnish a biographical sketch. He began by saying: "I feel somewhat embarrassed * * * for I am certain nothing has ever occurred to me that can possibly interest your readers. I have never been an alderman, nor held a position under any government, never aspired to the office of general superintendent of any public art institution; intend of any public art institution; nor have I ever desired to become superintendent of the police force. I have always paid my taxes promptly (when I could), have been vaccinated according to regulations, have served in the army from 1873 to 1874, in obedience to the law, and have been honored with some municipal positions of trust from time to time. * * * I grew up to be the joy of my parents and the terror of the neighborhood. The old residents of the town (Samter, near Posen) still recall with horror the days when I covered the handsome pink and blue houses with black chalk drawings of locomotives on which I figured as engineer playing the fiddle. In that way I displayed an early inclination for music. * * * I was a terrible scapegrace with a few moments of angelic quietude."

The title of Mr. Maugham's amusing comedy now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre misleads some, and they speak of John Drew as taking the part of Smith, not knowing that Smith is the name of the parlor maid. John Davidson several years ago wrote a curious tragedy entitled "Smith," a tragedy of youthful revolt and not a little bombast. The play was published, but we do not believe it was ever performed. The author must have had some misgivings, for he described the drama as a "tragic farce." In the last scene Smith jumps off a cliff with a young woman whom he had persuaded to abandon her betrothed.

Mr. Maugham, it will be remembered, visited Boston this season for a few days. Some one said of him that he looked like his plays. Mr. Maugham began as a playwright by writing seriously. Not meeting with success, he began to write frankly for the purpose of amusing the public, and he expressed his opinions concerning the object of the drama in a rather cynical fashion. In "Smith" he has written what some might call a problem play disguised as a witty and at times extravagant satire.

It is said that Puccini is not satisfied with the third act of "The Girl of the Golden West" and intends to compose new music for it for the production in Rome, and also for Mr. Savage, who will produce the opera in English. Perhaps Puccini thinks Johnson's air as he is about to be lynched is too melodious and he may replace it by disjointed phrases and a tumultuous orchestral expression. It is also said that Miss Lott of this city, who has sung successfully in Italy, has been asked to be one of the Minnies under Mr. Savage's direction.

Gustav Strube's charming overture "Puck" will be performed in Chicago at a Theodore Thomas orchestra concert Feb. 24-25. At the same concert Henry Hadley's Concert Piece for 'cello will be played by Bruno Steindl.

The business manager of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, Bernhard Urich, has made the statement that the company will close its first season "with receipts equalling, if they do not exceed, the heavy expenses the organization carries. This outcome seems assured after the first two weeks of its engagement in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. And if it does the Chicago company will have achieved something no other opera company in America and no unsubsidized company in the world ever has accomplished."

Caruso has made a new contract for three years with the Metropolitan Opera House beginning next season. He will receive \$2200 a performance and will probably sing 60 or 70 times in this country.

"The Girl of the Golden West" draws much better in New York than it did in Chicago or does in Boston. It is a singular fact that in Chicago the most accomplished actor Renaud could make nothing out of the part of the Sheriff and soon handed it over to Sammarco.

Feb 9 1911

THIRD APOLLO CLUB CONCERT

Miss Christine Miller Assists In a Program of Favorite Part Songs.

P. H.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave the third concert of its 40th season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick, Pack, Clouds Away; Abt, Sleep, Thou Wild Rose; Koschat, The Young Lover; Parker, Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind; Mendelssohn, The Word went forth; Gilson, The Elfman; Hatton, Evening's Twilight; Wagner, Apotheosis of Hans Sack from "Die Meistersinger." Miss Christine Miller, contralto, sang these songs: Franck, Marriage des Roses; Van der Stucken, Seeligkeit; Brahms, Botschaft; Cadman, The Moon drops low; My Love is but a Lassie (arranged by Helen Hope Kirk); Chadwick, Thou art to me; Saar, The Little Red Rose. Carl Lamson was the pianist and Grant Drake the organist.

The concert began with a performance of Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes" in memory of George C. Wiswell, an original and active member of the club from June 21, 1871, Mr. Wiswell died on the 16th of last month.

The program, made up of favorite selections and less familiar part songs, gave much pleasure to the audience. There was hearty applause and there were repetitions. Perhaps the chief feature of the concert, as far as the club was concerned, was the spirited performance of Horatio Parker's stirring "Blow, blow, thou winter Wind." The music is sturdy, virile, written with an appreciation of the text and effectively for the voices.

Miss Christine Miller made a favorable impression. She has an agreeable voice of pure quality, and she sang with taste and musical intelligence.

The fourth concert will be on Wednesday evening, April 5, when Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, will be the soloist.

MARJORIE COOKE'S RECITAL.

Series of Monologues Given with Natural and Vivid Expression.

L. A.

Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke gave a recital of monologues at the Hotel Vendome yesterday morning. Miss Cooke is a Chicago woman and a

graduate of Chicago University. She is the author of her own selections, and has also written a novel, entitled "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods." Her programme was as follows: "At the Matinee," "Bedtime," "When Men Propose," "Nicoletta."

Her first selection, "At the Matinee," was a satire on the tardy and inattentive matinee girl. There was nothing new about it, but it was well written and showed observation. Her second was a satire on a mother's religious training of her children, and this was the best sample of her work, both creatively and expressively. It was keen, pointed and exceedingly funny. Her last two pieces were more commonplace, though her "When Men Propose," in which she caricaturizes the proposals to a shrewd American girl of a German, Frenchman, Englishman and American, respectively, was bright and amusing. It was a little overdone, but rather in order to emphasize the satire than from a lack of artistic sense. The last selection was hopelessly sentimental.

Miss Cooke has a quick, energetic, observant mind which dominates her reading. She also has the satirical point of view and is able to give it natural and vivid expression, so that she makes her appeal principally to the intellect, in spite of the fact that she handles almost trivial subjects. If she would bring her selections up to the level of her mind and ability she would probably be forceful and convincing as

well as a capable and particularly well modulated. It is also suggestive of dramatic possibilities.

Her second and last reading will be on Wednesday the 15th, at 11 A. M. The programme will include: "A Suffrage Monologue," "How Gentlemen Are Made," "Case 49," "Heroines."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Hansel..... Maria Mattfeld
Gretel..... Bella Aiton
Die Hexe..... Maria Claessens
Gertrude..... Florence Wickham
Sandmännchen..... Jeska Swartz
Faunenchens..... Bernice Fisher
Peter..... Otto Goritz

The vastly infectious good humor of the two children, who seemed to enjoy supping full of childish horrors, caught up a large audience in the wake of its thoroughly Tautonic drollery, while audience and singers alike settled down for a good time. There were not so many audible sighs of delight from childish throats as at the Saturday afternoon performance, yet there was a liberal sprinkling of children in the audience.

It is difficult to imagine a cast in which every member might any more fully live his part than these players do. As a result, they succeed in making the fantasies of the action seem quite as real as they should seem, though part of the fun is that one has all the time that delicious sense of make-believe which after all is what gives fairy stories their crowning charm; the wood is indeed fearsome, but it is only a fairy wood; the witch is indeed terrifying, but witches don't really exist. The fact that all opera anyway is the most transparent make-believe, which sometimes hinders appreciation, here becomes of no moment.

The singing was excellent, and the mechanical demands, which are heavy, as well met as could be expected. If the angels would keep guard in a somewhat less celestial blaze of light they might remain a little more ethereal and the bargain counter effect of wings and halos might be minimized. Then, even if such an unheavenly event occurred as the loss of a wing, it would not be noticed.

The only untoward feature of the performance musically was the lack of elasticity in the orchestra which made it impossible at times for the singers to let their spontaneity have full swing.

The opera was preceded by Debussy's "Enfant Prodigue," conducted by Mr. Caplet.

Lia..... Miss Nielsen
Azazel..... Mr. Lassalle
Simoon..... Mr. Letol

Mr. Letol sang without rehearsal because of the indisposition of Mr. Blanchart, who has taken the part of Simoon in the previous performances of the work. One hesitates to affirm that even after rehearsal the part of Simoon could be made anything but stiff and wooden. The others are familiar hero in their respective roles. Last night it seemed as if Birnam wood (suddenly grown tropical) must be coming to Dunsinane when the assembled Galileans brought out their palms to attest the regeneration of Azazel. At the same time the private orchestra of Simoon offered a nice study in the musical instruments of biblical times. The trumpet and the shawn, the psaltery and the harp, remained no longer names, but became realities, only that one rather longed to know which was which.

Feb 10 1911

VON POSSART ACTS RABBI WITH HOBBY

Lovable in "Freund Fritz" Under Auspices of the Boston Deutsche Gesellschaft.

By PHILIP HALE.

Ernst von Possart, supported by a well selected company, gave a performance at the Shubert Theatre yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft of "Freund Fritz," a German translation of "L'Ami Fritz" by Erckmann-Chatriain.

Fritz Holm..... Herr Mayering
David Sichel..... Herr von Possart
Hansen..... Herr Scanzoni
Friedrich..... Herr Olmar
Christel..... Herr Bauer
Suzel..... Fri. Bruenner
Josef..... Herr Jensen
Catherine..... Frau Elmern
Lisbeth..... Fri. Dora

Mr. von Possart made his first appearance in Boston in the part of the Rabbi, David Sichel. Some might have wished for another play, "The Merchant of Venice" or "The Daughter of Fab-

of Sichel, and yet it is to see this admirable actor only once, it will be pleasant to remember the humor and tenderness, the delicious slyness and the broad humanity which characterized his impersonation of the Rabbi with a hobby. The play has been performed here in French and English, possibly in German, as long ago as the spring of 1873. A French company produced it in Beethoven Hall, when Mr. Chamounin played the part of the Rabbi, with Mr. Veniat as Fritz and Mme. Le Blanc as Suzel. An English version, with music by Julian Edwards, was performed by the Manola-Mason company, and Alexander Salvini brought out another English version at the Hollis Street Theatre, two years later, in 1895. Nor should a performance of Mascagni's opera, "L'Amico Fritz," be forgotten.

It is not easy to see at this late day why the comedy of Erckmann-Chatrian provoked boisterous scenes when it was first performed at the Comedie Francaise. It is a simple, charming idyl, with its bachelor fond of good cheer and hardening into selfishness; with its pretty farm girl, shy, naive; with the Rabbi bent on match-making. But the imperialists formed a cabal against it. The authors were unpatriotic, they said; the Comedie Francaise was unpatriotic in producing the play; not only was here a hubbub the night of the first performance, but there were bitter articles in the journals afterward, and one who created the part of the Rabbi, as so incensed, for he had been a soldier in Algiers, that, as he noted in his diary, he was eager to challenge the truculent Saint-Genest and bethought himself of his seconds.

And so this little idyl became a political document. Some, for other reasons, sneered at the simplicity of the story, the lack of action, the homeliness of the scenes and dialogue. The realism was objectionable or the realism was disputed. Played not long ago in London by a visiting French company, the comedy was found old-fashioned and thin.

As performed yesterday, the comedy was as fresh, fragrant, wholesome. Mr. von Possart's Sichel was a most lovable figure, and the actor's authority and measure were constantly shown. Especially noteworthy were his making out the receipt in the first act, a masterpiece of diction and action—who will soon forget his hesitation over the word "punctually," and his happy interpolation of "perhaps?"—his sermon on the necessity of marriage for the happiness of the individual and the welfare of the state; his scene with Suzel at the well; also his act with Fritz in the last act. Then there was the wealth of detail, in which a single word was charged with significance, as when he said "Adieu" to Fritz as he passed the window.

Mr. von Possart is in his 70th year, yet his voice yesterday was rich and full, his speech nimble and infinitely varied, nor was there any sign of physical or mental weakness. His voice was singularly expressive; his gestures true significance; his listening was more eloquent than are the most soliloquies or grand tirades of others. It was a privilege to see such an illustrious example of ripe and classic art.

The supporting company was excellent. Mr. Mayering was a capital Fritz; Messrs. Scanlon and Olmar were amusing as the boon companions; Mr. Bauer gave character to the part of Christel; Miss Bruenner was a charming Suzel, and her narration of the story of Rebekah at the well was refreshingly free from electioneering tricks and devices.

There was a large and most appreciative audience.

The Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft is to be congratulated on the result of its experiment, for managers of German theatrical companies in New York may now be encouraged to visit this city occasionally.

FE 6 11 / 19 11 FOURTH CONCERTO BY SCHARWENKA

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted, and Xaver Scharwenka was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture in D major, Handel.
Symphony in E flat major (B. & H. No. 1), Haydn.
Symphonic poem, "The Moldau", Smetana.
Mr. Scharwenka has now played twice with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city. It was on Feb. 7, 1891, that he played his first concerto. The one he played yesterday afternoon was his fourth, and during the performance he wished and they were friendly disposed toward this excellent musician, a brilliant teacher and genial man—that he had remained faithful to his first love.

The fourth concerto, F minor, is in three movements. The first is long and elaborately constructed, but as a whole it is not cumbersome for freedom of

ideas, all of them in the development. The second and third movements will undoubtedly delight audiences for some time to come.

The opening of the second, an intermezzo, with its archaic flavor and piquancy, at once pleases by its prettiness, but after the middle episode, its return does not make the same effect; yet the return was inevitable, according to the laws of orthodox construction. Is it possible then that the prettiness of the first section so quickly fades?

The third movement after a dirge-like introduction has the character of a tarantella, and there is a motive that an operetta composer might well envy.

As a whole, the concerto contains little except passages of prettiness and piquancy. In spite of the carefully worked development of thematic material in the first movement, there is little that stirs the hearer, little that is truly emotional expressed in an original or individual manner.

The word, "reminiscent," applied to music, does not always convey a just idea. That which excites memories of music written before is often a resemblance in mood, due to harmonic progressions and orchestral coloring. There are pages in this first movement that are thus reminiscent, and there are moments when it is impossible for the hearer not to think of Wagner and of lesser composers.

Mr. Scharwenka has changed little in appearance since he last visited Boston, but his playing is more staid and at times tentative. There was not the old-time dash, the glittering brilliance; nor was this to be expected. It is enough to say that Mr. Scharwenka gave a dignified performance; that he played modestly; that after the second movement he was loudly applauded and at the end recalled several times.

The purely orchestral program does not call for extended notice. The overture by Handel contains a slow movement distinguished by the pomp peculiar to that composer, and a fugue that is like countless pages written by him and others of his period—correctly put together and uninteresting.

Haydn's symphony in E flat major has been played at these concerts three times, and not only twice, as stated by the program book. It is conspicuous for the gaiety of its second theme in the first movement, the variation for the solo violin in the Andante, and the finale, which used to be a favorite with our maiden aunts who were addicted to playing arrangements for four hands—and, indeed, this finale is thematically charming.

Smetana's "Moldau" wears well. The opening is still a fine example of "water music."

The program for next week will include Wagner's Prelude to "Loiengrin," Strauss's "Don Quixote," Beethoven's piano concerto, played by Mr. Busoni, and Beethoven's suite from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot."

"IL TROVATORE" REPEATED.

Mr. Amato and Mme. Rappold Sing the Opera Here for First Time.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Manrico.....Mr. Slezak
Count di Luna.....Mr. Amato
Ruiz.....Mr. Gaudenzi
Ferrando.....Mr. Perini
Leonora.....Mme. Rappold
Inez.....Miss G. Fisher
Azucena.....Mme. Claessens

The audience, which should have been larger, was a very enthusiastic one, for in certain respects the performance was brilliant. Mr. Slezak's voice was not in such fine condition as when he took the part earlier in the season, and there were times when he was not fully up to the pitch, but he was virile in the heroic moments and he sang the purely lyric measures tenderly and with much taste.

Mr. Amato impersonated the Count di Luna for the first time in Boston and his performance was the feature of the evening. His rich and noble voice was displayed to full advantage.

We have all endured patiently for two seasons various Counts di Luna who were as inhuman vocally toward the audience as they were on the stage to their colleagues in ensemble. Now the Count is a fine fellow in his way and should not be so misrepresented. Furthermore, he is a man of determined purpose who should never wobble and quaver in operatic speech. Mr. Amato rehabilitated the Count; he restored him to his rank and privileges. The audience was quick to see this and seldom has a singer in the Boston Opera House met with quicker and heartier recognition.

Mme. Rappold has sung in Boston at a Symphony concert. Her voice is agreeable and she sang last night with taste rather than marked dramatic effect. As many other sopranos in these days, she took the beautiful cavatina of Leonora de Gusman in the first act at too fast a pace, although Mr. Moranzoni indicated clearly the true tempo in the introductory measures. It is a pity that this beautiful air is as a rule so maltreated by sopranos.

Mme. Claessens sang for the most part poorly and acted with considerable force. The Miserere has been better performed here, with purer intonation on the part of the chorus, with a better sense of proportion in the en-

semble and with a more dramatic appeal.

The chorus work generally was of a high order. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit and understanding.

The opera this afternoon will be "La Gioconda," with Mmes. Nordica, Claessens, Leveroni and Messrs. Martin, Baklanoff and Mardones. The opera tonight will be "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino and Polese.

GOSSIP OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Suggestion That Dr. Cook Revive "The Ice Witch" or "The Frozen Deep"—Mme. Rappold.

It is said that Dr. Cook purposes to appear in vaudeville. Why does he not go into the legitimate and revive "The Ice Witch," or "The Frozen Deep," or "The Sea of Ice," in which Charles Wheatleigh, Laura Keane, Joseph Jefferson and others well known appeared in 1857; or better yet, "The North Pole, or the Arctic Expedition," which was produced in England as early as 1818? The final scene of this last-named drama was described as follows: "A ship of immense size, fully rigged, with a crew of 40 persons, commanded by a naval officer, will effect her passage through floating islands of ice, which, on separating, will show an expanse of ocean covering the whole stage. She will sail down to the footlights, with her bowsprit over the pit, producing as novel and powerful an effect as can be exhibited on the stage."

Mme. Rappold, who took the part of Leonora in "Trovatore" last night at the Boston Opera House, was born in Brooklyn and her maiden name was Winteroth. There is a story that she sang in London, when she was 10 years old. After her marriage to a Brooklyn physician, she studied in New York. Heinrich Conried heard her at the Schiller celebration in the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, in 1905, and invited her to sing for him at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she appeared for the first time Nov. 22, 1905, as Sulanith in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." She afterward took other parts as Elsa, Elisabeth, Leonora, and sang the music of the Forest Bird in "Siegfried." It was in November, 1905, that she appeared here at a Symphony concert and then sang for the first time in this city.

There are some unusually interesting concerts announced for next week. Tomorrow night Verdi's "Requiem" should crowd Symphony Hall for the music is intensely dramatic and the singers are excellent. Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice is admirably adapted to the contralto part, and young Mme. Gluck has made a reputation in concert and opera. She sang in "Boheme" toward the end of last season at the Boston Opera House when the Metropolitan company made its second visit. On Monday night the Longy Club will present a varied program made up chiefly of unfamiliar works by French composers. George Copeland, who is the most poetic interpreter of Debussy's music known to us, will play on Tuesday evening a program containing pieces by Debussy that have not been heard here in public, and movements from a sonata by Joaquin Turina, a Spaniard whose piano quintet was performed in Paris in 1907. The Cecilia with the Boston Symphony orchestra will perform on Thursday night "The Children's Crusade," which is well liked, and Edmond Clement, the distinguished tenor of the Opera-Comique, Paris, and the Metropolitan, will make his first appearance here in concert. George Proctor will give a recital in Fenway Court Thursday afternoon. Friends of the Hoffman quartet will welcome its first concert of the season on Friday night. Mr. Busoni will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts and his suite from music to Gozzi's "Turandot" will be performed here for the first time. He has chosen Beethoven's concerto in C minor for his solo performance. Strauss's "Don Quixote" will be played and again the sheep will bleat and the windmill whirl its sails; again Don Quixote will discourse nobly of the soul and die to music that was surely inspired; again Mr. Warnke will delight the hearers by his cello solos and Mr. Ferir with the viola will appear as Sancho Panza.

At the Boston Opera House Massenet's "Manon" will be added to the repertory on Wednesday night, when Mr. Clement will appear as Des Grieux. Mme. Nordica will be heard in "La Gioconda" on Monday night; a new tenor, Mr. Gaudenzi, will come out as Mario in "Tosca"; "Haensel und Gretel" will be repeated on Saturday afternoon at the request of children, old and young, and on Saturday night "The Girl of the Golden West" will be performed with Mr. Polese as the Sheriff.

The Pall Mall Gazette argues from the production of Henry James' little play, "The Saloon"—it might be called "The Drawing Room"—and thus the tide

would prevent misunderstanding, for Mr. James' "Saloon" is not anything like "Ten Nights in a Barroom" or "One Night in Ten Barrooms"—that the playhouse can be of immense benefit to the literary artist. "There are probably many people who knew but little of Mr. James until they saw his name on the program of the Little Theatre." Then they discovered that he had written a thrilling play; they discussed him with their friends, and, finding out that he had written many novels, they no doubt went to the circulating libraries. But to enjoy a "shocker" in the theatre and to read "The Wings of the Dove" are two very different things. The Pall Mall Gazette adds:

"There is no publicity among reading people to compare with that which the glare of the footlights confers in a single night. For every 10 persons, for instance, who know Mr. Barrie through his books, a hundred know him through his plays. French writers recognized this long ago; and, while Dickens and Thackeray were plodding away with their novels, Balzac and Victor Hugo were appealing in the theatre as well as in the study and reaping a better harvest in consequence. Fortunately, our leading writers are now beginning to realize all that the stage can do for them, and to follow Mr. Barrie's example. Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Masfield, Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mrs. Clifford had all done splendid literary work before their first plays were produced, but they would never have been so well known as they are had they confined themselves to writing books. Meanwhile the benefit to the stage which the work of such dramatists has effected is too obvious to need enlarging on." But Balzac's plays were failures and "Vautrin" was prohibited because Lemaitre made up as Louis Philippe.

Henry Bernstein's new play is entitled "After Me." Everything in the play points to the suicide of a man whose story shapes the plot—but when the audience has been worked up in expectation of the pistol shot, there is no shot. The play is said to be "brutally" strong. Marthe Legnier, long a favorite with Paris theatre audiences, has decided to go into opera. Monte Carlo saw her in Puccini's "La Boheme."

Sir Herbert Tree is joyous over the long run of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's, London. On Jan. 25 there had been 163 performances. "Julius Caesar" ran 161 and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" 157 under his management. They seem to be fond of Shakespearian plays in London. Sir Herbert is preparing a production of "Macbeth." He says that the scenery will be "more austere" than that in his former Shakespearian productions.

FE 6 12 19 11 MME. NORDICA IN "LA GIOCONDA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" at the matinee. Mr. Conti conducted.

La Gioconda.....Mme. Nordica
Laura.....Mme. Claessens
La Cieca.....Miss Leveroni
Enzo.....Mr. Martin
Barnaba.....Mr. Baklanoff
Alvise Badoero.....Mr. Mardones
Zuane.....Mr. Pulcini
Isepo.....Mr. Strocchio

The audience yesterday afternoon was again delighted with the spectacular effects in the performance, the impressive mounting of the first act, the ship scene, Alvise's palace, the groupings in the ensemble, the colors and the lighting, the symbolic ballet. It gave Mme. Nordica a hearty welcome. It was pleased at the reappearance of Mr. Baklanoff in the part of the Spy. It was politely interested in Mr. Martin. By the way, how did Enzo, Gioconda and the blind mother all happen to be in Alvise's ballroom? Were they expressly invited by the saturnine husband and master of the feast, or did they volunteer in a neighborly manner to assist in the ensemble? Bolto's libretto is not always clear. How many who saw the performance yesterday can tell in a clear, heli-like voice why Enzo set fire to his ship?

Mme. Nordica's impersonation is well known in Boston, and it is not necessary to analyze it minutely at this late day. Her conception is on simple lines in accordance with the theory of the branch of the Italian school which believes that dramatic action expressed in song was preferable to dramatic action with song as incidental. Her recent performance of Marguerite was extremely modern. That of Gioconda is of the old school with the lyric expression that is only vaguely described as characteristic of "the grand style."

Sometimes this grand style may be best explained by the word "authority." Many of the younger singers are constantly experimenting. They are eager for new effects, new readings, new busi-

and their experiments sometimes come amiss. If Mme. Nordica had not been trained in "the grand style," she could never have sung the music of the opera so effectively, she could never have carried out her remarkable command in this season of the part of Manon. And if she had not been mistress of this style, she would now probably be voiceless. The passionate young girl is pitched on the stage to sing a part for a little while and even an admired pinwheel; but to sing and pinwheel is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

And so in an opera of the old school, the opera by a composer that was influenced by Meyerbeer and Halevy as well as Verdi, the traditions of another generation gave dignity to the impersonation of the heroine. It is easy to imagine the part played in another manner; was consuming fire and raging jealousy, as they say, Pauline Lucca played it, or as Rachel acted Thibide in the drama of Hugo on which Bolto used his libretto for Ponchielli. When the part is played in this manner the vocal lines are too often broken or disappear, and song is turned into a smooth declamation. The study of Puccini's later music is not a good preparation for singing the music of Verdi, Ponchielli, Donizetti. On the other hand, the study of florid music is indispensable to any woman who wishes to excel as a dramatic soprano.

Mr. Martin is not yet at ease in the part of Enzo. He is not picturesque to the eye, and Enzo should be romantically picturesque. His voice yesterday was hard and metallic, and his upper tones were distinguished by impact, not brilliance. It was impossible to accept Mr. Martin as an Italian even disguised as a Dalmatian sea-faring man. It was said of Sir Daniel Donnelly, once champion of Ireland, who conquered Cooper in the Curragh of Kildare and one Oliver in London, that his education as a pugilist had been irregular; that there were Irishisms in his style. Mr. Martin's education has not been irregular, but there are Americanisms in his style, and Enzo should be free from them.

Mr. Baklanoff was sufficiently sinister as Barnaba. Mr. Mardones has neither the figure nor the voice for Alvisé. The first scene of the third act—the one between Alvisé and Laura—was omitted, and in consequence the dramatic continuity was lost and the conduct of Alvisé at the ball seemed to any one unfamiliar with the story incomprehensible, not to be excused even on the ground of intoxication, for refreshments were not served. Mme. Claessens delivered certain phrases in her duet with Glondina with broadly dramatic effect. It is a pity that her voice is unsympathetic and her vocal art a negligible quantity. The chorus did excellent work. Some of the evolutions of the ballet were pretty. The introduction of the lines of synchronously and laboriously raised legs, now the left and now the right, the movement known as the Kiralfy kick, does not make for terpsichorean righteousness. The movement is not graceful; it is not seductive; it went out of fashion some years ago even in burlesque shows.

MME. LIPKOWSKA IN "LUCIA."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Edgar.....Florence Constantino
Henry Ashton.....Giovanni Poles
Norman.....C. Strosio
Raymond.....Giuseppe Perini
Arthur.....Ernesto Giaccone
Lucy.....Lydia Lipkowska
Alice.....Grace Fisher

Two Manon Lescauts; That of Massenet and That of Puccini.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

By PHILIP HALE.

THE idea of performing Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" in close succession at the Boston Opera House is a happy one. Each one of the two operas is interesting and may well invite discussion. "Manon" is probably the finest work of Massenet in workmanship and invention. There is a passionate sincerity in Puccini's music that is missed in "Madama Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

Puccini's opera is the least familiar. It has been performed here only once. It was produced at the Boston Theatre April 15, 1908, when the chief parts were taken by Mme. Cavallieri and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti. Mr. Ferrari conducted. The performance was a memorable one. Mr. Caruso was aroused to unusual animation by the applause showered on Mr. Bonci earlier in the week and Mme. Cavallieri was beautiful and passionate. As the libretto of Puccini is not familiar to opera-goers in this city, it may not be impertinent

to tell the story as told by the librettist.

The opera is in four acts, a scene for each act. The first is by way of exposition. It plays in a court yard at Amiens. Manon is introduced, and so is her brother, Lescant, the guardsman, a bully and a blackguard, who wishes to sell his sister's beauty to fill his pocket. Geronte, an old rascal, plans to abduct Manon, but she falls head over heels in love with Des Grieux the moment she sees him, and they run away in Geronte's carriage.

In the second act Manon is the mistress of Geronte. Seated in her bower, while her hair is dressed, she listens to a madrigal composed by her old lover. Light-hearted she dances a minuet. Des Grieux is to her only a reminiscence. Lo, he enters her room to reproach her. She woos him back to her and they are enamored when Geronte enters. Des Grieux would fly with her; but she cannot bear the thought of leaving her jewels behind, and before the two can make their escape the police hold them fast.

There is an orchestral intermezzo between the second and third acts. It is entitled "The Journey to Havre." Puccini's librettist has taken words of Des Grieux from Prevost's romance to serve as a program: "The fact remains that I love her! My passion is so strong that I fancy myself the most unfortunate creature alive. What did I not attempt in Paris to obtain her freedom? * * * I implored the influential * * * I knocked and begged at every door! * * * I even called in violence! * * * 'Twas all in vain—there is only one thing that remains for me, and that is to follow her. And I will follow her wherever she may go—even to the end of the world."

In the third act Manon, who has been condemned to deportation with other loose women, is at Havre and in prison. The attempt to release her fails. There is an extraordinary scene: a roll call of the women who board the vessel, while lookers-on praise their face or figure, admire their spirit or cruelly mock them. Des Grieux implores the captain to let him embark as a servant.

The scene of the fourth act is a plantation near New Orleans. There is no attempt at local color, as in Auber's "Manon Lescaut"; no joyful or "characteristic" negro music. The lovers are wandering alone; Manon dies, and the wretched Des Grieux falls senseless on her body.

This "Manon Lescaut" is Puccini's third opera. "Le Villi" and "Edgar" preceded it, and "La Bohème" followed. The first performance of "Manon Lescaut" was at Turin, Feb. 1, 1893, and the lovers were Mme. Ferrari and the late Crenonini, who is well remembered here. The first performance in the United States was at Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1894, a wholly inadequate performance, as it was said at the time. A strolling Italian company performed the opera in New York May 27, 1898. The first performance at the Metropolitan was on Jan. 18, 1907, with Mme. Cavallieri and Mr. Caruso. Puccini was present.

Massenet's "Manon" is better known in Boston. It was first performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, Jan. 19, 1884, with Sophie Heilbronn and Talezac as Manon and Des Grieux. The first performance in New York (Dec. 23, 1885, with Minnie Hauk and Giannini) was in Italian, as was the first performance in Boston—at the Boston Theatre Jan. 6, 1886, with Minnie Hauk, Giannini and Del Puente. There was a performance in French at Mechanics' building March 9, 1895, when Sibel Sanderson took the part of the heroine. Mauguere was the tenor. The music was lost in the huge hall, for "Manon" is an "intimate" opera and should be performed in a theatre not much larger, if any, than the Park. The fine and delicate art of Miss Sanderson was also lost, and at the time she was suffering physically, as was only too apparent. There was another performance in Mechanics' building, an extremely interesting one to those that sat near the stage. The singers were Mme. Melba and Jean de Reszke, Poi Plancon, Victor Maurel and Armand Castelmery, for there were distinguished singers and actors in Boston even in the nineties.

I have said that Massenet's "Manon" is more familiar than Puccini's. I forgot that there is another and younger generation interested in operatic works; that there is a greater and more constant audience, thanks to the establishment of the Boston Opera House. Let us look for a moment at the libretto furnished Massenet by Meilhac and Gillé.

In the first act Manon is on her way to a convent. She arrives at Amiens where she is to meet Lescant, in this opera her cousin. She arrives by stage and seeing light women feasting with gallants envies them their lot. It is the will of her family that she should be secluded. Guillot addresses her, but he is old and she will not listen to him. Des Grieux, struck by her beauty, has better luck. They leave in Guillot's carriage. Lescant returns with empty pockets from the gaming table and accuses Guillot of the abduction.

In the second act Manon and Des Grieux are living in the former's apart-

ment in Paris. She is curious to know the contents of a letter he is writing, and, looking over his shoulder, she learns that he is begging his father to let him marry her. Lescant and de Bretigny come in and Lescant asks whether there is to be a wedding. While the cousin and Des Grieux talk the matter over, de Bretigny, rich and a rake, tells Manon that her lover will be carried off that night by the command

of his father, and it would be wiser for her not to warn her lover and thus drag out days in poverty, but to live with him, de Bretigny. Alone with Des Grieux, she makes a weak attempt to hold him back, when there is a knock at the door. He goes out; she hears a struggle; and she exclaims, "My poor Chevalier!"

In the third act Manon is the mistress of de Bretigny. Her beauty is the talk of Paris. As she herself sings: "Through my beauty I am queen." The scene is the Cours la Reine. The father of Des Grieux enters and Bretigny asks what he is doing in Paris. It seems that the count has come to see his son, now an abbe and preaching at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he is about "to take orders." The count thanks Bretigny for putting an end to his son's love affair. Manon, learning who the stranger is, takes him aside and questions him about her former lover. "Did he suffer? Did he mention my name?" The count answers that his son has learned the great lesson—to forget; Manon asks her cousin to accompany her to the seminary. The scene changes to the parlor of this seminary. The count and his son talk together. The father advises him to give up the idea of being a priest; to marry a woman worthy of him. But the son is determined—until Manon comes in, and while the chapel choir is singing "In Deo salutari meo" she lures him back to her.

The fourth act is of little account. It passes in a gambling house. Manon brings in Des Grieux. They are poor but Des Grieux can win at the table. He refuses to play. Lescant urges him on, and Manon promises to be faithful to him until death. Guillot, who is still desirous of Manon, plays with Des Grieux and loses. The old man accuses him of cheating and leaves with threats. He returns with the police. Des Grieux is arrested and Manon taken as his accomplice. The Count des Grieux, who arrives—but what is he doing there?—says privately to his son, "I shall free you later."

The scene of the last act is the road to Havre. Manon is on her way to the port and under a guard, with other women. Des Grieux and Lescant had plotted to rescue her, but their men have fled. The soldiers pass and Des Grieux bribes one of them to let him speak to Manon. She is half dead with fatigue and the meeting is too much for her. She dies in his arms.

In Auber's "Manon Lescaut" (1836) with the libretto by Scribe, Manon appears as an innocent young girl. Purified, she was without dramatic interest. A critic at the time wrote: "She is not a Dame aux Camellias, neither is she a Lucretia. The character is drawn with a wavering, undecided hand." Nor was the music praised, although in the final scene in Louisiana it was said that Auber wrote more emotionally than was his wont.

One song from this opera was once a favorite in concert halls. Carlotta Patti was especially fond of it, and I well remember her laughter, brilliant, metallic. This song was entitled on the programs: "Laughing song from 'Manon Lescaut'." Its true title is "Bourbonnaise." Manon sings it in the finale of the first act: "C'est l'histoire amoureuse."

Halevy wrote music for a ballet pantomime, "Manon Lescaut" (Paris, 1836). Is Kleinmichel's "Manon" based on the old story? Some say that Balfe wrote a "Manon Lescaut" which was performed in 1836; but his biographers do not mention it, and I cannot find any authentic record of the composition or performance of the opera. In Massenet's "Portrait de Manon" (1894) Des Grieux is 50 years old. His father forgave him and left him his fortune. He has one great consolation, the portrait of his dead mistress. There is a simple love story. His nephew is in love with a young girl without money or family. Des Grieux will not hear of the marriage, but her guardian dressed Aurora as Manon when she appears at Amiens. Des Grieux relents. Aurora turns out to be the daughter of Lescant.

Neither Auber nor Puccini took advantage of the dramatic seminary scene, and some have praised Massenet's librettists for making Manon die on the road to Havre, and thus departing from Prevost's novel.

Massenet himself, in 1884, said to a reporter of the Figaro—I quote from Henry T. Finck's translation in his entertaining volume, "Massenet and his Operas"—"The whole opera turns around and grows out of 15 motives, in which, so to speak, my characters are incarnated. For each character there is one motive; Manon alone, whose type is a mixture of melancholy and gaiety, has two, to indicate this alternative. These motives pervade the opera from beginning to end, now dimly, and again brightly, like the light on a scene, in accordance with the situations. Thus

Massenet's motive is the same, sonantly distinctly. From a general point of view I have done the same thing for the different scenes; each one of them has the exact color of the situation, true to its epoch. As for the note of life, passion, actuality, it is Manon and Des Grieux who give it. And this intentional contrast between local sentiment and human feeling is one of the effects on which I think I have a right to count particularly."

Massenet and Puccini have taken scenes from the Abbe Prevost's romance. In Massenet's opera Manon is comparatively respectable; she has only two lovers, and not at the same time, but successively. Des Grieux is a much more decent fellow in the opera than in the romance; he is scrupulously honest and when he is tempted to game, he plays a fair game in spite of the charge trumped up against him. Lescant is no longer the brother, but the cousin of Manon, and he is not represented as a thorough scoundrel. Etienne Destranges has gone so far as to say: "To judge fairly the 'Manon' of Massenet, it is necessary to forget the 'Manon Lescaut' of the Abbe Prevost. The opera and the romance have in common only the names of the characters and the exterior appearance of certain scenes."

The scenes in Puccini's opera are even more detached than in Massenet's and yet in spirit "Manon Lescaut" is closer than "Manon" to that of Prevost's romance.

It might be also said that in the romance Manon is an inexplicable character, a "sphinx etonnant" as is sung in Massenet's opera. Was she born a wanton or merely frivolous, innert-headed, immoral? Was she ever really in love with Des Grieux?

She lives and blooms today, fresh and irresistible, an eternal type. No one can fathom her. The would-be analyst falls before her in adoration. Sainte-Beuve, who knew women better than they knew themselves, was for once baffled. He dismissed her as "cette fille incompréhensible."

And did Prevost, her creator, understand her? His own life was a romance, from his stormy youth to his death in the forest. When happy and at peace after exile, looking forward to a serene old age, he was struck down by apoplexy. Peasants found him and carried him to the nearest village. An ignorant surgeon, thinking him dead, began to use the knife. Prevost awoke from stupor only to die in agony.

The Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Fiedler, will give a performance of Pucini's "Children's Crusade" next Thursday night. The Cecilia, conducted by Mr. Lang, brought out this work in Boston Feb. 26, 1907, when the three chief singers were Mrs. Cabot Morse, Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould and Frank Ormsby.

Pucini's cantata did not take the prize offered by the city of Paris in 1904, for that prize was awarded to Charles Tournemire for his "Sang de la Sirene," but the jury thought so well of Pucini's work that it urged a public performance of it at the expense of the city. Paris voted a sum of 1,300 francs to defray the expenses and the performance took place in the Chatelet Theatre on Jan. 18, 1905. There were 500 singers and players, and among the singers were over 200 children from the municipal schools.

The libretto was arranged for Pucini by Marcel Schwob from his little book, "La Croisade des Enfants," published in 1896. This little volume of exquisite prose has a preface in Latin which may be paraphrased as follows: "About the same time children without guide, without leader, ran together from all the country places and towns of every region with eager steps toward lands beyond the sea, and when it was asked of them whither they hastened, they answered: 'Toward Jerusalem, to seek the Holy Land.' * * * To what they came is as yet unknown. But the most, who, returning, were asked the reason of their journey, said they did not know. And about the same time naked women ran about through fields and towns, saying nothing."

For the libretto, Schwob, who died in 1905, about a month after the first performance of the cantata, gave as the argument quotations from the chronicles of Albert de Stade, Jacques de Voragine and Alberic des Trois-Fontaines. Alberic was a monk of the 13th century, who chronicled the remarkable events in the history of the world from its creation till 1241. Jacques, also of the 13th century, became archbishop of Genoa. He wrote chronicles and sermons and "The Golden Legend," which has been characterized as "a masterpiece of imbecile extravagance," but he was extraordinarily humane and charitable to the poor, and it is said that he was the first to translate the Bible into Italian, but his version was not published.

These quotations are as follows: "About that time many children without leader and without guide flew as fast as they could and ardently from our towns and cities toward lands beyond the sea. And when they were asked whither they were going they answered: 'To Jerusalem in search of the Holy Land.' They carried wallets and walking staves and bore a cross on their high-collared short-sleeved sea-gowns. And some came as far as Cologne. Then they came to Genoa and

...the sea. And a storm arose and two vessels were sunk; and all the children on these two ships were engulfed. And when any one asked those who returned the reason of their journey they answered: "We do not know."

It was in 1209 that His Holiness, Innocent III., appointed John de Brin, a French gentleman, to be King of Jerusalem.

"In the beginning of his reign," said the worthy and learned Thomas Fuller in his "excellently composed" History of the Holy War, "this accident (whether monstrous or miraculous) fell out (1213); in France, a boy (for his years) went about singing in his own tongue: Jesus, Lord, repair our loss; Restore to us thy holy cross."

"Numberless children ran after him, and followed the same tune their captain and chanter did set them. No bolts, no wars, no fear of fathers or love of mothers could hold them back, but they would to the Holy Land to work wonders there; till their merry music had a sad close, all either perishing on land or drowned by sea. It was done (said my author) by the instinct of the devil, who, as it were, desired a cordial of children's blood to comfort his weak stomach, long cloyed with murdering of men." This author, from whom Fuller quoted in 1629, was Matthew of Paris.

The volume, "La Croisade des Enfants," is a very different thing from the libretto prepared for Plerne, and much more beautiful. The story of the adventures of the children is told in turn by a wandering heggar-clerk, a leper, Pope Innocent III., three of the little children themselves—Nicholas, Alain and Denis—Francols Longuejoux, clerk, a Kalandar, little Allys, and at last Pope Gregory IX. The book has been translated into English by Mr. Henry Copley Greene of this city.

In the libretto there is no leper—and the leper's story is perhaps the most affecting of the narrations. No Innocent III. declares that this crusade is not a pious work. No Kalandar, seeing the children, prostrates himself, strikes the ground with his forehead and praises the Lord with a loud voice. No Gregory IX. accuses the sea of having devoured the children whom he had not known. The characters are Allys, Alain, a mother, the Narrator, an old sailor and four women. There is also a voice from on high.

The first section of the cantata is entitled "The Departure" (Mr. Chapman, the translator of the libretto, prefers the word "forthsetting." Now, "forthsetting" comes from the obsolete verb to forthset, to set forth, to present to view, to display. The French title is "Le Depart." If Mr. Chapman wishes some other word than "departure" he might have used "forthgoing" or "setting out." "Forthsetting" is affected and erroneous.) The scene is in a Flemish town. Women run about and call on the inhabitants to awake and journey to Jerusalem. Alain, born blind, hears the voices and obeys the call. Allys tells him she will lead the way.

Part II. "The Highway." The children are on their way to Mt. Olivet to pluck the flower from off its tree. They sing the song "Mt. Olivet," an old French tune, which, handed down orally, is found in a manuscript of 1163.

Part III. "The Sea." The children sing to the Moltiranean a chorus based on an old Provencal Noél. It is to be found in Floriot's "Noël Français." There is a chorus of sailors. The children pick up star fishes and fancy they are stars that have been drowned. A sailor tells them of a great and blue star created the night the Lord was born. This star watch'd over the cradle and followed him when he did walk abroad. When the body of the Lord was pierced the star turned red, tears of blood fell from it, fire dropped from it like rain. When the Lord died the star fell into the sea and was drowned. The narrator at the beginning of this part sings: Crystal waters clear, pure and holy! Thou restest at that river divine. Where Saint John did cleanse mankind from sin.

Unfortunately the river Jordan does not empty into the Mediterranean, but into the Dead sea, and the depression of that sea without a port has been estimated as 1316 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Yet Marcel Schwob was a singularly learned man.

Part IV. "The Saviour in the Storm." A storm arises and frightens the children, but Allys sees the Lord and, blind, leads the others to God.

The singers will be Meses. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Edith Chapman Gould, Francis Danton Brown, Alice Bates Rice, Laura E. Eaton, Bertha Cushing Child, Emily Westworth Carter and Messrs. Clepent, Cunningham and Cartwright. In addition to the regular chorus of 175 voices of the Cecilia. There will be a children's chorus of 10, which has been trained by Prof. Hadley of Somerville. The full strength of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be employed.

Edmond Clement will sing for the first time here in concert. He was born in Paris in 1877, he studied at the Conservatory and in 1899 took the first prize for singing as a pupil of Warol. He made his debut at the Opera-Comique at Vincent in "Mireille" Nov. 23, 1899, and was as usual in demand for his beautiful voice. He is a fine artist and a very

skilful singer. He has been on the stage since the time of the Opera-Comique. He has sung there in many operas, "Mignon," "Lakme," "Don Juan," "Falstaff," "La Vivandiere," "Phryne," "Don Pasquale," "Fra Diavolo," "La Dame Blanche"—the list is a long one. He came to New York as the chief tenor of the French contingent of the Metropolitan Opera House last season, and when the Metropolitan abandoned French opera for the season of 1910-11

he returned for concert engagements and a few operatic performances. It has been said of him in New York by the leading critics that he is the most artistic tenor that has visited America for many years, a singer to be classed with Mr. Bonci and with Jean de Reszke in his prime, for while his voice is of purely lyric quality and unlike that of Mr. de Reszke, not suited also to heroic roles, he sings with a rare perfection of art.

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey is among the leading American concert sopranos and she has sung in opera in London. Mrs. Chapman-Gould is well known here. She sang in the first American performance of "The Children's Crusade" in New York, Dec. 4, 1906. Mr. Cunningham sang here as far back as Nov. 19, 1905, when he was a member of Mme. Patti's concert company.

When Verdi's Requiem was performed recently in London the critics expressed regret that the London public seldom had an opportunity to hear the profoundly religious, dramatic and noble music. Boston has been more fortunate.

The Requiem was first performed here by the Handel and Haydn Society on May 5, 1878. The solo quartet was composed of Mme. Pappenheim, Adelaide Phillips, Charles R. Adams and Alvin Blum, all of whom had won reputation in opera. Mr. Zerrahn conducted, and Mr. Lang conducted. The orchestra numbered only 50 players. Mr. Dwight said in his "History of the Handel and Haydn Society": "All sorts of prepossessions and opinions were bruited and discussed before, as well as after, the performance. Some awaited it from the point of view of the Italian, others of the German school of music; some with Catholic, others with Protestant convictions, others again in an impartial, uncommitted, common-sense American frame of mind." And Mr. Dwight then quoted from his long review published in his Journal of Music: At the time he admitted that the Requiem was "a great work in the Verdi way," but he failed to find "the depth the sincerity, the repose, the inwardness of great religious music"—truly, an old-fashioned New England view. The years have passed, and now the work is praised for the very qualities missed by John S. Dwight. "No repose!" And yet Mr. Dwight had heard the opening number with its ineffably beautiful "Et lux perpetua" and the "Hostias" and the wonderful "Agnus Dei."

Mme. Schumann-Heink is too well known here to require any words of commendation. Mme. Alma Gluck, the soprano, is one of the youngest members of the Metropolitan Opera House company, and last season made an enviable reputation by her voice and art. As a member of the Metropolitan company she took the part of Mimì in Puccini's "Bohème" at the Boston Opera House March 30, 1910.

Sir H. Tree in a speech before the old Neuenheimers' Society in London last month recalled being in a drawing room where his proposed revival of "Macbeth" was discussed. "My host

inquired who would play Autolycus. Not wishing to offend, I replied that this character would not appear in my representation; and with a smile the enthusiast remarked: 'You would sacrifice anything to gorgeous scenery.' And Sir Herbert had this to say about the Baconians: 'I conclude it was a Neuenheimer who in the 15th century emigrated to England from the little village of Neuenheim. His name was Schweinfelsch, but in spite of his name I believe he was of Jewish extraction. He changed his name to Bacon and wrote those works which, though they are of German origin, have been none the less successful in the land of his adoption. And, let it be remembered, we have an excellent translation of Shakespeare.'

It was also Sir Herbert who recently suggested at a dinner of the Actors' Association that every actor and actress engaged at a salary of less than five pounds a week should receive during each week of rehearsal 25 per cent. of the amount they would receive while the piece was running.

Still another spectacular play based on the adventures of Joan of Arc! It will be produced at the Coliseum, London, in March, with Miss Ellaline Terriss as the Maid. Henry Hamilton is writing the dialogue and lyrics and Edward German may be persuaded to set music to the lyrics. There will be 150 persons on the stage.

Backstine's "Good-for-Nothing" was performed in London Jan. 19 before a deaf and dumb audience and by a company chiefly composed of deaf and dumb.

Gerhart Hauptmann's play, "The Rats," with its savage story, did not please the Berliners. Before the performance the Pall Mall Gazette wondered what sort of a reception the

drama would get. Twenty years passed since "Before Sunrise" aroused a demonstration of rage on the occasion of the Free Stage Society's production and the critics who wrote so furiously against it, as, for example, the author of the following attack—"We must drive these gentlemen out of the temple of art with firm strokes of the lash. Those who find pleasure in such filth and vulgarity may indulge their taste at their own risk. Still, they must permit others who do not identify poetic truth with a prurient delight in intemperance to register their most emphatic conviction of the opposite opinion and to take a determined stand against these dunces of literature in order as swiftly as possible to expose their boundless self-conceit"—have for the most part been silenced by the clamor of so-called "intellectuals" who fall to realize that art has ever concerned herself with beauty rather than with ugliness." The Pall Mall Gazette's reviewer of plays, "H. M. W.," adds:

"It is to be hoped, however, that Hauptmann will yet give us another 'Sunken Bell.' That, too, was pessimistic in a way, but there was so much beauty and poetry in it that its final effect on sensitive minds was cheering and elevating. It was beautifully presented in London in April, 1907, at the Strand Theatre (then called the Waldorf) by Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, but failed to attract the public. I shall never forget the first night, not only because of the beauty of the play and of the acting, but also because of the behavior of two patrons of the theatre—regular first-nighters—in my neighborhood, who laughed and talked audibly through the last three acts and persisted in doing so notwithstanding the courteous appeals of two other persons sitting near them, who begged to be allowed to enjoy the performance undisturbed. The reception of the play at the hands of the critics was in several instances lukewarm, and in one or two cases curt and contemptuous; and I do not think more than half a dozen performances were given. A possible explanation of the failure was the fact that both press and public had got out of touch with poetical drama, and it is doubtful if they have got back to it yet. For some of us, however, it was a night to be thankful for."

The Gisela Weber trio of New York gave a concert last Monday afternoon in Steinert Hall that gave great pleasure to an audience that filled the hall. The program included a trio by Gade, a violin sonata by Bach and Dvorak's "Dumky" trio. The visitors displayed both taste and brilliance in their playing.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Verdi's "Mozart" Requiem performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Muenchauer conductor, assisted by Mme. Alma Gluck of the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mme. Schumann-Heink, George Hamlin and Clifford Cairns, an orchestra of 64 players, and H. G. Tucker, organist. The chorus numbers 400. See note in leading article.

MONDAY—8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club (wind instrumental). Moreau, Nocturne, D. Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio, Dukas, Villanelle for horn and piano; Handel, Sonata in the form of a Trio for two oboes and bassoon; Debussy, First Rhapsody for clarinet and piano; Gouvy, octet for flute, oboe, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second and last piano recital by George Copeland. Copernicus, La Trophee and Gavotte; Chopin, Polonaise, F-sharp minor; Joaquin Turina, two movements from Sonata Romantica (on a Spanish theme); Debussy, Danseuses de Delphes, Le vent dans la paille, Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir, Les toiles d'Anacardi, La file aux cheveux de lin, La cathédrale engloutie, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut, L'isle Joyeuse. The excerpts from Turina's sonata and the first four of Debussy's pieces will be played for the first time in Boston.

STEINERT HALL, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital to be given by M. Steinert & Sons Company. Miss Catherine Ricker, contralto, Earl William Smith, pianola player. Pianola pieces by Raff, Leschetitzky, Liszt, R. King, Chopin. Miss Ricker will sing these songs, with pianola accompaniment: "Samson et Dalila," "Madman," "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," "Ware, 'Boat Song," "Footie," "Love Me if I Live," Tschalkowsky, "Pilgrim Song."

FRANKLIN UNION, 8 P. M. Municipal chamber concert. Mrs. Olive W. Hilton, violinist, Mrs. Anna H. Huntington, cellist, Miss Mary H. Shedy, pianist, assisted by Virginia Capelloni, baritone. Jadasohn, trio, op. 16. Songs—White, "Absent Yet Present," Ponchielli, Barcarole from "La Gioconda"; Osgood, "Wake Not but Hear Me," Plan, "Verdi-Liszt," paraphrase on "Rigoletto," Trio, Beethoven, theme and variations from op. 1, No. 2. Violin solos, Rubin, "Nordische Sage"; Ogareff, Caprice, Lanner, "Old Vienna Waltz." Songs, Miss Seibel, "Elegie" (with cello); air from "Herodiade," Wooler, "Hear My Cry, O Lord." Rubinstein, Finale from Trio in B-flat major.

WEDNESDAY—Dorchester High School, 8 P. M. Municipal City Concert. William Howard, conductor. Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Saint-Saens, Prelude to "The Deigo"; Gounod, selection from "Faust"; Konizak, Folk Song; Gregor, melody, "To Spring"; Kreutzer, Coronation March. Miss Adelaide Grigas, contralto, will sing "O Fatal Gift" from Verdi's "Don Carlos," and Elkin's "Come Sweet Morning." Mr. Howard will play Hubay's "Horn Rite" for violin. Louis T. Esau will secure

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Plerne's "The Children's Crusade." See note in leading article.

FRIDAY (cont.) 3 P. M. George Proctor will give a piano recital. Bach, Gigue and Sarabande from fifth English suite and Gavotte en Rondeau; Chopin, sonata with the Funeral March; Brahms, Rhapsodie in G minor; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Sgranelli, Tocatta; Debussy, "Relets dans l'eau," "Poissens d'Or," Strauss-Tausig, waltz, "Man Cht nur ehmal."

Shawmut Congregational Church, 8 P. M. Municipal organ recital. Homer Humphrey, organist. Bach, Choral Prelude, "Am Wasser Fluessen Babylon"; Guilmant, sonata No. 3; Dunham, Pasacaglia in G minor; Rheinberger, Pastorale; Gladwick, tempo di menuetto; Saint-Saens, Fantasia, D flat major, op. 101; Widor, Intermezzo and Cantabile from Symphony in G minor, No. 6; Franck, Finale in B flat major; Mrs. Alice Huston Stevens, soprano, will sing "O Nova Patria" from Parker's "Hora Novissima" and "Hear Ye Israel" from "Elijah."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Strauss, "Don Quixote" (cello solo, Mr. Warnke; viola solo, Mr. Ferris); Beethoven, concerto for piano, C minor, op. 5; Busoni, Suite from music to Gozzi's "Turandot" (first time here). Ferruccio Busoni, pianist.

Jacob Sleeper Hall, 658 Boylston street, 8:15 P. M. Hoffmann Quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland, Barth). First concert of the 14th season. Glazounoff, Prelude, F major, E Courante (new, first time here); Dohnanyi, quartet in D flat major, op. 15; Franck, piano quintet in F minor, Felix Fox, pianist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Johnson and His Notebook. Mr. Herkimer Johnson visited the Herald office last Wednesday. He had nothing to say concerning his mysterious disappearance and seemed

unaware that his friends had employed private detectives and given the police a full description of the eminent sociologist; that strong men, armed to the teeth, had searched the dingies of Chestnut Hill and the jungles of darkest Cambridge; while still more adventurous souls going to the Public Library had questioned the genealogists in Bates Hall, and explored with lanterns the wild loneliness of the vast chamber of Newspaper Files and Patent Office Reports. Nor was Mr. Johnson at all inclined to answer any question, however tactfully put, about the first volume of his colossal work (elephant folio) which should, according to the prospectus, have been published on Dec. 23 of last year. He said something about "an unfortunate misunderstanding" by which the printing house did not receive a certain sum of money, "a mere trifle," but he did not refer to the bitter disappointment of the scientific world and countless subscribers outside that world, men and women interested in social rites, observances, manners, customs, superstitions, manias. Nor did he give any clue to his present dwelling-place. As ever, a mysterious being, he sat down and took out his note book. "I have recently accumulated invaluable material for the remaining volumes." He spoke as though the first were already on the shelves of libraries or thumbed by eager seekers after knowledge. "Perhaps some of your readers can assist me in determining facts and separating truth from chaff."

Knockout Blows and Oysters. "I read in an English periodical that the knockout blow on the chin was discovered by a gentleman named

Bill Goode in an exciting mill about 1380. Is this true? The full phrase in England used to be 'knock out of time.' There is a story that Chinese Gordon in the early sixties lost his temper when arguing with a British officer and struck him on the side of the chin. Chinamen looking on were astonished at seeing the fall of a man smaller than Gordon and equally amazed when Gordon raised him up alive. And I read in the same newspaper that there is a recipe against baldness in a Saxon Hebrum written about 1000: 'In the case that a man's hair falls off'—so runs the translation—'take juice of the wort which one nameth nasturtium, and by another name, cress; put it on the nose; the hair shall grow.'

"The Herald has had something to say about pipes and smokers. Can any one of your readers tell me whether intelligent smokers ever adulterate their tobacco? Dr. Parr sprinkled his pipe with salt to make it last longer. 'He made his salted pipe last an hour.' Unfortunately, we are not informed as to the size of the pipe—and the statement concerning the duration of enjoyment has no scientific value. Was it not De Quincey who said that Parr was unworthy of being murdered?"

"I received a letter a few days ago asking me about the origin of pocket

have been under the impression that the word meant only a small pocket of hives about 18 inches in diameter. I had a recipe for a "Pab" about three oysters in their liquor, mixed with two quarts of them small, and with them with half a pint of white wine, an onion cut in quarters, four large blades of mace and a grated nutmeg chestnuts, some pistachios and a quarter of a pint of white wine, a pound of fresh butter, pepper and a bundle of sweet herbs, fry them well on a soft fire and fry the remaining oysters, seasoned with pepper salt and nutmeg. In a batter made of fine flour, eggs and cream; green it with the juice of spinach and serve them together with lemon juice and a garnish of sliced oranges and olives. Here is a nutritious meal, easily prepared and within reach of the humblest.

Table Tastes, Severe and Catholic

"I had thought of visiting the Tyler family near Pittsfield, but I am not in a position at present to undertake the expenses of the journey. The parents and their three children live exclusively on uncooked vegetables—potatoes, turnips, parsnips, cabbage and onions. They also eat uncooked cereals. A son, O. B. Tyler, has never eaten meat, and does not know the taste of tea or coffee, yet he stands well in his class at school and does not belle his name by facial expression or social behavior. A daughter, Miss Lucy Drinkwater Tyler, an interesting girl, eats six raw potatoes for luncheon. This reminds me that Charlotte Bronte sitting opposite Thackeray at dinner soon saw that the legs of her golden headed idol were of iron and his feet part of iron and part of clay. It was at the table of her publisher. Thackeray said: 'I had the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing as everything went in to my mouth, and nothing came out of it, until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with elapsed hands and tearful eyes, and breathed imploringly, "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, don't!" But my late friend and colleague, Sir Francis Galton, whose death I deplore—I received a long letter from him a few months ago—believed that an author should be a heavy eater, and shared Frank Buckland's oathlike and all-including tastes in food. To him most creeping things were eatable. 'Locusts and grasshoppers are not at all bad. To prepare them, pull off the legs and wings, and roast them with a little grease in an iron dish, like coffee.' I should prefer them legged and winged. There is a high school who has written about the cookery of bugs. He prides himself on a recipe for cockroach soup, a sort of bisque, which he insists is delicious, and, as we all know, men and women, noble dames, astronomers and virtuoso musicians have found spiders delectable eating. But Galton went farther: 'All hides and skins of any kind that are not tanned are fit and good for food; they improve soup by being mixed with it, or they may be toasted and hammered to mitigate the toughness.' Here I must part company with my late friend—I mean in mental association. Hammered beefsteak is bad enough."

Humor, Occidental and Oriental

Mr. Johnson took out another notebook. "I see that somebody characterizes the late David Graham Phillips as 'The American Balzac.' I wonder whether in France they speak of Balzac as the French Phillips. There should be recognition in these little courtesies that give color and fragrance to the literary life. I also read that the most remunerative literary employment in England today is that of writing advertisements. I once knew the poet of a wealthy soap firm, and he was dressed in fine linen and 'embustuous' every day. How should a tailor have paid for this advertisement in a London window: 'Our trousers 5 shillings a leg. All seats in the front row.' Mr. Pittsburg a woman early this month won a verdict in a suit which her husband had brought against her for divorce. She declared that he attracted her by reason of his 'wonderful beauty, matches, complexion and 'divine form.' She married this Apollo of a man, but when he began to do her arm, she personate her at even-odd parties where her face was not over a dozen inches in a frivolous, but she was worried. She evi-

dently felt her sexuality and through the appealing beauty of her tone kindles a warm response. A good deal of the soprano portion of this requiem lies very low. It is only natural that it should sound somewhat difficult for a high voice.

Mme. Schumann-Heink exhibited her mastery of her art on its interpretative, as well as on its technical side. She by no means, however, opened the "Lux Aeterna" with the softness necessary to express the solemn mystery implied in the words.

The solo parts are all taxing, the tenor and bass not the least so, although to them Verdi has allotted the least interesting music. Mr. Cairns gave with striking and sombre restraint the "Mors Stupet." This is undoubtedly one of the master strokes, musically, of the whole work, for its sudden and soft monotone follows with stupendous and awe-inspiring effect upon the tremendous blare of the tuba mirum.

In the course of my sociological research-

es I went into a beer

saloon not long ago

to see whether a

towel was served there with the free

lunch. While I was conversing affably

with the proprietor—I know him in 1878

when he was studying chemistry—I was

struck by the request of an elderly man

whose bearing suggested military service.

'I have come,' he said in solemn

tones, 'for my one glass of beer.' He

drank it and went out. I followed my

impulse—and him. He went into 15 beer

saloons in the city—and then I lost

count. At each bar he boomed out: 'I

have come for my one glass of beer.'

And as I recollect, his utterance was

always distinct, somewhat metallic in

precision. I have been told—was it by an

eloquentist?—I meet all sorts of people

—that the best speakers of English stir

their words to some extent, and indis-

tinguished gives a certain charm to En-

glish when it falls upon the ears of for-

eigners. This should be remembered by

all those who returning home late at

night are asked to speak some text word

or phrase. But wives are often sur-

prising. Mr. Favier was convinced of

this. For robbing and killing a bank

messenger to give pretty things to his

wife, he was executed. After sentence

had been pronounced, his wife did not

visit him in jail. 'I cannot understand

it,' Mr. Favier said: 'I should have

thought she would have come to see

me if only out of curiosity.' But I must

go to the Public Library. If letters

come, please keep them. I have

no address. On no account forward

them to Clamport.' Mr. Johnson re-

ferred to take the elevator. "Walking

up and down stairs exercises muscles

that otherwise become atrophied."

F2613 1911

HANDEL AND HAYDN CONCERT

Verdi's Requiem Given with Mmes.

Gluck and Schumann-Heink.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil

Mollenhauer conductor, gave a per-

formance of Verdi's "Manzoni" requiem

last evening in Symphony Hall. The

society had the assistance of Mme.

Alma Gluck, soprano; Mme. Schumann-

Heink, mezzo-soprano; George Hamlin,

tenor; Clifford Cairns, bass; H. G.

Tucker, organist; the Boston Festival

orchestra.

We of today are fortunate in having

fallen upon a time when sectarianism,

whether religious or aesthetic, is, com-

paratively speaking, on the wane. There

are, it is true, still many who blindly

cling to tradition and convention in the

matter of church music—Protestants for

whom Wesleyan psalmody supplies bet-

ter than ought else an outlet for their

emotion; Catholics who deplore any

lowering of the barrier which for long

stood between sacred and secular music.

The former would look upon Verdi's

requiem as savoring of Catholicism and

therefore to be shunned; the latter

would think it theatrical and unsuited

to the solemnity of its subject. Either

point of view excludes its holder from

an experience of a depth and intensity

for which one might seek far and seek

in vain. For if in this work there are

pages evidently manufactured, the bulk

of it is of an unearthly sublimity, cast

out of a white heat of inspiration.

To the unprejudiced "heir of all the

ages," whatever his creed, there is

something profound, something that

brings no common thrill, in the words

themselves of the requiem mass. They

have that mysterious power to stir at-

tributed by Macaulay to certain lines in

"Paradise Lost," which may be actually

no more than lists of vague but sonorous

names. If we analyze this power, we

find it lying deep in the roots of the

past, linked with associations infinitely

full of meaning, infinitely tender and

remote. Let these words be coupled

with music such as Verdi was impelled

to give to them, and the effect is so

moving as to be almost pain; soul-

shaking.

Last night's performance set forth

with unmistakable impressiveness the

grandeur of the work. The singing of

the chorus was marked by a finish born

of long familiarity and careful prepa-

ration. For precision of attack, for

sureness of dynamic gradation, for

quality and management of tone, it de-

serves high praise.

Mme. Gluck's voice is extremely well

suited to this music, because even in

its highest range it retains a richness

and expressiveness rarely found except

in mezzo-soprano voices. She and Des-

ix are living in the former's apart-

ment.

F2614 1911

SECOND LONGY CONCERT.

New Compositions by Moreau and

Debussy Played in Chickering Hall.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club gave its second con-

cert of the 11th season last evening in

Chickering Hall. Mr. Brooke announced

from the platform that Mr. Hain, one of

the horn players, was sick and his place

would be filled by Mr. Wendler, who

had had short notice and little re-

hearsal. In consequence a Villanelle for

horn and piano by Dukas was dropped

from the program and a trio for two

flutes and piano from a Suite by

Woollett was substituted. The other

pieces played were as follows: Moreau,

Nocturne for two flutes, two oboes, two

clarinets, two horns, two bassoons (first

time); L. Hasselmans, Transcription for

the same instruments of D. Scarlatti's

Pastorale and Capriccio, composed origi-

nally for the clavichord (first time); Han-

del, Sonata in form of a trio for two

oboes and a bassoon; Debussy, First

Rhapsody for clarinet and piano (first

time); Gouvy, Octet for flute, oboe, two

clarinets, two horns, two bassoons.

Moreau's Nocturne, sombre at the be-

ginning, is warmly colored and has

character. It also is well knit together,

and is not so vague and rambling as

some of the compositions for wind in-

struments by the younger French com-

posers that have been heard here. The

return of the opening motive is finely

worked and the mood is retained, al-

though the expression is somewhat var-

ied. Moreau visited Boston several

years ago as the pianist of Mme. Ne-

vada's concert company and played at

the Colonial Theatre. This Nocturne

gives a favorable view of his talent.

The two piano pieces by Scarlatti are

familiar to all. Hasselmans's transcrip-

tion is interesting and effective. The

Pastorale lent itself easily to the pur-

poses of the transcriber, and the

Capriccio served to display the brilliant

technical proficiency of the players, who

in Moreau's Nocturne were not always

precise in attack.

Woollett's pretty trio was played in a

delightful manner by Messrs. Maquarre,

Brooke and de Voto, as was Handel's

Trio by Messrs. Longy, Leno and Sa-

dony.

Mr. Grisez, accompanied by Mr. de

Voto, gave a remarkable performance

of Debussy's Rhapsody for clarinet, re-

markable as an exhibition of technic

and of dramatic and poetic feeling. I

am informed that the Rhapsody was

composed for the competition for the

clarinet prize at the Paris Conserva-

tory last season. It bristles with diffi-

culties, but the virtuosic passages are

written with such art that they do not

seem as though they were prepared as

pitfalls for competing students.

These passages to test technical pro-

ficiency are wildly rhapsodic, at times

highly poetic. There is in this music

the Debussy of the later period with a

reminiscence here and there, "The

Afternoon of a Faun," the elusive De-

bussy of haunting hints at melodic

figures, of rhythms that are suspected

rather than felt, of subdued and ex-

quisite nuances. There is also the

Debussy of the earlier years who had

a tendency to obvious tunes after the

manner of Massenet. The performance

was greatly appreciated and Mr. Grisez

was called out several times.

With the Octet of Gouvy there was a

return to orthodoxy and music that be-

lieves the composer's nationality. Gouvy

lived so long in Germany that he could

not escape its influences. He had his

reward. Three years before he died he

was made an associate member of the

Berlin Academy. Tschakowsky met him

in a German town and was disgusted at

his attitude toward France and French

art. But what if Tschakowsky had

heard music composed by the self-exiled?

The third concert will be on March 5.

F2615 1911

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

"Faust," performed by John Craig

Stock company. Cast:

Mephistopheles.....John Craig

Faust.....Robert Homans

Valentine.....George Hassell

Stebel.....Frank Bertrand

Wagner.....Bert Young

Brander.....A. L. Hickey

According to the program, Edwin

Mordant is responsible for the drama-

tized version of "Faust" that is played

at the Castle Square this week. The

version is a poor one. It has not even

the dramatic intensity of the libretto

to which Gounod set music. It is not

exactly melodrama, nor is it a specta-

cular representation. However it may

be defined, it is not Goethe. There are

five acts and an "apotheosis." The

last act ends with Mephistopheles tak-

ing Faust down through the floor of

Marguerite's cell straight into hell.

The "apotheosis" follows at once. It

...in his...
...treats Bess Sinclair...
...flee from town in...
...where should she find...
...in the simple home of Rose...
...daughter of Farmer Day, sought...
...in marriage by John Livingston. Rose...
...is already secretly married to Ralph...
...Curses on him," says John again, and...
...takes steps to send Ralph, innocent or...
...wrong, to the electric chair...
...He urges Ralph to join him in a bur-...
...glary at Farmer Day's. Ralph appears...
...to consent, but declares to the house...
...and in the hearing of Bunco, who is...
...hiding in the tree, that he means to...
...trap Livingston. They both go into the...
...modest home through a door left con-...
...fidentially open...
...Bang! What's that? Bang! Bang!...
...Guns are talking...
...Suddenly one rushes a manly figure...
...wearing a beautiful bolted shirt. A...
...woman follows. She is armed...
...Bang! Bang! The manly figure falls...
..."I have slain my husband," shrieks...
...Rose...
..."He tried to rob the house. It's as...
...true as Heaven," cries John Living-...
...ston. "It's as false as hell," shouts...
...Bunco from the tree. "You lie," hisses...
...Livingston, rushing at Bunco; but Bun-...
...co, top-booted and shirt-skirted, covers...
...him with her ratty, trusty revolver...
...which looks as big to him as an 81-ton...
...gun, and the villain shrinks back, baf-...
...fled, foiled, frustrated. And so the play...
...goes on...
..."Then there is Jake Jordan, a lawless...
...fellow, given to blackmail, highway...
...robbery, kidnapping and such, though...
...he draws the line at throttling women...
...He is honest at the bottom, loyal and...
...true. Circumstances bring out the latent...
...nobility of his character. Mother Tar-...
...ger is a wicked old person. She seems...
...to take a sportsmanlike interest in deeds...
...of darkness...
..."The play served to illustrate the fact...
...that vice may triumph for a time—often...
...does in fact—but virtue will triumph in...
...the end. Furthermore, when a man by...
...his own folly tangles the skein of his...
...life there is nothing left for him to do...
...but to disentangle it...
..."This and similar sentiments uttered...
...last night in impressive tones, brought...
...hundreds of applause from a well-filled...
...house...
..."The comedy features were supplied by...
...Slim Westbury and Sidney Jane Smith...
...et. These parts were in good hands...
...In fact, all the parts were well taken...
...Perhaps Virginia Dunan's Bunco ought...
...to have special mention, and Leah La...
...Porte's Mother Targer...
..."No Mother to Guide Her" is the...
...name of a stirring melodrama that...
...made its appearance in London at the...
...Stratford Theatre Royal at the begin-...
...ning of the year. It had been touring...
...the provinces since the preceding May...
...The play given at the Grand Opera...
...House here this week has nothing but...
...the name in common with the English...
...production...

MACLYN ARBUCKLE

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Maclyn Arbuckle, who as Slim Hoover in "The Round-up" won many friends in this city, returned last evening to B. F. Keith's Theatre in a new comedy, "The Welcher." Mr. Arbuckle finds one of the best balanced bills that has been seen at B. F. Keith's theatre.

Mr. Arbuckle is ably supported by Agnes Richmond and Vaughan Trevor. The comedy deals with a gambler who has just "cleaned up" in a horse race and is preparing to celebrate his good fortune. He receives a letter from his sister, who lost track of him many years before, and she is sending her daughter to see him. The daughter, a nice girl, arrives and the fun begins. She tells her uncle the story of her mother's misfortune—how, after her father died, her mother was taken sick and her seven-year-old brother forced to go to work. Sitting on her uncle's knee, she relates how a factory inspector walked into the factory, asked her brother how old he was and told him to get out.

The race track man, always hating a gambler, picks up his little niece under his arm and starts back to take his small sister to her old home in Texas.

The sketch is well acted, and Mr. Arbuckle won much applause.

The Courtiers, who were billed as Lindaville's most elaborate musical offering, lived up to their reputation. The young women and six men were dressed in colonial costumes. Their musical numbers were well received. The singing of several was especially good.

Port Levy, sketch artist of a New York newspaper, presented a novel act. Aided by an apparatus invented by himself, Mr. Levy drew his pictures on a small glass, and the pictures were manifested on a screen.

Ten met and Sinsine, who have been creating considerable interest in New York and their first appearance in

this city. One of the girls portrays a boy. Both have good voices and dance well.

Felix Adler, with a number of new songs and a rapid fire of conversation, kept the audience in a roar.

Wentworth, Vesta and Tedy presented a unique gymnastic act.

T. H. Davies and his company in "Nerve" proved very amusing. The title is appropriate.

Goodrich, Murray and Gillen in a singing act and the three Livingstons in a comedy sketch made up the rest of the bill.

GOSSIP OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Paderewski Wins Prize at Paris Chicken Show, and Restaurants Take Hint.

Mr. Paderewski has won a prize at the Paris Chicken Show for a pullet, and "Poulet Paderewski" is now served at fashionable restaurants of that city.

Emil Paur, while he was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, kept hens at his home in Jamaica Plain, but we doubt whether his name was ever given to a dish, even of "chicken fixins," in a Boston (Greater Boston) restaurant. Mr. Niksch had a street named after him in this city and so he shares honors here with Beethoven, Hadyn and a few others. Mr. Paderewski need not be ashamed of the Parisian dish provided the chicken has not been caged in cold storage and the sauce and cockery be adequate. Many years ago a Chateaubriand steak and have never read "Atala," "Zenc" or "The Genius of Christianity." Many have eaten a Viennese pudding who could not tell in what century that diplomat lived or what he achieved. It is not necessary to leave our own land. There is a Washington pie, concerning the exact constituents and form of which there has long been a wild discussion. Was the Jackson ball that bulged the cheeks of schoolboys even before we were all young named after the obstinate hero of New Orleans?

It has long been said that Puvils de Chavannes, whose mural decorations adorn the grand staircase of the Boston Public Library, was a mystic and represented in painting "something of the soul" of Richard Wagner. Letters of Puvils were published in a recent number of the Review of Arts, and a less orthodox critic has expressed his opinion of mysticism and a drink of Wagner's music. In fact he recalls the suggestion that there was anything in common between him and Wagner.

Arthur Herbert's new musical play, "When Sweet Sixteen was produced at the Gaiety Opera House, Feb. 11. The mother of a girl wishes her to wed a foreign nobleman. The father, a retired millionaire, favors a rich but stingy American. This American's ornate secretary is in love with the girl and the American himself has a weakness for a mullet. Herbert's music is described as "ambitious." In a number of melodies from 16 of his old-time favorites are introduced. George V. Hobart wrote the libretto and Harriet Standon takes the part of the heroine.

There is a woman Mrs. Billington, now 85 years old, "who played Juliet in London to Charlotte Cushman's Romeo over thirty half a century ago," and was the original Mrs. Cregan in "The Colleen Bawn," which Boucicault produced the play in London in 1890. But did not Adeline Billington play with Charlotte Cushman in the English provinces before she (Adeline) appeared in London as Venus in Selby's "Cupid and Psyche" in 1877? Mrs. Kendal is pleading for the success of a benefit performance for Mrs. Billington. The old lady had a benefit in 1895; another one in 1908, and she received a legacy under the will of the comedian Toole. What is of more interest to Americans is that she played Gretchen to Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" when he gave the first performance of that play in London in 1851. She was also associated with Mary Anderson.

If the rearrangement of the New Theatre in New York leads to Winthrop Ames' withdrawal, he might be persuaded to manage a repertory theatre in Boston, the theatre that has long been discussed and anticipated. This has been his dream since he was a young man and amused himself seriously with a toy playhouse.

It is said that Charles Dalmores, the tenor, will marry a sister of Mary Garden. Mary will in that case be the only unmarried daughter of the family. She has theories and whims about marriage, and though her betrothal to this one or that is announced from time to time, she does not appear to be in a hurry to make the leap.

Gemier, the actor-manager of the Theatre Antoine, Paris, will tour in France next summer. He has ordered a theatrical motor car of a vehicle. The

order, dressing rooms and the rest itself will be carried in this country. When a suitable spot outside a large town is reached the tent will be pitched and a play from the repertory performed. An actress named Pernez many years ago toured the French provinces, but along inland waterways. Three barges and a tugboat were enough. The theatre was 40 yards long by five broad and lighted with acetylene. The dramas were of the hair raising order. The members of the company had staterooms on the barge, and fished when they were not acting.

Robert Mantell will give a performance of "Richelieu" at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, next Monday, for the proposed Yale University theatre fund, under the auspices of the Yale University Dramatic Association. The movement toward the establishment of a University Theatre at Yale began several years ago. The committee hopes to raise within the next two or three years half a million dollars for the building fund. The entire proceeds of the "Richelieu" performance will be given by Mr. Mantell and William A. Brady, his manager, to this fund.

Miss Laura Graves, well known among the younger singers in New York, is singing with success in England. She has appeared with Sir Henry J. Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall, and was praised for her singing of Delilah's music at a recent performance of Saint-Saens' oratorio opera by the British Symphony Orchestra and Choir.

Arnold Dolmetsch will give 12 illustrated lectures on the secular musical and musical instruments of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries in the lecture room of the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, on Monday and Friday afternoons at 4.30 o'clock beginning Friday, Feb. 17. The first four lectures will be especially connected with the musical references contained in the works of the English dramatists and poets of the 16th and 17th centuries. These lectures are under the auspices of the Division of Music of Harvard University and are free to the public. The title of the lecture next Friday is "Music at the Court of King Henry VIII."

A. E. W. Mason's new play, "The Witness for the Defence," was received enthusiastically at the St. James's Theatre, London, Feb. 1. The heroine, Stella Ballantyne, has a brote of a husband and she kills him in India, "partly in panic, partly in self-defence, and in a fleeting moment intentionally." A barrister, Thresh, who had known Stella before her marriage, visits her in India, knows her wretched life, gives evidence at the trial, suppresses facts that might have ruined her, and is largely instrumental in getting her acquitted. Two years later he finds her engaged to Hazlewood, and insists that she shall tell her lover the truth concerning "what happened that night in the tent at Rajputana." "I lied for you," he says, "but if I had known that you would ever have let another man love you in ignorance of the truth I would never have done so." She confesses to Hazlewood, who at once forgives her. The barrister returns to his briefs.

Miss Alice Nielsen of the Boston opera company, assisted by the Merlan Sodalite orchestra of Harvard University, the Harmon Glee Club and Henry E. Heim of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will take part in the benefit concert at Jordan Hall March 7 under the auspices of the Harvard Edda Club. The proceeds from this concert will be used to establish a Harvard University scholarship fund. The holder of this scholarship will be appointed on the condition of his conducting the university extension work at the Prospect Union, Cambridge, under the auspices of the Edda Club.

Edyth Walker, originally a contralto, is not content with now being a dramatic soprano; she wishes to undertake the management of the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg. She is not the first singer that has undertaken to run an opera house even when there was a settled director.

James H. Reid's new play, "To Serve the Cross," recently brought out at Baltimore, is said to convert audiences "into a sea of handkerchiefs." The motive of the play is the secrecy and sacredness of the Catholic confessional. The brother of a priest is accused of a murder of which he is innocent. The priest has previously heard the confession of the real murderer, a half-breed, but is bound by his sacred vows.

MR. COPELAND'S PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland gave his second piano recital last evening in Chickering Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Couperin, La Trophee and Gavotte; Chopin, Polonaise in F sharp minor; Turlina, two movements from the Romantique Sonata founded on a

Spanish theme; Debussy, Danses de Delphes, Le vent dans la plaine, Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du Soir, Les Collines d'Anacapri, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, La Cathedrale Engloutie, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut, L'Isle joyeuse.

It was a great night for the Debussyites, old and young, the hardened deacons, the vestal virgins and the tender neophytes. There was palpitation; there was exultation; there was the suppressed emotion that is inward ecstasy akin to agony. For four of the latest preludes by the "Master" were played for the first time in Boston and the very titles of these pieces aroused expectation of something mystic, wonderful. Furthermore, Mr. Copeland was there to play these pieces, and he is now acknowledged as the consecrated high priest of the cult.

The program was admirably arranged. The little pieces by Couperin, exquisite, with a delightful blend of archaic and ultra-modern feeling prepared the hearer for the impressionistic sketches of Debussy, and the superb polonaise with its military clang or its hints and rumors of war; its dance episode, gave body to the whole, and proved that Mr. Copeland was not merely a pianist of faint nuances and elusive rhythms, a twilight player, a poet of moonlight fancies.

Mr. Copeland surpassed himself last evening in the variety, the strength, the brilliance of his technical display. The Herald has often eulogized the singular delicacy, fluidity, beauty of his touch. This touch recalls the lines of Cole-ridge:

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

I know of no pianist who has such tonal qualities as Mr. Copeland, except Vladimir de Pachmann when he is in the vein.

There is a peculiar fascination in Mr. Copeland's playing that at times almost confuses the judgment. And yet there were moments last night when the hearer entranced by sheer beauty of tone could not fail to see that Mr. Copeland missed points which would have made his interpretation more effective, and occasionally distorted or contradicted the purpose of Debussy.

Mr. Copeland's fleetness is admirable in itself—as a technical feat—and the charm of this fleetness is so great that the hearer hardly stops to inquire whether it is exercised in the service of the composer. More than once in the pieces of Debussy the pianist left out notes that had significance, accelerated passages when the rhetorical expression demanded a slackening of pace, or put essential figuration in the bass so far in the background that the passages seemed unnecessarily vague or chaotic.

There is nothing but the warmest praise for his performance of the pieces by Couperin and Chopin's polonaise. Couperin's pieces were in the Watteau manner, nor was the apparent simplicity of the expression too artfully contrived. There was no touch of sentimentalism, there was no painfully deliberate attempt to reproduce the spirit of the composer's period. This music floated as though it were heard on Prospero's isle. The polonaise was played with virility that was never harsh, with a fine appreciation of the composer's poetically varied thought, and the episodes in contrast with the main idea were duly subordinated, but at the same time they were in the continuous flow of emotion.

It would be a pleasure to dwell on the many excellent and compelling features of the performance of Debussy's preludes. I have spoken of occasional misinterpretation, of failings that were possibly due to the intoxication of the moment—no pianist ever had a more sympathetically disposed audience, one more ready to feel and respond—because Mr. Copeland's art is worthy of serious consideration.

He has it in his power to gain much more than a local reputation as a specialist. Few pianists in this country or in Europe are naturally gifted with so sensitive an ear for gradations of beautiful tone. He should not be content with being a Debussyite. Let him add to his programs more pieces by Couperin, Scarlatti, Rameau and the comparatively unknown Bach of the Suites. Let us hear Mozart played by him. And above all let him criticize himself severely, and not be soothed into self-complacency and self-admiration by the thick, pungent incense that is now burned under his nostrils.

The name of Joaquin Turina is unfamiliar. His piano quintet, played in Paris early in the fall of 1907, was then severely criticised. The most agreeable feature of the sonata played last night was the fact that it did not in any respect remind the hearer of a sonata. Much of this music seemed experimental and puerile. The new pieces by Debussy have undeniable charm, but too often there was the thought of Debussy imitating himself and not always successfully.

Mr. Copeland added pieces to the program and the audience was loath to leave the hall for the prosaic world without.

Feb. 11, 1911

CLEMENT'S DEBUT MADE IN 'MANON'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—Massenet's "Manon," performed at this Opera House for the first time. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Manon Lescaut..... Mme. Alda
Poussette..... Miss Savage
Javotte..... Miss Swartz
Rosette..... Miss Roberts
Le Chevalier Des Grieux..... Mr. Clement
Le Comte Des Grieux..... Mr. Fornari
Guillot de Montfaucon..... Mr. Mardones
Le Breton..... Mr. Devaux
Le Breton..... Mr. Tavechia
Le Breton..... Mr. Stroesco
Deux Gardes..... Mr. Huddy

The feature of the performance was the first appearance in this city of Edward Clement. His reputation had preceded him, and those who knew his career at the Opera Comique were not disappointed in him. The voice itself is not an uncommon one. It is charming in its dialogue and in music of a tender and lyric nature. In more robust moments, the voice answers demands, but it is not richly sonorous, and occasionally last evening there was the appearance of effort.

As a singer, pure and simple, a master of bel canto, there has been no tenor here of recent years to be compared with Mr. Clement except Mr. Bonci, when he first visited Boston and sang in "La Boheme." Mr. Clement's management of breath, purity of tonal emission, accurate intonation, decisive attack, maintenance and ending of a phrase, are worthy of glowing eulogy. His art is employed intelligently in rhetorical expression and his diction is irreproachable.

The great public judges a tenor first by the quality and volume of his voice, and it would be reasonable to suppose that the art of Mr. Clement would be fully appreciated only by those who have made a study of singing and by those who have learned through long experience that a golden voice is not always well employed, and a sonorous voice is often forced for the sake of applause. There are tenors, and some are highly paid and famous among men living, who are instances of voice—and nothing else. It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Clement's exquisite vocal art and ease and grace as an actor were at once appreciated.

Delightful in the first act, he sang in the second in a manner long to be remembered. And throughout the opera he displayed the qualities that made him a pride of the Opera Comique and gave him an enviable reputation as a member of the Metropolitan company.

The performance of "Manon" as a whole was far from being a brilliant one. It was in many ways a disappointment. The first scene of the third act, that of the Cours la Reine, was omitted. Not only was a pleasing spectacle thus lost, but the intrigue of the opera became an insoluble riddle to those who did not remember Prevost's romance and were unacquainted with the libretto. This first scene is absolutely necessary to the understanding of that which follows in the seminary of St. Sulpice. As the opera was performed last night the spectators saw Des Grieux called from his room to be kidnapped at his father's command. When the Chevalier was next seen he was the popular preacher at St. Sulpice, adored by the women, and ready to take the vows of priesthood. A lightning change in vaudeville is nothing in comparison. Manon was not on the stage radiant as Des Grieux's mistress, courted, flattered, yet eager, on hearing of Des Grieux, to leave her luxurious life that she might again torment him by her passion and ruin him. So, too, the father unexpectedly appeared in the waiting room of the seminary to the audience.

Mme. Alda was conscientious, respectable, everything that Manon was not. Her impersonation lacked capriciousness, sentiment, passion. It was as colorless as her singing. Mr. Fornari was wholly inadequate as Lascut; inadequate physically, vocally, histrionically. He did not appear to have the slightest conception of the part. Mr. Mardones was a dignified father and sang with dignity. The young women who impersonated Poussette, Javotte and Rosette sang prettily together and were sufficiently vivacious. The others in the cast did nothing to make their respective parts conspicuous.

The setting of the first act was picturesque and the gorgeousness of the gaming room aroused applause. There were curtain calls, and there was long continued and hearty recognition of Mr. Clement's art when he sang the air at the end of the second act.

Massenet's "Manon" deserves a better cast. There are weak pages, there are some scenes that are dull unless they are animated by skilful actors, but the opera has many beauties, and

the pervading tenderness of the musical sentiment has a peculiar charm. Pleasure was obtained last evening by listening to Mr. Clement and to Massenet's score as read by Mr. Caplet. There was also pleasure in noting the differences between the libretto and the romance in which Manon, the incomprehensible one, is portrayed so that she stands immortal in the gallery of fiction.

The opera on Friday night will be "Tosca." Mr. Gaudenzi will make his first appearance here and take the part of the tortured painter. His associates will be Mme. Carmen Melis and Mr. Baklanoff. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

MISS COOKE'S RECITAL.

At the Hotel Vendome Marjorie Benton Cooke gave the second and last of her monologue recitals yesterday morning. Her program consisted of: I. "A Suffrage Monologue"; II. "How Gentlemen Are Made"; III. "Case 49"; IV. "Herolines." In "A Suffrage Monologue," Miss Cooke lightly satirized a man's view of woman's progress, which is to reach a climax when she obtains the ballot. The piece was slight and hackneyed, but her energetic sense of humor gives a glamor even to the very trivial. In "How Gentlemen Are Made," she gave an imitation of a young boy at a fashionable dancing school. Her "Case 49" was the least successful of her monologues, because it was not satire but sentiment, and Miss Cooke is not so skilful when she is handling a commonplace, romantic episode as when she is executing a thought which she has herself gleaned through observation, keen understanding of people's eccentricities and artificialities and her wide-awake sense of satire. She is an excellent mimic, and her imitation of a Swedish girl at the telephone, which she gave as an encore, was very true to life. Her voice lends itself easily to fine shadings when her purpose is humorous.

In "Herolines," Miss Cooke gave a burlesque of the heroines of three leading dramatists—Bernard Shaw, Heinrich Ibsen and George Ade. George Ade's was the best—it was natural, truthful and very funny. She made her Shaw heroine a worshipper of the god of selfishness—a despoiler of altruism. Her Ibsen heroine left her husband's home to go

out into the night in search of freedom. It was evident that Miss Cooke's sympathy was with her burlesque, and the audience enjoyed the satire, for it really echoed the popular view of both Shaw and Ibsen.

GOSSIP OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Mme. Adelaide Norwood's Indisposition—Her Great Merits on Opera Stage.

The report that Mme. Adelaide Norwood's throat was affected so that she was unable to complete her engagement at a vaudeville house in Providence, R. I., reminds us that this singer should be heard again in grand opera. Many remember her admirable performances of Leonora and Alda in this city. Few in recent years have sung the Tower scene in "Travatore" and the great air in the Nile scene with a finer display of technique and a more passionate delivery. Mme. Norwood a few years ago went to Germany for the study of German opera. She was engaged by Henry W. Savage to take the part of Mme. Butterfly—there were four or five of them—but because she was not allowed to impersonate the Japanese girl the night of the first performance in English in this country she left Mr. Savage and there was sulking and there was unpleasant talk.

Since then little has been heard of her in the East. Some recall the fact that in her younger years she played the cornet. Practice on this instrument no doubt aided her as a singer in control of breath. Rise, a favorite tenor in the eighties at the Dresden Opera House, and deservedly, for he sang like an accomplished Italian, began his musical career as a trombone player. A long list of male singers could be made who began as players of orchestral instruments, among them Dalmores, De Lucia and Campanari. The last named was a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and when at that time he talked of abandoning the cello for the operatic stage, his colleagues were inclined to smile, if they did not laugh outright.

Foreign correspondents of American newspapers are careless in their dispatches about American singers engaged in German or other continental opera houses. Gardner Lamson, for instance, was always characterized by them as a tenor, whereas he is a bass, a "basso cantante." Mr. Lamson, by the way, who lived in Boston many years, did not go back to Germany this season. He is teaching in New York. Clarence Whitehill, the baritone, was often a tenor in cablegrams. Now we

are informed that Patricia Crestfield, "the American baritone" at the Royal Opera in Berlin, was seized with an attack of appendicitis while impersonating Escamillo. Mr. Griswold is a bass, decidedly a bass, and an unusually fine one. To this all that heard him in Mr. Savage's production of "Parsifal" will agree.

Mr. Antoine, the director of the Odeon Theatre in Paris believes in unabridged Shakespeare. Not long ago he produced "Romeo and Juliet" without cuts. The audience began to have enough before the tomb scene. He said to a reporter afterward: "I am a blind fanatic where Shakespeare is concerned. I began by giving the public a complete 'King Lear,' and I have continued the practice. To me, the second part of 'Romeo and Juliet' is as fine as the first, but I have made concessions to the popular feeling that it is too long." He is still looking for a "young and ardent" Romeo. Henry Bernstein has agreed to furnish a translation in blank verse of "Anthony and Cleopatra," and it will be produced probably next spring. When Mr. Antoine was asked where he obtained his idea of mounting Shakespeare's plays in a single fixed scene with a moving centre he replied "from personal study of the text." He added: "I have seen Shakespeare played in England and in Germany, but I resolved to judge him by my temperament as a Latin, and to present him in that way. If I could find an actor of genius for the part, I would mount 'Hamlet,' too." Mr. Antoine has a lively admiration for George Bernard Shaw. "I regard him as the greatest literary 'accident' that has happened in Europe since Ibsen." (But does Mr. Shaw like to be called an "accident"?) A version of "Arms and the Man" will be produced at the Odeon in 1912. The adaptor, Mr. Hamon, compares Mr. Shaw with Moliere. "There is the same dislike of authority, the same impatience of convention. He elevates, apparently, secondary characters, such as domestics, into first positions as Moliere did, and was accused of bad taste for it, and he juxtaposes tragedy and comedy just as in life itself." This Mr. Hamon is a university professor and to him the Shaw theatre is the classic theatre that existed in France before Scribe. Mr. Antoine maintains that Shaw has been misunderstood in France; that when "Candida" was played at the Theatre des Arts the play was too seriously interpreted. "It is a satire, not a solemn presentation of a certain milieu."

We alluded recently to Miss Mary Garden and her views on matrimony. It may fill some of us with pride to learn

that she characterizes the American husband as the best in the world, but—"He is too generous. He loves a pretty face; he loves accomplishments; he loves pretty clothes (which he has provided), and he idolizes the woman of his choice." Curb the swelling chest; dim the flashing eye, O Mr. Ferguson. For Miss Garden says that this is all wrong. "He should see before he steps. A woman without ambition does not know the true secret of life. I believe in a woman being a man. By that I mean that she should take a man's place if she wishes to dominate. No man will now consent to this. Some day some man will permit it, and then he will see the fruition of womanhood."

This is entertaining, but vague. What, pray, is the fruition of womanhood? Some of us have thought it was described for all time in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. The woman that really dominates never allows her husband to find it out. He thinks he is Julius Caesar in his own house; thus he is happy, and tolerant of what he calls his wife's "whims."

And so there is talk of producing a grand opera in English at the Metropolitan, "Twilight," by Arthur Nevin. Mr. Nevin is evidently not discouraged by the failure of his opera, "Pola," at the Royal Opera House in Berlin last spring. When he returned to New York, he said, as it was reported, that Wagner's "Meistersinger" had the same fate at first. The hisses on the night of the performance and the fierce attacks of the critics did not seriously disturb him. Was not "The Barber of Seville" a failure the first night? Was not "Carmen" at first rejected by the audiences at the Opera Comique? We are told that the libretto of "Twilight," which is the work of Randolph Hartley, must be toned down some to suit the delicate taste of Americans. In this respect, at least, "Twilight" resembles Richard Strauss's latest opera.

G. P. Huntley has amused many Bostonians. He brought out recently at the Tivoli, London, a little sketch, "Choosing a Gun." It is the story of an unsophisticated person who has been invited to make one of a shooting party. He has never had a gun in his hands, so he visits a gunsmith, played by Harry Grattan, the writer of the sketch, with the purpose of buying a gun and learning something about its use and behavior.

Cecilia Society and Symphony Orchestra Unite in "Children's Crusade."

By PHILIP HALE.

Gabriel Pierne's "Children's Crusade" was performed last night in Symphony Hall at the second concert of the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony orchestra. The solo singers were Meses. Rider-Kelsey, Chapin Goold and Dunton Brown and Messrs. Edmond Clement and Claude Cunningham. The music of the Four Women was sung by Mrs. Rice, Miss Eaton, Mrs. Child and Mrs. Carter. There was a chorus of children from the schools of Somerville under the training of S. Henry Hadley. Malcolm Lang was the organist. The performance was under the direction of Mr. Fiedler.

Pierne's dramatic legend undoubtedly owes its popularity to the pathos of the subject. The crusading children are not merely described; they are before the audience; they sing their simple, naive songs of faith, hope, trust, and also terror. The best of Pierne's music is given to these children. In any adequate performance the success of the work will be due to their voices. When they are not singing, the interest flags as a rule. There are some fine orchestral pages, but the music given to the Narrator is ineffective, at times tedious, even when sung by a tenor like Mr. Clement, and the children, Alain and Allys, in the first part of the legend are sadly sophisticated so far as their musical expression goes. This first section, by the way, is the weakest portion of the work. There is little true dramatic contrast between the children aroused by the voices and the parents that would hold them back from the mad adventure. Mrs. Kelsey and Mrs. Goold made much of the music allotted to them. This cannot be said of the female quartet, for the supernatural exhortation was sung with quavering voices as though the heavenly counsellors were themselves in doubt as to the wisdom of their exhortation.

The remaining sections have much more character. The song of the children as they journey on the highway is charming, and the whole scene, with its solos for oboe, flute and violin, is the most musical and poetic of the work. These solos were admirably played. Mr. Longy, for example, surpassed even himself. It was a pity that the ending was marred by an unaccountable accident, but the effect of the whole was not disturbed.

Just as Pierne failed to express the supernatural in the opening of his legend, so his imagination deserted him when he was called on to set music to the story of the star that followed the Saviour and fell from heaven and was drowned in the sea when the Saviour died. The storm scene is broadly pictorial and the introduction of the "De profundis libera nos" is impressive, but the final choral writing is merely scholastic and perfunctory—as are certain choruses that precede.

The performance on the whole was a very good one. Mrs. Rider Kelsey sang with purity of tone and true expression. She often gave significance to that which was inherently insignificant by the beauty of her voice and art. Mrs. Goold, who has been heard here before in this legend, sang sympathetically. Mr. Clement was heard here for the first time in concert. He sang in English, and his distinct enunciation in a language foreign to him might well be a lesson to even experienced singers trained in English from their youth up. The music of the Narrator is unthankful, and what dramatic force it had last evening was imparted to it by the singer. Unfortunately for the full display of Mr. Clement's art and sentiment, there are no truly lyrical passages in the part. Mr. Cunningham also had a thankless task.

Mr. Hadley is to be congratulated heartily on the results obtained by the children under his training. The Cecilia chorus sang with more precise attack and greater variety of expression than at the first concert. The orchestra at times needlessly overpowered the voices, but on the whole its performance was a feature of the concert. There was a large and appreciative audience.

RECITAL BY MR. PROCTOR.

Well Balanced and Well Contrasted
Program Finely Played.

By PHILIP HALE.

George Proctor gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Fenway Court. The program was as follows: Bach, Gigue and Sarabande from Fifth English suite, Gavotte en Rondeau, Chopin, Sonata, op. 35; Brahms, Rhapsodie in G minor; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Scriabin, Toccata; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," "Poissons d'or"; Strauss-Tausig, waltz, "Man lebt nur einmal."

well, and it was a pleasure to find Bach represented by piano pieces illustrative of his period, interesting in themselves. Thus the Sarabande was a grace, a tender melancholy and a repose that the great Couperin himself might have envied—and not misrepresented by some thunders transcription of an organ toccata or fugue, a disarrangement made for the holiday of a virtuoso. Mr. Proctor played the Sarabande with fine tonal quality and poetic spirit. He gave to the gavotte the necessary touch of formalism and precision. Would that we could frequently hear this music of the 18th century, music by Bach and the French clavierists, and played in this manner! For Mr. Proctor neither attempted to give the pieces by Bach undue importance, as though the poor shivering things should be clothed in modern dress, nor did he fall into the error of presenting Bach, the romantic, as sternly academic.

I have dwelt on Mr. Proctor's performance of this music because the talent, or genius, of a pianist is often more clearly revealed by his treatment of pieces considered by many as of slight inherent value than by his reading of a sonata or a rhapsody when speed, power and certain Jove-like authority, real or assumed, make an immediate impression on a miscellaneous audience.

Mr. Proctor's appreciation of various aspects and sentiments was shown in his performance of the other pieces on the program. His interpretation of Chopin's "Funeral March" had been thoughtfully considered. The reading was an individual one. The scherzo was played as the pianist felt the music, not as others say it should be felt. In the middle section of the scherzo, where Mr. de la Motte makes a wonderful effect with the recurring inter-

mediate measures between the strophes of the melody by ineffable beauty of tonal diminution—Mr. Proctor procured another effect that was far removed from that of a commonplace interlude, of measures intended only to give the finger breath. The first movement was played in the heroic manner. In the "Funeral March" there was no suggestion of boisterous and spectacular lamentation, and the famous air of the trio was sung with admirable simplicity. The Finale, one of the most wonderful pages in the literature of the piano, was maintained "sotto voce" throughout, and there was the thought of De Quincey's wind "that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries." We have all heard this Finale when it might have been taken for a tone-picture of a storm at sea. All in all, this performance of the sonata was of a very high order.

The Rhapsody by Brahms might have been played in a more demoniacal spirit. There was a brilliant performance of Sgambati's Toccata and the arrangement of Strauss's waltz. The two pieces by Debussy, and they were among the best of his compositions for the piano, were treated in an exquisitely impressionistic manner. Mr. Proctor added a little known Rigaudo by MacDowell to the program in answer to the demand of an audience which, deeply interested throughout, showed frequently its appreciation.

Mr. Proctor has now a style that is his own. Its chief qualities are lucidity, proportion and what might be called poetic sanity. It is free from exaggeration and sentimentalism. The exuberance displayed is not merely pedagogic. There is warmth, there is sensitivity, and, when there is a call for it, there is passion. His performance is characterized by purity of taste. And Mr. Proctor can be brilliant when a composer writes brilliantly. Brilliance is as sounding brass and the ringing cymbals when there is no thought behind it, when there is no controlling mind, and in these days when technique is made easy, even for the rich, it is so easy to be brilliant—and nothing else!

There were times when the delivery might have been freer and less throaty, especially at the beginning, when the singer was evidently nervous. Mr. Gaudenzi was unaffected and manly in his action, and showed dramatic force in his exultation over the news from the battlefield. It will be fairer to judge him, however, from more than one performance.

The minor parts were well taken, and the handsome stage settings, as ever, excited admiration. The finale of the first act was again impressive. Mr. Moranzoni conducted in a fiery manner, and there were times when his enthusiasm was injurious to the singers. The operas this afternoon will be "Haensel und Gretel" and "L'Enfant Prodigue." This evening "The Girl of the Golden West" will be performed with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Constantino and Polese.

STRONG PLEA FOR DIVORCE.

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth Reads Paul Hervieu's "Enchained."

For the last of her readings in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth gave "Enchained," a translation of Paul Hervieu's "Les Tenailles." The drama is a powerful plea for the granting of divorce on grounds of incompatibility. Hervieu shows the psychological necessity for divorce—not the social or economic. His character drawing of husband is neither the brute nor the beast; he is a man who in the eyes of his wife "has no enthusiasm for anything, who is revolted by nothing, who is nothing—nothing but my husband—the absolute master of me."

Paul Hervieu maintains that inability to love is the fundamental ground for separation, and out of that must come the more apparent and seemingly more violent evils that are social or economic. His plea is not sentimental. In a romantic he shows in a simple, straightforward, powerful story the intellectual development and outcome of a marriage founded on the law of passion.

The drama throbs with a dramatic force born of Hervieu's firm grasp of his subject and a wonderful skill in technique.

Mrs. Wentworth's enthusiasm, her faith in the play, gave her reading a sincerity and simplicity that was exceedingly convincing. Her mind took an eager hold on the narrow, implacable husband and her impersonation was clear-cut, consistent and well maintained.

Invitations to attend Mrs. Wentworth's reading were sent to members of the Legislature, before whom a bill barring divorce in the state of Massachusetts is being pressed.

BOSTON HEARS BUSONI'S MUSIC

Part of a Too Long Program of 16th Rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mr. Busoni was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Lohengrin" Wagner
"Don Quixote" Fantasia Variations Strauss
Concerto No. 3 in minor for piano Beethoven

Extracts from the Suite from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot" Busoni

Only four of the eight movements from Busoni's suite was played, and yet the concert was too long. The prelude to "Lohengrin," beautiful as it is, might well have been omitted. Busoni's music was played for the first time in Boston, and it would only have been fair to him if the whole suite, with its contrasts, had been heard. As it was, marches succeeded each other, and as all the music was necessarily exotic in character, the monotony of the march movement was without relief. The "Nocturnal Waltz," "Dance and Song," "In the Women's Apartments" and the march "Altoun," were not played.

This music was written by Mr. Busoni for Gozzi's dramatic fable "Turandot," known to some through Schiller's version, a "tragic-comic fairy tale."

The story is of a beautiful and haughty princess in China, who did not wish to wed, and so her suitors were given three riddles to guess. Many thus lost their heads, but at last the Oedipus appeared. Mr. Busoni has said that the themes of his score are borrowed from oriental melodies, and he therefore believes that he has improved upon "conventional theatrical orientalism."

Much that is composed for the theatre often loses half its effect when played in a concert hall. This is true even of Bizet's suites taken from the music to "L'Arlesienne" and of Fauré's suite, derived from his music to "Pelleas and Melisande." It may be said of Busoni's music, heard yesterday, that it is distinguished chiefly by its entertaining instrumentation and its oriental atmosphere. This music might justly be called amusing. It was a mistake to produce it when "Don Quixote," a series of variations, was played at the same concert; but the composer was present as the soloist and the opportunity to pay him a compliment was therefore not neglected. It might be well before the season closes to perform the whole suite. Yesterday Mr. Busoni was called out after the "Turkish finale" and warmly applauded.

He had already given pleasure by his performance of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, which had not been played here for many years in any important concert. The concerto is a favorite with some European pianists, possibly on account of the finale, which is delightful from beginning to end as an example of Beethoven in light and playful mood, showing a gaiety that is at once contagious. Mr. Busoni's performance of the first two movements was characterized by fluency, a fine sense of proportion and a faultless and highly polished mechanism rather than by warmth and spontaneity. Yet it should be remembered that only the middle movement calls for any marked expression of sentiment, and the sentiment of this Largo is contemplative, not deeply emotional or passionate.

The performance on the whole was a fine exhibition of highly developed and well controlled technique. Yet there is this to be said: Mr. Busoni did not attempt to moderate the music in any

manner. He let it speak in its own way, with its archaisms, its old formulas. When the language of Mozart was heard in Beethoven's music; the pianist was Mozartian in the interpretation. There are a few passages in the concerto that hint at the greater Beethoven, as in the coda of the first movement and in the still effective and at that time surprising enharmonic change in the finale. These passages were brought out by Mr. Busoni unostentatiously, but in memorable fashion. The most salient feature of his performance was the brilliance of the last movement.

It was a great pleasure to hear "Don Quixote" again, for it contains some of Strauss's noblest and inspired music. There are few more eloquent pages than those in which Don Quixote is supposed to reason concerning the ideal and those that portray his death. These pages are enough to put Strauss with the immortals. Yet there are some who ignore this music and dilate on the "absurdity" of imitating sheep and employing a wind machine. They seek for eccentricity and that which is bizarre and have no ears for the strains of solemn and pathetic beauty.

The performance was on the whole one of the most noteworthy of the season. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler was occasionally didactic in his interpretation, as though he wished to explain this or that variation to the audience, but in view of the general and great merit of the performance this objection might well be considered hypercritical.

Mr. Warnke's interpretation of the violoncello part was masterly in every way. The technical difficulties were surmounted with ease; the tone was varied and beautiful; the different sentiments were fitly expressed, and the music of the death scene was played with true emotion. Mr. Ferir in tone and interpretation stood side by side with Mr. Warnke, and the orchestra played magnificently.

There will be no concerts next week. The program of the rehearsal and concert March 3 and 4 will be as follows: Mandl, Overture to a Gascon Comedy (first time here); Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela" (first time here); Berlioz, "Childe Harold" Symphony; Weber, overture to "Euryanthe." Mme. Kirkhy Lunn will sing an aria and a group of songs.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Gaudenzi Sings Here for First Time in Puccini's "Tosca."

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

F. La Tosca Mme. Melis
Mario, Captain Mr. Gaudenzi
Baron Scarpia Mr. Baidanoff
Cesare Angelotti Mr. Baidanoff
S. Pappalardo Mr. Tavecchia
S. Angelotti Mr. Gaudenzi
Mr. Gaudenzi Mr. Gaudenzi
Mr. Gaudenzi Mr. Gaudenzi
Mr. Gaudenzi Mr. Gaudenzi
Mr. Gaudenzi Mr. Gaudenzi

The performance of "Tosca" last evening was one of the best of the season. Mme. Carmen Melis acted the tragic scenes with even more than her customary intensity and at the same time with a finer sense of reserve than she has sometimes shown. She was often effective by facial play when in previous performances she relied solely on gesture. Her first scene was charming in the expression of coquetry, capriciousness, unreasonable and unreasoning jealousy. Her confession of love by her mute surrender and her passionate embrace was only one feature of many that made her impersonation memorable. In the second act she played in tragic, not merely melodramatic vein.

She was in fine voice and sang fervently. Radiantly beautiful, she was a constant delight to the eye, and there were moments that will haunt the memory, as when she stood against the door of the torture chamber, sat crushed by weight of woe after the forced departure of Mario, or in the dim chamber, alone with the dead, bore the candles aloft, with face of frozen horror, yet moved to pay the solemn rite.

Mr. Baidanoff's conception of his part is more vivid and striking with each performance. At first his impersonation, naturally, seemed experimental. It is now determined and authoritative. The sensualist is more clearly revealed. There is greater variety in detail, and it is illustrative of character. The sudden changes in Scarpia's temper are more clearly defined. He might be more sinister through courtesy in his first scene with Floria, and in the second act there were moments when he relied too much on sheer volume of tone to make his effects.

Mr. Baidanoff, fortunately for audiences at the Boston Opera House and for himself, is not a man who stands still, content with the applause, and does not try to perfect a part. There is always, in his mind, something to be added; there is something that might be made less prominent or even omitted for the sake of the general effect. Thus, through self-criticism, his art grows riper day by day.

Mr. Gaudenzi sang for the first time in Boston, and made a favorable impression. His voice has agreeable qualities. It lends itself easily to lyrical sentiment, and the upper tones are brilliant.

There were times when the delivery might have been freer and less throaty, especially at the beginning, when the singer was evidently nervous. Mr. Gaudenzi was unaffected and manly in his action, and showed dramatic force in his exultation over the news from the battlefield. It will be fairer to judge him, however, from more than one performance.

The minor parts were well taken, and the handsome stage settings, as ever, excited admiration. The finale of the first act was again impressive. Mr. Moranzoni conducted in a fiery manner, and there were times when his enthusiasm was injurious to the singers.

The operas this afternoon will be "Haensel und Gretel" and "L'Enfant Prodigue." This evening "The Girl of the Golden West" will be performed with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Constantino and Polese.

Mme. Lipkowska will take the part of Manon in Massenet's opera next Monday night. On Wednesday night Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be produced with Mme. Melis and Mr. Bassi as the lovers.

PEOPLE FLOCK TO HEAR "THE GIRL"

"The Girl of the Golden West" was presented at the Boston Opera House last night for the first time at popular prices, and this fact brought the largest audience ever recorded at this house.

All the regular seats, to the number of 274, in addition to two extra seats in every box, had been sold out before the doors opened and when the hour for opening came the "standing room only" sign went up for the first time in the history of the house.

By the time the curtain went up the last available standing space had been sold. The doors had to be closed with more than 600 still seeking admittance. It was given out after the performance that more than 3100 heard the opera. As so large a number had to be denied, it is possible that another performance at popular prices may be given.

The opera was conducted by Mr. Conti. The cast was the same as before, with the exception of Mr. Polese, who took the part of the sheriff. It is not necessary at this late date to speak of Mme. Carmen Melis's remarkable impersonation of Minnie, of Mr. Constantino as Johnson, or of the general excellence of the performance and the striking stage settings.

The opera performed in the afternoon was Hammerstein's "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Goodrich conducted and the cast was as before. Miss Mattfeld as Haensel; Miss Alten, Gretel; Miss Wickham, the Mother, and Mr. Gortz, the Father, Mme. Claessens, the Witch, Miss Swartz and Miss Bernice Fisher, the Sandman and the Dwarfman respectively.

The performance gave great pleasure to a large audience. It is hard to think of any one except Miss Alten as Gretel, and Miss Mattfeld is a delightful boy. And who could play and sing the part of Peter better than Mr. Gortz? It is a pity that this admirable artist does not visit Boston frequently. Mr. Goodrich is thoroughly at home in this opera, and he conducts it with a fine sense of proportion and musical taste.

This performance was preceded by one of Debussy's cantata in operatic form, "L'Enfant Prodigue," conducted by Mr. Caplet, with Miss Nielsen as Lia, Mr. Lassalle as Azazel and Mr. Blanchard as Simeon.

The performances at the Boston Opera House this week will be of unusual interest. To the great pleasure of many, Mme. Lipkowska will take the part of Manon in Massenet's opera on Monday night. The part is eminently suited to her voice, temperament and physique. Mr. Clement will again be heard as Des Grieux, a part in which his rare art is fully displayed.

On Wednesday evening, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be produced for the first time at this opera house. The opera has been performed only once in Boston, when Mme. Cavallieri and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti were in the cast. On Wednesday night Mme. Carmen Melis will take the part of Manon, to which she is as well suited by nature and art as Mme. Lipkowska is to the Manon of the French composer. Mr. Caruso has not sung for some time in New York, on account of his throat.

Amadeo Bassi will make his debut appearance here as Des Grieux, and he will take the part for the first time in this country, although it is one of his favorites. At the Scala in Milan he appeared two years ago in 10 or 12 performances of Puccini's opera, and he has often impersonated Des Grieux in cities of South America. While he was a valued member of the Manhattan opera company, he had no opportunity to appear in "Manon Lescaut," for Mr. Hammerstein had

re the 1841 to produce Puccini's "Aida," "Pagliacci," "Bohème," "Andrea Chénier" and "Sister Act." He gained the admiration of the New York public. Returning to America after Italian engagements, he has been singing in "Aida," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly" and "La Bohème," and he was the first Dick Johnson in the production of "The Girl of the West" in that city. He is a Florentine, and was in Florence that he made his first operatic appearance as the Duke of Alghetto. His home is on an estate near Florence, although he has a house in the city and one at Riccione in the sea.

On Friday night Mme. Destinn and Mr. Anna will appear respectively as Minnie and the Sheriff in "The Girl of the Golden West." It will be remembered that they created these parts at the Metropolitan, and won the unstinted praise of the composer, the general public and the critics.

On Saturday afternoon Dellibes' "Lakmé" will be revived. Mme. Lipowska will again take the part of Lakmé. Mr. Clement should be an admirable Gerard. Some may remember Ravelli when Mme. Patti was the priest's daughter, in Mehanke's building. Dellibes' music will give Mr. Clement ample opportunity to show his skill. Mr. Richter, who made a favorable impression here as Mephistopheles, will be the first and Mr. Caplet will conduct.

The opera on Saturday evening will be Puccini's "Bohème," with Mmes. Nielsen and Dereyne and Messrs. Constantino, Polese, Mardones and Pulcini.

Arthur Bouchier, lecturing recently at Oxford on the British theatre, said that it was taking itself less seriously than it used to, and asked: "Why should it do otherwise? The public want frivolity and the manager must give them what they want. And, moreover, the public work so very hard during the day that, after all, it is only natural that they should want to be amused when they go to the playhouse, and not to be set thinking."

This has been said before, not only in Oxford and London, but in Boston and New York. It may account for "The Chinese Honeymoon" running for over 100 performances in London and Mme. Duse playing there to half empty houses—but the fact that her plays are in a foreign language must be taken into consideration. The Pall Mall Gazette is not at all sure that the British theatre is so frivolous as Mr. Bouchier suggests, "or that the British public are by any means so eager to reduce themselves to the level of the idiot in order to be happy in a theatre." It cites the long run of "Henry VIII." "The Blue Bird" has been played over 400 times at the Haymarket. The visiting Manchester Repertory Theatre drew large audiences with "The Critic" and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." "The Unwritten Law" has had about 100 performances.

The Pall Mall Gazette thinks that a more accurate statement of the case would be that the playgoer of today "does not want to be bored by ineptitude or shocked by mere ugly realism. He does not want either merely mechanical humor or photography of the morbid. Produce a serious play, written and acted with power, and salted with wit, and London playgoers will crowd to see it for months at a stretch, as they lately crowded to see 'His House in Order' at the St. James." Sir Herbert Tree, pondering the sort of play best suited to the coronation season, decided on a series of Shakespearean revivals. The great and crying need of the London theatre, according to the journal quoted, is not an intelligent public, not better plays, but a great actor. "Though we may not have a great actor, however, we are a great deal better off than we were in the days of Irving's first springing into fame. Were Samuel Phelps living now, it would not be as an exile at Sadler's Wells that he would be giving us his Wolsey and his Sir Pertinax."

The drama, "The Fourth Estate," by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford will be produced at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night. The play bears the motto, a sentence of Carlyle: "Burke said there were three estates in Parliament, but the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate, more important far than they all."

Carlyle thus quoted Burke, but did Burke ever make the remark? No one has yet been able to confirm Carlyle's statement. It has been said that Brogram used the phrase in the House of Commons in 1823 or 1824, and it was then regarded as original.

The phrase "the three estates of the realm"—the Crown, the House of Lords and the House of Commons—has been criticized as a misapplication. In England the "estates" as represented in Parliament were originally the Clergy, Baron and Knights, and thirdly the Commons. The final arrangement was: Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal, Commons. The phrase "third estate" was

used by the French Revolutionaries to designate the Third Estate. The phrase "Fourth Estate" appeared in English literature before Carlyle used it. Henry Fielding applied it in 1752 to "that very large and powerful body . . . the Mob." Hazlitt characterized Cobbett as "a kind of fourth estate in the politics of this country" and Carlyle himself in his "French Revolution" spoke of "a Fourth Estate of Able Editors." Later Sir H. L. T. Bulwer described the London Times at a certain period constituting a fourth estate of the realm.

The plot of this drama has been described in The Herald. The story is one of a bribed justice of the United States, a reporter who has detected his crookedness and been made managing editor, and the owner of the newspaper who is finally unwilling to publish the exposing article because his family has social ambitions. Add to this the fact that the managing editor is in love with the daughter of the judge and as the newspaper is going to press she appears in the composing room and pleads for her father.

There have been several newspaper plays produced in France, England and the United States within the last half-dozen years, but in "The Fourth Estate" a composing room is seen at the hour of going to press.

"The Spendthrift," by Porter Emerson Browne, which will be brought out at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, was produced in New York about a year ago. The motive of the play is domestic extravagance. A woman is reckless in her way of life and does not care whether her husband is able to pay the bills. He labors with her, but she can not, or will not, understand the necessity of economy. He becomes a bankrupt; then, thinking to help him, she borrows a large sum of money from a man whom she has met in society, "a gentleman villain in an immaculate evening dress." Her husband hears of the transaction and compels her to summon the lender to her bedroom at midnight that he may then determine whether his suspicions are well founded.

Edmund Breese, who takes the part of the husband, is well and favorably known here; but Thais Magrane will play in Boston for the first time. According to a biographical sketch of her, she was born in Chicago, but began acting at Koerner's Garden in St. Louis. After a season she became a member of the company that supported Marie Doro in "Naughty Anthony." Miss Magrane was for several years with Joseph Haworth's company. She went back to Chicago to be the leading woman of the College Theatre Stock Company. Her success was marked and led to engagements as leading woman in stock companies in Providence, New Orleans and finally Los Angeles, where she was engaged for the part of the wife in "The Spendthrift."

Miss Isadora Duncan, who will "illustrate" by her dancing two gavottes and a jig of Bach next Thursday night in the Boston Opera House, will also dance to Wagnerian music: The Dance of the Flower Maidens; the Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" and the Dance of the Apprentices from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." A rather passionate press agent did not hesitate to say that the Bacchanale prepared for the performance at the Paris Opera House in 1861 had never realized the wish of the composer and has never been an ideal one at Bayreuth. Miss Duncan, we are led to infer, will show us how this Bacchanale should be danced.

What was the purpose of Wagner? "Tannhaeuser" was produced at Dresden in 1845. The eccentric Princess of Metternich begged of Napoleon III. as a personal favor that Wagner's opera should be put on the stage of the Paris Opera House. She was a restless, witty, daring woman. It was she that took up the dressmaker Worth who had set up his own shop in Paris in 1838. She saw that he was able to rectify and interpret nature by his artistic skill. Aurelien Scholl had characterized him as "the faun of the toilet," but thanks to the patronage of the princess this Englishman Worth became the autocrat of taste.

The princess was not handsome. She knew it and jested about it; but with her tall figure, irregular face, thick lips, sparkling eyes, nose that had a sudden bend, she had an aristocratic bearing. Her activity was such that Briliet said of her: "There are not only Leyden jars; there's Mme. de Metternich." There was much music at her palace in the rue de Varennes, and the prince himself was a virtuoso. It was in this palace that the scheme to produce "Tannhaeuser" was hatched. As some one said the night of the performance: "The Austrians evidently seek revenge for Solferino."

The Emperor consented, and Royer, the director of the Opera, was ordered to spare no expense. Remarkable concessions were made. Permission was given to introduce a German singer, the tenor Niemann, on the stage.

There was need of a ballet scene, and this Bacchanale was the result. Wagner refused to allow a ballet in the second act, although he knew the refusal

would anger the Jockey Club, but he introduced a long choreographic scene in the first act, he lengthened the scene between Venus and Tannhaeuser, and shortened the overture by cutting out the return of the Pilgrims theme and making the overture lead directly into the Bacchanale. He was not satisfied with the first scene as given in Germany and he wrote to Liszt in 1860: "I am rewriting with much pleasure the great Venus scene, and intend that it shall be much improved thereby. The ballet scene, also, will be wholly new, in accordance with a more elaborate plan which I have made for it."

The ballet, however, was not performed as Wagner conceived it. The ballet master of the Paris Opera House in 1861 was Petipa. He gave in 1895 interesting details concerning Wagner's wishes and behavior. The composer played to him in a furious manner the music of the scenes and gave him a sheet of paper on which he had indicated the number of measures affected by each phrase of the Bacchanale. Petipa remarked: "Wagner was well satisfied, and he was by no means easy. What a devil of a fellow he was!"

In spite of what Petipa said in his old age, we know that Wagner wished a more sensual spirit, more amorous ardor. The ballet master went as far in this respect as the traditions and customs of the Opera would allow. He did not put on the stage two tableaux vivants at the end of the Bacchanale, "The Rape of Europa" and "Leda and the Swan," although they were considered. To spare the modesty of the ballet girls, these groups were to be formed of artists' models. This idea was abandoned after experiments. Camille made sketches of the mythological scenes. These were photographed and put on glass, to be reproduced at the performance. The proofs are still in the archives of the Opera, but they were not used.

The friends of Wagner blamed Petipa for his squeamishness. Gasperini wrote: "Unfortunately, the divertissement arranged by M. Petipa does not respond to the music. The fauns and the nymphs of the ballet do not have the appearance of knowing why they are in the Venusberg and they dance there with as much dignity as though they were in the 'Gardens of the Alcazar,' the delight of 'Moorish Kings.'" And in another article Gasperini commented bitterly on this "glacial" performance, this "orgy at a young ladies' boarding school."

The tableaux vivants were first seen at the performance of "Tannhaeuser" in Vienna, No. 22, 1875.

Wagner gave a description of the Bacchanale in a letter to Mathilda Wesendonck. He said of the original version: "This court of Frau Venus was the palpable weak spot in my work. Without a good ballet in its day, I had to manage with a few coarse brush-strokes and thereby ruined much; for I left this Venusberg with an altogether tame and ill-defined impression, consequently depriving myself of the momentous background against which the ensuing tragedy is to upbuild its harrowing tale. . . . But I also recognize the fact that, when I wrote my 'Tannhaeuser' I could not have made anything like what is needed here; it required a greater mastery by far, which I have only now attained. Now that I have written Isolde's transfiguration, I could at least find also the right ending of the 'The Flying Dutchman' overture and also—the horrors of this Venusberg." In the same letter Wagner spoke of his purpose to introduce in the scene, "the northern Stroemkarl emerging with his marvellous big fiddle from the foaming water and playing for a dance."

As is well known the Bacchanale did not save the opera. There was a story that the Princess de Metternich in her anger, hearing the hissing, the key-whistling and the jeering, in her rage broke her fan, but she denied this.

They have been celebrating in Berlin the 80th birthday of Albert Niemann, first Tannhaeuser in Paris. He studied the part in French with Obin, who declared him to be a most intelligent pupil. "When he came to Paris, his German accent was very pronounced," Niemann, by the way, had taken singing lessons of Duprez before this. "All his 'd's' were 't's,' his 'f's' were 'v's,' his 'h's' were 'p's,' and his 'p's' were 'b's.' He gained enormously in three weeks." Niemann was always known as a devoted admirer of Wagner, and a story told by Emile Ollivier, in his "L'Empire Liberal," seems incredible. Ollivier states that Niemann saw the storm coming, foresaw the angry mob, was frightened, and told the critic Scudo that he would withdraw from the opera if he himself would be let alone.

If this story came from Scudo it is hardly worth a thought; but we know from other sources that Niemann "had been intimidated by hostile influences," and "created a sensation at rehearsal by refusing to sing the new version of his scene with Venus. Wagner wrote to Mme. Street that he was not sure of his tenor. Niemann was engaged at the Paris Opera at a salary of £6000 a month. Leon Leroy said of his performance as Tannhaeuser that his voice was worn in the upper register and he seized the opportunity "to send forth from time to time inhuman sounds."

It is difficult to see what Niemann's opinion will give an illuminating interpretation of the two mythological scenes and bring before the audience a view of Europa or Leda. Wagner at one time thought of introducing a third mythological tableau, Diana and Endymion.

Charles Bennett, who will give a song recital in Jordan Hall, came from Bennington, Vt., to study singing and composition in Boston. While a student in this city he sang in church and a few times in opera at the Castle Square. He made London his dwelling place for several years, sang there in concert and opera, gave concerts in the provinces and became favorably known in London as a teacher. He joined a company that gave performances in eastern lands and in islands of the Pacific, and, having married, returned to Boston, where he is now singing and teaching.

Bessie Abbott, who was to have created the part of Ysobel in Mascagni's opera, will start next month on a concert tour with David Bispham.

An Englishman exclaims: "What the public wants is operas composed and written by Englishmen, in English, and based on English stories." This was said in explanation of Mr. Beecham's losses in endeavoring to interest the London public in his operatic performances. But is the British public clamoring for English opera? The Daily Telegraph reminds its readers that there was no public rash when Mr. Beecham revived Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" and Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien." Mr. Beecham brought out "a very charming and clever work" by a British musician, "A Summer Night," by G. H. Clutsam. "Was the house 'sold out' or anything like sold out, every time he gave it? The critics warmly praised the opera and rightly advised the music loving public to hear it. Was their advice hearkened to? It is one thing for people to talk wildly about splendid openings for native opera and the rest. But it is quite another for a manager to back their opinion and court bankruptcy. Surely it is time that a little plain common sense prevailed in this matter."

These are sane words and they might well be pondered by those shrieking in New York that an opportunity should be given to the American composer who is still represented as a neglected and despised being, one crushed under the heel of foreign despots enthroned in the opera houses of New York and Chicago.

The suggestion that there should be a time limit for composers of complex works is an excellent one. Max Reger's new piano concerto occupies 51 minutes in performance. It is said that the music is extraordinarily difficult to follow. A German critic wrote: "Since Reger has generally written his best music in slow movements, there is nothing to do but trust that this is beautiful, and wait till one's own ears are capable of conveying this feeling." The London Daily Telegraph adds: "One cannot withhold admiration from so philosophical an attitude, and it suggests an application to music of the time honored maxim, 'If at first you don't succeed, etc., which might—or might not—prove lucrative to concert givers. For the latter, in connection with the production of a new work, might announce, say, half a dozen performances, issue tickets for the series (a reduction on quantity), and assure the public that, when they hear the novelty for the sixth time, they will begin to enjoy themselves thoroughly."

Regar is a criminal in this matter. His violin concerto takes over an hour to perform. There is a symphony by Dohnanyi that takes about one hour and fifteen minutes. Gustav Mahler now writes symphonies, each one of which would occupy the whole evening. Paderewski's symphony took about an hour and twenty minutes, and he purposes to add a scherzo. Busoni's piano concerto with a final chorus is an interminable thing.

George Calderon's new drama, "The Little Stone House," was highly praised in London for rare qualities of thought and imagination. "It rings true and poignant, with the sad music of the ultimate mystery. The fascination of an alien world is skilfully used to give us life of strange and arresting color, but its theme is not foreign or local. It is concerned with universal humanity. Sad though it is, it has dignity. There is no wallowing in pathos. It may bring upon the stage some of the darkest of the tragic scenes of life, but its characters have nobility, and even the meanest of them is something greater than the ugly fate which he has earned for himself. This power to dignify and ennoble his theme and his characters gives to Mr. Calderon's play a rare distinction. It belongs only to great work." The story is a simple one. Mina, a lodging house keeper, has endeavored to scrape together 500 roubles to build a little stone house over the tomb of her dead son. She is old, about to die, and has only 400 roubles, but a lodger, Asteryl, persuades a mason to do the work for that amount.

She goes away to dig up her treasure and Asteryl tells another lodger, Poma, the story of her son whom she had worshipped. This son, however, was a bad lot. While Mina was starving herself to keep him at the university, he was a prodigal and

Mr. L. J. White
Mr. Stroessner
Mr. White

Mme. Lipkowska took the part of Manon for the first time in this city. The part is suited to her, for she is young, graceful, fair to the eye and the music appeals to her by its delicacy and tenderness. The Manon of this opera is far from being the woman portrayed by the Abbe Prevost. The librettists refined her, made her comparatively decent, put sentimental words in her mouth. There is no deep emotion, no passion in Massenet's music, which is tender, sentimental, now gay, now melancholy, but not too depressing. The infatuation of Des Grieux is not vividly reproduced, and Manon herself does not wear even a shade of scarlet. The opera has been characterized as Dresden china. The characterization need not be contemptuous. This Manon is "a dainty rogue in porcelain."

It will therefore be seen that Mme. Lipkowska is easily able to answer the demands made by the librettists and the composer. In the first act she was wholly admirable. Manon enters, unsophisticated but curious, uncorrupted yet loving pleasure and longing for it, a frivolous girl, neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. She has not been in the world enough to appreciate the advantages of living with Guillot. To her he is a silly old man, and she is looking for a lover nearer her own age. It was Des Grieux's misfortune that he happened to arrive at the inn at the psychological moment. Another dashing blade would have answered Manon's purpose and joined her in the duet "Où tu parais!"

And in the second act Mme. Lipkowska was charming in her scenes with Des Grieux. These two acts, as the opera is performed, with the omission of the Cours la Reine scene—an omission injurious to the continuity and logic of the libretto, as The Herald said last week—are the most advantageous to her, and they are also the best acts musically. In the scene in the seminary parlor, the music that Massenet gives Manon has little emotional depth and Mme. Lipkowska did not for the moment lend it warmth. She sang prettily a florid air in the gaming scene, and when Des Grieux refused to play she sulked in a sufficiently coquettish manner. But never in the opera did Mme. Lipkowska reveal to us a "grande amoureuse." Had she played with sensuous passion or struck a tragic note, she would not have been Massenet's Manon, who at the worst is only "une petite femme," one of the class that Melhac delighted in studying and afterward introducing in his cynical comedies.

It is not necessary to speak again of Mr. Clement's surpassing art as a singer. His performance last night was even more delightful than that of last week. Again he showed the finesse and the elegance of a most accomplished tenor and actor. His unconsciousness of the audience should be a lesson to some who are apparently uncomfortable when they are not directly addressing the spectators. It is to be hoped that Mr. Clement will be often heard at this opera house.

The general performance was more spirited than that of last week, and yet Mr. Fornari was, with all his earnestness, unsatisfactory as Lescaut. Why did he not frankly say when he was asked to take the part: "My dear friend, I know I am unfitted for it. Lescaut was a hulking, swaggering bully. Furthermore, I cannot sing Massenet's music with the requisite lightness and dash. It will be better for the opera and for my reputation if I am not in the cast." Thus do even opera singers, who are often regarded by the crowd as children of fortune, throw away their opportunities.

"Manon" was greatly enjoyed by a large audience which warmly expressed approval. There were many curtain calls for Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Clement and Caplet.

The opera on Wednesday night will be Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Mmes. Melis and Swartz and Messrs. Bassi, Fornari, Tavecchia and others. Mr. Conti will conduct.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Spendthrift," by Porter Emerson Browne. The cast:

Richard Ward.....Edmund Breese
Philip Cartwright.....T. Daniel Frawley
Monty Ward.....Sumner Gard
Frances Ward.....Thais Margaree
Charles Ward.....Vivian Martin
Gretchen Jans.....Mattie Ferguson
Elise.....Grace Gibbs
Suffern Thorne.....Robert Cain

If Richard Ward had ratified the unscrupulousness of Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Ward's contract with Suffern Thorne had been supported by better consideration, we should have been forcibly reminded of Mirabeau's "Le Foyer," and violence would have been done to propriety. As it was, Pegasus knocked himself hard against the bars, but refused to leap over them. Of course, there was no telling when he might, and the spectators felt somewhat uncomfortable. Still, when the play was done, all was serene again. And so it must be among optimistic people, else why should "Israel" and "Samson" have been translated to end so beautifully.

Porter Emerson Browne was credit-

ed with writing one good act in "A Fool There Was." Inspired, no doubt, by the marvellous scene in "The Thief," he has again written one act with good results. For the rest "The Spendthrift" is a melodrama in every sense of the word; powerful, if you wish, but unconvincing, despite its strength. In its artificiality of dialogue, tirades, soliloquies, in the conventionality of its situations, in the unnaturalness of its characters, the play runs the full limit of theatricality. The characters are almost invariably played for the immediate situation, and the motives for their actions are frequently missed. There was only lacking the co-operation of incidental music and of the elements of nature to make the qualification supremely accurate. Witness the incidents of the play:

Despite a healthful tendency for hard work, Richard Ward is led to bankruptcy by the extravagance of his wife. She surveys the results of her squanderings with blissful complacency and only when confronted by the prospects of a loss of comfort she imprudently borrows from a decadent young scapegrace funds sufficient to meet the obligations of her husband. But for the suspiciousness of this husband there would have been no third act and no play. In point of fact, he did suspect, and summoned Thorne through the procurement of his wife to her apartments only to learn of her innocence. The fourth act supplies the moral, which is as per the old adage, "Live within your income."

The cast, which was excellent, labored hard to make convincing what was hopelessly conventional. Thus Mr. Breese, so pleasantly remembered for his admirable performance in "The Lion and the Mouse," was hampered by the unnaturalness of his character. The same may be said of Miss Magrane, whose resourcefulness is deserving of a more judicious opportunity.

The play was well mounted, but only passingly well staged.

GLOBE THEATRE—"Beverly," dramatized from McCutcheon's novel, "Beverly of Graustark," by Robert M. Baker—a romantic play in four acts. Cast:

Beverly Calhoun.....Eleanor Woodruff
Princess Yette.....Edith Berwyn
Princess Candace.....Hazel Harroun
Aunt Fanny.....Lillian Allen Devere
Lady Roma.....Dorothy Laneve
Countess Dagmar.....Mae E. Anderson
Baldos.....Lawrence Ewart
Col. Marlanx.....Mortimer Martini
Gen. Quinnox.....Charles G. Perley
Rayonne.....Edward Lyons
Reimark.....Kenneth Lee
Castro.....George Wyatt
Petro.....Thomas Bryant
Joseph.....Harold Saitair
Bertrand Flint

Beverly Calhoun is a young American girl who has been suddenly transported into the midst of copious royalty—two princesses, a countess, a lady and the princely hero in the disguise of a brigand conduct the business of the play after the manner of stage pegrage. The simple, slangy American heroine laughs at the pomps of courts and thrones, but the final curtain leaves her in the arms of a prince. This satisfactory termination has not, however, been attained without thrilling difficulties. At the end of the first act she has had the priceless opportunity of saving the prince's life from the persevering villain, who is only a general, and who has but just begun to run his evil course.

But the prince's life is not yet thoroughly secure nor the obtrusive general outwitted. The third act allows sufficient respite from hostilities for a balcony love scene between the American maiden and her protegee. "Beverly Calhoun," not being imposing enough to suit the brigand prince, he calls her "princess" anyway, and the love scene ends with his startling request for "a rose, my princess, a rose to kiss all the night long."

Immediately after this there comes another chance to save his life, and though it entails shooting the general, Miss Calhoun, being a marvelously good shot, does not flinch. In the last act her charge is weaned, he throws off his disguise and assumes the dignity of prince and husband. The play is wildly romantic and calls for imaginative acting, and the players are not equal to the demand. Miss Edith Berwyn as the Princess Yette was quiet and discreet. Miss Woodruff's Beverly was pretty and lively, but absolutely characterless, and Mr. Ewart's Prince was not princely. Miss Devere as comic relief did the best acting in the piece.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Fourth Estate," a newspaper play in four acts by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford. Chief persons in the cast:

Wheeler Brand.....Charles Waldron
Edward Dupuy.....Clarence Heritage
Donald Bartley.....Dorothy Mitchell
Michael Nolan.....George Thompson
Sylvester Nolan.....Tom Hadaway
Ross Melton.....Joseph Woodburn
Dexter Moore.....Charles Summers
Elmer Downs.....Richard Garrick
Max Powell.....John MacNeil
Joe Dillon.....R. J. Mave
John Barlow.....Charles Kilby
Judith Bartley.....Selene Johnson
Mr. Michael Nolan.....Harriet Ross
Miss Nolan.....Hildgarde Benson

When a man, or a newspaper, starts out with a set of lofty ideals and tries to live up to them consistently, consequences, he, or it, is sure to travel a

road for a time, at least. The story of such an effort by both a man and a newspaper is told in "The Fourth Estate."

Mr. Patterson and Miss Ford have set forth the high principles and the struggles of a young newspaper man who believes that the country is seriously menaced because courts are corrupt, because the poor are treated unjustly and because the rich get more favors than they should have. Necessarily there is some preaching, considerable argument and at times a superfluity of talk, yet the story as a whole is intensely interesting; in spots it is powerfully dramatic, and because we all love a brave man fighting against heavy odds the fortunes of the young editor are followed with keen zest, even when he sermonizes. Besides, his principles are universally recognized as good ones and he wins hearty applause when he states them briefly.

The play is strengthened, at least for those who know newspaper offices, by the accurate realism of its pictures of a daily paper's inside mechanism. One sees the strenuous work of gathering the news, "sizing it up," preparing "copy" for the printers, the type machines in operation and the stereotyping process going on. This is all exceedingly well done, both by the actors and the machines.

Wheeler Brand is the young newspaper hero who has been writing up in the Advance Judge Bartley, who is not all that a judge should be. He loves the judge's daughter Judith, but refuses to stop his attacks at her request and they part, still loving each other. Brand is discharged through the influence of a wicked lobbyist, Dupuy, but the new owner of the paper, Nolan, who has "struck it rich" in western mines, and has an old grudge against the judge, takes the young man back and makes him managing editor.

For a year Brand has his way and the Advance prospers. The judge, however, plays on the social ambitions of Nolan's wife, and just as the young editor is about to spring a special edition of the paper with a snapshot picture of the judge bribing Brand the proprietor forbids its publication.

The judge's daughter is there in the composing room and again pleads in vain with Brand. Nolan goes away supposing his order will be obeyed. Brand decides to print the story. The judge comes in and begs for mercy again, finally telling Brand that he shall marry Judith if he will yield. Brand is adamant and orders the form sent to the stereotypers.

The judge makes a speech predicting a bad future for Brand and Judith, who had heard her father offer to barter her for the covering of his shame, goes to Brand, and we know that the young reformer has won, after all.

The ending would be extremely strong if it moved more rapidly and with less speech-making. As it is, its power is flattened out and frittered away in words.

Mr. Waldron makes a clear, vivid and lifelike picture of the ambition, the courage, the idealism and the struggles between love and duty of the young editor. He runs the office in the proper style down to the smallest detail with force, precision, admirable self-restraint and fairness to all who come in contact with him.

Mr. Woodburn gives an accurate and telling portrayal of a night editor in action, distinctly displaying a somewhat different type of newspaper man from that of Brand.

Mr. Mitchell typifies a judge of the kind imagined by the authors with remarkable finesse.

Mr. Thompson could not have been better as Nolan if he had spent his own life as that excellent but rough person had done in New York street car strikes and in western mines.

R. J. Mave makes a distinct hit as an old newspaper man whom drink has put down and out, while Charles Kilby catches exceedingly well the tone and manner of the office boy. In fact, all the newspaper people—and there are a small army of them—show the good results of careful training and intelligence.

Miss Johnson has a difficult part as the judge's daughter, as she is constantly placed in an embarrassing and unusual position, but she plays it with personal charm and so that its awkwardness and unnaturalness are for the most part forgotten. Harriet Ross is humorous as Nolan's uncultivated wife with social aspirations, and Miss Benson excites sympathy as the miner's daughter who went to Eryn Mawr and wants to rise in the world.

A final touch of realism is given to the performance by the vociferous shouting of newsboys at the theatre entrance, as the audience files out. They are crying the special edition of the Advance that has just been sent to press on the stage.

PARK THEATRE—"The Commuters," a farcical comedy by James Forbes. Cast:

Larry Price.....John S. Robertson
Hetty Brice.....Florence Malone
Carrie.....George Laurence
Mrs. Graham.....Pauline Duffie
Mr. Rolliston.....Frederick McAleod
Mr. Colton.....John Cumberland
Mr. Applebee.....E. Y. Backus
Sammy Fletcher.....Harry Davenport
Mrs. Julia Stickney Crane.....Maude Knowlton
Mrs. Colton.....Amy Leaser
Mrs. Shipman.....Adeline Fenton
Mrs. Applebee.....Adeline Wesley
Mrs. Rolliston.....William Thurgate
Barnes.....E. Y. Backus

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Gertrude Hoffmann Heads an Exceptionally Good Vaudeville Bill.

— MC H.

When Gertrude Hoffmann finished her long run at the Bronx Theatre, New York, on Saturday night, she burst into tears, according to one truthful chronicler. She wore no trace of emotion, however, when she appeared at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday in what was billed as a new and perfected version of "Gertrude Hoffmann's Revue." Authorities differ as to the meaning of the word revue; but whether it was or was not rightly applied to yesterday's entertainment, the entertainment at least was satisfactory. The audience was large. Everybody seemed to enjoy himself.

Miss Hoffmann gave a series of imitations of popular performers. To follow up the French suggestion of the title, the piece de resistance was an impersonation of Isadora Duncan in Strauss's "Blue Danube." This was a thing of real beauty. Miss Hoffmann was assisted by a number of light-footed young women in costumes airy as her own, who gamboled in the grove with all the grace and freedom of children. There were no elaborate figures. The illusion of naturalness was well kept up. More pretentious than the Isadora Duncan piece was "The Snake Charmer," introducing Ruth St. Denis, snake charmers and the original Royal Cingalese troupe. The subsidiary snake charmers were palpably Caucasian; but they were fair to look upon. The Royal Cingalese were unprepossessing enough, despite their gorgeous costumes, to be genuine. Persons of their aspect must keep in the narrow path.

At the end of the snake charmer's performance they gave what was no doubt a Cingalese dance of jubilation, with much beating of tom-toms and rattling of hollow sticks. Miss Hoffmann in this act wore the traditional costume of the oriental enchantress, which consists of an Indian shawl of rich material wrapped around the upper part of the body. There is nothing to inspire that ease of movement which one needs when dealing with serpents. Her work was realistic, and, although no snake was actually visible, it was easy to imagine that one was there.

The diving scene was described on the bill as a laughing business on Annette Kellerman. It leaves a memory of a number of beautifully modelled young women playing like seals among the waves, with a swiftest male person at hand as life-guard. Miss Hoffmann is not in the least like Anna Held.

Their styles of beauty differ widely, so that the fact that the tall slender woman was able to look, sing and act like the plump little Parisian must be taken as proof of her art.

Miss Hoffmann was also assisted by Eddie Fox, Edna Barrymore and George M. Colan. For an imitation of Lya Tangney she has not the right kind of voice. This can be taken another way. Her Harry Lauder was admirable. The man who would sooner lose his whip than lose his Daisy was capably represented. "The Belle of the Boulevard," introducing Valma Suratt and Jack Henderson, was an amusing piece of travesty. Miss Hoffmann suggested caricatures of Susan Bernhardt, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and other queens of tragedy, besides Miss Suratt.

There was a strong bill even without Miss Hoffmann and her company. Edna & Co.'s new vaudeville burlesque was excellent, and Joe McDavid and Andy Kelly are clever dancers. "Phenix in Marble" was the title of a series of imitations of groups of statues, given by Paul Seldom and Erna Caren. "The Fish of the Lake," "The Fountain," and other works were faithfully reproduced.

Phil Staats is an amusing fat man. The Barry sisters gave an interesting act. Other items on the program were the Four Floods, acrobatic merry-makers, as well as daylight motion pictures of unusual merit.

LAST KNEISEL CONCERT GIVEN

Quartet by Stock Played in This City for the First Time.

BUONAMICI THE PIANIST

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Carlo Buonamici, pianist, and Max Pfeiffer, double bass, gave its fourth and last concert of the 25th season last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Stock, quartet in E minor, op. 6; Reger, two movements from the

Bach, Sonata in D major for Violoncello alone (Mr. Willeke); Schubert, quintet in A major for piano and strings, op. 114.

The movements from Reger's quartet might well have been omitted; or if the request for a performance of these movements was of an imperative nature, something after the manner of a death-bed wish, two movements from Schubert's quintet might have been left out. No one surely wished Mr. Willeke as a soloist to be dropped overboard like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." It is not necessary to take all the movements of the works performed and see how the concert might have been shortened 20 minutes, although the task might be a pleasing one, and of not inferior interest to problems in permutation and combination. As it was the program was much too long and after the music of Stock and Reger the quintet was not a fortunate selection.

Stock's quartet was heard here as a whole for the first time. I believe the scherzo had been played here. It is said that the conductor of the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago regards the quartet as one of the sins of his youth, and is uncomfortable because it is now played. He has no reason to be perturbed. The movements, and especially the first, are ingeniously constructed, and have individual character. It may be that the themes have not a decided profile, although this reproach is not wholly just; but they are deftly used in the development and there is an abundance of interesting detail.

In avoiding the common place Mr. Stock did not go to the other extreme. He did not fall into affectations nor did he attempt to be spectacular by providing startling surprises and introducing with a grave face the unexpected to stimulate flagging attention. There is much thought in the movements and at times the thoughts are too compact, without sufficient breathing places in the expression. No doubt Mr. Stock is confident that he would now be able to put these thoughts, modified, improved, in clearer and more open form. If he should try to do so, there might be a loss of the youthful frankness and enthusiasm.

Mr. Willeke charmed the audience by his performance of Bach's sonata; by technical accuracy and fluency, by his tone, by the variety of expression. Mr. Buonamici's polished mechanism, his clarity and sense of proportion, were well displayed in the familiar quintet of Schubert. The performance of the Kneisels was of their best. A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

The quartet will give four concerts next season on Tuesday evenings.

PUCCINI'S 'MANON' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance at this theatre of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," an opera in four acts, libretto based by Domenico Oliva on the Abbe Prevost's romance of the same title. Mr. Conti conducted.

Manon Lescaut.....Mme. Carmen Melis
Des Grieux.....Mr. Bassi
Lescat.....Mr. Fornari
Geronte.....Mr. Tavecchia
Edmond.....Mr. Gilla
The Innkeeper.....Mr. Hudly
A Singer.....Miss Swartz
Dance Master.....Mr. Ciaccone
A Landlady.....Mr. Stroess
Sergeant.....Mr. Pulemi
Captain in the Navy.....Mr. Gaultier

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was performed for the first time in Boston in April, 1903, at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. The chief singers were Mme. Lina Cavalleri and Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Barocchi and Lucas. Mr. Ferrari conducted. "Manon Lescaut," produced at Turin in 1893, is the third of Puccini's operas. "Le Villi" (1884) and "Edgar" (1889) preceded it. "La Boheme" (1896) followed.

Was there any Domenico Oliva in the flesh? It has been said that the libretto was the work of Puccini and a committee of his friends. However this may be, no one unacquainted with the romance can gain any firm idea of the famous story of Des Grieux's infatuation and Manon's recklessness and treachery from the libretto. "Scenes from Prevost's Romance" might well be the subtitle. For in the first act Manon, who has been handed over to Geronte by her rascally brother, runs away with the Chevalier Des Grieux. When the curtain rises on the second act she is Geronte's mistress.

The spectator is not informed in any way of her life with Des Grieux or of her selfish and cruel abandonment of him. She is radiant and vain. She holds her court, takes a lesson in the minut, hears a madrigal made in her honor. Des Grieux enters to reproach her. There is a scene of reconciliation, an interchange of vows, and Geronte returns—he could not have helped hearing the lovers if he had been at the other end of Paris. He denounces Manon to the police. Informed of this by her brother she is arrested for she de-

lays her escape by collecting her jewels.

The third act shows Manon at Havre with her face against prison bars. The attempt to free her fails, and she and other "filles de joie" are summoned to embark for deportation. Des Grieux appeals to the captain, who consents to his sailing.

The last act is played on "a vast plain in the New Orleans territory." Manon and her lover, who have run away from the settlement, are wandering aimlessly, hungry and thirsty. Manon dies of exhaustion and Des Grieux falls senseless on her body.

It will be observed that while Massenet's librettists neglected the scene of embarkation, for their Manon dies on the road to Havre, Puccini's did not introduce the scene in the seminary of St. Sulpice. The opera of Puccini is the closer to the romance of Prevost. Neither composer has characterized in music the Manon of the novel. She is a psychological study, and there is no place on the operatic stage for psychology.

The scenes of Puccini's libretto are well contrived for dramatic treatment, until the last act, which comes as an anti-climax. The fourth act is by far the weakest, as is the last act of "Tosca," of "Madama Butterfly," of "The Girl of the Golden West." In this respect, as in others still more important, Puccini differs from Verdi.

The first act of "Manon Lescaut" contains little of purely musical interest. The music given to Manon and the Chevalier is without grace or significance. The conspicuous feature is the mocking chorus at the end. On the other hand, there is effective music for stage purposes. Puccini is almost always fortunate in music that accompanies scenes of stir and bustle. He has a gift for animated ensembles.

In the second act there is the charming Madrigal, one of the most spontaneous and beautiful pages in the composer's works. While the dance music is lacking in lightness, there is graceful music for the comedy, but when the scene between Manon and Des Grieux is reached the musical expression is without eloquence. It is restless, it is boisterous, but there is no irresistible appeal; there are no dramatically melodious measures for the man or the woman. The ending is effective chiefly by reason of the hurry and the excitement of the action.

The third act is by far the best. There is true pathos in the music for the lovers; the roll call and the embarkation are impressively expressed, and the pleading of Des Grieux with the captain of the vessel is poignant. In this act there is no padding. Even the song of the lamplighter adds to the dramatic situation. And for this act Puccini composed something more than stage music. His music seems to be the inevitable expression of the dramatic scene. Here he shows himself a master. In the other acts there are too many pages that are crude, common, sound and fury signifying nothing.

Whatever the faults of "Manon Lescaut" may be, and they are apparent to every one, it may justly be said that the music is not sophisticated, as it often is in the operas that follow "La Boheme," nor is there the commercial appeal to the crowd that is only too evident in "The Girl of the Golden West."

There is the enthusiasm of youth, the passion that is tumultuous. When there is a vulgar page it is vulgar in the hottest manner of young Italian composers whose purpose is to arouse an emotional audience. When the lovers should exchange tender sentiments, the composer prefers to hear them shouting. And in his instrumentation there is little of the finesse and the sense of color that characterize the latter operas.

With all its faults, this "Manon Lescaut" is an interesting work to the student of the music drama, and also a work that when it is sung con amore and with full lungs will inevitably stir an audience. It is a much more dramatic opera than Massenet's "Manon," which as a composition of fine and polished art is immeasurably superior.

The story of Manon appealed to Puccini, and it was impossible for him to treat it otherwise than in a melodramatic manner. Had he attempted a lighter style, he would have been guilty of affectation and no doubt would have failed ignominiously. The Manon of Prevost was not a tragic woman, and it might be said that her flippancy, her insincerity, her recklessness led her to act differently than the Manon of Puccini when she was summoned to embark. Puccini's Manon is Italianized, and in this scene turned into a woman of flaming pas-

sion, heart broken at the thought of leaving Des Grieux. But she had left him several times.

The performance was an exciting one in certain respects. Mme. Melis was more effective in the highly emotional scenes than in those of comedy, and not until the end of the second act did her impersonation have distinction. In the later scenes she played with marked intensity. Her measures at the prison window had touching accents, and she was moving in song and action in the scenes that followed.

In Boston of the little farce of James Forbes. It is in four acts and Mr. Forbes has staged it.

The play is about the Brice, who are young married suburbanites. Larry Brice has a boon companion who is most thoroughly of the city. This is Sammy Fletcher, and many are the long nights Larry spends in Sammy's flat, while poor Mrs. Brice sits up awaiting his return. One night Larry returns bringing Sammy with him. He forgets all about him until he is leaving in wild haste the following morning. The presence of Sammy in the Brice household causes many and unexpected happenings. At one time a tragic ending seems imminent, but all works out to a joyful conclusion.

For the most part it is a farce of an excellent order. The first and second acts are full of fun and quick, bright humor. The third has in it that strain of emotion that was found in "The Chorus Lady," and the play would be better and more consistent were it omitted. It was very well done and not overdone last evening, but out of place. The last act dragged a bit.

The company, though not the original one, is as good as need be. There exists a sympathy and accord in the acting which makes for a most satisfactory result.

Mr. Davenport was the bright particular gleam of the evening. It is impossible to imagine any one making more of the part. Every word—and he had the largest share—was pointed to perfection, and his face was wonderfully expressive. How boyish he still looks! Florence Malone was as charming a young wife as ever a commuting husband left to wear away the long lonesome hours. If only George Laurence had decided not to "quit." That he might have gone on to the end of the play dispensing arch glances, winks and brazen sauciness as became a young woman who had "worked at Child's." She was a joy too good to lose.

The other parts were well taken, and many of them are easily recognized. They are not of necessity "committees." There are the doting parents—Mr. and Mrs. Hollister, talking every one into imbecility over their Bobby, Mrs. Applebee, going in heaven for the intellectual and misquoting ever one from the Bible to Edward Shaw. There are the suburban conditions—getting up early, losing trains, losing husbands, losing dispositions. All commuters will want to see themselves as others—are supposed to see them.

The scenery is attractive. The dining room, living room and veranda of the Brice home are given.

The costumes are unusually attractive and, for a wonder, suitable for the occasions.

The audience was a large one and filled with enthusiasm and appreciative laughter.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE "Bunco in Arizona." The cast

Dick Gold.....Hooper I. A. Riley
Jim Blunt.....W. F. Sterling
Black Hawk.....John J. Edwards
James H. Hethercott.....G. J. Lashaw
Pat N. Lashaw.....Sydney Platt
Cowboy Bill.....Edd Wa. Kup
Dave Watson.....John King
Joe Linden.....Josephine West
Joe Hethercott.....Carrie Le Moynes
Wanda.....Clara Myers
Joe Hethercott.....Monte A. Everett

The classic dance, a la springtime, that has invaded the high circles of society, the musical productions and the vaudeville houses, has at last found its way into melodrama. John J. Edwards, as Black Hawk, the Indian, in "Bunco in Arizona," at the Grand Opera House, dances a dance of death (?) that puts the disciples of the Ladore-Ruth-Gertrude-etc. cult in the shade.

Dick Gold, Al hero, muses in his chair with his head buried on his arm, when Black Hawk, on murder bent, begins his dance. Appearing at the extreme rear of the stage, he runs, hops, squirms, crawls, writhes, jumps and goes through all the approved gestures and motions called for by the most rigid interpretation of the art of classic posture dancing. With numerous wavings of knife and revolver he spends five minutes in examining every knuckle on the stage, circles the pondering victim (?), studies the pattern on the back of his shirt, and finally climbs on the table in front of him to deliver the fatal blow.

All is over.

No, not yet. Bunco, heroine, shoots from the window of her two-story cabin, 12 feet high, and Black Hawk finishes his dance with a dying ext.

But he does not die. Oh, no.

He recovers to commit villainies through three acts and a half, to die a hero in the fourth act. And then (ah, fate of heroes), to prevent his death from worrying Bunco they drag him off the stage with his toes bumping to a kick him in the coal bin.

Then, when it was all over, and the hero had got the heroine, the assistant and the assistant heroine, and the villainous villains their deserts, the gallery howled its approval with enthusiasm. From Miss Everett down to the horse, the players satisfied the audience.

Mr. Bassi sang here for the first time. His voice is a robust organ with a reed-like quality that is not well suited to lyric tenderness. In passages that require vigorous expression the voice is dominating. He sang freely last night, at times brilliantly in stormy moments, and showed the art that comes only from experience.

Mr. Fernari's Lescout was more at ease in Italian than in French. Mr. Gola, by his agreeable voice and singing, gave importance to the part of Fernando. Miss Swartz sang the solo of the Madrigal in a delightful manner. The other parts were adequately taken. The chorus did excellent work and Mr. Conti conducted with enthusiasm, not at all endeavoring to abate Puccini's orchestral fury. More than once even Mme. Melis and Mr. Bassi were scarcely heard.

The opera was mounted in admirable manner and the stage management had been thoughtfully planned. The scene in Geronte's house with the handsome and contrasted costumes made with the room itself an unusually brilliant and at the same time tasteful color scheme. Equally effective in a far different way was the scene of embarkation. The audience was one of the most enthusiastic of the season.

The opera on Friday evening will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Miss Destinn and Mr. Amato will take, respectively, the parts of Minnie and the Sheriff, which they created in New York. Mr. Constantino will take the part of Johnson.

MME. HOPEKIRK'S RECITAL.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, E minor, Op. 90; Schubert, Minuet, E flat, Moment Musical, F minor; Brahms, Rhapsodie, G minor; Schumann, Sonata, G minor; Schubert-Liszt, Morgen Staendchen; Helen Hopekirk, Sundown; Arthur Foote Caprice; Rhene-Baton, Retour du Pardon de Landevennec and Fleuses pres de Carantec from "Em Bretagne"; Chopin, waltzes in E minor and G flat; Tscherepnie, Humoresque, G sharp minor, Op. 15; Rubinstein, Concert Etude, C major.

Mme. Hopekirk is well known in Boston not only as a pianist and teacher but as a composer. Yesterday afternoon the program, which was discriminatively arranged and not too long, included one of her own compositions "Sundown," which was charmingly suggestive in character and delightfully played. The pieces by Rhene-Baton were interesting. The first, "Retour du Pardon de Landevennec," was based on a characteristic Breton folk song of a solemn and impressive nature. "Fleuses pres de Carantec," was less conventional in theme, and it was evident that the composer had sought to produce effects after the manner of Debussy. Tscherepnie's composition far from realized its designation, and was, on the whole, uninteresting.

There was a large audience which gave evidence of its appreciation by long and hearty applause. Mr. Foote's "Caprice" was repeated.

MISS HERFORD'S MONOLOGUES.

Miss Beatrice Herford again delighted a small but wholly appreciative audience last evening in Chickering Hall. The monologues she selected were: "The Caller," "A Train Sketch," "The Pay Station Girl," and "The Custom House." She generously added "The Box Office" and "An English Child in a Tram-car."

Miss Herford's great success lies in her exceptional ability to select the salient characteristics of the character she is interpreting, in such a way as to make it easily possible for her hearers to visualize it, and thus make it complete. Those who enjoy monologues must be fully equipped with imagination—let them "admit the soft impeachment." No one who has ever been ill and received Miss Herford's "caller" will fail to recognize her. Her two young women at the box office are full of exasperating familiarity to all who have been held up by them and who have ever listened to a pay station girl, like to the very life as Miss Herford's? So all of these characters are a part of the every-day work of the world, and furnish forth an evening's pleasant passing.

Feb 24 1911

ISADORA DUNCAN

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Isadora Duncan danced last night in the Boston Opera House to music by Bach, Wagner, Schubert and others. The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, played for her dancing, and also orchestral compositions that were not "illustrated" or "interpreted" by her; and these pieces were movements from Bach's suite in D and the Polacca from the first concerto; the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the prize song from

"Die Meistersinger." The orchestra was warmly applauded by a comparatively small audience.

When Miss Duncan first came here she gave expression by dancing, posturing, waving of arms, and pantomime to music of Gluck. Much of the music admitted this expression, and the dancer herself was often graceful. She also gave some charming "interpretations" of other musical compositions that allowed if they did not actually encourage her peculiar terpsichorean treatment. She was then delightful to the eye as a reminder of Botticelli's "Spring" or as the very spirit of the waltz, for one of her greatest triumphs was her dancing of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Miss Duncan became more ambitious. She "danced" three movements of Beethoven's 7th Symphony, in the sight of the people, and even in Symphony Hall. Some cried "Sacrilege!" and yet the statues did not move from their niches in righteous indignation and there was no perturbation of nature, as thunder in a clear sky. If the 7th Symphony is, as Wagner insisted, the Apotheosis of the Dance, Miss Duncan had a ready defence, and her movements on the stage were often beautiful and impressive.

It is now February, 1911, and Miss Duncan has changed in appearance. She has grown rather fat. She is the more attractive the more her body is draped. In the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," with her singular arrangement of hair and her curious gyrations, she was grotesque in the first section of the dance; and it was impossible to refrain from recalling the beautiful entrance of Miss Paviowa and Mr. Mordkin in the Bacchanale of Glazounoff, and the frenzy, which was always sculptural, and the sensuousness, which was beautiful.

Miss Duncan last evening first "interpreted" music of Bach, but her movements in the Gavotte were not at all suggestive of that dance. She might say that she expressed only the symbolism of the Gavotte; but the old dance had precise form and character, rules and regulations. Rosina Vokes used to dance the polka after her famous song; it was the apotheosis of the polka, the wildest polka imaginable; but the dance nevertheless had the characteristics of the polka. Miss Duncan's gavotte might have been one of her Grecian dances.

There was nothing of the old charm and fascination in her "dancing of Bach and Wagner" until she came to the Dance of the Flower Maidens from "Parsifal." In this and in the Dance of the Apprentices, from "Die Meister-

singer," there were pleasant glimpses of her former self; and there were more than glimpses when she moved about in joyous gambados, frolicsome stepping and loping, coquettish or shy steps in retreat or advance to the music of Schubert or Johann Strauss.

Is the art of Miss Duncan less effective today because it is no longer new and surprising? Is it because she is not so girlish in appearance; because she is less buoyant in her evolutions? To parody the old saying, and to exclaim mournfully, "Isadora, the glory is departed!" would not be wholly just; yet, it is true that Miss Duncan last evening for the most part was uninteresting to some of her sincere admirers.

The audience at first was disposed to be cool towards her. Later in the course of the program she was often recalled and her "Beautiful Blue Danube" was most heartily applauded, as was her interpretation of Schubert's military march.

CONCERT BY FLONZALEYS.

Famous Quartet's Third and Last Program of Season.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the third concert of its fourth season last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Quartet in F major, Opus 18, No. 1; Leclair, Sonata for two violins, Opus 12 (first time in Boston); Dvorak, Quartet in F major, Opus 95.

The perfection of playing by these musicians has been often eulogized, given wide recognition and full analysis; as a result of their perfection, they have repeatedly brought together audiences of a size and enthusiasm indicative of no common popularity and accorded here to few concert givers of whatever name or fame. Last night proved no exception to the rule.

It seems as if these tokens of success might be observed with interest, even with excitement, by the surging tide of performers—"artists," so called—which ebbs and flows in and out of our concert halls. It seems not improbable that some of the waves of this tide might themselves like to lap the shore among whose sands have lain the shining crystals of technical and aesthetic mastery caught up to build the structure of perfection to which we have referred. What are the means these four men have used? First of all, they have had leisure in which to practice and to develop; it has been their delight to devote hours during each day of such leisure to the careful preparation of a repertory to which with their high standards, they deemed it possible to do justice. If in these days of commercialism and

exploitation their example would be followed by more of their profession, a long-suffering public would be relieved of the necessity of listening to mediocre performances, and a public now indifferent would wax enthusiastic over the discovery of "artists" who deserve the name.

The program last night was, as customarily with this quartet, agreeably varied and not too long. The novelty was a sonata for two violins written by Jean Marie Leclair, a prolific French composer of the mid-eighteenth century and himself an accomplished violinist. After the manner of the early sonata, the work is practically a suite. An allegro Assai has the delicacy and airy grace of the flight of a bird; the largo is of the same stately gravity that characterizes Bach's air; the Gigue and the Presto have the naivete and joyousness of childhood. Throughout there is clear and telling writing for the two instruments; there is no sense of thinness, and at times the body of tone and harmony is enriched by double-stopping. On the whole the flavor of the work is surprisingly modern; of the six parts the largo and the gavotte have the most marked quaintness. It is needless to say that the performance brought out exquisitely all the graces of the sonata. The quartets by Beethoven and Dvorak, too, were rendered with the same full appreciation of structure and spirit heretofore shown by these four remarkable players.

There will be three concerts by the Flonzaley quartet next season, on Thursday evenings, Dec. 7, Jan. 11 and March 7.

Feb 25 1911

CAROLYN WHITE SINGS "THE GIRL"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Conti conducted.

Minnie Carolyn White
Dick Johnson Mr. Constantino
Jack Rance Mr. Galeffi
Nick Mr. Gilla
Ashby Mr. Gantvoort
Sonora Mr. Blanehart
Larkens Mr. Fornari
Billy Mr. Tavecchia
Wovle Miss Leveroni
Jake Wallace Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro Mr. Sandrini

It had been announced that Miss Destinn would take the part of Minnie, and Mr. Amato that of the Sheriff. The two created the respective parts at the Metropolitan Opera House. Yesterday Mr. Russell was informed by telegraph that Miss Destinn was suddenly sick and would be unable to sing in Boston. Whether they were victims of ptomaine poisoning, or suffering from some affection of the throat, or from some cruel and baffling nervous disease, was not stated. The Metropolitan Opera House Company should have the sympathy of all lovers of opera. Mr. Caruso is only able to whisper to a reporter in Atlantic City; and now the admirable dramatic soprano, Miss Destinn, and the equally admirable baritone, Mr. Amato, are on the list of the temporarily retired. But cry the starting tear! Mr. Dinh Gilly and Mme. Alda are reported as "enjoying good health."

Mr. Galeffi took the part of the Sheriff last night, and it is not easy to imagine a better performance. It has perhaps grown a little in authority, although when the melodrama with stage music was produced here Mr. Galeffi's impersonation was excellent and convincing.

Miss Carolyn (or Carolina) White was heard here in opera for the first time. She was born, it is said, in Allston. Others say her birthplace was Boston, and there are some who point to Newton. Prima donnas share with Homer the poet, not Louise—in the honor of a disputed birthplace. It is enough to say that Miss White was born in Boston "or thereabouts."

She studied singing here, and some remember her song recital in Steinert Hall in April, 1907, shortly before her departure for further study in Naples. She made in Naples her first appearance in opera as Gutruene in "Dusk of the Gods," Dec. 5, 1908. She afterward enlarged her reputation by taking other parts, as Alda, Santuzza, Micaela. Last fall she joined the Chicago Opera Company and was the first Minnie in that city. Fortunately she has been in Philadelphia this week and Mr. Russell was able to engage her when he heard of Miss Destinn's sudden illness.

The large audience had no reason to be disappointed, for as singer and actress Miss White triumphed gloriously. First of all, born and reared an American, she was able to understand better than a foreigner the character of Minnie as developed in her surroundings. It is true that Puccini's melodrama is not an American opera, except for the fact that the events happen in California. The characters as far as the spirit of the music is concerned are Italians disguised as Americans, with a sprinkling of Mexicans and Indians. When their nationality is questioned, the orchestra often answers for them in the speech of Claude Debussy.

Miss White turned Minnie into an American woman singing in Italian for a purely operatic purpose. Her

behavior, her walk, her costume, her behavior with the miners, her answers to the wooing Sheriff, her shyness with Johnson and later her abandonment in the confession of her love, were characteristic of an emotional American woman. The singers of our country have been reproached for their self-consciousness and coldness on the stage. The reproach has too often been just. Miss White sings and acts without thought of the audience, with the requisite lightness in the first act, and when the occasion demands, with sentiment, fervor and passion. In the gaming scene she acted with true intensity and with her and Mr. Galeffi at the table the scene was turned from melodrama into tragedy.

Miss White at once established sympathetic relationship with the audience. She is a handsome apparition, with an unusually attractive and expressive face. There are operatic singers who win fame by their beauty, and their beauty often masks unintelligence. Miss White was always alert. Her action was full of significance, whether she were tending bar in the place of Nick, teaching the miners their lesson, repelling the Sheriff or saving Johnson's life. She lived the part as though there were no footlights with a curious throng beyond, wishing to be placated or aroused.

Her voice is emotional and at the same time brilliant. She knows how to color it for dramatic purposes. She varied tonal quality to suit the situation and the meaning of the sentence. When the composer gave her an opportunity she sang with marked vocal skill; but before speaking at length concerning her qualities as a singer it is better to wait until she appears in an opera in which there are many pages of sustained song.

Mr. Constantino's performance as Dick Johnson is by this time well known and Johnson is now one of his most effective parts. It is not necessary to speak of the performance as a whole. It is enough to say that, always engrossing, last night it was extraordinarily full of life and vigor. Nor is it necessary to speak again of the merits of the remarkable scenic production and stage business. A large audience was enthusiastic.

Miss White will again take the part of Minnie at the matinee a week from today.

The opera on Monday night will be Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Mme. Carmen Melis. Mr. Constantino will take the part of Des Grieux for the first time in the United States.

On Wednesday night Mr. Smirnoff will impersonate Gerald in "Lakme." It will be the first appearance of this tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House company in Boston.

The opera this afternoon will be "Lakme," with Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Clement and Rothler. The opera this evening will be "La Boheme," with Mmes. Nielsen and Deryne and Messrs. Constantino, Polese, Mardones and Pulcini.

Feb 26 1911

"LAKME" REVIVED AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Delibes's "Lakme." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Lakme Lydia Lipkowska
Mallika Anne Roberts
Ellen Bernice Fisher
Rosa Joska Swartz
Mrs. Boston Elvira Leveroni
Gerald Edmund Clement
Frederic Rodolfo Fornari
Nikantia Leon Rothler
Hadiji C. Stroeos

"Lakme" was performed yesterday afternoon for the first time this season. There was a large audience.

It was a pleasure to see Mme. Lipkowska again as the priest's daughter, for she is physically well suited for the part and her voice to the music, which Delibes wrote for Marie Van Zandt. Miss Van Zandt appeared here as Lakme in March, 1892, but her delicate art was almost lost in Mechanics' Hall, although the strange fascination of her personality was felt even in the huge auditorium. She was in every way an exotic creature: in face, coloring, gesture, song.

Mme. Lipkowska is not so suggestive of the Orient, but she is charming to the eye and her acting is expressive. There is decided and consistent characterization. Her singing yesterday was for the most part excellent. There were instances of false intonation when they were least expected; in comparatively simple phrases and not in florid song. Her performance of the "Bell" song was brilliant, with the exception of her trill. The staccato passages were sung with uncommon accuracy and crystalline quality. And, as Miss Van Zandt bequeathed to her, she acted the song, so that it did not seem as a concert aria introduced in a dramatic situation to display the singer's technique. In the first act Mme. Lipkowska did not seem to be wholly in the vein, but in those that followed her singing had life and expression.

Mr. Clement took the part of Gerald for the first time in Boston. By his art he gave life and character to

measurements are in exact proportion to place. We here was an opportunity afforded him by the composer, not made it for himself. The intelligence, the vocal skill, the dignity, the sincerity and the sympathetic nature of this singer are wholly admirable.

Mr. Rothler was not an impressive Nilakantha except in the matter of eyes and whiskerage. His tones were of an thick and his outraged feelings as proud and parent occasionally sank his voice as well as his spirits below pitch. The young English misses played by Miss Bernice Fisher and Miss Swartz were a marked improvement on those of last season and the quintet gained thereby a quintet, by the way, that, written after the formula of the old opera comique is out of keeping with the rest of the music. When "Lakme" was first produced the misses entered with Frederic in the last act and chattered in the sequestered nook of the forest chosen by Lakme as a refuge.

The chorus did excellent work and Mr. Caplet conducted with taste and animation.

A note about the official program. The audience was informed that Mr. Clement took the part of "Gerald" and Mr. Fornari that of the well informed and witty Frederic. But "Lakme" was sung in French, and in French the two officers are named Gerald and Frederic. Furthermore, the priest's name is Nilakantha, not "Nilakanta," and "Haji" should be Hadji. Mr. Stroesco as Hadji deserved the applause that followed his address to Lakme.

"LA BOHEME" REPEATED.

Only Passingly Well Sung for "Popular Price" Audience.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Repeat of Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted. The cast:

Mme. Nilakantha	Miss Nielsen
Mr. Rothler	Miss Deryne
Mr. Fornari	Mr. Constantino
Mr. Bernice Fisher	Mr. Polose
Mr. Swartz	Mr. Mordones
Mr. Bernice Fisher	Mr. Puchin
Mr. Swartz	Mr. Mordones
Mr. Bernice Fisher	Mr. Mordones
Mr. Swartz	Mr. Mordones
Mr. Bernice Fisher	Mr. Mordones
Mr. Swartz	Mr. Mordones

The opera was only passingly well sung last evening. Besides, the singers gathered but little inspiration from the liberal applause of a very large audience to present their characterizations in serious fashion. Doubtless it was a "night off" with the artists of the opera, and the "doce fa niente" seemed to have taken possession of every one save the audience and Miss Deryne.

The orchestra outran Mr. Goodrich without handicap, and throughout the entire performance he was never able to overtake them.

Mr. Constantino and Miss Nielsen were far from the standard they had set in previous performances at the opera. Altogether, they were falling in that conscientiousness which makes for success even with "popular-price" audiences. There was injudicious non-aliance both in their acting and in their singing.

Miss Deryne, however, relieved the nostalgia by a liberal display of good will. As a result she sang with happy correctness and merited more than the applause she received.

Surely, it is to be hoped that the occasional fluctuation in the price of orchestra stalls will not appreciably affect the inspiration of those who sing more than creditably when they so desire.

A Society for the Promotion of Opera in English and the Encouragement of American Music has been formed. The committee of temporary organization is made up of David Blipham, Walter Damrosch, Reginald Kohn, Charles Henry Meltzer, Mr. Milenberg and Horatio Parker.

"The purpose of the organization is to advocate and maintain the principle that American composers should be enabled to understand and fully enjoy opera by hearing it sung clearly to the own, as frequently is possible, in their own language.

"It is not the intention or desire of the society to withhold from the great opera houses of this country by suggesting the lawless or radical transformation of the existing works, which provides for the performance of opera in various foreign languages.

"All that is the present stage of our artistic progress can be brought to the attention of the public by the language of the country, and given equal dignity and importance as those opera houses by the performance of standard and new works in Italian, and the general organization of opera, properly fitted to interpret opera in the language of the great opera houses of the world.

Any one interested in the subject of the promotion of opera in English and the encouragement of American music is invited to join the society.

Mr. Damrosch, the distinguished tenor, talked recently with a reporter of the New York Times not only about himself—which was to be expected—but about opera in English for American audiences. He talked sensibly; for he believes that, when it is possible, an opera should be sung in the language in which it was originally written.

"Aldo" in French at the Paris Opera said Mr. Damrosch. "is odious; and in German in Berlin it is worse. On the other hand, if you have heard a performance of a Wagner work in Paris you know that it is nothing like a German performance. It has not at all the same spirit. It amazed me, when I first came here, to see row after row of people studying librettos, with the English text on one side and the French text on the other; but I soon realized that it was much better so. The text of the opera is not vulgarized by a singing translation into English. Instead, it is sung in the original tongue on the stage, and the auditor, by means of the libretto, gets into the spirit of the work. At a second or third hearing he can easily follow it without reference to his book."

Years before Mr. Damrosch came to this country Rufus Choate was reported as saying to his daughter at the opera: "Interpret to me the libretto that I may dilate with the proper emotion."

At present some are clamoring for opera in English, whether the opera be "Tristan" or "Louise," "Pelleas and Melisande" or "Tosca." Among them are certain foreign singers who are more American—while they are picking up gold and silver on this "Tiddler's ground"—than the Americans themselves. America will have no opera, worthy the name, no "grand institution" until all operas are sung in English.

It may first be said that 99 out of 100 American singers are almost unintelligible when they sing in English. Women that enunciate as distinctly as Mrs. Rider-Kelsey are exceedingly rare. At recent performances in Boston of "The Pipe of Desire" the text as sung by Mr. Martin, a Kentuckian, was a jumble. He might as well have been singing in the Bolognese dialect or in Swabian. On the other hand Mr. Bianhart, a Spaniard by birth, and accustomed to Italian and French, enunciated with remarkable clearness and accuracy. Mr. Clement, a Frenchman, at the last Cecilia concert, most ably gave a lesson to all local singers in the art of enunciating English.

When Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" was produced at the Boston Theatre for the first time on any stage, the attempts of the singers to enunciate and pronounce English were ludicrous. No doubt Mme. Gadik has improved in this respect, for she is now able to sing a song in English so that the greater number of the words can be understood. And it may here be said that when intelligible foreign operatic singers undertake to learn an English text that is as rare as a far superior in the matter of diction to their English or American colleagues.

Last Monday the German Aborn gave a performance of "Mignon" in English at the Boston Theatre. The critic of the New York Tribune, reviewing the performance, said: "There were no great names on the list, but the opera was attractively presented. What was understood? Most in part, when Mr. Ottley Cranston, who was the sharpest of the occasion, sang the first part of the text as if it were sung in Italian or German."

The Times of London, in an editorial, may be said that the world is allotted to the tenor and the baritone could be usually understood. When there was a great deal of emotion in the orchestra one could not understand the words any more than when the opera is sung in Italian.

One serious objection to singing an opera in another language is that the one to which the music was originally set is that the melody, the rhythmic significance and the general meaning of a phrase usually suffer when the text is translated. Heinrich Dorn pointed out in years ago how the "Lied Song" in "Faust" was vulgarized when it was sung with a German text, and Dorn was a loyal German. It would be easy to show in like manner how "Don Giovanni" is wronged musically when it is sung in German and by German singers; how "Carmen" loses all its charm through the fact that French, Italian cannot be the same in French, Italian or English. It is as essentially a German opera as "Louise" is French. In each instance the peculiar "atmosphere" disappears. I remember pathetic results in German opera houses as performance of "Carmen" and "Gustave III" at Munich; of "Fra Diavolo" at Dresden; of "Aldo" at Berlin; of "La Part du Diable" at Stuttgart; in a word, of many French and Italian operas sung with a German text in leading opera houses of Germany in the 80's.

"The Bohemian Girl" has been sung in many languages, but it cannot be the same. Bianhart's constant joy in his work is wearing, and the

Poland and the rest of the world of the ruthless and the night would be tan in Italian even though it should be sung in a Roman.

An Italian opera should be sung in Italian, a French opera in French; a German opera in German, and, when it is possible, a French opera should be sung by French men and French women, or by singers to whom French is as their own language, by singers who appreciate fully the spirit of the opera. Mr. Mottl is a great conductor, but his reading of "Carmen" was dull. Mr. Seldi made a mess of certain Italian and French operas. Occasionally there is a great genius like Mr. Toscanini—who is at home in every operatic school—and yet, it is said that his "Carmen" is not the "Carmen" of Bizet. A second rate Italian conductor will give better performances of Italian opera than those led by the most celebrated German conductors.

Mr. Russell has the right idea; an opera should be sung in the language in which it is written. He has not yet been able to arrange casts so as to carry out fully his plan. It is his purpose to produce French operas next season with French singers; Italian operas with Italian singers; and if there should be a demand for it—at present there is no popular uprising here in its behalf—German opera with German singers. Some may say that he has not yet produced opera in English with English speaking singers. In "The Sacrifice," for instance, three of the leading singers are foreign-born. The time will undoubtedly come when his purpose will be carried out. But it is extremely doubtful whether in our time the great public of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia will be attracted with performances of foreign operas sung in English.

To speak to Mr. Damrosch for a moment. He told the reporter of the New York Times that he was born at New York, played the horn in a theatre orchestra when he was 15 years old. He paid his expenses at the Paris Conservatory, where he took the first prize for horn playing. He afterward worked in the theatres of Paris until at last he was a teacher at the Conservatory and a player in the orchestra of the opera. His voice was discovered.

So he was a hard lot for a writer to get at, and the reporter determined to get at him.

It is true that Damrosch is a stage singer. His true name is Brun. The "Dictionnaire des Lauréats" of the Paris Conservatory includes the names of the performers named Brun. Charles Brun, born at Nancy Dec. 31, 1871, was a singer for horn in 1890 and 1891, and then took a prize for bassoon in 1892 and Henry Alphonse, born at Nancy Aug. 1, 1877, who took a first prize for double bass in 1898.

Now this dictionary states that Henry Alphonse, who sang at Rouen and Paris.

The dictionary is in error. Furthermore, there was no first prize for horn in that year. Brun took a second prize as a pupil of M. de Br. In 1891 M. de Br. and Brun took each a prize as pupils of Brun.

And now the "Dictionnaire des Lauréats" is off.

Mr. Damrosch sings in French, Italian and German. He has sung at Bayreuth and in many German theatres. It was his first time in America that he learned English and he is still studying.

I am quite sure that the theatre, as I find the one of the best ways of learning the language.

When somebody wants to learn in an opera written in English, you shall be quite ready.

Edith Fischer well known to Bostonians as an incomparable Hans Sachs, returned to the stage last Monday night as Plunkett in a performance of "Martha" at the Irving Place Theatre, New York. Mr. Fischer is now 71 years old. He became a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company in 1885. When his 40th jubilee was celebrated at that house in 1898 he had then sung in 101 operas, and in all 3455 times, 839 times in America and 471 times in this country in operas by Wagner. His first appearance in Boston in opera was as Wotan in "Das Rheingold," April 1, 1889. He has sung here in concerts. His last appearance in Boston at a Symphony concert was in January, 1902.

Mr. Fischer was for many years a pride of the Dresden Opera House, when Therese Maltin, Clementine Schuch, the tenors Gudehus, Riese, Eri and the baritones Bules and Delele were his associates. In 1882 Fischer took only bass parts. He was a poor Mephistopheles and a worse Leporello, but in other roles he was excellent. I remember the night he took the part of Hans Sachs at the Dresden Opera House for the first time. Degele had been the Hans Sachs, but his voice had become worn and untrustworthy. It was thought at the time that Fischer was foolish to

impersonate the "honest naker-poet." The music was too high for him. He triumphed the first night.

In Dresden Fischer fell into debt. He was fond of hunting and good fellowship. Creditors became annoying, and he was easily persuaded to break his contract and join the Metropolitan Opera House company. He was at once a favorite in New York and his visits to Boston were welcomed. We have not seen here his equal as Wotan and Hans Sachs. After he left the Metropolitan company he spent a season or two in Holland and Germany as singer and theatre director, but about 1901 he returned to New York. He was married for a time to the singer, Camille Seygard, but the two were divorced.

Charles McEvoy's new play, "All That Matters," in spite of a fourth act in which "a great theft of incident" is eked out "with an infinite prodigality of talk," met with success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Feb. 8. The Pall Mall Gazette declares that the play "contains some of the best pictures of English rural life we have ever seen, and, both literally and figuratively, the scent of the hay came across the footlights." Olive Kimber, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, loves a neighboring farmer, Hyde, and is loved by him. He is so much in love that he has neglected his estate and is on the brink of ruin. He explains to Olive the situation. She reproaches herself for having been a bad influence and urges him to be more energetic. He is embittered by her talk and charges her with loving another man with £7000 a year. This man, Percy, is in love with her, and Olive becomes engaged to him, partly from pique and partly because she cannot longer endure her nagging father and foolish mother. Percy turns out to be unworthy; Hyde grows energetic and shrewd; so Percy is dismissed and there is the "happy ending" dear to theatregoers. Yet why should Olive throw over her lover simply because his loving her and waiting for her had led him to neglect his farm. "He may possibly have been reading overmuch in ethics and philosophy." The audience accepted this, but grew impatient when in the last act, Olive, in danger of being drowned in a cave, is deserted by "the seven thousand-pounder" and rescued by Hyde, also when in its final scene it found Hyde "listening in the moonlight to some exceedingly eloquent, but exceedingly prolonged, exhortations from an aged shepherd (who might have stepped out of one of Mr. Vincent Brown's novels of rural life) to decline upon a self-forgetful cellabacy."

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Trentini, who will soon be seen here in Victor Herbert's opera, "Naughty Marietta." Miss Trentini is pleasantly remembered here as a member of the Manhattan Opera House company. She took the part of Musetta in "La Boheme," Little Yniold in "Pelleas and Melisande," Antonia and also Olympia in "Contes d'Hoffmann," Crochyle in "Thais." According to report, she was reared in a convent studied singing at Milan and made her debut as Violetta. There are two other singers in the company who were associated with Mr. Hammerstein: Mme. Duchene,

who sang here in "Griseldis," "Contes d'Hoffmann" and "Thais," and the tenor Orville Harrold, who sang at a Sunday night concert in the Boston Theatre.

There are musical entertainments of all sorts this week. First of all there is the production for the first time on any stage of Mr. Converse's grand opera, "The Sacrifice." Mme. Carolina White, a dramatic soprano of this neighborhood, who has won a reputation in Italy and as a leading member of the Chicago Opera House company, will make her second appearance here as Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West." She was the first to take the part in Chicago, when Mr. Bass, who will impersonate Johnson next Saturday afternoon, was her associate. Miss Destinn will again be seen as the heroine in "Madama Butterfly," and Mr. Smirnov will appear for the first time in "Lakme."

Mr. Busoni will give his only piano recital here this season. His program is an extraordinary one for any other pianist. Mr. Elman will give his second and last recital. His fine performance at the first is well remembered.

Mme. von Unschuld of Washington D. C., will give her second piano recital in this city, and the Carolyn Belcher string quartet presents a serious program, with Mr. Gebhard as the leading pianist. Miss Lilla Ormond will sing for a benefit fund, and the Musical Art Club and the MacDowell Club, who will take part in a concert for a most worthy cause.

The program of the Symphony concert includes two compositions that will be performed here for the first time, one of them, Mand's overture probably for the first time in the United States.

Lovers of Scottish song and music will be drawn toward Jordan Hall Thursday night.

There is a certain aristocratic and...
...the Paris correspondent...
...the late Catulle Mendès...
...the late Catulle Mendès...
...the late Catulle Mendès...

There may be some difficulties between the librettist and the ballet mistress. Mindful of the action brought in connection with her late husband's libretto, Mme. Catulle Mendès is said to have written her own with extra care and fulness. Every step and movement for each individual, and for groups, is indicated in the book. Mme. Stichel, the librettist contends, will merely have to instruct her dancers how to carry out the directions given in the libretto. But that precisely is the crux. The ballet mistress claims, with some show of reason, that between the indication of a step on paper and its realization by a dancer there is all the difference in the world. How can a librettist, especially if not a professional artist of choreography, describe a step in such a manner that the ballet mistress has only to follow the directions blindly? The rehearsals of 'España' may be arduous. One can imagine the librettist and the ballet mistress standing up at every step for their respective rights. If Mme. Stichel exercises her creative faculty in choreography to the slightest degree she will be claiming royalties as coauthor. On the other hand, if she does not, the ballet may never get danced at all.

Sahary Djel has certainly made a hit in London. Even the staid Times was moved to say, "Twice she danced, once unsuccessfully, to seduce the strange skin-clad man from the desert by her charms; and again, with fatal result, to secure her vengeance at the hands of the enamored King, when suddenly turned blood-red, the clouds and the orchestra thundered, and her victim was led away to his doom."

Fred C. Whitney will produce his new musical comedy, "Baron Trenck," music by Felix Albin of Vienna, at the Strand Theatre about Easter. The action of the piece takes place during the reign of Maria Theresa, and although the Empress herself is never seen, her influence upon the fortunes of the principal characters is considerable. To some extent the story may be likened to that of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' in so far as it sets forth the wooing of a proud and impulsive woman by a headstrong and domineering man. In temper and in strength of character Baron Trenck and the Countess Lydia are well matched, and almost up to the end of the last act the struggle for victory is equally maintained. And if in the end the baron wins his bride by sheer force she is, it may be hinted, by no means an unwilling victim.

George R. Simms saw "Peter Pan" not long ago, for the first time. "The character that appealed to me more than all the others in the play was Capt. Hook. I think he is absolutely the greatest stage creation of modern times, and I am not sure that I would not rather have written the character of Capt. Hook than the character of Hamlet. The only thing against the character is that it is so absolutely true to nature—I know dozens of Capt. Hooks—and the other characters round him are more or less fantastic, and far-fetched."

There is an orchestra in Paris known as "L'Orchestre Medical," composed of performers, each one of whom is a member of the medical profession. At its concerts the soloists will be either doctors or members of their families.

"Un Tout Petit Voyage," produced at the Comedie Royale, Paris, has a pleasant story of the Comte de Maintenon in his youth of 1640.

the point of being out late. One day he tells his wife he is suffering from neurasthenia and must go away for a few days. His wife has her suspicions. In the second act the household is in deep mourning. The countess is receiving her dearest friend. "I do not regret him at all, in fact, I killed him." "What? You killed him?" The "widow" explains: "It is a little joke she is playing on the dear defunct. To cure him of his wandering habits she has imagined a funeral, and, at the morgue, has identified one of the poor castaways lying on the slabs behind the window. The body is brought to the house—a grewsome part of the joke she had not thought of. It is there, in the ante-chamber. The errant husband arrives home in time to attend his own obsequies. Instead, he overhears a conversation in which his relit gives away her little plot. She and her bosom friend go to Montmartre to take off the edge of their grief. And so everything ends happily, with promise of repentance, and the wife is loved forever after—on account of her sense of humor."

Frederic Lamond, giving a piano recital at Bantzie, Jan. 25, after the second piece, said that he would not continue to play if Prof. Dr. Fuchs, critic of the Danziger Zeitung, intended to review his performance the next day. Prof. Dr. Fuchs thereupon left the hall.

MME. TETRAZZINI'S CONCERT.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday evening, March 9. The career of this distinguished singer has been a remarkable one. The first American city to recognize her indisputable art was San Francisco; and yet she had made her debut at the Teatro Pagliano (now the Teatro Verdi) as Inez in "L'Africaine" in 1895 and acquired a great reputation in cities of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Mexico and South America.

She was born in Florence and taught there by Ceccherini and her sister Eva, the wife of Cleofonte Campanini, the celebrated conductor. It was in November, 1907, that she appeared for the first time at Covent Garden as Violetta and made a sensation, which is well remembered by all those interested in opera, opera singers and the general public eager to hear that which is new.

Mme. Tetrazzini joined the Manhattan Opera House company in 1908 and made her first appearance there (Nov. 14) as Rosina.

Her first appearance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company, March 29, 1909, as Lucia in Donizetti's opera. Her other appearances at the Boston Theatre were as follows:

Violetta, March 31, 1909, April 2, 1910; Gilda, April 6, 1909; Lucia, April 10, 1909, March 29, 1910; Maria in "The Daughter of the Regiment," March 31, 1910.

This will be her first appearance here in concert. Tickets will go on sale at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Marie von Unschuld's piano recital. Schubert, Sonata in G minor; Schubert-Heller, "The Trout"; Heller, Preludes: The Question, A la Teniers, Little Serenade, The Bells, Pen Sketch; Liszt, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 11; Poldini, Valse or What You Like; Iljinsky, Berceuse; Schubert-Liszt, Soirees de Vienne, and Hark, Hark, the Solitaires of Vienna; Chopin, Fantastique. Lark; Paderewski, Cracovienne Fantastique. Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Miss Lilla Ormond, for the benefit of the Student Aid Fund of the Misses Gilman School Association. Miss Daisy Green, accompanist. Bach, Bist Du bei mir; Schubert, Fruhlingsglaube, Geheimnis; Schumann, Intermezzo, Ständchen; Bruckner, Fruhlingsgesang; Debussy, Recitative and Aria of Azazel, from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Hue, Je t'ai pleure, rever; Paladibie, Au fond des halliers; Papillons; Hahn, Infidélité; Fetes galantes; Cadman, At the Feast of the Dead, From the Land of the Sky Blue Water; Old Scotch, Castles in the Air; Huhn, Back to Ireland; Carpenter, May the Maiden; MacFadyen, Spring's Singing.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Paganini's only piano recital in Boston. Chopin, Four Ballades; Liszt, Four Etudes; Mazepa, Deux Collets; Appassionata, La Campanella; Two Legends, St. Francis of Assisi's Sermon to the Birds and St. Francis of Paula Walking on the Waves; Fantasia, Reminiscences of "Don Juan."

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Benefit concert for the South End Music School, given by the Musical Art Club and the MacDowell Club, assisted by Charles Bennett. The program will be as follows: Lullaby, Ballet Egyptian, by the MacDowell Club orchestra, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Mann, conductor; Heilman's Night Song and Faure's Le Ruisseau, Musical Art Club chorus, Mrs. Pulsifer, solo soprano; Chalmers Clifton, conductor. Piano pieces, Scherbatoff, Songes dans les Bois; Strauss-Tausig, Man lebt nur einmal, Miss Alice McDowell, pianist; Herbert, Serenade op. 12, MacDowell Club String Orchestra, Mr. Mann, conductor; songs, Harty, The Blue Hills of Antrim; Parker, Come, O Come; Ryan, My Lovelie Ladye; Higgins, To Candida, sung by Charles Bennett; Saint-Saens, La Nuit, op. 114, Musical Art Club.

Chorus and MacDowell Club Orchestra; Mrs. Sundelius, solo soprano; Arthur Brooke, solo; Mr. Mann, conductor.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Chamber concert by the Carolyn Belcher String Quartet (Carolyn Belcher, first violin; Anna Eichhorn, second violin; Sara Corbett, viola; Charlotte White, cellist). Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. Bazzini, quartet in C major, op. 79; Dvorak, quartet in A flat major, op. 105; Brahms, piano quintet in F minor.

Jordan Hall, 9 P. M. The Scottish Musical Comedy Company in "Tam O'Shanter" and "Breaking Into Scotch." The former sketch is based on Burns's poem, portraying an evening at an inn in the town of Ayr—such an evening as the ploughman-poet

described, some thirty years ago. The latter story, a sad one, is based on a true story, and the characters, L. B. Merrill, as Souter; James Gilbert, baritone as Tam O'Shanter; Thomas Henderson, tenor as Burns; breaking into Scotch, comes to introduce an Englishman to Scotland. The characters are: Mr. Henderson as Sir Duncan Dundee; Mr. Daniels as Lord Campbelle; Mr. Gilbert as a Highland servant; Mr. Merrill as the butler; the Misses Wood in Scottish dances. D. Ferrier, piper; orchestra director, Charles Frank.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Mischka Elman's last violin recital in Boston this season. Mozart, Sonata in B flat; Paganini, Concerto in D; Tartini, Sonata, "Devil's Trill" (cadanza by Mr. Elman); Louis Elman, Adagio and Allegro; Sammartini-Elman, Liebeslied; Mendelssohn-Burmeister, Capriccio; Francaur-Kreisler, Sicilienne and Rigaudon; Sarasate, Jota.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week, as follows:

TUESDAY, Lowell school, 5 P. M. William Howard, conductor. Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Plerne, Serenade, for strings; Leoncavallo, Fantasia, "Pagliacci"; Niccote, Moorish Dance Song; Gounod, Valse, from ballet suite, "The Queen of Sheba"; Miss Josephine Logue, soprano, will sing an air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and Temple's "On the Arabian Sea"; Paul M. Brown, cellist, will play Casella's "Chanson Napolitaine"; Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY, Franklin Union, 8 P. M. Reissiger, "The Mill on the Rock"; Bizet, Adagietta from "L'Arlesienne"; Wagner, Paraphrase on Walther's Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg"; Boccherini, Minuet from "The Quintet for two cellos"; Wagner, "Zug der Frauen" from "Lohengrin"; Chabrier, Habanera; Antony Torelli will play Valls' Fantasie Caprice for the double bass and his own transcription of Roteschini's Variations. J. Albert Baumgartner, pianist. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

A Note on Opera Audiences

Audiences in this country have improved in their behavior in time of disappointment. In years gone by when a singer was sulky and rebellious, or truly indisposed, or when there were not enough dollars at the box office, there would be a personal explanation. Mr. Maretzek or Mr. Strakosch would appear before the curtain, clad in shining raiment, suave, apologetic. His voice was sweeter than honey. Mutton tallow in comparison was as nettles. Toward the end of his address his voice would shake with emotion. Through an opera glass a tear could be seen coursing down a managerial cheek. The reply of the audience was often hissing or groaning, and there were rude persons who demanded their money back. When Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau ruled the operatic world, to an Englishman named Parry was entrusted the task of confronting a raging audience.

In those days an audience was not often tolerant. Now it is as a rule good-natured. It goes to an opera house fondly expecting to hear this or that distinguished singer, or possibly what is known as "a stellar aggregation." For this it has paid good money and donned the bravest attire. It is not the custom now to make announcements from the stage. A printed slip inserted in the program book breaks the sad news in a confidential manner. Audiences are more reasonable. They have learned that singers after all are mortal and not immune from diseases of the throat, stomach, heart, liver—for even the fairest prima donna may have a liver, and she, too, can be as liverish as any Englishman long settled in Bombay or Singapore. The audience has learned that a manager is not necessarily mendacious; that he is often at the mercy of capricious, whimsical, jealous singers.

Disappointments in Days Gone by

There was once a series of memorable disappointments in Mechanics' Building. Sixteen years ago an epidemic played havoc with the casts announced by Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. Many of the singers were in the hands of throat doctors. It was said that the sudden change from Washington, D. C., to Boston had worked the harm. Others believed that March winds in Boston were to be blamed. Jean de Reszke, positively announced, was more than once unable to appear. One opera would be substituted for another. Thus "Lohengrin" was advertised with Mmes. Nordica and Mantelli and Messrs. Jean de Reszke, Ancona, Abramoff. In its place "Les Huguenots" was performed and with this cast: Mmes. Nordica, Bauermeister, Van Cauteeren, Rustiano, El de Reszke, Ancona, Plancon. Bauermeister—the faithful Miss Bauermeister—and Van Cauteeren—

the publication of the wartime Sunday Herald should interest all lovers of music and the drama. Take any issue at random, say that of Feb. 15, 1863. In the course of the preceding week "Martha" had been performed, with Clara Louise Kellogg and Brignoli. "Norma" had been heard, with Mme. Lorini, a Boston woman by birth. Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" had been produced. "Ernani" had been sung with a cast that included Amodio and Susini. It was announced that "La Juive," "Les Vepres Siciliennes," "Un Ballo in Maschera" were in rehearsal. Clara Louise Kellogg is still alive, and she talked entertainingly with a New York reporter a few days ago. Would the public enjoy Brignoli now that spirited action is demanded? I remember seeing him with Emma Abbott when he was well along in years and fat. The opera was a mangled version of "Romeo and Juliet," and a flippant critic connected with an Albany newspaper wrote that Sig. Brignoli was hoisted to the balcony by a derrick. Some one asked recently why "La Juive" should not be added to the repertory of the Boston Opera House. The greater part of the music would seem old-fashioned. Yet the final scene with the cauldron of boiling oil, into which Rachel plunges herself, might excite public interest and provoke aesthetic discussion. Robert Louis Stevenson, it may be remembered, left the opera house when he saw the kettle. The sight was too much for his nerves. Yet he wrote many vivid descriptions of cruel deeds, and apparently with gusto. And in this same issue of the war-time Herald are entertaining paragraphs under the heading "Dramatic and Musical." For instance: "Mr. R. E. J. Miles's celebrated mare Minnehaha died in Baltimore on the 2d inst. It is said that Mr. Miles refused \$5000 for the animal a few days previous to her death."

The Boston Opera House has been peculiarly fortunate. One opera has seldom been withdrawn for another, and there have been comparatively few changes in casts.

Nor are singers as capricious or unreasonable in their arrogance as they were. They know that it is for their interest to please the public and the manager. And it should be remembered that no singer likes to lose the fee to which she is entitled for the evening work.

Amusements

Here in Wartime

The publication of the wartime Sunday Herald should interest all lovers of music and the drama. Take any issue at random, say that of Feb. 15, 1863. In the course of the preceding week "Martha" had been performed, with Clara Louise Kellogg and Brignoli. "Norma" had been heard, with Mme. Lorini, a Boston woman by birth. Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" had been produced. "Ernani" had been sung with a cast that included Amodio and Susini. It was announced that "La Juive," "Les Vepres Siciliennes," "Un Ballo in Maschera" were in rehearsal. Clara Louise Kellogg is still alive, and she talked entertainingly with a New York reporter a few days ago. Would the public enjoy Brignoli now that spirited action is demanded? I remember seeing him with Emma Abbott when he was well along in years and fat. The opera was a mangled version of "Romeo and Juliet," and a flippant critic connected with an Albany newspaper wrote that Sig. Brignoli was hoisted to the balcony by a derrick. Some one asked recently why "La Juive" should not be added to the repertory of the Boston Opera House. The greater part of the music would seem old-fashioned. Yet the final scene with the cauldron of boiling oil, into which Rachel plunges herself, might excite public interest and provoke aesthetic discussion. Robert Louis Stevenson, it may be remembered, left the opera house when he saw the kettle. The sight was too much for his nerves. Yet he wrote many vivid descriptions of cruel deeds, and apparently with gusto. And in this same issue of the war-time Herald are entertaining paragraphs under the heading "Dramatic and Musical." For instance: "Mr. R. E. J. Miles's celebrated mare Minnehaha died in Baltimore on the 2d inst. It is said that Mr. Miles refused \$5000 for the animal a few days previous to her death."

John E. Owens, "The Inimitable," was playing at the Howard Athenaeum, and at Morris Brothers, Pell and Frowbridge's "The Ham Fat Man" was billed. Can any one give the words of the once famous song? "Ham fat, ham fat, grinning in the pan!"

Thoughts for Strong Stomachs

It was Dr. Budd, a west-country physician in England, who 50 years ago had decided views concerning diet. Once when strong drink was disparaged in his presence, he waxed indignant. "Did two pounds of mutton, an ounce of cheese, a glass of ale a pint of Madeira and a bottle of port ever yet hurt a man at his dinner? Or the wings and breast of a fowl, two plates of custard pudding, four glasses of Madeira and four of port ever yet do injury to a woman?" Those were good old days, although, perhaps, the manners at table might not commend themselves to the genteel in 1911. It was at a dinner with Mr. Holbrook in "Granford" that Mary Smith tried to eat peas with a two-pronged fork. "Miss Pole sighed over her delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted, for they would drop between the prongs. I looked at my host; the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shovelled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I limited, I survived."

In connection with this it is a pleasure to note that 100 young men, seniors in the Kansas State Agricultural College, signed an agreement on Feb. 14 to take a course in table manners. "The chief purpose of this course is to discourage sword swallowing feats at the table, the proper use of fork and spoon or spoons and the discarding of the saucer as a drinking vessel." Erasmus wrote a textbook on this subject.

The Herald has received the following letter:

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"The Blind Girl," a Thrilling Melodrama, Pleases Lovie House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "The Blind Girl," a melodrama by H. W. Taylor in four acts. Cast:

William Symonds	William Marlon
John McKenna	W. J. Schulte
Edward Develle	Miss Georgia Fox
Miss Louise Robinson	Miss Ada Lytton
Mr. Isaacs	

BUSONI GIVES PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Ferruccio Busoni gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Chopin, the Four Ballads; Liszt, Four Etudes—Mazurka, Felix Follets, Appassionata, La Campanella; Two Legends—St. Francis of Assisi's Sermon to the Birds and St. Francis of Paula Walking on the Waves; Fantasia, Reminiscences of "Don Juan."

Mr. Busoni no longer surprises the experienced by his programs. When he announces a recital, an audience is prepared for the extraordinary. (It would not be courteous to say "prepared for the worst"). Yesterday he was comparatively merciful. He played only the four Ballads of Chopin in succession, whereas in 1904 he played the etudes one after the other, and a year ago next month he played in succession 4 Preludes of Chopin and threw in Beethoven's sonata op. 111 and Liszt's Sonata in one movement. Furthermore he put on the program yesterday only four etudes by Liszt, whereas six had been announced. Something must have touched his heart, although again St. Francis of Assisi preached to the twittering birds and St. Francis of Paula walked on hoisterous billows. Nor did he play the "Don Juan" Fantasia he had promised.

This eminent pianist d lights in these tests of endurance. Less formidable and better contrasted programs would be more to the purpose. Would Mr. Busoni have audiences drawn toward him merely through curiosity, as though he were a renowned athlete who performs amazing feats on the horizontal bar and the flying rings, tosses cannon balls with the greatest ease and elegance, and wins the entertainment with a grand spectacular act, supporting a human pyramid, while pinwheels flare and sputter and a brass band lends valuable assistance?

Mr. Busoni's performance yesterday was for the most part a noteworthy exhibition of mechanical proficiency. His technique cannot perhaps be too highly praised; but long continued exhibitions of technique become tiresome. The technique of a severe thunder storm is wonderful, "and most wonderful wonderful" and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping!" A harm may be set on fire, a church spire crack; the lightning plays strange tricks in the kitchen; the cream is soured; old dog Towser whimpers. For 15 or 20 minutes the exhibition is admirable. When it lasts an hour and a half, it becomes monotonous; the thunder seems a little below pitch, and the accuracy of the lightning is questionable.

There was little true sentiment or emotion in the performance yesterday. The opening song of the second ballad was played in a charming manner, but there is a deeper "Chopin" than the "etude" one who appeals to Mr. Busoni's fingers. Mr. Busoni read the ballade in G minor as though he had said to the audience: "You have heard this played by famous pianists, pianists of moderate ability, amateurs. I shall now proceed to play it in an absolutely novel and original manner." He accomplished this feat, and a hard-nosed concert-goer would be declared to be impossible. But what became of Chopin's music, with these hints at something to come, with phrases turned into mosaic work, with the portentous and irritating pauses? The poetic eloquence was frittered away, passion grew lukewarm, the music was of a smouldering log.

The performance of this ballade was a varied, affected throughout. Mr. Busoni has too great a talent to be a miser.

There were remarkable exhibitions of technique in the course of the concert, but the program was ill-considered. Mazurka rode as frantically as when he was impersonated by Adolphe Menjou, the will-o'-the-wisp of the unwary to gaping admiration; the Saints were worthy of their recognition in the "Golden Legend." The program was thus fast.

CONCERT OF FRENCH MUSIC.

Mr. Caplet Conducts an Orchestral Concert at the Opera House.

A concert was given by the orchestra of the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon at the Opera House. Mr. Caplet conducted. The directors had invited the stockholders and others to be present. There was a large audience.

The program was as follows: La-parra, extracts from "La Habanera"; prelude, "Una Mula Noche," large; Saint-Saens, prelude to "Le Deluge"; violin solo, Mr. Henrotte; Faure, from the suite taken from stage music to "Pelleas et Melisande," prelude, "Pileuse," adagio; Bizet, suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1, prelude; Debussy, "Children's Corner," orchestrated by Caplet; Chabrier, "Joyeuse Marche."

The least familiar of these compositions was the suite of Debussy's piano pieces orchestrated with true talent by Mr. Caplet and performed in Boston this season at a Sunday night opera concert. "Golliwogg's Cake-walk" so pleased the audience that a repetition was inevitable; but the humor and fancy of the other pieces, especially of "Jumbo's Lullaby" and "The Little Shepherd" were equally appreciated. Mr. Henrotte was vigorously applauded for his solo in Saint-Saens's prelude. One of the chief features of the concert was the suite of Gabriel Faure. The music was heard here as far back as 1902, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced Maeterlinck's play, but the performance was necessarily imperfect. The suite has been played at a concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra and twice at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was one of the compositions selected by Vincent d'Indy when he conducted a Symphony concert in December, 1905. Faure's music is fully in sympathy with the mood of the play and in its way as characteristic as that of Debussy's.

The audience gave many manifestations of pleasure, and Mr. Caplet's skill and spirit as a conductor were fully recognized.

BELCHER QUARTET CONCERT

Chamber Music by Bazzini, Dvorak and Brahms in Stelnert Hall.

The Carolyn Belcher String quartet (Carolyn Belcher, first violin; Anna Elchhorn, second violin; Sara Corbett, viola; Charlotte White, cello), assisted by Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert last night in Stelnert Hall. There was an audience of good size. The program was as follows: Bazzini, quartet in G major, op. 79; Dvorak, Lento and Molto Vivace from quartet in A flat major, op. 105; Brahms, quintet in F minor for piano and strings, op. 34.

The Belcher quartet has won a reputation by the sincerity and artistic spirit of its work. While the quartet has a directing mind, there is nevertheless a true ensemble in which mere leadership is not asserted. The performances are characterized by musical intelligence. The programs are carefully chosen. The selections are worth playing and hearing and while no too deliberate appeal is made to an audience of mixed character, musicians and the unprofessional find pleasure in the music and performance.

The quartet by Bazzini is Italian in its melodic character and grace, but it is skillfully made and the development of the thematic material is a proof of the sound training of the composer. The extracts from Dvorak's quartet are characterized by a naïveté of the Bohemian, a naïveté that was in part natural to him as man and musician, and in part rather sophisticated. The quartets were played with spirit and much expression. In Brahms's piano quintet the young ladies had the valuable assistance of Mr. Gebhard, an excellent and experienced ensemble player.

The audience gave the young artists a hearty welcome and applauded warmly.

SCOTCH SKETCHES PLAYED.

Jordan Hall Entertainment Full of Wit, Song and Dance.

The Scottish musical comedy company, gave an interesting entertainment last evening in Jordan Hall. Scotch wit, song and dance found free play in two sketches, "Tam O'Shanter" and "Breaking Into Scotch."

"Tam O'Shanter" is an adaptation of Burns's poem. Thomas Henderson as Robbie Burns, John Daniels as Souter, James Gilbert as Tam O'Shanter and L. B. Merrill as the landlord made the evening at the Aye Inn full of genuine Scotch mirth. They entered into the spirit of the scene, which served as an opportunity to introduce such good old songs as "Mary of Argyle," "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Bonnie Bonnie Mary." The sketch was well staged and the costumes were those of the period.

"Breaking Into Scotch" tells of an Oxford man's first visit to Scotland. John Daniels's work in both sketches was sympathetic and especially well done.

Thomas Henderson's make up was a veritable portrait of the Scotch poet James Gilbert, of comic opera fame did full justice to the continuously imbibing Tam. L. B. Merrill was the jovial host and his full deep bass served him in good stead in "Blue Bonnets Over the Border."

The Misses Wood, in Scottish dances, and Mr. Ferrier, who piped for them, were a delightful addition.

The players were enthusiastically received by a fair audience.

HONOR FOR SYMPHONY MEMBER

Georges Longy, the solo oboe of the Symphony orchestra, was notified by the French government yesterday that he has been made an "officier de l'instruction publique." His appointment was in the last list of honors published in Paris.

BURIAT AT SEA.

The passage of a bill by Congress requiring that an embalmer shall be carried on every steamship of a passenger line between any port of the United States and that of any foreign country would undoubtedly be a comfort to many who dread the possibility of a death at sea. The dread is confined chiefly to those that are left behind; who wish their loved ones to rest in familiar and consecrated ground. This idea has been eloquently expressed in a poem by Jean Richepin and by other writers in prose and verse; but to some a burial at sea is the most impressive of all ceremonies, and there are some who would prefer it. They would say with Sir Humphrey Gilbert that they are as near heaven by sea as by land.

So others, and the number is increasing daily, look on fire as the final purifier and sanctifier, and treasure the urn holding the sacred ashes. In spite of fierce and in certain instances unreasonable opposition, cremation is coming more and more in favor, and there are some who request that their ashes shall be scattered to the winds. In large cities the problem of burial, on account of sanitary reasons, is best solved by cremation; but in a village, where the burying ground, God's acre, is on a hillside, remote but not unfriendly, undefaced by hideously pompous monuments, the old form of burial seems the most natural, and the one to which the villager may well look forward without misgiving. The body is only the garment of the soul; but our kinsfolk and friends are known familiarly to us by their bodies; even their imperfections are dear to us; it is a consolation to know that these garments are tenderly put away and treasured in remembrance. The soul makes its solitary flight to the solitary God, to quote the old Greek phrase; but the body, left behind, is still with the bereft, though it be in the grave. There are many who hold this view, and they are not merely sentimentalists.

Managing Editors in Dramas

In James Bernard Pagan's drama, "The Earth," the managing editor of that sensational newspaper is described by the author. "Vital, self-reliant, thick-skinned and pushful to an abnormal degree, he is a man to get on at any cost to anybody; yet without malice. His commonplace appearance is intensified by the latest thing in 'spring suitings for country wear,' and his taste is half-marked by an impossible cravat." The managing editor in "The Fourth Estate" is a very different type of man. Mr. Charles Waldron, who takes the part of the managing editor of the Advance, was never connected in any way with a newspaper. When he was engaged to impersonate Brand he asked a friend to take him to several newspaper offices that he might familiarize himself with the "local color." He found that there were no two managing editors alike; they were dissimilar in methods, action and speech. His impersonation was first suggested by Mr. Patterson, the author of "The Fourth Estate," who was at one time the managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, and Mr. Waldron admits that he took Mr. Patterson for a model. "I might also add that Ross McHenry, managing editor of the Advance, in the opening scene of 'The Fourth Estate' is a prototype of Mr.

the managing editor of the first act and the one who succeeds him in the following acts are not only true to life, but are pictures of men active in the newspaper life of today."

CONVERSE'S NEW OPERA SONG HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

There has naturally been unusual interest in the production of "The Sacrifice," at the Boston Opera House. The composer, Frederick S. Converse, born in Newton, has long been esteemed in Boston as musician and man. His first opera, "The Pipe of Desire," suffers, as many think, from the vagueness—symbolism if you prefer—and the undramatic nature of the libretto. It was announced long ago that Mr. Converse was at work on an opera with an American-Mexican subject; that he was his own librettist. Furthermore, the new opera was to be produced at the Boston Opera House, and in English. Here at last, it was said, is an American opera, written by an American, and some, ignorant of musical history or forgetting what they had once known, hailed "The Sacrifice" as "the first American opera," although there were some prudent souls who added "in three acts." They failed to remember "Leonora" and "Notre Dame de Paris," by W. H. Fry; Gleason's "Montezuma," Coerne's "Zenobia," Pratt's "Zenobia" and "Lucille," Arthur Nevins's "Pola," operas by Legrand Howland and Hadley. These composers were all born in the United States, and their operas were produced on the stage. And other names might be mentioned.

The question, however, is not whether Mr. Converse is an American; whether the libretto is in English; whether the singers are Americans or foreigners singing in English. The question is whether Mr. Converse has written an effective opera for the stage.

Libretto Written by Himself.

He wrote his own libretto. The lyrics are by John Macy. It is not necessary to inquire whether the libretto and the lyrics have a fine literary quality. This literary quality, which is often praised when it characterizes a work for the stage, is as a rule injurious to opera or drama. It is one thing to write prose or verse for the eye; it is another thing to write it for the ear of a spectator. Few, if any, plays have lived by the sole virtue of literary worth.

Few if any operas are still in the repertory solely by reason of exquisitely poetical verbal expression. The older Italian composers, the Verdi of the fifties, did wonders with simple and slovenly verses, with rhymes of "dolore" and "amore." There are glorious passages of verse in plays by Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher which are read, not acted. The best dramas of Shakespeare are still played, not on account of beauty or splendor of versification, not by reason of the keen observation and philosophical reflection, but because Shakespeare was a man of the theatre and knew how to write for it.

Any one reading a synopsis of Mr. Converse's libretto would reasonably infer that the subject is romantically dramatic; that it provides a composer with situations; that there is an opportunity for local color, picturesque costumes and scenes.

Story of the Opera.

The story is a simple one, and a libretto should have a simple plot, not a maze of intrigue. It is a story of southern California in 1846. Americans are guarding the Anaya mansion, and the American officer, Burton, a baritone, is in love with Chonita, the beauty of the household. She loves Bernal, a Mexican officer. Chonita has an old Indian servant, Tomasa, who hates the Americans and yet sees that they will conquer. Chonita, praying in the Mission Church desecrated by the invaders, is told by Burton that he has killed a Mexican. Questioning, she discovers that the slain is Bernal; but Bernal is wounded, not dead, and he comes into the church. Burton again assures Chonita of his love and promises to do for her all that man can do. "You wretched devil, 'tis I she loves," cries Bernal, and he rushes at Burton with a dagger. Chonita throws herself between the two and is accidentally wounded by the American's sword. Bernal is held prisoner. In the third act Chonita is in bed, apparently dying. If she could only have her lover, she would live, she sings; despair is killing her. Padre Gabriel brings her consolation and sets a trap for the Americans. Burton brings in Bernal that he may sing a love duo with Chonita. She pleads for Bernal's freedom. "He is not a spy," Burton stands between love and

give Chonita happiness he is die. The Americans are suddenly attacked and Burton, throwing his sword, is killed by Mexican Tomasa gazes on Burton's corpse and sums up the whole matter: "True as ever. Love brings life and death."

Subject Is Dramatic.

Simply this is a dramatic subject with the old and eternal theme of two men rivaled in love of a woman. It is not necessary to ask whether an American offer would make this sacrifice in time of war even in 1946 and in Southern California. Nothing is more depressing on the stage than minute, punctilious realism. Even that which is improbable will pass in opera. It is better to accept Burton's sacrifice at once. And in this manner only a constitutionally ill Thomas would raise the question whether Spanish and Indian girls would dance wildly in a church, desecrated, it is true, but with the crucifix in the altar. It is a pity that Mr. Converse, having chosen a subject, did not draught a libretto and then invite a playwright experienced to write his libretto. Mr. Converse has had little or no experience on the stage. In these days the audience demands a close knit, logical libretto, with situations that may either be reasonably anticipated, or come suddenly and with overpowering force. Mr. Converse has not made the most of his subject.

In the first act there is a pretty scene, nothing happens on the stage and a little in the orchestra. The heroines of her Mexican lover in an amiable manner. Tomasa vents her anger at the Americans, tells how the man drove her race to the far west, prophesies that the Mexicans will share the same fate. Capt. Burton means to pay a visit.

—You are welcome, Capt. Burton.
—Thank you, senorita. Have you passed another day?
—Oh so safely, senor.
—And your poor aunt, is she not better?
—A little, yes! Bring a chair.

The captain sits down and Chonita sings a song for him. To repay her he recites himself in a long harangue, in the course of which he declares that "energy and potent impulses will overwhelm your feeble mortals with their flood of human emotions." Stronger natures and super powers are needed to protect the land, and, happy race. From this it will be seen that in 1946 Capt. Burton was an expansionist, possibly an imperialist. At the end of his speech he declares his love. Chonita runs into the house and Tomasa remarks: "As love brings life and death." Chonita reappears: "Capt. Burton, my aunt wishes to see you." Then follows a duet for Chonita and Bernal, a duet of amorous protestations and threats against the aliens, the usurper Bernal leaves the stage.

Little Action in First Act.

At the end of this act all the characters are practically where they were at the beginning, except that the aunt has been seen Capt. Burton. The first act is one solely of exposition, and there is a great deal of conversation. There is movement at the beginning of the second act. More might perhaps have been made of the soldiers camped in the church, but the contrast of the tumultuous soldiery with Madelene singing an operetta air and with the dance chorus is pleasing. The scenes are more animated, they have more vitality. There is again inaction with the exception of Chonita's fainting spell, until Burton draws his sword and accidentally wounds his loved one.

The third act is the strongest, both musically and dramatically. The majority of the scenes that preceded are told in a naive manner. In the third act the librettist-composer has a somewhat firmer grip, yet his success in this act is won chiefly by orchestral expression, which is lyrical rather than dramatic. The "Salve," sung outside the chamber of the sick girl, the entrance of Padre Gabriel, the orchestral prelude, certain orchestral interludes before the love duet, and the duet itself are the features of the opera, though Chonita's prayer in the second act might be added. They give promise for Mr. Converse's further development as a composer of operas, a promise that I do not find in the first two acts. On the other hand, the final phrases for Burton are ineffective.

No Sharp Characterization.

The characters in "The Sacrifice" are not sharply defined either by the text or the music. At the end of the opera we are hardly acquainted with them. At no time do they awaken sympathy or deep interest. It is possible that a more singing the language of his own land might make the sacrifice of Burton seem plausible, even inevitable, but it would be obliged to achieve this result through remarkable personal authority. The composer has done little for him. Mr. Converse no doubt felt that Tomasa should stand out strongly. He did not succeed in expressing this. There is no true dramatic interest. The hero is a man that we are concerned the end does not come from her

Even the measures in which she tells that love brings life and death pass at first almost unnoticed. Mr. Converse's musical taste and ability as revealed in purely orchestral works for the concert hall are well known and respected. In his best works he has shown fancy, a poetic expression, skill in technical treatment, a sense of pictorial instrumentation. It is one thing to write a symphonic poem; it is a very different thing to write an opera. The sense of operatic requirements, the theatre instinct is given to comparatively few. Some have acquired this sense by unflagging industry, indefatigable experimenting, and after a disappointment or a series of disappointments. Let the libretto of "The Sacrifice" be now left out of the question. It is enough to say that it is not a good one.

Music Better Than Book.

The music on the whole is better than the book although it seldom gives dramatic significance to that which is inherently weak in dialogue or situation. Only in the third act, as I have already said, does Mr. Converse rise to an emotional height. As a rule the melodic lines in the preceding acts are purely lyrical, without inevitable association with the text as expressing a definite sentiment arising from a dramatic incident or mood.

These lines are graceful for a number of measures, but too often there are interruptions in the melodic thought, so that an air has mosaic quality rather than a long and spontaneous flow. In the first act the soprano fares much better than the tenor or the baritone. The music given to Bernal in this act is especially ineffective, and Mr. Constantino did little last night to give it fictitious character.

The quasi-recitative and arioso passages have little distinction. In a word the serious themes have not as a rule a decided physiognomy; at times their profile is hardly recognizable. The hearer can hardly be persuaded that the composer of the love duet of the third act and of the first section of Chonita's prayer in the second is the composer of the other music given to the chief characters. While there are spirited moments in the soldiers' scene of the second act, there is again a lack of continuity. The treatment is too episodic. The dance chorus, however, is well constructed, it has character; and one of the finest moments in the opera is when dance music is heard without the church in contrast with the serious scene within. Here is truly dramatic treatment.

Instrumentation Is Uneven.

The instrumentation is curiously uneven. It is often expressive when there is no action on the stage, and when there is action the orchestra does little to italicize it. The instrumentation at times has elegance, the results are obtained by simple means. On the other hand, it is often thick and not a support to the singer: its chief lack is clarity. The question of its dramatic expressiveness is another matter. Simple events on the stage are at times accompanied by a thunderous orchestral speech, so that there is an impression of incongruity. There are times, yes, long stretches, when the orchestra's speech seems wholly irrelevant; here were this music detached from the text and from the stage it might be found to contain both strength and sweetness.

This Is Mr. Converse's second opera.

It is undoubtedly an advance as dramatic work on "The Pipe of Desires" also shows that Mr. Converse has yet "found himself." He has been fortunate in opera house and public. This has he full opportunity to judge of his achievement and to examine in haste to compose his third opera. He should seek patiently for a libretto. He should then bear in mind that the first requisite of a successful opera is dramatic action; that the characters should be well defined in music; that their emotional and heightened speech should be alive with dramatic purport. "Voi che sapete" is something more than a pretty song; it discloses the character of Cherubino.

Who will associate any particular music with Bernal or Burton or any of the other characters in "The Sacrifice"? The older Italians are laughed at today for their "guitar accompaniments," but their melodies when sung in the grand style are often fraught with emotional significance, voice a situation, or reveal character.

Scenery of Great Beauty.

Messrs Russell and Menotti may well be proud of the manner in which this opera is staged. The scenes are of uncommon beauty, extraordinarily effective. The final scene, the bedchamber in the early morning, is an admirable specimen of modern lighting with gradations from the first auroral flush. The garden scene suggests distance, atmosphere, a southern afternoon. The interior of the Mission Church gives an unusual impression of space. So, too, the stage management is worthy of the highest praise.

Mr. Goodrich conducted with authority and a fine and sincere enthusiasm that put his friend's work in the most favorable light. His difficult task was in this instance a labor of love.

It would be hardly fair to speak at length concerning the performance of leading singers who sang in a language foreign to them and were thus in a measure handicapped. Mme. Claessens was understood.

Her enunciation was much more distinct than that of the ordinary American or English singer in grand opera. It may also be said of her that her impersonation of Tomasa had character. It was thoughtfully conceived and consistently maintained. Mr. Blanchart's enunciation was excellent in view of all the circumstances. It was not parrot-like. There was the due emphasis, the rhetorical force. His resonant voice was in good condition and he bore himself manfully, without sentimentalism in declarations of love and without exaggeration of military authority.

Mr. Constantino was for the most part unintelligible and his singing was not always worthy of his deservedly high reputation. He played the part with animation and was physically well suited to it.

Miss Nielsen in Good Voice.

Miss Nielsen, of course, did not suffer from the disadvantage of singing in an alien tongue, and her enunciation was delightfully clear.

It is doubtful whether as a singer she has ever appeared in this opera house with more satisfactory results as far as vocal art is concerned. She sang with marked purity of voice and style, fluently, with sympathetic tonal quality, with genuine sentiment and feeling. Her action was intelligent, sincere.

Miss Bernice Fisher was justly applauded for her song. The other minor parts were adequately taken. The male chorus was sung with the requisite spirit. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The chief singers and Messrs. Goodrich, Menotti, Russell and the composer were called many times before the curtain. Mr. Converse made a short and modest speech at the end, in which he said that after the labor and certain disappointments of the past weeks, the popular appreciation of his opera and the performance was especially grateful and he thanked the audience on behalf of all the artists.

The cast was as follows:
Chonita.....Miss Nielsen
Bernal.....Mr. Constantino
Burton.....Mr. Blanchart
Tomasa.....Mme. Claessens
Padre.....Mr. Stroessner
Madelena.....Miss R. Fisher
Mariana.....Miss G. Fisher
Grey Girl.....Miss Roberts
Padre Gabriel.....Mr. Gantvoort
Corp. Tom Flynn.....Mr. White
Little Jack.....Mr. Gantvoort
First soldier.....Mr. Huddy
Second soldier.....Mr. Letol

The opera this afternoon will be Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," with Mme. Carolina White and Messrs. Bassi and Polesse. The opera tonight will be "Aida" with Mmes. Mells and Claessens and Messrs. Constantino, White, Baklanoff, Mardones.

SYMPHONY GIVES TWO NOVELTIES

Mandl's Overture Performed for the First Time in the United States.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama, Mandl
Symphony "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz
Two sea songs.....Elgar
"The Swan of Tuonela," Legend.....Sibelius
"Divinites de Styx".....Gluck
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

Mandl's overture and the little symphonic poem of Sibelius were played for the first time in Boston, and the overture, I believe, was performed for the first time in the United States. The musical dictionaries say nothing about Mandl. A Moravian by birth, he studied at the Vienna Conservatory and about 1886 went to Paris for further study. Some of his music has been performed in Paris; an operetta was produced at Rouen; his symphonic poem, "Grise-Idis," performed not long ago in Vienna and Munich, was warmly praised. In a prefatory note to the score of the overture played yesterday the composer says: "When I read years ago an old play in which the hero was a Gascon

knights, and I was struck by the imaginative way in which the idea came to me of writing an overture in a chivalric, lyrical, exaggerated style based on this long-forgotten chivalric drama. But I can say with Dumas the Elder, the overture first came "Twenty Years After."

Mandl has well characterized this overture, which is entertaining. He has caught the spirit of the bombastic, amusingly mendacious type; there is the boasting, the fanfaronade; but the amorous side of the Gascon knight is not so well portrayed, nor does the composer, as one intellectually superior to his subject, stand apart and look critically on his creation. There is a certain "Gemeinheit" in this music, a certain coarseness, gross vulgarity which is foreign to types quoted by Mandl; for Cyrano, d'Artagnan, and Tartarin of Tarascon, the Provencal, were never vulgar, Mandl employs a huge orchestra, but the chief result is boisterousness. His instrumentation is for the most part thick, and when he uses an instrument for a determined effect it seldom is allowed to speak clearly and unhampered.

The piece of Sibelius refers to the legend in the "Kalevala" of the swan that moves majestically and sings on the broad river of black water and swift current that surrounds Tuonela, the Finnish Hades. We think nobly of the swan and wish him a more impressive song. The song that Sibelius imagined is given for the most part to the English horn. A mood is certainly once established, and an appropriate gloomy, dismal one; but the composer's imagination soon failed him and the swan quickly becomes tiresome, a prosaic bird, whereas he might have much to tell of Death, the slayer of heroes.

Mr. Ferri's playing of the viola in the music given by Berlioz to the melancholy, misanthropic Harold was the feature of the performance. The tonal beauty, the unflinching accuracy, the musical phrasing and the controlling art—these were above ordinary and conventional praise. He played a viola made by Gasparo da Salo, a famous instrument, of which he may be justly proud. By his display of art Mr. Ferri even succeeded in making the motive which was prophetic of Offenbach's "Voi le Sabre" sound less common. As for the symphony itself, it must stand below the earlier one, the still amazing "Fantastique," but it is nevertheless an admirable composition.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn sang for the second time in Boston at a Symphony concert. She was more successful on the whole in the songs by Elgar than in the great air of Alceste, although she declaimed the characteristic first measures of the tragic aria with dramatic intensity. Her voice is a fine one; she sings as a rule with skill; but there is little true, deep emotion in her interpretation. If she were a more emotional singer the songs of Elgar would probably not appeal so strongly to her. Her devotion to Elgar is only surpassed by that of Mrs. Mearns for her spouse. It is not easy to think of Mme. Kirkby Lunn forsaking Elgar and his sea songs under any condition. Sir Edward has written an orchestral description of London, and a song, "Sabbath Morning at Sea." Why does he not write a grand orchestral fantasia, "A Sunday in London," in G minor, Adagio, Lugubriamente?

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Brahms, symphony in C minor, No. 1; Tschalkowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wagner, Siegfried Idyl; Siniaglia, overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" (first time in Boston). There will be no soloist.

March 10, 1911
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Repetition of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Aida."

The opera performed yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House was Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Conti conducted. There was a very large audience.

Minnie.....Mme. White
Dick Johnson.....Mr. Bassi
Jack Rance.....Mr. Polesse
Nick.....Mr. Gantvoort
Ashby.....Mr. Gantvoort
Sonora.....Mr. Blanchart
Trin.....Mr. Devaux
Sid.....Mr. Ferri
Larkens.....Mr. Ferri
Billy.....Mr. Ferri
Wowiek.....Miss Loverne
Jake Wallace.....Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro.....Mr. Sandrini

Mme. White took the part of Minnie for the second time at this opera house, and strengthened the favorable impression which she made when she was called on suddenly to replace Miss Devaux. Her impersonation is an interesting one, full of vivacity, with an expression of sentiment that rises to strong emotion when the occasion demands, with a sense of proportion that is rare in a singer of her stage years. Her performance was recently reviewed at length in The Herald, and it remains to be said that it again seemed thoroughly spontaneous.

Mr. Bassi took the part of Johnson for the first time in this city. He sang and acted diligently. His voice has

...and in the final phrase of the first act and in his appearance in the third. Mr. ... though Jack Rance should be a man, a more commanding figure. Mr. Polase sang with dramatic force. The card scene was well done. ... parts were as before noted ... and the ensemble scenes and ... were deeply interested ... there were many hearty curtain ...

Aida was performed last night for the first time this season. The ... of this fact and the list of ... Names. Carmen. Melis. Claessens. ... and Messrs. Constantino, White, ... anoff, Mardones, Giaccone—drew an ... that completely filled the theatre. The singers are so well known in their respective parts that comment is hardly necessary.

MR. ELMAN'S RECITAL.

Gives Second Program for Violin at Symphony Hall.

Mischa Elman gave his second violin recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was an audience of fair size. Percy Kahn was the pianist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata in B flat for violin and piano; Paganini, Concerto in D major; Tartini, Sonata, "Devil's Trill" (cadenza by Mr. Elman); Lohr, Elman, Adagio and Allegro; Sammartini-Elman, Liebesleid; Francoeur-Kreisler, Stillenue and Rigaudon; Mendelssohn-Burmeister, Capriccioletto; Sarasate, Jota.

Mr. Elman gave a fine display of his art. He distinguished between the pieces of the classic and those of the romantic style. The sonata was exquisitely played by the violinist and the pianist, for in this instance there was more than somebody "at the piano." The performance of the middle movement was distinguished by the utmost grace. Paganini's concerto gave the violinist full opportunity for his remarkable technique. Tartini's sonata was played in the grand style, and applause which had hitherto been none too effusive now became enthusiastic. The group of small pieces, although the contrast between the several numbers was slight, gave much pleasure. With the exception of a slip or two in intonation, the performance of the "Jota" was brilliant. Five or six pieces were added to the program in response to the demand of the audience.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Stray Notes of a Sociologist

Mr. Herkimer Johnson left a small package at The Herald office last Thursday morning—a package of loose sheets of paper, some of them smirched, enclosed in a brown wrapper and tied carelessly with a ridiculous piece of string. There was no explanatory note, nor has Mr. Johnson seen fit to call in person. Possibly he is conscious of his continued indebtedness. They that assist men of eminent attainments are often martyrs to science.

The notes of Mr. Johnson are not always easily deciphered. Sometimes they are written around a newspaper clipping pasted on yellow copy paper. Sometimes they are scrawled on the back of an envelope, or they are jotted on a laundry bill or cancelled check. They are on various subjects, though most of them are connected directly or indirectly with eating and drinking. Mr. Johnson is himself temperate, almost ascetic. His intimate friends know that his table is meagre—that is, in the eyes of those who hanker after flesh pots, stewed meats, sauces and pastry. He knows, however, that in the consideration of man as a political and social beast the full discussion of his diet through the ages should fill several volumes even though they be elephant folio (sold only by subscription). But to the notes themselves.

Brave Eating in Print

"Charles Reade was a strange feeder. Sir W. E. Russell tells stories about his meals at the Garrick Club. Reade would have as a first course a cauliflower with a jug of cream, then a huge salad with trunks of the shandy-gaff order. He would drink coffee with sweets, black puddings and toasted cheese. I do not remember, however, any glorious passage in Reade's novels in praise of good eating, or any description of a dinner or supper that makes a man hungry. Rabelais, Dumas the elder,

Thackeray, Dickens, Mortimer Collins described feats of eating and drinking with a gusto that revealed their own inclinations. There is also a fine passage in Scott's "Waverley," in which Miss Bradwardine sits "presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal and barley meal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, reindeer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, and many other delicacies. A mess of oatmeal porridge flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and buttermilk, was also there for those that liked it." This was a skimpy meal in comparison with the supper to which Ichabod Crane sat down in Irving's tale, nor does the description make the mouth water, as it waters for the tripe stew in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Some may wonder at a "beef ham," but there are beef hams, and in Australia there are mutton hams. I endeavored to obtain information on this important topic and consulted the New English Dictionary, Article "Ham." I found this quotation (1637-50): "Mr. Henrie Blyth had such antipathie aganis an ham, that no sooner did he heare a ham spoken of but he swarfed." (Swarf is to swoon, to faint; swoon is the finest word of the three.) These hams date back to the time when salt meat was the staple food for the greater part of the year. Gross feeding! What did the Marquis de Castelcail order at Lyceum's suggestion for his young country friend? Half a dozen oysters, and Montrachet; clear turtle and punch; red mullet stewed in port; champagne; fillet of beef; Chamberlain; grouse with Yquem; gruyere; nectarines and figs; Chartreuse and Noyau. How many know that most delightful book, "A Flight with Fortune"?

From Sala to Mr. Shalanski

"George Augustus Sala was a remarkable newspaper man. Shalanski Leader writer, travelling correspondent, dramatic and music critic, paragrapher, his tun of information was always on tap. He, too, knew many cheerful facts about the hypotenuse. Travelling for the Daily Telegraph he could fare as Mark Antony, browse the bark of trees and on the Alps eat strange flesh 'which some did die to look on,' but at ease in London he would think nothing of swallowing £5 worth of food and drink at a meal. Mr. Pol Plancon, the great bass—there's no one to take his place—used to order in a wonderful manner as regards quality and quantity for himself and his own 'tummy' at the Hotel Martin in New York. My distinguished friend and colleague the late Sir Francis Galton believed that a vigorous appetite was one of the attributes of genius. 'Most notabilities have been great eaters and excellent digesters, on the same principle that the furnace which can raise more steam than is usual for one of its size must burn more freely and well than is common.'

"On Jan. 3, 1911, Mr. John Shalanski came home weary and faint. A beef stew, piping hot, was as incense to his nostrils and he would fain eat of it. His wife told him it was for the children and he could not have any, whereupon he threw the stew, bowl and all, in his wife's face. I do not find this direction in any cook book.

"I received a letter last week from Mr. S. E. Turnipsed, New Richmond, Ohio. If this name were given to a countryman in a farce comedy the critics would cry out against the obviousness, against the 'label' name which has gone out of fashion. Yet in the 'Annals of a Yorkshire House' the authentic list of servants in the household of John Spencer included the names of Mrs. Pickle, the cook; Mrs. Comfit, the housekeeper; Peach, the gardener; Fisher and Shooter, gamekeepers; Saddler, groom; Beat, huntsman, and Spur, whipper in, and the coincidence of names with employment was the result of chance.

Where Does Mayonnaise Come from?

Litre gives a form Mahonnalse and refers to Mahon, a village which Richelleu took. There are other spellings in French cook books; Magonnalse, Bayonnalse (from Bayonne, renowned for good salad oil?) Some think that Mahonnalse came from a certain Duc de Mahon whose chef first used oil instead of butter, and not from the siege of Mahon. My esteemed colleague Mr. Frank Schloesser has been writing pleasantly about Mayonnalse. He says we wallow in it in the United States and sometimes serve it hot. He does not care for it as a general sauce; "To make the (probable) deficiencies of somewhat belated fish or flesh, it is no more nor less than a theatrical 'make-up'—to disguise an otherwise possibly attractive dish with a coating of eggs, oil and vinegar." Mr. Schloesser deplores

in mayonnalse, but he finds some of us have an "inconspicuous humor" which is as amusing as it is refreshing, and he tells of an American happening to be in a French village on July 14 and remarking to a friend: "How delightful it is to hear these French peasants slugging their national Mayonnalse; it is really 'vurry' touching." O jests dear to our grandfathers! How these Englishmen love us! Blood is thicker than mayonnalse!

"Mr. Schloesser also says there is a remote derivation of the word from 'the custom of young girls making salads with their fingers (a nasty habit)'. Why nasty? Does Mr. Schloesser cut his lettuce with a knife?

"I read yesterday that a British nobleman once gave a dinner at the baths of Lucca. The carafes were filled with what had been sea water, but was turned into fresh water by a chemical process. The wine, 100 years old, had been brought up from the bed of the Thames by means of a diving bell, and the bread was made from wheat found in one of the Pyramids. Is this story credible? Who was the nobleman? Did not the guests, after the meal, go somewhere to eat?

"And is it true that Thackeray told Cordy Jeaffreson that he had drunk enough in his time to float a 74-gun ship? The author of 'Memorials of Gormandizing,' which I secretly prefer to 'Vanity Fair,' then said: 'Since I came out of my poverty, a bottle has been my daily minimum, and on three out of every four days, I have taken a second bottle. I may be called a two-bottle man; and that takes no account of the two or three glasses of wine at mid-day, nor of the punches and grogs in the hours about midnight.'

There are many other notes in the brown paper parcel, but they will keep.

The Herald has received the following letter:

A Mild Sedative for Theatre Fiends

that ladies have resumed the habit of carrying to the theatre dainty gold or silver receptacles filled with sweetmeats. Could not these be used to great advantage in silencing obnoxious persons who persist in elucidating remarks or the discussion of domestic grievances during the performance? The candies could be made to contain the merest suggestion of a harmless sedative and might, if need arose, be courteously offered between each act to the offender behind or in front, thus procuring the desired silence during the ensuing act. A second box could of course be carried for personal use, or one might be planned with separate trays.

TOBIAS SMALLWEED.

Boston, March 1.

"Green Stockings," which will be played for the first time in Boston tomorrow night at the Tremont Theatre, was produced at New Britain, Ct., on Jan. 2 of this year. This comedy is a revised edition of "Col. Smith," which was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, as far back as April 23, 1908, when the chief comedians were George Alexander, William Farren, E. V. Reynolds, Evelyn Beerbohm and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, Miss Althea Francies and Miss Dorothy Green. The author of "Col. Smith" is A. E. W. Mason. The name of George Fleming is added as collaborator in the revision.

Alfred Edward Woodley Mason is a member of Parliament as well as dramatic author and novelist. Born in 1865 he was graduated at Trinity College, Oxford. He has been an actor, for about 16 years ago he was a member of the Independent Theatre Society. He took the part of Nicola in "Arms and the Man," was also in the cast of "The Land of Heart's Desire," and went a-touring. His plays are "Blanche de Maletroit" (founded on Stevenson's story of "The Open Door"), "The Courtship of Morrice Bookler," which he based with Miss Isabel Bateman's aid on his own novel of that name; "Miranda of the Balcony," "Marjory Strode" and a drama recently produced, "The Witness for the Defence."

The story of "Col. Smith" is a new version of an old story; the story of a man who pretends that he is courting for another man and finds himself wooing in earnest. In this instance, a man supposed to be dead appears as his own friend to discover what a particular woman is like.

Miss Cella Faraday is the eldest daughter of a rich country gentleman; she is clever, attractive, but she is 28 years old, and considered to be an old maid. Her married sister and her sister who is betrothed rather look down on her. She surprises every one by announcing that she, too, is engaged to a Col. Smith, who has left England for Somaliland. It's all an invention. Every one suddenly makes much of her. When she is weary of her happiness she puts an announcement in the journals to the effect that Col. Smith is dead. Then she enjoys the sympathy lavished on her.

Le and a hold of one ... ellyn Vavasour calls on her. He declares that he was the most intimate friend of the late Col. Smith; he comes from the death bed of his deeply lamented friend, to give to her trinkets that Smith had bequeathed to her, and to repeat a long message. It does not require much acumen to determine that Vavasour is Col. Smith himself. There is, of course, a happy ending.

It will be interesting to see how this comedy has been changed for American use. In the original, Mr. Mason introduced a subsidiary story of a young parliamentary candidate which was suggested by his own electioneering experience. This "electioneering fun" was omitted at the time as "a little thin." No doubt this is omitted in "Green Stockings." But what will take its place?

It has been said that the title "Green Stockings" is a reminder of the fact that green-stockings in England are given to old maids and worn by unmarried girls at their sister's wedding. I can find no allusion to this symbolical gift in English books on folklore. In the time of Charles II. green stockings were in fashion. There is an amusing passage in the Memoirs of Count Grammont, the one relating to a visit paid by the Duke of York and the Earl of Arran on Lady Chesterfield, which led to the comment that Lady Chesterfield seldom wore any other than green stockings in order to remedy certain defects. The women among the early settlers of Virginia usually wore green stockings. A passage in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," however, would lead the reader to infer that at the time green was the favorite color of loose women. Knookhum exclaims: "'Tis true, Ursula, take 'em in, open thy wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women! My lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred."

Orville Harrold, who will take the leading tenor part in "Naughty Marietta," to be produced at the Boston Theatre tomorrow night, was a little over a year ago a member of a vaudeville quartet at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in New York. Mr. Hammerstein was astonished one day by an extraordinarily high note sustained by the young man from Muncie, Ind., and saw to it that he had lessons in singing. After a few months Mr. Harrold made his debut at the Manhattan Opera House as the Duke in "Rigoletto." Mr. Harrold was heard here in a Sunday night concert of the Manhattan Opera Company in the Boston Theatre April 3, 1910. It is said that he will join Mr. Hammerstein's forces in London next season, and "William Tell" will be revived for him that he may display his top notes. This is the story of Mr. Harrold's operatic life as told in confidence.

An International Musical Congress will be held in London between May 29 and June 3. There will be concerts which, it is hoped, will show to foreign musicians the "acknowledged excellence" of English orchestral players and "in the programs the admirable skill" of the most eminent English composers. The Daily Telegraph adds this significant paragraph: "All the music played will be composed by British musicians. That in virtue of this the thing is worth doing well will be obvious to all who have any knowledge of music in various foreign countries."

George Henschel, who is now 62 years old, is giving song recitals in London. "Dr. Henschel's art is above and beyond the ravages of time."

"By George" is the title of the Coronation Review, by George Grosz, Jr., produced at the Empire, London, Feb. 11. Here is a sample of the "Coronation Song":

We're going to the Coronation,
We're going up to cheer;
In tube or bus,
Come follow us.
For all the world is here,
We'll give the King a grand ovation
And make the walls resound;
We'll set the city humming,
For the grand time coming.
When our good King George is crowned.

And here is a specimen of the humor that moved the Pall Mall Gazette to protest: "A not unfair idea of its general wit may be gathered from the fact that one of its characters, referring to Nelson's last words 'Kiss me, Hardy,' is promptly asked, 'Was that Keir Hardie?' At another moment a number of men appeared dressed in the uniforms of British officers and carrying sandwich boards to say that they are in want of a job. This struck us as both pitiless and offensive, while the taste of one or two allusions to one of our most popular actors and one of our most charming young actresses also seemed exceedingly questionable." The Daily Telegraph also objected to the personalities. "Even actors and actresses, accustomed as they are to the limelight, are entitled to a little respect in this matter. By all means let us see their stage methods and mannerisms good humoredly parodied. But with their private affairs the public have, or ought to have, no concern whatever."

There has been dispute concerning the birthplace of Miss Carolyn White, the opera singer. The Herald is informed by Mr. William T. White, that his sister was born "in that part of the Dorchester district known as Mt. Pleasant in 1838." A few years later the family moved to Al

There are about six years, and then he left Newtonville his home.

He is Richter will lay down his position on March 15. It is more than blatted that the origin of his wish to retire was brought about by acts "that might almost be described as 'unladyly.'" "No doubt it was that," says the Telegraph, "for Richter had outlived his generation, and there has arisen a generation that is respectful neither of acknowledged greatness nor of sincere beauty, but regards all art from at widest the parochial, at narrowest the egotistic, point of view. Richter, being neither parochial nor egotistic, but merely an artist who had lived laborious days for the pure and simple sake of his art, and to this extent parochially, if you like, for the sake of his deus ex machina, Wagner, could not (and surely would not if he could) stand against the oncoming tide of 'modernism.' And he has chosen the better part, and announced his retirement, and will immediately withdraw to some peaceful haven where he can live again in the days that are no more, of which only he among the living can tell, where he will not be compelled—he who has stood before the seats of the mightiest of his time and not been found wanting—to meet the slings and arrows of outrageous youngsters who regard the man perhaps of widest knowledge alive as an ancient pettifogger, because, forsooth, he cannot see upon the mirror of his own life the tiny breath of life that has yet to be proved to exist in their creations." It is intimated that Richter may write his memoirs.

When Mr. Nikisch left Boston there was talk about Richter as his successor. There was also talk about him later. It is said that a former member of the Symphony Orchestra, going to Europe for his vacation, was entrusted with the offer to Richter. The messenger missed a train and Boston thus lost the celebrated conductor. It is doubtful whether he would have been just the man for the place at that time.

The articles about music in the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica are decidedly anti-modern in spirit. It would appear that the art of instrumentation died with Wagner. Here is an extract that might have been written in 1876: "Experience shows that in the modern orchestra there is safety in numbers, and that passages may with impunity be written for 22 violins which to single player can execute clearly. Whether this justifies Wagner's successors and imitators in showing a constant preference for passages of which not even the general outline is practicable; whether it justifies a state of things in which the normal compass of every instrument in an advanced 20th century score would appear to be about a fifth higher than any player of that instrument will admit; whether it proves that it is artistically desirable that when there are eight horns in the orchestra their material should be indistinguishable from pianoforte writing, and that, in short, the part of every instrument should look exactly like the part of every other—such questions are for posterity to decide."

Miss Marie Hall, the violinist, is again in London after a tour in South Africa.

A Paris correspondent writes: "That rare singing bird, a new Isoldo, has been found at the Cheviard concert. Miss Agnes Borgo of the Paris Opera sang Brunnhilde at that house and then disappeared. Some months elapsed, and now she has come forward again, after spending the interval in perfecting herself in German opera under German tuition. A deplorable tradition of the Paris Opera forbids any language to be heard there but French. The result of this, where Wagnerian opera is concerned, brings one of two misfortunes—an entirely incomprehensible French libretto or a distorted vocal score. The new Isoldo has the advantage of singing German perfectly, but she has other qualities as well. In the famous duet for Tristan and Isoldo her voice rang out superbly even above the tremendous fortissimos achieved by Mr. Cheviard's orchestra, and she was equally effective in the soft passages."

The stage of Mr. Hammerstein's opera house in London will measure 90 feet by 60 feet and be especially constructed for spectacular effects. The auditorium will have no columns to obstruct the view. The ground floor will be devoted to stalls and boxes, and above the stalls, suspended from the circle, will be a complete circular room of boxes, each with its own retiring room. Two tiers are arranged on each side of the auditorium. There will be 43 boxes in all, including a private royal suite. Above the box tier will be the circle and lower and upper galleries. The total capacity of these will be about 2700. The auditorium decoration will be in Louis XVI. style. There will be saloons, lounges and foyers in every part of the house.

The municipality of Bayreuth has conferred the freedom of the town on Cosima Wagner. This gives her the privilege of attending performances in the Festspielhaus.

His new violin concerto when it was played privately in Berlin by Wilhelm was a profound impression. It is the first movement, which is characterized by dramatic fervor and

is filled with poetry and sentiment. The theme of the adagio is one of the most beautiful melodies in the entire violin literature. There is no third movement and Bruch does not intend to write one.

A London journalist suggests the need of a musical adviser to novelists who introduce musical references into their books. A distinguished author recently introduced King Mark in the first act of "Tristan." This was a pardonable slip—but what is to be said of the writer of a short magazine story. The heroine was a pianist who "had Paris, London, Berlin, even Munich, at her feet." On a beautiful, cloudless, starry, spring night she gave a concert at Queen's Hall, and there were two men seated together in a box, in spite of the fact that there are no boxes in Queen's Hall. "With a rather strange glance toward the two men she sat down at the piano. At first her fingers seemed to stray over the keys, minor, haunting melodies. Then you could recognize, all of a sudden, one of Grieg's weird pieces. Just for a moment, then came, blended subtly, a Chopin prelude." A whiskey blend is nothing in comparison. This was heard: "In succession of chords, augmenting, till, with a thunder of sound, came the 'Eroica.'" When she was all through she went through the "stage door," pale, "and even unusually ethereal." "It was an awful thing to do before all those people. I simply played what was in my heart."

The Referee, London, publishes this pleasant paragraph: "A patriotic American thinks I was rather hard on the land of the Stars and Stripes in my remarks last week on her musical sons, and reminds me of the compositions by Chadwick, MacDowell, and by other gifted musicians; also that American has only celebrated one century. I am glad to find an American standing up for the music of his countrymen, because they need encouragement by their compatriots; but the fact remains that American music lags behind compared with the advance of the country in science, invention, and business methods."

The Grand Opera Syndicate intends to give performances of ballets at Covent Garden this forthcoming season and on a more extensive scale than of late. There has been so much interest in stage dancing that it is fondly hoped the innovation at Covent Garden will be found acceptable. Shrewd

old Dr. Veron, who retired with a fortune gained as director of the Paris Opera when Fanny and Theresie Elssler, Marie Taglioni and other famous dancers were under his control, came to the conclusion that any ballet which represented dramatic action would never be very successful. "Dramas, portrayals of manners are not in the realm of choreography. The public demands first of all in a ballet music that varied and catchy, new and curious costumes, a great variety of contrasting scenes, surprises to the eye, a simple action that can be easily understood and in which the dance will be the natural development of the situations. It is necessary to add to all this the seductiveness of a young and beautiful artist, who dances better and otherwise than those who preceded her. When there is no appeal to the mind or the heart, it is necessary to speak to the senses, especially the eye."

At the 75th performance of "The Unwritten Law," Laurence Irving and his wife presented every member of the audience with a copy of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," on which the play is based. Mr. Irving wrote a preface to Mr. Fred Whishaw's translation, and in this preface he "rolled high," to use the language of the street. Here is a passage:

"By its side the stories of Poe seem strained; Hoffmann sinks to the level of a highly self-conscious poseur; Bulwer-Lytton glitters with the glitter of a 'skelt'; while Robert Louis Stevenson becomes but as a melting rushlight in the fierce glow of Dostoevsky's powers, in the vast and dreadful flickers of his imagination."

But Poe's stories of those of poetical imagination and Hoffmann and Stevenson were romanticists, while Dostoevsky was a grim realist. As for Bulwer-Lytton—why should he be dragged in? His "Strange Story" and "The Hounded and the Haunters" deal with the supernatural.

The color of the human body is frequently described in the dramas of Synge, Yeats, and others of the Irish renaissance. The Irish tellers of tales have always been fond of dwelling on the beauties of the body: witness this description of Etain in the story of Etain and Midir: "Her hair before she loosed it was done in two mighty tresses, yellow like the flower of the waterflag, each tress being plaited in four strands, and at the end of each strand a little golden ball. When she laid aside her mantle her arms came through the armholes of her tunic, white as the snow of a single night, and her cheeks were ruddy as the foxgloves. Even and small were her teeth as if a shower of pearls had fallen in her mouth. Her eyes were hyacinth blue, her lips scarlet as the rowanberry, her shoulders round and white, her fingers long, and her nails smooth and still in use."

pink. Her feet also were slim and white as sea foam. The radiance of the moon was in her face, pride in her brows, the light of wooing in her eyes." Matthew Arnold in his essay on Celtic literature refers to the Celt's quick feeling for the magic of nature. He quoted a description of Olwen: "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains." There are still more minute descriptions in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," but how different in spirit. They are of the flesh, fleshly. Take, for example, Hassan's description of his wife when he was in search of her: "Her face shines as the verdure of the moon in sheen, her waist is slight, her lips a heavy weight, and the water of her mouth the sick doth heal, as it were Kausar or Salsabil, fountains of Paradise. . . . Her mouth is like a seal of cornelian and flashing teeth that lure and stand one in stead of cup and ewer." The description as a whole is amazingly frank, not to be quoted even in a health food circular.

"Vienna operagoers will be very glad when the new management comes into power. At present everything is in a state of indecision, and the attendance, except on Wagner nights, has latterly been very poor. Many complaints are made that the prices of the best seats are too high, but the court officials who have control of both the Imperial Opera and the Burg Theatre are not inclined to make any change in this direction at present."

It is stated that the Paris Opera has lost a sum equivalent to \$140,000 in three years, in spite of the fact that singers' salaries were reduced from \$200,000 to \$80,000.

"Disraeli," the new play by Louis N. Parker, with George Arliss as "the Premier of the British Empire," pleased Chicago. The plot is chiefly about the plan to secure the Suez canal for England. Russia is shown as endeavoring to circumvent Disraeli. How many remember that Disraeli wrote a tragedy, "Alarcos," which was published in pamphlet form? And this tragedy was produced at Astley's Theatre. A contemporary chronicler recorded the fact that "the audience came prepared to laugh and went away not disappointed." It is only fair to say that the acting was abominable. The tragedy was afterward brought out at the Crystal Palace. The audience listened with "exemplary patience." "The laughter, which we are bound to say hardly exceeded the limits of a well bred titter, was, unfortunately, not bestowed upon passages intended by the author to excite mirth, nor were these passages in themselves of a mirthful kind. They were, on the contrary, distinguished, as a rule, rather by an accumulation of terrible details, which seemed to miss their effect from the very prodigality with which they were presented to the imagination of the audience." The play was founded on a Spanish ballad, "Rash califf!" was frequently heard, and the Moor was apostrophized as a "dusk infidel." The persecuted countess remarked "Unhand me!" Here is an example of the more thrilling lines:

(The Bravos rush in and assault Alarcos, who, with drawn sword keeps them at bay).
Alarcos, so, who plays with Princes' blood?
No sport for valets. Thus, and thus, I'll teach ye to know your station. (Thrusts.)
First Bravo—Ah!
Second Bravo—Away!
Third Bravo—Fly, fly!
Fourth Bravo—No place for quiet men.
(The Bravos run off.)

"The Lily" has been produced in London by Laurence Irving. Mr. Belasco's version with the absurd ending was used and the Londoners have not yet seen the powerful play of Wolf and Leroux.

Conrad Dreher, the German comedian, says: "Milwaukee was even more appreciative of my work than New York."

George Alexander, who has celebrated the 21st anniversary of the opening of the Avenue Theatre, London, has indeed had an honorable career as actor manager. He has given many commissions—from Oscar Wilde's comedies to Stephen Phillips' tragedies. He has faced the Philistines in defence of Henry Esmond and Harry James. He has revived Shakespearian plays; he has covered "the whole range of theatrical distinction." Talking with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle he said: "I am still an optimist. The English drama is neither dead nor dying. But for that very reason I am not a very great believer in the conviction that seems to prevail in some quarters that we are on the eve of a resurrection. This I can say, that I think the young spirits of today are recognizing more than did some of yesterday that the drama is a beautiful and difficult art on its own account, and must be studied as such. Some time ago, as you may remember, there was a sort of revulsion, perhaps deserved, against what was called 'staginess.' Some people used to think that if a play was meant for the theatre it was therefore bad, and the last thing that a young author would do was, in plain language, to 'learn his craft.' Nowadays, the theatre is no longer considered even by fanatics as a mere adjunct to the library. What with all these play-producing societies, it is comparatively easy now for a young dramatist to find his way to the stage. The result

is not, perhaps, vastly encouraging, but it never has been so. Genius is rare. It must be sought diligently, and when it is found its worth is above rubies. So I fancy that what is sometimes hailed as a new movement may be only the eternal movement that has been always going on everywhere. Of course I know that certain enthusiasts are wont to refer to us actor-managers as representatives of the 'commercial' drama. I cannot quite tell what that means, except that we have come to see that our theatres must be managed upon a sound financial basis to exist at all. For myself, I can confess quite frankly that never once have I produced a play solely to make money, or one that I did not believe to be the best from an artistic standpoint at my disposal. I do not wish to boast of this, but am I, on the other hand, to be ashamed because no single completed season of these 21 years happens to have shown a deficiency? If I had to give an account of my stewardship from the artistic point of view I could at least claim to have done everything in my power to encourage and discover the unacted author of merit—for whom I have an intense sympathy. For instance, I have recently calculated that I have spent on the whole \$5,600 in commissions to authors for plays that I have never been able to produce. Sometimes—such is the frailty of human judgment—they have not proved worth the paper they were written on. But I do not regret the loss, for some have proved jewels that have repaid me many times over. As a matter of fact the troubles of our present stage seem to have not so much to do with the difficulties of budding talent as with the purely practical question of economic machinery. Whatever be the reason, there is no doubt that rent, salaries, everything in connection with the production of a play has gone up in these 21 years to an almost grotesquely inflated figure. At the same time the prices of seats remain fixed at what is a presumed maximum, and is even being reduced in some parts of the town. Partly of course this may be the result of increased popularity of the theatre. The fact remains that like Irish tenants, the more we improve our property, the more we have to pay for it.

"Here at the St. James's I am not happily troubled with the increasing rent question, but every production costs proportionately more each week than it used to do. To my mind the remedy may lie in a juster arrangement of the prices of seats. Thus on the one hand there is an enormous shilling public—a genuine shilling public, which cannot afford more, and which in some ways is not nearly sufficiently catered for. On the other hand, when I look at some of the people who crowd the gallery at West-end matinees, I feel that I should insult them by pretending that they could not afford more than a shilling. And so on up the scale."

"Mr. Jarvis," adapted by Don M. Leon and Malcolm Cherry from Beth Ellis's novel "Madam, Will You Walk?" was produced at Wyndham's Theatre Feb. 16. It seems that James II. had a natural son, Lebrun, who was the image of his half-brother, the Chevalier du St. Georges. Lebrun, fiddling and starving in England, was discovered by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and other Whigs. They used him as a tool, and he, adventurous, hoodwinked Bolingbroke and others and obtained compromising signatures, but he fell in love with Lady Margaret, a Jacobite who confessed that she would wed him were he not a king. He at once confessed. She, shocked, dismissed him. Lady Margaret, however, relented and saved Lebrun from Bolingbroke's anger. The compromising papers were burned. Dumas, the elder, never took greater liberties with history and plausibility. The play is described as tedious, and even the brilliant Bolingbroke appears as a bore. To quote the London Times, "The resulting impression of the play was not one of delicious enjoyment."

W. B. Yeats lectured recently in London on "Ireland and the Arts of Speech." In England, he said, the most powerful enemy of the arts was humanitarian feeling, which called on the dramatist to play the game of the economist. Mr. Masfield was the only playwright here who made beautiful speech his ceaseless study. An incomparable artist had been lost to the enemy in Mr. Galsworthy. In Ireland the enemy was not economics, the propagandist literature of social reform, but ordinary politics, which the dramatist was asked to preach. Fortunately, in the west of Ireland there still survived a remnant of the great popular culture founded on song or spoken traditional literature, once existing all over the world. In England, pre-eminently the land of that miserable thing the printed book, merchants of a class now perfectly satisfied with a brass band and a gramophone had once had their lyric competitions in which the words were the important thing. The language of western Ireland, used by Mr. Synge for instance, in his translations from Villon and Petrarch, was

but had as much right to ex-
press his own views on the subject as
any other citizen. He was
in the vanguard, Gella in idiom.
Irish theatre, primarily a folk the-
atre, describing the imaginative life of
people had found good players; but
the minstrel and singer they
did not give back to literature its
power over men's hearts. Musical
settings should be greatly simplified and
subordinated to the mainly literary
effect of beautiful words. Mr. Yeats's
lecture was illustrated by Miss Florence
Farr, who spoke or chanted to the ac-
companiment of a psalter designed by
Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The department of the city
of Boston will give these concerts
this week:

MONDAY—Chapman school, 8 P. M. Or-
chestra conducted by William H. Ward, con-
sisting of Mrs. Anna H. Huntington, cellist;
Mrs. Vera G. Brooks, pianist, assisted by
Mrs. William W. Calvert, soprano. In-
strumental: La Vo, Trio, A minor, Tschal-
owsky; Theme and Variations from Trio
A minor; Chan made, Allegro moderato
from Trio A minor; Cello's lull: Theme,
Andante Religioso Van Goens, Scherzo,
Piano solo, Ma Dorelle Paul de Concert,
Singer, Ross, "Blue Eyes of Spring," "Hin-
doo," Massenet, "Elegie," Lenc, "A Song of
the Lilies," Daniloff, "Before the King";
Norton, "Madcap Marjoria."

TUESDAY—Dorchester high school, 8 P. M.
Concert by Mrs. O'Leary W. Hill, con-
sisting of Mrs. Anna H. Huntington, cellist;
Mrs. Vera G. Brooks, pianist, assisted by
Mrs. William W. Calvert, soprano. In-
strumental: La Vo, Trio, A minor, Tschal-
owsky; Theme and Variations from Trio
A minor; Chan made, Allegro moderato
from Trio A minor; Cello's lull: Theme,
Andante Religioso Van Goens, Scherzo,
Piano solo, Ma Dorelle Paul de Concert,
Singer, Ross, "Blue Eyes of Spring," "Hin-
doo," Massenet, "Elegie," Lenc, "A Song of
the Lilies," Daniloff, "Before the King";
Norton, "Madcap Marjoria."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third
concert of the Longy Club. See
special notice.

TUESDAY—St. Bart Hall, 11 A. M. Recital
by H. T. Burleigh, baritone, and Mrs.
Louis Alston Burleigh, reader, in aid of
St. Martin's Home for Sick Colored Women
and Children. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Harvard Club, 8 P. M. Concert for
the Harvard Club. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Con-
cert by Mrs. Louise Tarnitz, assisted by
Frederick Hastings, baritone; Walter Os-
ter, pianist; Andre Benoit, pianist.
See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M., 18th
public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony
Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See spe-
cial notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M., 19th
concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Program as on Friday afternoon.

Mme. Marguerite Sylva, who will
sing in Boston next Saturday for the
first time in grand opera, was born at
Brussels, where her father Chris-
tian Smith, was a physician. She was
educated musically at the Brussels
Conservatory. She made her first ap-
pearance on the stage at the Drury
Lane Theatre, London, as Carmen,
when she was very young. Not
knowing English she memorized the
words without a thorough under-
standing of the meaning. She first
came to the United States with Beer-
bohm Tree's company in 1895, but af-
terward went into operetta and ap-
peared at the Herald Square Theatre,
New York, Sept. 27, 1893, as Suzette
in "The French Maid." She after-
ward was leading woman in "The
Princess Chic." When this operetta
was produced in Boston Jan. 15, 1900,
at the Columbia Theatre, her part
was taken by Minnie Method, but
Mme. Sylva was seen here as Mlle.
Pompon in "The Fortune Teller,"
March 13, 1899, at the Boston Theatre,
when her associates were Alice Niel-
sen, Louise Hillard, Richard Golden,
Joseph Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn and
Eugene Cowles. Mme. Sylva made
her debut at the Opera Comique,
Paris, as Carmen with great success
Sept. 14, 1906. (She had been study-
ing in Paris with Mme. Delattre.)
Audoin was then the Don Jose and
Miss Friche and Deffranne took the
other chief parts.

WAGNER PARODIED.

Not even the passionate Wagner-
ites—if there are any active today—
should be angry with Mr. Oskar
Straus, because his latest operetta is
a joyous parody of "The Ring." Mr.
Straus is not the first. Burlesques of
"Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and
"The Ring," have been performed in
Germany and Austria, and a
parody operettas have been
produced in Paris, Brussels, Riga,
Lilke, "Tannhauser, oder die Kei-
serin der Sanger auf der Silberburg"
as performed at Philadelphia as far
back as 1871 and the author was a
German living in that city. The ma-
jority of the German parodies are
coarse and vulgar, for some of Wag-
ner's heroes and heroines give op-
portunity for indecent wit at their
expense, and the German humorist
has a touch of the "Der
Kling der gelung-n" produced at
Bremen in 1879, was interdicted at
length by the police.

In like manner a
burlesque imitation of an actor
may be his popularity. Take a hum-
ble instance; hundreds have laughed
at the countless imitations of Mr.
Eddie Fox and yet have never seen
him, and thousands who have seen
Mr. Fox, watching his imitators,
made and made, are at once seized
with a longing to laugh again at Mr.
Fox and with him. A parody may be
bitter, as Thackeray's burlesque of
"Coningsby," or good-natured, as
Bret Harte's burlesque of "Lothair."
It is doubtful whether Wagner him-
self would have enjoyed any one of
the parodies of his music dramas, for
he had no sense of humor. This
grave lack is seen in his letters and
in his stage work. No man with this
sense, even though it were rudi-
mentary, would have allowed Wotan
to prose interminably, or taken the
singing dragon seriously. When
George L. Fox used to imitate Edwin
Booth as "Hamlet," Booth himself
would enjoy the performance, and,
although not given to laughter, open-
ly show his intense amusement. He
recognized in Fox a fellow-artist. It
is not easy to think of Wagner ap-
plauding a burlesque of "Tann-
haeuser" or any section of "The
Ring."

LONGY CLUB CONCERT.

The Longy Club gave the third and
last concert of its 11th season last
night in Chickering Hall. The club
had the assistance of these artists:
Mrs. Alice Stevens, soprano; A. Van-
nini, clarinet; K. Stumpf, basset horn;
W. Gebhardt and J. Phair, horns; E.
Huber, double bass. The program
was as follows:

E. Wagner, suite for piano, two flutes,
oboe, clarinet and bassoon; P. Dukas,
villanelle for horn and piano (first
time), played by F. Hain and A. de
Voto; a group of songs sung by Mrs.
Stevens; Jacques-Dalcroze, "L'Oiseau
Bleu"; Duparc, "Elegie"; Debussy,
"Fantoches"; Lazzari, "A l'Absentee";
Mozart, serenade in B flat major, for
two oboes, two clarinets, two basset
horns, four horns, two bassoons and
double bass. The basset horn parts
were played by G. Grisez and K.
Stumpf.

The scope and generous variety of
this program aroused equally generous
enthusiasm in an audience of a size
that bespeaks the high esteem in which
are held the performances of this club.
One of the features of the concert was
the villanelle by Dukas, scheduled for
performance earlier in the season. It
proved fairly interesting; its chief claim
to praise lies in a certain refreshing
simplicity of melodic character, suit-
able, of course, to a villanelle, but
equally well suited to the horn and hap-
pily suggestive of wholesome outdoor
spaces. Mr. Hain displayed much tech-
nical ability in quickly moving or
pianissimo passages of evident difficulty,
and at times employed tones of sonorous
and mellow beauty.

It is given to few singers to excel
in the performance of that type of
modern French songs represented on
this program by Duparc's "Elegie." These
songs require an infinite degree
of detachment and subjectivity. The
pleasing but rather objective style of
Mrs. Stevens is better suited to such
songs as "L'Oiseau Bleu," by Dalcroze,
in which she was entirely charming.

'GREEN STOCKINGS'
CAPITALLY ACTED

Margaret Anglin and Reeves-
Smith Well Supported in
New Comedy.

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First per-
formance in Boston of "Green Stock-
ings," a comedy by A. E. W. Masou
and "George Fleming." Produced by
Liebler & Co.

Col. J. N. Smith, D. S. O., H. Reeves-Smith
William Faraday, J. P., Charles Garry
Admiral Grice, R. N., George Woodward
The Hon. Robert Tarver, Ivo Dawson
James Raleigh, Wallace Widdicombe
Henry Steele, Leonard Howe
Martin, Frederick Powell
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday, Maude Anglin
Celia Faraday, Miss Anglin
Evelyn Trenchard, Miss Ruth Holt Bonicault
Madge Rockingham, Miss Crosby Little
Phyllis Faraday, Miss Ruth Rose

The Herald has already told the story
of "Green Stockings"; how the play is a

revision of Mr. Mason's comedy "Col
Smith." In the original play Phyllis did
not confide to any one her secret, the
fact that Col. Smith, her betrothed, was
an imaginary person. The introduction
of Mrs. Faraday of Chicago turns the
comedy toward the end of the second
act into broad farce. The exaggerated
acting on this part of Miss Granger was
wholly out of harmony with the prevail-
ing spirit of the piece. Miss Granger
was more restrained in the third act,
and therefore the more amusing.

The comedy is fantastically romantic
and also satirical. The family group
is sharply characterized by the words
put into the mouths of the men and
women. No wonder that Celia, slighted
by her sisters, a high-grade domestic
servant to her old fossil of a father, a
subject of jesting for the male house
friends, and at the same time conscious
of her physical and mental attractions,
eager to be loved, invented her Col.
Smith to whom she said she was be-
trothed.

As a betrothed she was at once ro-
spectable by the members of the family,
and all men found her adorable. When
her position was secure she killed her
lover by a paragraph in the Times. And
then Smith visited her under the
name of Col. Vavasour and courted her
as the dearest friend of the late la-
mented, bringing deathbed messages
and trinkets. The rest of the comedy
is concerned with the duel between the
curious Colonel amorous at first sight,
and the woman who, through her mor-
tification and confusion, is quickly led
to love him.

The comedy is a trifle, but an artis-
tic trifle. The dialogue is most amus-
ing whether it be between the mem-
bers of the family and young Tarver
running for Parliament, between
Phyllis and the Colonel while they are
waiting for Celia to enter the room,
or between Celia and Vavasour-Smith
in the long conflict of wits. The lines
are unsuspected, but natural. Given
the characters, and what they say is
inevitable. The scenes between Celia
and Smith are delicious in their gentle
irony, and each speech endears the
maid and the Colonel to the audience.

The play was capitally acted. It
was a great pleasure to see Miss
Anglin in comedy again. Here is a
woman that has something more than
"personality," a word often used to
cover scanty technique. Miss Anglin has,
it is true, individuality; she has charm
and grace; it is a delight to hear her
voice, and she delivers her lines with
a peculiar distinction. Her acting has
the rare quality in these days of high
breeding. She does not romp; she does
not slipper or giggle; she does not
ogle the audience; nor does she con-
found comedy with farce. Her arch-
ness is not effrontery.

Mr. Reeves-Smith played the part of
Col. Smith with a sense of quiet humor,
with an incisiveness, with a reticence

that were wholly admirable. The old
phrase "well graced actor" may well be
applied to him. The supporting comedy
was excellent, and while Miss Granger,
as has been stated, leaped suddenly into
burlesque in one scene, it is only fair
to add that the audience was greatly
pleased by her fit of hysteria. Mr. Daw-
son played with fine discretion the part
of Tarver which might easily have been
burlesqued. Miss Rose was a charming
Phyllis, and her scene with Smith was
a strong feature in a performance that
abounded in features.

The comedy is well worth seeing.
Those who lament that the theatre today
is given over to musical comedies and
the public cares only for that form of
entertainment have now an opportunity
of seeing a little play that is humorous
and witty. The large audience last
night was warmly appreciative.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Clement
Again Heard in "Lakme."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Delibes's
"Lakme." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Lakme.....Mme. Lipkowska
Malika.....Miss Roberts
Ellen.....Miss Bernice Fisher
Rosa.....Miss Swartz
Mrs. Bentson.....Miss Leveroni
Gerald.....Mr. Clement
Frederic.....Mr. Fornari
Nilakantha.....Mr. Baklanoff
Hadjil.....Mr. Strossco

A large audience again enjoyed
Delibes's charming music and the many
excellent features of the performance.

Mme. Lipkowska is at her best in this
opera. She sang the lyric passages
with ineffable charm and emotional
spontaneity, while the more florid in-
tricacies of the "Bell" song were bril-
liant. Her portrayal of Lakme is realis-
tic in that she shows her to have been
a shy maiden of dreams and illusions,
who loved with child-like simplicity;
then, realizing her happiness to be ir-
revocably doomed, she ate the poisonous
leaf with the quiet dignity of true de-
spair and, having eaten, died with no
show of hysteria or suggestion of the
melodramatic but rather with the so-
briety of gesture and submissiveness to
inevitable fate characteristic of the
Oriental.

Mr. Clement took the part of Gerald
for the second time in Boston. He sang
with consummate skill, save for slight
uncertainties of rhythm. His tonal
quality was exquisite, his phrasing
poetic and his diction flawless. He is
possessed of the grace and freedom of
action which for the most part dis-
tinguish those of his race when on the
stage.

Last evening was the occasion of
Mr. Baklanoff's last appearance this
season. His noble voice and dramatic
versatility have made him a favorite
in this city and he will be missed from
the cast of remaining performances.
He sang with breadth and beauty of
tone. Nor was the vocal expression
of paternal tenderness wholly sacri-
ficed to pontifical severity. While of
necessity some parts are better suited
to him than others, he is at no time
historically impassive, nor is he ever
self-consciously aware of the inherent
beauties of his voice. His conceptions
are admirably composed; they show
originality and imagination, and his
facial play is always eloquent.

The supporting cast was in the vein.
Mr. Caplet conducted admirably, with
his usual regard for nuances. He was
recalled several times and shared de-
servedly in the applause for the
singers.

The opera Wednesday evening will
be Converse's "The Sacrifice," with the
original cast.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First produc-
tion in Boston of "The Lottery Man," a
comedy in three acts by Rida Johnson
Young. Cast:

Mrs. Wright.....Louise Galloway
"Poney" Peyton.....Robert Mackay
Jack Wright.....Cecil Scott
Helen Heyer.....Bertha Bartlett
Mrs. Peyton.....Jennie Dickerson
Lizzie Roberts.....Helen Lowell
Hedwig Jensen.....Mary Leslie Mayo

The cynics say that marriage is a
lottery and most of those who play the
game draw blanks. If, then, a young
man with an honest heart and a rather
light head in desperate straits for
money to give his charming mother a
comfortable home offers himself as the
matrimonial prize in a newspaper
coupon lottery scheme, is there any
wonder that he wins troubles in stacks
and bunches?

This is what Jack Wright does with
the help of a rich friend, Peyton, who
owns the newspaper, and he gets his
woes by the cartload. For about 300-
000 women take chances on him and

when the day of the drawing comes
they mob him and almost tear his
clothes off to get souvenirs of their
hero.

It chances that Jack falls in love
with Helen Heyer, a rich orphan rela-
tive of the Peytons. His wooing is
tempestuous and full of mischances,
but one perceives that Helen likes him.

When the lucky number comes out
there is a terrific counting over of
tickets in the Payton home, while a
clamorous mob of women assails the
house. A rasping voice exclaims: "I
have the ticket!" And Jack is won by
that remarkable feminine freak, Lizzie
Roberts, Mrs. Peyton's companion. All
seems lost when it is found that Lizzie
stole the ticket from the cook who is
engaged to a servant in the house, so
Jack and Helen are happy after all.

The play moves rapidly and bristles
with good, wholesome fun. Its ludicrous
situations are never coarse or so ox-
travagant as to prevent an illusion of
reality. The whole company is so en-
tirely competent that the little absurd-
ities and improbabilities that go with
every farce are scarcely thought of in
the general pleasure given by the actors
and the piece.

Mr. Scott bubbles over with jovial
good humor and whimsicalities, wows
with the grace and rushing success for
which he is famous, suffers mightily
when things go wrong and rejoices man-
fully in his triumphs.

Louise Galloway by her happy cam-
araderie as his mother and chum,
makes it seem perfectly natural for
him to take a desperate chance to give
her happiness.

Bertha Bartlett gives to Helen Heyer
a charm of manner which coupled with
youth and loveliness, would be enough
to turn any young newspaper man's
head.

Jennie Dickerson, Peyton's mother, is
excellent as a woman who makes her-
self ridiculous by striving to appear
young and at last sees the folly of her
course.

Miss Mayo raises many a laugh as
the brawny daughter of Erin who takes
a Swedish name to help her in the
massage and "reducing" business for
rich women.

The honors in the play for pure com-
icality easily go to Helen Lowell, Mrs.
Peyton's marvellous companion. By her
make-up, her ungainly walk, her auto-
matic gestures, the weirdly funny use
of her eyes and by dozens of little tricks
of manner she excites roars of laughter.
It is worth a long trip to see her drink
a glass of punch and watch its effect on
her. Her assumption of "society" ways
after she thinks she has won a fortune
and a husband is a treat in itself.

A large audience welcomed the play
last night with enthusiasm, and Mr.
Scott made a neat little speech in re-
sponse to prolonged plaudits.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First
performance in Boston of "Suzanne," by
Frantz Fosson and Fernand Wichelee,
and of "The Philosopher in the Apple
Orchard," by Anthony Hope. Present-
ed by Miss Billie Burke and this cast:

"SUZANNE."
Albert.....Jehan L'Estrange
Beulemans.....Geo. W. Anson
Seraphin.....Conway Tearle
Mons. Meulemeester.....Harry Harwood
Delplierre.....Harry Harwood
Mostinck.....C. Harrison Carter
The Secretary.....C. J. Wedgewood

AID ST. MONICA'S HOME.

Entertainment Given by Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh in Steinert Hall.

H. T. Burleigh of New York, assisted by Mrs. Loulae A. Burleigh, reader, gave a recital in Steinert Hall yesterday morning. The program was as follows:

Songs, plantation spirituals, "De Danville Chariot," "He's Jus' de Same Today," "Moanin' Dove," "Joshua Fit de Batt' ob Jericho," "I Don't Feel No ways Tired"; Grieg, "Dereinst Gedanke Mein," "Hidden Love," "In the Boat"; Coleridge-Taylor, "A Lament"; Horner, "A Plantation Hymn"; Pigott, "Hush-a-bye, O Baby"; Nevin, "Mighty Lak a Rose"; Burleigh, "Dreamland." The readings by Mrs. Burleigh were all original southern dialect poems, including "Poppin' de Question," "Possum Pie," "Sandy Andy Lindy Mo'," "Lemme Love Yo'," "A Study in Colors," "Back Home."

An audience of gratifying size had gathered to express its good will toward the benefit for which this recital was given, St. Monica's Home for Sick Colored Women and Children. The charm of Mr. Burleigh's singing is well known and the program proved full of interest.

Mr. Burleigh played his own accompaniments, which heightened the impression of naturalness and ease noticeable in all that he does. The most unusual of his groups of songs was the set of "Plantation Spirituals." A brief statement from Mr. Burleigh as to the origin of these melodies, which arose out of the religious fervor of the early negro camp meetings, and in that sense may be called real folk songs, added much to the interest of the audience. Humor and pathos, in characteristic negro fashion, lie very close together in these curious songs. The encore added by Mr. Burleigh, "Why Adam Sinned," was perhaps as much enjoyed by the audience as anything on the program.

Mrs. Burleigh gave her poems with a simplicity and unaffected grace that were very taking. Both performers were warmly applauded.

Boston Opera Singer Assists at Concert by Harvard Edda Club for Scholarship Fund.

An audience of several hundred persons was present last evening in Jordan hall at a benefit concert under the auspices of the Harvard Edda club of Harvard university.

The proceeds will go toward establishing a \$5000 scholarship fund at Harvard college for boys whose ancestors came from Norway or Sweden.

Those who took part were Miss Alice Nielsen of the Boston opera company; the Pierian sodality, Harvard's musical organization, Chalmers Clifton '12 conductor; Henry Elheim, violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra; Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, and the Swedish singing society Harmoni, Gustav Sundelius conductor.

The concert was arranged under the direction of Overt Sletten, president of the club.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second performance of Converse's "The Sacrifice."

Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Chionta.....Miss Nielsen
Bernal.....Mr. Constantino
Burton.....Mr. Blanchart
Tomas.....Mme. Claessens
Pablo.....Mr. Strosco
Mardena.....Miss B. Fisher
Marlana.....Miss J. Fisher
Snora Anya.....Miss E. Fisher
Gipsy Girl.....Miss Roberts
Padre Gabriel.....Mr. Gantvoort
Tom Flynn.....Mr. White
Little Jack.....Mr. Gantvoort

It is natural that civic pride should be concerned with the development of national arts. The interest attached to the recent production of Mr. Converse's new opera is the result of some such justifiable prejudice. In a measure, also, there was much curiosity to be satisfied; what could the composer create with an English libretto and an American story. In point of fact, much of the applause which had been reserved to express civic interest went to approve a serious and meritorious attempt to produce an opera in English.

Grant a Just Hearing.

Innovators have not, in general, found it easy to surmount the opposition of traditional preferences. In the present instance there is much willingness on the part of the conservative to lend a ready ear. That attitude is prompted by a disposition to grant a just hearing to every serious effort, and especially by the delight and interest one takes in the accomplishments of a compatriot, particularly when he elects to portray by suggestive methods the temperament of familiar national types.

"The Sacrifice" deserves the applause it received for being an opera in English. It is not invidious to state that some discrimination is necessary to judge of merits. The taste of the opera-going public is apt to be exacting. The careful attention to detail that is the tendency on the part of those who write

BOSTON THEATRE—Oscar Hammerstein presents Mlle. Emma Trentini, under the management of Arthur Hammerstein, in "Naughty Marietta."

Music by Victor Herbert. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young.

Simon O'Hara.....Harry Cooper
Etienne Grandet.....Edward Martindel
Lieut.-Gov. Grandet.....William Frederick
Sir Harry Blake.....Raymond J. Bloomer
Rudolfo.....James S. Murray
Florence.....Howard Morgan
Marietta D'Altena.....Mlle. Emma Trentini
Lizette.....Miss Kate Ellnone
Adah.....Mme. Duchene
Capt. Richard Warrington, Orville Harrold

"Naughty Marietta" was produced in New York at the New York Theatre last November. Its success was marked. It suited Broadway, and there was, besides, a large element of personal interest. Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, was returning to the scene of former triumphs and later reverses, bent on forcing his way back to the first rank of entertainers. New York likes Mr. Hammerstein for certain qualities of his, and when "Naughty Marietta" proved a success, a great many were pleased. The opera had a long run in New York, and came on to Boston from that city.

It is some time since a comic opera of such merit has been seen or heard in Boston. "Naughty Marietta" is in Mr. Herbert's best style.

There is a succession of pretty songs and choruses. The opening number, as the monks pass the crowd in the Place d'Armes of New Orleans, was tuneful to a degree, and the standard was kept up throughout.

Of Mlle. Trentini, what is to be said? One can write "charming," "delightful" and a lot of other adjectives which apply to Mlle. Trentini truly enough, but which can be equally applied to so many others. There is something unique about this star of Mr. Hammerstein's. Such an altogether captivating young person is not often seen on the stage. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and at the close of the first act the curtain had to be raised again and again, each time to disclose a laughing Italian urchin, in green velvet knickerbockers, with black curls and gleaming teeth, kissing hands to the audience with a natural grace and freedom that forbade any suggestion of holdiness. Mlle. Trentini has a voice of grand opera quality, of great range and satisfactory volume.

Real voices, in fact, were more in evidence last night than usual in such pieces. Mme. Duchene has a contralto of great power. Orville Harrold also did a lot of fine work, while Edward Martindel's marionette song gave him a chance of which he availed himself. He has a good, clear bass voice, which he uses with intelligence.

The comedy element pure and simple was a subordinate feature last night; but Harry Cooper and Miss Kate Ellnone supplied a genuine article.

A beautiful intermezzo is played between the scenes of the second act. Mr. Herbert conducted in person throughout last night's performance. He was warmly received and had to share the applause that greeted the star at the end of the first act. There was a large house.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "The End of the Bridge."

Dr. John Garret.....John Craig
Felix Marlott.....George Hassel
Peter.....Henriette McDannel
Ludwig Straus.....Walter Wake
Bartlett.....A. L. Hickey
Mary Stanley.....Marie Curtis
Joan Manning.....Mary Young

Last year Mr. Craig offered a prize for the best play written and submitted by a Harvard or Radcliffe student. "The End of the Bridge," by Miss Florence Lincoln, won the prize and was presented yesterday at the Castle Square Theatre. The story of the play is as follows:

Dr. John Garret, a nerve specialist, has in his care the daughter of a friend to whom he is under heavy personal obligations. It was the dying wish of the girl's father that she and the doctor should marry, and it is only by fulfilling that wish that her shattered nerves can be cured. It is Garret's ambition to go to Germany, whence he has just been called by a leading German university, for study and research. He gives up this opportunity and marries his patient, thus saving not only her mind, but her life.

When Joan has been married to Garret a few months she discovers why he married her and what he sacrificed. She determines to set him free through divorce, and with that determination comes the realization that she loves him. He also discovers that he loves her, and the play ends with their joint decision that love is better than ambition.

The merits of the drama lie in its simplicity and homeliness—Miss Lincoln has used natural, every-day little incidents and has developed her material to the utmost, also she is not without a sense of humor.

The faults of the play are a lack of dramatic force and a superabundance of explanation. The best work has been done in the character drawing of Solomon Peter, the child—here is simple naturalness and interesting naivete that is charming.

The acting was excellent. There was continual evidence of hard work and thoughtful study on the part of every

member of the cast. Mr. Craig took his part seriously and proved what he can do when he works and thinks. He formed a clear cut conception of Dr. Garret and acted it out in detail, his reserved emotion was effective, his quiet moments interesting and sometimes forceful in their earnestness.

Miss Young did her best work in the first act, where there was a real chance for acting. She was pathetic and sincere and evidently much in sympathy with the part.

Too much cannot be said for Miss McDannel's Peter. Her quaint seriousness and wholly refreshing determination to get every inch of acting out of her part time and again saved the play when it verged on dullness. Miss McDannel is on a direct road toward success in her art.

Mr. Hassell was excellent, especially in his scenes with Peter, which he might easily have made sentimental. Mr. Walker and Mr. Hickey were also good, but Miss Curtis could have made more of her part.

The acting as a whole is exceedingly competent—it has an authority born of conscientious, hard work. The play is well staged and the performance runs smoothly.

GLOBE THEATRE.

First Performance in This City of "The Light Eternal."

GLOBE THEATRE—The first performance in Boston of "The Light Eternal," a four-act emotional drama and an adaptation of Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," by Martin V. Merle. The cast:

Marco Valerius.....George A. Lessey
Corvinus Tharagus.....John Milton
Diocletian.....John A. Preston
Sebastian.....Jack Rigney
Claudius.....Sydney W. Seaward
Lucia.....Margaret McDonald
Mariana.....May Abbey
Princess Artemia.....Eugenie Blair

The persecutions of the Christians during the reign of the Caesars in Rome were portrayed at the Globe Theatre last evening with much clearness by a capable and well balanced cast. The hold which Christianity had upon converts at that early period was well shown by Marco Valerius, the martyr, and the hero of the play. George A. Lessey's adaptation of the role was satisfactory.

Eugenie Blair, as Princess Artemia, was a favorite with the large audience from the start. She, the daughter of Caesar, fell in love with Marco. Through his guard, Corvinus, Caesar learned that Marco was an outspoken Christian and ordered him put to death. The Princess would not permit her lover to go to his fate without a strong plea to her father to save his life.

Marco was brought before the Emperor and he confessed that he was a Christian. The Princess made another unavailing plea and Marco was led to the lion's cage in the Colosseum, where he was allowed to see his mother and sister. The Princess also went to bid her lover a last farewell and her father discovered them together. He commanded her to return home, but she refused, declared herself to be a believer in the faith and was led to her death with Marco. The clever acting of John A. Preston in the role of Caesar was effective.

The scenic effects were greatly admired, the climax coming at the end of the third act, when a blazing cross appeared in the place of the Roman God Jupiter. The flowing costumes were of the period as were also the armor and shields of the guards.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Mary Norman Heads Bill That Has Acts of Unusual Merit.

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week contains a few acts of unusual merit; some are hardly worth while, and a few are decidedly boresome.

It is in such a bill of varying quality as this that makes the act of Mary Norman stand out in magnified relief. Miss Norman appears in a monologue, "Some Women I Have Met." Here is a comedienne that depends on her art, rather than on a "personality" or a bewitching face. Her caricatures are easily recognized as types of the day, and her portraiture of the nervous woman and her first automobile ride created no end of merriment.

"College Life," a satirical musical playlet, is a sketch full of action. A company of 20 attempts to create the atmosphere of the campus, and there is no end of noise and life. A word of praise is especially due Miss Minerva Courtney for her make-up, dancing and importance as the village society leader.

A novel act was that of Hyman Meyer as "The Man at the Piano." An accomplished musician with a splendid dialect, he was none the less a comedian in the combination.

Other numbers on the bill were Yorke and Adams in "Playing the Ponies"; the three Athletas, sensational gymnasts; the Eight Berlin Madcaps in a riotous dancing act; Gerald Griffin and company in a condensed version of "Other People's Money"; Sharp and Wilkes, in "Songs and Nonsense," mostly nonsense; Victor records, reproducing Enrico Caruso's voice to the accompaniment of the orchestra, and the daylight motion pictures.

Super.....P. E. M.
Destuyt.....G. H. Beverman
Herseel.....E. R. Sheehy
Canees.....M. B. Hander
Fanne.....N. K. Lavitt
Danne Beulemans.....Rosa Rand
Gabelle.....Alison Skipworth
altress.....Ella Norman

"THE PHILOSOPHER."
Miss May.....Miss Billie Burke
Mr. Jennings.....Lumden Hare
Why try to deceive ourselves? Isn't it the gregarious tendency in human nature that makes capitalists of theatrical managers and paupers of playhouse habits? The absence of the stoical element in man and woman is accountable for the frequent display of the "S. R. O." sign at the entrance doors of many theatres, and congregation is more apt to be the result of the search for pleasure than of the craving for knowledge. Then why isn't it that the primary aim of the actor is to entertain and his ultimate purpose to instruct? It was decreed so, if one is to judge at all from the enjoyment of the audience last evening.

Miss Billie Burke is an artful entertainer, and her success has been in a large measure the result of this happy faculty and, of course, in a measure of the aesthetic delights of her admirers. Her method consists simply in the development of one personality. Sticklers for creative genius call it inartistic. Qualify it as you choose, it is productive of cheerful and natural amusement.

"My Wife," "Love Watches," "Mrs. Dot," favored the experiment, and, as was apparent last evening, the type has become more clearly defined. After a fashion it suggests many of the characters of Marivaux in its wilful coquettishness. It is the type of the ethereal and fascinating, though sophisticated—very sophisticated—young woman, ale, vivacious, supple, but not unreasonable, if you measure fortitude by temptations and opportunities. In part, the personality is so much a revival of the Elisabeths, the Ceciles, the Barberines of the De Musset comedies that one could almost wish to see Miss Burke in a careful translation of these delightful proverbs.

But that is not said to the discredit of the author of "Suzanne," who has written a really enjoyable comedy. Very unfortunately, as per the old bromide, the translation fails to take cognizance of the underlying suggestiveness. But what translation does? In fact, the story has to do with the evolution of an iconoclastic brewer who is easily the dipe of his sentimentally evolved daughter. The pains he has taken to arrange for her a "marrage de convenance" are spent on an unwilling young miss who prefers the grace and elegance of her father's new clerk to the stereotyped incompetency of her selected husband. The result of her preference may very well be imagined. And so the comedy goes.

There are bright lines and adequate characterization in the play. Miss Burke disposes of both in admirable fashion. It is more than passingly gratifying to witness the impersonation of Mr. L'Estrange. The French would call him "degage." For certainly he is adequately prepossessing in his selection of convincing methods. Mr. Anon's impersonation of the stibhorn manufacturer was gratifying in the extreme. He knows the measure of emphasis that good comedy requires. Mr. Learle was not so successful. He is too exhaustive and leaves but little to the imagination of his auditors.

The comedy was prefaced by Anthony Hope's "Philosopher in the Apple Orchard." Altogether it proved a delightful curtain-raiser. Mr. Hare and Miss Burke struggled hard to offset the effects of a pronounced verbosity. They succeeded.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Caught in Mid-Ocean," a drama based on the flight and capture of Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen. Cast:

Dr. Rodney Harlan.....F. A. Yewington
Howard Cornish.....J. Angus Gustam
Robert Mason.....John Hewitt
Inspector Dow.....Bradley Haskell
Capt. Norton.....Sam Miller
Ethel Mason.....Cora Quinten
Belle Crawford.....Mazie Oliver
Mrs. Mason.....Alice Endres

The play deals with the enticement from her home of Ethel by the Doctor. Subsequently she is installed in his London office as stenographer. Here she meets the doctor's wife, The Infatuation of the doctor for Ethel grows. By slow and insidious poisons he reduces his wife's health to a very low ebb.

Ethel is told by the wife of the suspicion she has that her husband is poisoning her. This turns her from the doctor, when suddenly the wife succumbs to the poison. Friends try to rescue Ethel, but the doctor frightens her by telling her that she will be implicated in the murder and that they must escape together.

One of the most effective scenes is on ship board, where Howard Cornish, the schoolboy-sweetheart of Ethel is installed as the operator of the wireless telegraph. The doctor and Ethel came up on the deck disguised as an old man and son. The disguise is penetrated by Howard, who notifies Scotland Yard by wireless. Later on an inspector arrests the pair.

The play is well staged. Capt. Kendall of the steamer Montrose, on which the Crippens was caught, was introduced to the audience by the manager.

...the least... and the often... result of... tendency to analyze... have led... to expect not... good... and delightful voices in... production, but also a convincing... in the scenario.

Familiarity Breeds Scrutiny.

Convention comes from the development of the dramatic possibilities in a... We treat the frequenter of the... is ready to forgive the absence... qualities in foreign operas, he... to exact them from the composer... to select from a familiar... national theme and compose in the language of the nation. Familiarity in this... breeds scrutiny. In addition, there is the strong possibility that interpreters of the score are not familiar with the language in which they sing. Lack of conviction may thus result again.

In view of these circumstances the merits and the failings of "The Sacrifice" become apparent. The opera was repeated for the first time last evening before an appreciative audience. Miss Nielsen again found opportunity to exploit her resources as a singer. Her voice seemed unusually fresh and sincere.

LIGHT AND AIMES IN "HAMLET."

In Jordan Hall yesterday Alexander Light, Mm. Winifred Aimes and their company presented "Hamlet" and "Twelfth Night."

"Hamlet" was given in the afternoon, with Mr. Light as the Dane and Mm. Aimes as Queen Gertrude. Miss Lelle Mirel played Ophelia. The actor most worthy of attention was Mr. Dearborn, who struggled bravely with the part of Hamlet and seemed to have a fairly legitimate idea of what the Lord Chamberlain would like.

Mr. Light has, unfortunately, little conception of the character of Hamlet. He has attempted to describe him, line by line, mainly by the use of incongruous, out-of-character gestures, instead of finding some plausible, consistent view of the man and working it out

dramatically. The oft quoted report that no actor has ever failed as Hamlet is becoming the open sesame for the unskilful to attempt the part. Mr. Light's ambition, though natural, is wrongly directed.

"Twelfth Night," given in the evening was also beyond the reach of the company. The Maria of Miss Neva Walter was the best bit of work. She set herself go to some purpose and was natural.

The waits between the acts were long, but the music during them was soothing and delightful. Mr. Light has an unusually capable orchestra.

This afternoon "Twelfth Night" will be performed, and this evening the play will be "The Merchant of Venice."

MISS GOODRICH'S CONCERT.

Miss Theo Goodrich, soprano, assisted by Miss Ruth Cohen, violinist; the Boylston male quartet and Miss Edith Wales, pianist, gave a concert last night in Huntington Chambers Hall for the benefit of the Boston Metaphysical Club. Miss Goodrich sang the scene and Jewel song from "Faust," Salter's "Pine Tree," Sanderson's "Valley of Laughter" and Thomas's "China Tragedy." She also recited to her own piano accompaniment "The Relief of Lucknow." As singer she gave much pleasure by the purity and agreeable quality of her voice and the expressiveness of her interpretation. Her reading was effective. The other numbers of the program were enjoyed.

MME. TETRAZZINI

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini sang last night in Symphony Hall for the first time in concert in this city. She was assisted by Frederick Hastings, baritone; Walter Oosterloo, flutist, and Andre Berio, pianist. There was a large audience.

Mme. Tetrazzini was already known here as a mistress of florid song, dazzling in coloratura. Last night she revealed herself as a dramatic soprano, and a charming lieder singer, while in coloratura and as a virtuoso she never was more brilliant.

Her selections, according to the program, were the mad scene from "Hamlet," "Bel Raggio" from Rossini's "Semiramide," "Vol Cie Sapete" from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Grieg's "Solveig's Song" and the air from David's "Pearl of Brazil." In answer to enthusiastic applause she added generously to the program. Then after the scene from "Hamlet" she sang the familiar air

...the song by Mendelssohn and Gung. Aida... the song by Verdi's opera.

There is triller and riller in the... and lower registers than it was... a year ago, and it is of more even... strong out. It is singularly... fresh and sympathetic, so that it would be a pleasure to hear merely her tones even though they were not associated with a specific sentiment. The brilliance of the upper register is undiminished, so that Mme. Tetrazzini now has a magnificent organ, one that is suited to florid ornamentation, an aria of emotional significance, or a song that suggests a mood or makes an emotional appeal.

As a coloratura singer, she did many wonderful things, with the utmost ease, without a distorted face, simply with gusto, as though her feats were merely the natural expression of her joyous mood. There were chains of perfect runs, there were high staccato notes as clear as crystal; there were slow and rapid trills. Her variation of the air from "Linda" was a striking example of tasteful and musical ornamentation. All this, no doubt, was expected. But this brilliance was not metallic and heartless. Carlotta Patti was a brilliant singer in concert, but her tones in florid passages reminded one of a barkeeper cracking ice.

Mme. Tetrazzini's bravura is unforced, nor on the other hand should it be disparaged by the term "birdlike." It is unique, incomparable in elegance, abandon, expressiveness. Ophelia, for instance, was not practising for a concert at the court of Elsinore nor strolling to her death in concert dress.

The surprise came when Mme. Tetrazzini sang Cherubino's song and the song by Grieg. Here her command of breath was as noticeable as it was in her performance of the florid arias. Cherubino's canzonetta was sung with Mozartian and adorable simplicity, yet with the warmth of the amorous page. And what shall be said of the song of Grieg, so haunting by its melancholy? As Grieg in a movement of his string quartet is for a while Italian, so this Italian soprano in a song charged with the spirit of the north became Norwegian. The woman, lonely, far removed even from village life, waiting for Peer Gynt as the seasons changed and the years went by, sang her song of perfect beauty and subdued passion.

And in Aida's air Mme. Tetrazzini displayed a breadth of style, a dramatic fervor and authority that were a revelation to those who have been pleased to consider her as only an animated music box.

Mr. Hastings evidently gave pleasure to the audience by singing Schumann's "Widmung" and "Ich grolle dich," Schubert's "Allmacht," Henckels's "Young Dietrich," Benoit's "Lys" and Hammond's "Ballad of the Bony Fiddler." He, too, added to the program. Messrs. Doesterreicher and Benoit began the concert with Chaminade's Concertino for flute and piano.

RUSSIAN DANCERS RETURN.

Applauded by Large Audience at Boston Opera House.

The audience crowded the Boston Opera House last evening and showed by repeated and prolonged applause its appreciation of Miss Pavlova, Mr.

Mordkin and their supporting company of Russian dancers.

The program consisted of "Giselle," Theophile Gautier's ballet, with music by Adam; suite from "Coppelia," Delibes; followed by these dances: Papillons, Chopin, Misses Schmolz and Paskowitzkaja; Russian dances, Tschalkowski, Miss Pajitzkaja; gypsy dances, Dargomyski, Misses Benickorova, Kuhn and Messrs. Moissiew and Trojanowski; variations, Drigo, Miss Pavlova; variations, Tschalkowski, Mr. Mordkin; rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt, Misses Kuhn, Schmolz and Paskowitzkaja, Messrs. Moissiew, West and Trojanowski; Bachanale, Glazounoff, Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin. The orchestra was ably directed by Theodore Stiet.

Too much cannot be said in praise of these admirable artists. The program was a taxing one, and the fact of the consistent, delightful manner of its performance and that no noticeable signs of weariness or exhaustion were betrayed, bore striking testimony to the surprising powers of endurance of the principals.

Miss Pavlova is the embodiment of grace. Her dancing is by no means a mere exhibition of technical proficiency, but, resting upon a foundation of faultless technique, she is an accomplished mime, an imaginative interpreter. Her facial play is ever full of meaning and an indispensable accessory to the rounding of the whole.

Mr. Mordkin danced last evening with consummate skill and admirable posturing.

"Giselle" was finely given, and the suite from "Coppelia" revealed new and beautiful postures and interpretations. A feature of the dances which followed was the "Papillons" by Misses Bromslawa and Pajitzkaja.

The program ended with a stirring performance of Glazounoff's "Bachanale," with its intoxicating music. The supporting company was wholly in the vein.

MR. LIGHT HAS DIFFICULTY.

The performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by Alexander Light and Mm. Aimes, who had prepared to present Shakespearean repertoire at Jordan Hall for the remainder of the week, was not given last night owing to the withdrawal of Mm. Aimes, her son and her daughter from the company. Mr. Light stated last night that he is preparing two other women of the company for leading parts and that he expected to continue his presentations later in the week.

Sinigaglia's Overture Played for the First Time on a Concert Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was no soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 in C minor..... Brahms
"Romeo and Juliet," overture..... Tschalkowsky
A Siegfried Idyl..... Wagner
Overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"..... Sinigaglia

The audience was deeply interested in the first three compositions, although they were familiar. Many left in the pause between Wagner's Idyl and the overture. This overture was played for the first time at a Symphony concert. It had been performed at a promenade concert, however, but it was probably unknown to the great majority of the hearers.

When Mr. Gericke was conductor of the orchestra, he usually began the concert with an overture, and more than once complained of the paucity of these pieces. His standard was so high that he would not in the later years include one of the better overtures of Auber, and he was unwilling to repeat season after season the overtures that are always in stock. But what would conductors do without the "Leonora No. III," the "Egmont" and "Coriolanus" of Beethoven, and the three overtures of Weber, which are to the concert hall what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to the opera house?

Sinigaglia wrote the overture to Goldoni's comedy with the title that might be Englished as "The Squabbles of the People of Chiozza." The composer, born in Turin in 1868, studied for some years in Vienna after he left the Conservatory of his native city. In Vienna he saw much of Goldmark and Dvorak. It is said that the latter awakened in him an interest for folk songs as thematic material, and thus "Rapsodia piemontese" and the "Danze piemontesi" on folk themes were inspired. In Boston the composer is known by chamber music heard at concerts of the Flonzaley and Kniesel quartets and by his Rhapsody for violin.

Goldoni's comedy is a simple story of a quarrel that arose among gossiping women while their husbands were putting their fish just caught in baskets. There is a general row. Even lovers say ugly things. At last the magistrate brings peace, and fiddling and dancing, eating and drinking crown the reconciliation. Sinigaglia's overture is as unpretentious as the comedy, and as full of agreeable chatter. There is an attempt to catch the spirit of the little drama, not to set music to a succession of scenes. I do not know whether the overture was composed as a prelude to a performance of the comedy. The music would well serve the purpose; but, according to report, the overture was first heard in the spring of 1907 at a concert led by Mr. Toscanini at La Scala, Milan.

The music is characterized by the requisite liveliness, bustle; the instruments gossip among themselves, and finally raise their voices. The composer fortunately does not give epic proportions to the squabble. Although the score calls for a snare drum, triangle, cymbals, Glockenspiel, these instruments are employed discreetly, or, it might be said without paradox, quietly.

The overture is in true comedy spirit, as is the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." The two lovers are not treated as though they were Paolo and Francesca, and the good people of Chiozza do not take up arms, nor is the tocsin sounded. The themes are not salient, but there is Italian vivacity that gives life to the sound workmanship. The overture deserves its popularity.

There are beautiful things in the Siegfried Idyl, which was delicately played and with fine color effects, but Wagner's birthday gift to his wife is long-winded. Not because he had so much to say in thankfulness, affection, congratulation, but because he said it so many times. In poems and romances lovers are represented as demanding the frequent iteration of amorous assurance. In music these repetitions soon become wearisome.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of Brahms's symphony, which contains remarkable pages, as those of the first movement, passages in the second, and the marvellously poetic introduction to the final allegro. Mr. Apthorp thinks that this introductory episode may have

suggested to Brahms by the tone of the Alpine horn, "as it awakens the echoes from mountain after mountain on some of the high passes in the Bernese Oberland." The thought is not too fanciful, and this impression is made on all that have heard the horn whether in the Oberland or high up in the Canton Vaud. Brahms's fondness for Switzerland is well known, and he had visited that country before the Finale was performed. In this introductory Adagio there is a lyric flight and at the same time an imaginative force in superb decoration that are seldom found in the purely orchestral compositions of Brahms.

Tschalkowsky composed his "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia under the eyes and subject to the criticism of Mily Balakireff. Furthermore he revised the fantasia after the first performance, which was unsuccessful. "Romeo and Juliet" may be fairly reckoned among Tschalkowsky's most important compositions; it stands above the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia, and as a well rounded work of art is to be preferred to "Manfred." In "Romeo and Juliet" with all its variety of episodes, there is irresistible continuity; there is intense dramatic feeling that does not turn into the merely theatrical or sensational; nor is such a nobly sensuous song, in which love exults even in death, easily found elsewhere in music that is absolute or wedded to a text and situation.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strauss, tone poem "Maebeth" (first time here); Gabriel Faure, suite from the music to "Pelleas and Melisande"; Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala"; Beethoven, symphony in C minor, No. 8.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Mme. Melis Acts with Realistic Passion in Puccini's "Manon."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Mr. Conti conducted.

Manon Lescaut..... Mme. Melis
Le Chevalier des Grieux..... Mr. Constantino
Lescart..... Mr. Constantino
Geronte de Rivoire..... Mr. Fornari
Edmondo..... Mr. Gilla
The Innkeeper..... Mr. Huddy
A Singer..... Miss Swartz
Dancing Master..... Mr. Giaccone
A Lampighter..... Mr. Stroesco
Sergeant..... Mr. Pulcini
A Captain in the Navy..... Mr. Gantvoort

Puccini's characteristic idiom, with its saccharine intensities and its yearning, holds the mirror up to unvarnished emotion and downright earnestness. For

this reason the Manon of the first two acts of his opera does not carry conviction, for even in his libretto she was then merely a pleasure-seeking, if impulsive, girl with the capacity for hardness, as when at the supreme moment she can halt to think of jewels. Her development into the tragic figure of the last two acts, dominated by a love whose overwhelming character compels sympathy, seems inherently inconsistent.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that Mme. Melis, whose power lies in the impersonation of earnest and tragic roles, is more successful with the "Manon" of the last half of the opera. She copes admirably with the too protracted death scene, and acts with realistic passion the scene of parting in the third act. Though her intonation is not faultless and portions of her voice are not always pleasing, her management of tone color, and especially her effects of mezzo voice are uniformly striking in their expressiveness.

The part of Des Grieux, being genuinely and consistently emotional from the start, is well suited both to the manner of Puccini and the powers of Mr. Constantino. He was in excellent voice and sang with much fervor.

The cast in other details was as heretofore; the minor parts on the whole are well taken. There are some unusual opportunities for real finesse of choral work in this opera, notably at the end of act I, and during the madrigal in act II. In both places the chorus was signally successful.

The opera this afternoon will be "Carmen," with Mme. Marguerite Sylva, Mr. Clement and Mr. Mardones. In the evening, "La Traviata," with Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Constantino, will be given at popular prices.

VIVID "CARMEN" BY MME. SYLVA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose..... Edmond Clement
Escamillo..... Jose Mardones
El Danquero..... Leo Devaux
El Remedeado..... Ernesto Giaccone
Zuniga..... Carl Gantvoort
Morales..... Pierre Letol
Carmen..... Marguerite Sylva
Micaela..... Bernice Fisher
Frasquita..... Ruby Savage
Mercedes..... Anne Roberts

The performance of "Carmen" yesterday afternoon was one of unusual brilliance. Mme. Sylva made her first appearance here in serious opera, and Clement took the part of Don Jose

the first time in this city. Miss Fisher was called so suddenly to replace Miss D. who was expected to take the part of Micaela.

Mme. Silva, born in Brussels, was educated musically at the Conservatory of that city. She made her first appearance on the stage as Carmen at the Drury Lane Theatre when she was very young. She first visited the United States as a member of Beer-bohm Tree's company in 1895. Afterward she became an operetta singer. She sang in Boston in March, 1899, in "The Fortune Teller" when Miss Nielsen took the leading part.

Mme. Silva made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, Sept. 14, 1906, and with great success, as Carmen. Her engagement at the Opera Comique was for two years. Mme. Silva sang in other cities and joined Mr. Hammerstein's company in 1909.

Her impersonation of Carmen, as far as the composition of the part is concerned, is the most interesting, the most distinguished, the most vivid that has been seen in Boston since Mme. Calve first visited this city. This Carmen is sensual, but never vulgar, never common; a woman above her mates in the tobacco factory and apart from them; her power over men and her shrewdness are recognized by the smugglers; a woman of sudden and violent passions, quickly tired of her lover and with an infinite capacity for being bored by him when she loves in her savage way another; superstitious, afraid of death, yet she would not buy life for a month, a week, a day by feigning love.

Mme. Silva's gypsy is not a comic Carmen, not a Carmen who deliberately seeks to excite the laughter of the audience by her tantrums, her coarse behavior. When an audience laughs constantly at Carmen's pranks, or goes out of curiosity "to see what she will do," the actress is far from being the woman patterned by the librettists and Bizet after the sombre sensualist created by Prosper Merimee. For the great Carmens on the stage have been those whose very entrance hinted at the tragedy to come.

Carmen was made for the destruction of man. She has been known, madly loved and cursed through the ages. She is heroic in her sinister wickedness; she is not a piquant soubrette; she is not the leading woman in a farce that at last turns to tragedy.

The facial play of Mme. Silva; the softness and significance of her gestures; her voluptuousness in provocation and self-abandonment; her mad-dening walk; the intensity of her calmness in the last act when she assures Don Jose that she is through with him, and then her abject terror when she knows her end is at hand—these are compelling features in a memorable performance, a performance that is characterized by finesse, subtlety, and also by artistic, not vulgar, realism, the realism that is vitalized by intelligence that appreciates the ideal.

She sang the music for the most part with beauty of tone, elasticity in rhythm and refreshing spontaneity. There were pages, as in the card scene, when fuller and richer lower tones would have added to the effect.

Mr. Clement's Don Jose reminded me of the best days of De Lucia and Alvarez. It was, first of all, soldierly and matter of fact. Little by little, the soldier became the slave of the woman, and the fall from self-respect until the man was crazed and abject in his passion was a remarkable crescendo of dramatic skill.

It would be a pleasure to speak at length of many details of this performance; of the scene in which he realizes that as a soldier he is disgraced, his half-unconscious playing with the knife when the cards warn Carmen of her death; of the superb tableau at the end of the third act; of the tragic scene in which he craves her love, unmanned, hysterical, crazed—and then the moment when he sees all things red and stabs the thing that was his ruin and adoration.

On the other hand, how charming his first scene with Micaela! And in this performance song and action were inseparably wedded for dramatic purposes. There was nothing for self-display; the action passed as though there were no audience, save soldiers, cigarette women, smugglers, the peasant girl and the Torador.

Miss Fisher was a charming Micaela. For once we were permitted to see her, naive, unsophisticated, shy when alone with Don Jose, yet loving him with all her soul. Miss Fisher acted the part with an unfeigned simplicity and natural grace that at once won the sympathy and admiration of the spectators. She sang as Micaela should sing, simply, from the heart, with purity and virginal warmth, both in the scenes with Don Jose and in the scene in the smugglers' camp. She richly deserved the long continued applause that followed the latter scene, although her performance in the first act was of equal excellence.

Mr. Mardones was a stalwart Escamillo, and the other parts, with the exception of that of Morales, were well filled. The manner in which "Carmen" is staged at this opera house always meets approval. Mr. Caplet conducted with customary spirit and taste. The orchestra, critical at first, became enthusiastic, and singers and conductor were applauded to the echo.

LIPKOWSKA IN "TRAVIATA."

Sympathetic Interpretation of Violetta Wins Applause.

"La Traviata" was the opera performed last night at the Boston Opera House, before a large audience.

Violetta Valery..... Lydia Lipkowska
Flora Bervoix..... Grace Fisher
Anna..... Bernice Fisher
Alfredo Germont..... Florencio Constantino
Georgio Germont..... Giovanni Polesse
Gastone..... Ernesto Giaccone
Baron Douphol..... Attilio Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny..... Frederick Huddy
Doctor Grenvil..... Giuseppe Perini

Mme. Lipkowska's attractive personality and sympathetic interpretation of the character of Violetta, the brilliant setting of the stage and costuming and dancing of the ballet lent interest to the uneventful course of Verdi's opera and held the close attention of the audience in the passages most lacking in dramatic intensity.

A most pathetic and appealing Violetta Mme. Lipkowska made. Her interpretation was consistent throughout; she passed from the triumph of the first act to the tragedy of the following three acts with increasing power. Her impersonation was of a refined and fragile creature, more childlike than passionate, yielding to the culmination of misfortunes that overwhelm her with patient resignation.

The audience responded especially to the scenes she had alone and with Constantino. The difficulties in the part of mad, infatuated youth, Constantino overcame gracefully, making up in suavity what he lacked in impetuosity.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Bright

Eyes Rain

Influence

A cablegram from London states that at least 200 "fashionably gown'd" women saw Mr. Bombardier Wells triumph over Mr. Forky Flynn of Boston in the recent mill at the Olympia. It may be remembered that not long ago Lady Constance Something or Other was warmly interested in a pugilist who was beaten by Mr. Langford. Before the mill she sent him an amulet or talisman with honeyed words. He was constantly in her thoughts. No doubt she prayed for him when he was drinking delight of battle. And so the modern tournaments are held.

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence though they do not judge the prize. About 50 years ago Fitz James O'Brien wrote a poem, "The Prize Fight," which contains a description of lookers on at that period.

Round about is a bestral crowd,
Heads jostled and beards bowed,
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin,
Blush-nices dripping from off their lips,
Pisols bulking behind their hips,
Hands accus'd to deal the cards
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That loom the breadth of the autumn day?
These are "the Fanny" gentle sir.

Perhaps O'Brien was prejudiced. In 1888, his nose was broken by the blow of a pugilist. Prejudiced or unprejudiced, if he were living today at the age of 83, he would find a very different crowd at any one of these "friendly trials of athletic skill."

Drinking

Delight

of Battle

In England prize fights have for years attracted men of distinction in nearly every walk of life. When Mr. Turner and the Nonpareil fought for two hours and 20 minutes at Crawley Downs in 1818 the poet Keats gazed enraptured and afterward tapped his fingers on the window pane to give Cowden Clarke an idea of the rapidity of the Nonpareil's blows. Tom Moore saw the same fight and sighed because there was not "a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed by the crowd," to heighten the brilliance of the spectacle. If Hazlitt had not seen a famous fight

English literature would have been the poorer. Thackeray in a Roundabout Paper wrote with gusto of the fight between Heenan and Sayers. He contradicted the statement that he had seen it, that he had been present in the polite society of "poets, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament," but it is easy to infer that he exclaimed with Hamlet: "I would I had been there." Nor is it necessary to speak of famous descriptions of fights by Borrow, Meredith, Bulwer-Lytton, Victor Hugo and others.

Yet it is hard to pass on without a reference to Borrow's great chapter on "Laveugro." It comes, strange to say, immediately after the memorable talk between Laveugro and Mr. Jasper Delungro, concerning death. "There's

light and day, brother," said Mr. Delungro, "both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the leath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?" Read Borrow's chapter again, with the appeal to the pride of England, with the glorious Homeric catalogue, Cribb, the genteel Belcher the younger, with his white hat, grim Shelton, the terrible Randall, Bulldog Hudson, fearless Scroggins, Black Richmond, Purcell, Tom of Bedford, and you will rush into the street though a mild-mannered man, amiable at breakfast, to apply for membership in a sporting club.

Women

Taking an

Active Part

And why should not English women themselves enter the lists, women like the Lady Constance Something or Other, and those who saw poor "Porky" bite the dust? Reports of battles between women have come down to us from the 18th century. There were these "sporting events" in 1763. I quote from the contemporaneous reports: "Two women fought for a new shift, valued at half a crown, in the Spaw Fields, near Islington. The battle was won by a woman called Bruising Peg, who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner." Again: "An extraordinary battle was fought in the Spa Fields by two women against two tailors for a guinea a head, which was won by the ladies, who beat the tailors in a severe manner." Women have been accomplished duellists, as the opera singer Miss Maupin, who killed three men one after the other in a night, and there have been exciting duels between women, as when the Marquise de Nesle fought with the Marquise de Polignac over the fascinating Duc de Richelieu. It is to be regretted that there is a dispute as to the weapons used in this duel; some say each noble dame had provided herself with a large knife; others insist that they discharged pistols. Why should there not be boxing matches between restless females? The sage Vatsya enjoined women to practice with sword, single stick, quarter staff and bow and arrow in the time they were not studying the Kama-Shastra. The Hindu was not in the habit of "putting up his dukes" to settle a quarrel.

A Gross

Error in

Spelling

The Herald publishes elsewhere today a vindication of the Welsh rabbit, which has long been unjustly accused and wrongly spelled. The genteel cherish the fond belief that "rabbit" should be "rarebit." There is the Welsh rabbit as there is the Cape Cod turkey. The Oxford English dictionary, alas, falls the investigator, if he looks at "Rabbit." He finds only this note: "See also Welsh Rabbit." Birds may sing over his grave before the section "W" is published. There is this comfort, however, the word "rarebit" is admitted but only with this line: "See Welsh Rabbit." Smyth-Palmer gives a pompous explanation: "Welsh Rabbit: one of a numerous class of slang expressions—the mock heroic of the eating-house—in which some common dish or product for which any place or people has a special reputation is called by the name of some more dainty article of food which it is supposed humorously to supersede or equal." Thus there is German Duck (half a sheep's head stewed with onions), Cobbler's Lobster, Billingsgate Pheasant (a red herring or blotter, otherwise known as a Two-Eyed Steak, Atlantic Ranger, Yarmouth Capon, Sea Rover, Glasgow Magistrate, Norfolk Capon). The Welsh have been snobbishly treated in slang; why should the action of running away without settling be known as "Welshing" in racing slang? The "Welsh Ambassador" is the cuckoo; the "Welsh cricket," the lous; the "Welsh fiddle," the itch; the "Welsh wig," a worsted cap; and "Welsh parsley," hemp; hence the hangman's rope. Are the Welsh always eating their rabbits? Borrow in his "Wild Wales" has much to say

the precise time to pour another suspected of putting in a spoonful of Day and Martin's blacking. The Witches in "Macbeth" may have made Welsh rabbits in their more jocund and benignant moments. They had a vast storehouse of ingredients. The confirmed Welsh rabbit maker tests friendship. What is to be said of Dr. William Maginn's prescription? He protested against the idea that Welsh rabbit is heavy eating. "I like it best in the genuine Welsh way, however—that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horseradish, and then on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with ewry (ale), or in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper, and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner, in reading, writing, walking or riding—who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wine, or any equivalent—and who proposes to swallow at least three tumblers of something hot, ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus." Ah, there were giants in those days, even though they were addicted to "and who?"

There is only one kind of cheese for a Welsh rabbit, and that is common factory cheese. Beware of him who suggests any other cheese. And he that pours dabs of melted cheese on crackers and presses the little dose upon you is to be avoided as any leper sounding the bell or clapper of his terrible approach. If a man is too lazy to toast bread, his rabbit will be tough, lumpy, or messy. Nor does the true amateur of rabbits welcome the sight of a chutney bottle. A good rabbit should be enjoyed in its beauty, nude and unadorned.

It is said that Alexandre Charles Lecocq died recently on the island of Guernsey, which was for many years the Patmos of Victor Hugo. About a month ago there was a story in Paris that Lecocq had died, and this annoyed, possibly mortified, the composer, so that he shut himself up in his apartment and refused to see any one. This was not the first time his friends and admirers put an end to him. About eight years ago he was reported as dead. Lecocq was born in 1832.

He composed many operettas. A few of them are masterpieces in their way, and nearly all of them show a melodic gift, fine taste, technical proficiency. His "Plutus," not one of his best works, was performed at the Opera Comique. When he entered the Paris Conservatory, he was already a skilful pianist. At the Conservatory, he took a first prize in harmony, and a second prize in counterpoint and fugue. He was a thoroughly well equipped musician. His brilliant period was from 1868, when "Fleur de The" appeared, to 1873, when "Le Petit Duc" was brought out at the Renaissance. He wrote much after 1873, but the operettas of the later years were inferior, although there is a memorable duet in "La Princesse des Canaries" (1882), a model of irony and wit in melodic form.

"Les Cent Vierges," "Girofle-Girofia," "La Marjolaine," "Le Petit Duc" and the earlier "Fleur de The" have charming and joyous pages, but the fame of Lecocq will probably rest on "La Pille de Mme. Angot," produced at Brussels, Dec. 4, 1872.

Was there ever a Mme. Angot in flesh and blood, as described by Amaranthe, the marketwoman, in Lecocq's operetta?

Tres, jolle, pen polie,
Possedant un gros magot,
Pas beugue, forte en gueule,
Telle etait Madame Angot.

There is a story that a Madame Angot lived in the time of the regency. She was a concierge in the building where the Mississippi Scheme had its offices and, investing her savings, she finally possessed millions. Then she set up for a noble dame, purchased a huge house, kept an army of servants, and entertained lavishly. She would appear at Longchamps with a chariot and four, with negro coachman and footmen, and loll, brilliant in lace and diamonds, with marabout feathers in her hat, "Rich as Mme. Angot" was a proverb. She lost her money and went back to her scrubbing brush.

This story is not mentioned by Ludovic Celler in his little essay on Mme. Angot as a typical theatrical figure. Celler says she was the personification of an uneducated and vulgar person who suddenly became rich; that she was a type, as Jocrisse, Cadet-Roussel, Arlequin.

McK 14. 1911
CONVERSE OPERA
IS HEARD AGAIN

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Converse's "Sacrifice." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Chonita.....Miss Nielsen
Bernal.....Mr. Constantino
Burton.....Mr. Blanchart
Tomas.....Mme. Claessens
Pablo.....Mr. Stroesco
Magdalena.....Miss B. Fisher
Mariona Anaya.....Miss G. Fisher
Gypsy Girl.....Miss Berger
Padre Gabriel.....Mr. Gantvoort
Corp. Flynn.....Mr. White
Little Jack.....Mr. Gantvoort
First Soldier.....Mr. Huddy
Second Soldier.....Mr. Letoi

An audience of good size was interested last night in a repetition of Mr. Converse's opera. Miss Bernice Fisher was warmly applauded in her singing of the sprightly air in the second act, and there were curtain calls for the conductor.

The performance of this opera may well lead to public discussion of the practicability and the advisability of singing operas in English in American opera houses. There has been some talk of late, chiefly in New York, and singers native and foreign, to the effect that in this country all operas should be sung in English. It is said that in German theatres operatic performances are in German; in French cities, in French; and so through the European countries; therefore, Americans should hear operas only in English.

As a matter of fact, American singers engaged at the Berlin Royal Opera House have been allowed to sing in Italian until their German would pass muster. Famous singers as guests have been permitted to sing in Italian in many German cities. Italian companies have crowded theatres in Vienna, cities of Russia and in Paris.

There are two serious objections to singing operas in English. The first is this: A composer writes music for a text in a language with which he is familiar. He writes with a view to rhetorical as well as musical emphasis. He consults the character of that language. When the libretto is translated the music in 99 instances out of 100 suffers serious injury, no matter how skilfully the translation may be made. The rhythm often halts, the rhetorical and the musical emphasis are not coincident. "Faust" in German is not the "Faust" of Gounod, "Die Meistersinger" in French loses its sturdiness and intensely German flavor. "Don Giovanni" in French or German is heavy and lumbering. Many serious operas of the French, Italian and German schools have been sung in this country in English by capable singers in the course of the last 50 years and the results have not been satisfactory. An opera should be sung in the language for which the music was composed.

The other objection may be urged against any opera sung in English; the singers, when they are foreigners, are handicapped by their efforts to sing in a language which they do not perfectly understand; they cannot sing with the same dramatic intelligence or the same fervor. The great majority of the American singers are unintelligible when they sing in English, either in opera or in concert. It is not necessary to inquire into the causes of this; perhaps the singers in their daily life have not been accustomed to speak distinctly and correctly; perhaps they have been laboriously taught a certain method of tonal emission, and the thought of this method is constant and hampering. In a French or German opera house an audience demands distinct enunciation. The hearers wish to know what the people on the stage are singing about. American audiences have not been so particular in this respect.

And so in the performance of "The Sacrifice" Mr. Blanchart, a Spaniard, and Mme. Claessens, a Belgian, singing in English but ever mindful of diction, are easily understood by the audience, while in "The Pipe of Desire" Mr. Martin, an American, might as well have sung in Sanscrit; in "The Sacrifice" neither of the Misses Fisher is intelligible, and even Miss Nielsen's words, although the singer has had the best of training, namely, in operetta, do not always in sustained song have a definite meaning. Mr. Constantino, a Spaniard, sang last night in a language that was possibly heard near the Tower of Babel, but is not recognized today. On the other hand, when he sings in Italian, those slightly acquainted with that language, which surely was invented for singers, have some idea of the emotion he is expressing.

Before English opera can be established, there must be schools for librettists. It is as difficult to write a good, dramatic libretto as it is to write a good play. Our best playwrights, for some reason or other, look down on a libretto. In this respect, as in other respects, they are different from the French. The

two French masters of operetta librettos, Meilhac and Halévy, were Académiciens. Is there one of our "Académiciens" that could write a libretto, even if he would condescend to attempt the task? For a composer, without knowledge or experience of the stage, to write a libretto is prejudicial to his opera even before he composes the music.

There must be the dramatic interest that moves swiftly to a climax or rivets the attention by contrasting scenes, adventures, above all action. A "literary" man of talent may write a pretty poem, or a play, that may be read without yawning, and yet utterly fail as a dramatist when his work is put on the stage. English opera is impossible until there be a race of skilled librettists and singers skilled in singing English.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Tosca" with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Constantino and Amato. This will be the last performance of "Tosca" this season.

Owing to previous engagements entered into with the Metropolitan Opera Company it has been impossible to obtain the Russian Dancers for the Monday night subscription performance. They have been secured for the evening of March 21, on which occasion the tickets for the evening of March 20 will be honored, as the subscription performance has been transferred. There will be no performance March 20.

PROBLEMS SEEN
IN "THE NIGGER"

By ST. JOHN PERRET.

[Play Viewed from a Southerner's Standpoint.]

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon. Played by Guy Bates Post and this cast:

Simms.....William Cullington
Jimmy.....Maud Durand
Clifton Noyes.....J. M. Colville
Georgiana Byrd.....Florence Rockwell
Philip Morrow.....Guy Bates Post
Purdy.....J. C. Hamilton
Mrs. Byrd.....Julia Hancock
Joe White.....Henry Hall
Jake Willis.....R. C. Forrest
Barrington.....Jack Barnes
Chief Tilton.....D. W. Haynes
Col. Knapp.....J. W. Gregory
Senator Long.....Frank Peters

Eugenics properly furnish the scientist with opportunities for experiment and provide the psychologist with wide fields for speculation. Sheldon has the dramatist elected to investigate the problem. His reluctance is not the result of his failure to detect in the subject possibilities for strong dramatic presentation. It might be the outcome of his realization that he is neither a perfect scientist nor a perfect psychologist. And this modesty does not necessarily imply lack of ability to exploit some themes with competency. But the serious-minded dramatist respects his art and is not disposed to encase in a mould of perfect technique the substance of a problem with which he is not familiar.

Naturally, the writer for the stage should be, after a fashion, and he is expected to be—a psychologist and, occasionally, even a scientist. It is reasonable to infer from experience that he usually ventures to satisfy the requirements. But only in the exceptional case does he abandon those fields of analysis which his predecessors have covered before him, concerning which he is supposed to be better informed. Thus, the modest third-rato dramatist never hesitates to develop questions of money, of sex, and of the marital relations.

But, to be the first to present in the world of the drama a problem of eugenics seldom, if ever, essayed in dramatic form, is to be an innovator; and to innovate is to invite polemics. In addition, when the question is one of commanding importance and difficult to analyze, the problem of popularizing what is essentially scientific easily taxes the resourcefulness of the dramatist.

Whatever differences of opinion, then, may arise concerning the conceptions of Mr. Sheldon as evidenced in "The Nigger," liberal praise should be given to him for undertaking such an investigation as the play presents. If, in the development of his problem he had proceeded purely along the lines of sociology, as Mrs. Stowe proceeded in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" his creation would have merited commendation for the interest it arouses in its discussion and for the display of a rigid and convincing technique.

But, as it is, the conflict—and the audience is compelled to observe it—is not one of races, but between the individual and the race. Even before the chief character of the play is informed of his real identity one strongly feels the force of that conflict. In consequence, when, at the end of the second act, racial prejudices clash with knowledge of identity in the character of the "white nigger" the impact is fearful.

Up to this point Mr. Sheldon advances with good logic in the development of his character and betrays some knowledge of actual conditions, although he exaggerates in several instances. But,

road in the city. The "The Drama of the Continent" at the Knickerbocker—the two works to be conducted by Sir Edward Elgar in Canada and the United States—the "Golden Legend," Berlioz's "Faust," Verdi's "Requiem," Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and Beethoven's "Choral" symphony. The conductor-in-chief will be Dr. Coward, while Dr. Charles Hariss will also help, conducting, for one thing, his own cantata "Pan." There will be given over 230 concerts between March 24 and Sept. 9, and the number of miles travelled by the party will run to over 30,000.

"The Tallyman," a one-act play, by Judge Parry, was produced by the Manchester Repertory Company in London Feb. 20. It is a study of a foolish but well-meaning wife of an engine driver, who, without her husband's knowledge, gets into debt with a travelling salesman. The husband discovers him making improper advances to his wife and throws him out of the house. Then there is a row followed by a reconciliation. The husband tells her he has lost his job on account of failing eyesight, the wife answers him that she will be loving and economical. "The piece is too long and too theatrical, and its denouement is not so 'happy' as the author presumably conceives it to be, for there is no sign that there will be any money for the wife to economize with."

Morning Telegraph quotes a criticism from a southern Oregonian newspaper. "The amateur entertainment given at Dobson's Hall last night was,

with one or two exceptions, the rottenest thing of the kind ever seen in this town. The singing of — was something awful. Miss — is the victim of politeness. Her friends pretended to enjoy her singing in private, whereas the were bored. They spurred her on to make herself extremely ridiculous and did her great harm by not giving her a hint of the truth. The — played a duet on the piano for a minutes by the watch. It was terrible, but the audience thought it could not be polite not to applaud, and in doing so they brought on a attack, which lasted 10 minutes. The — were probably ruined for good speakers by this misapplied kindness of the audience. A youth who had to be put to work and one of those leading popular songs about Sadie going away from home because her father could not keep her supplied with street cars. He hangs around with the girl too much and he never will amount to much. He is a lucky young man, as he had the good fortune of selecting his own father, who is a rich man."

A pianist named A. Ribo played at a Casino concert, Paris, Feb. 5, a Rapsodie Espagnole, by Albeniz. The original score for piano and orchestra was lost; only the piano part has been found. The instrumentation of the accompaniment was then made by Georges Enesco.

Balakireff's overture to "King Lear," and his "Thamar," have not been played in Boston. The former work was played early last month at a Lauroreux concert, and Amadee Boutarel wondered why the composer, who has shown himself a gorgeous colorist in "Thamar," should in his other works be a cold imitator of the great classics. He found Balakireff's "Lear" pale and without emphasis. Mr. Boutarel rapped the conductor Cheviard for a stabby performance of the Love Scene form Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet."

Diamond Roze, who was connected with the Boston Opera House last season, conducted three of his own compositions at a Concert Seclari in Paris. A song, "Je t'écrit," and an "Ave Maria," sung by Mme. Litvine, and a march and Baccanale for Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." The compositions, well received by the audience, were praised for their dramatic quality.

Two new works, "Prelude d'un Ballet," by Roger Ducasse, and "Cortège," by Tournier, performed recently in Paris at a Concert Hasselmans, made little impression.

It is said that Gemma Bellincioni after singing the chief female part in Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" in Italy will dwell four or five months of the year in Berlin where she will be at the head of a school of Italian singing. During the other months she will sing or rest at her villa in Viareggio.

At Bari, Italy, the audience did not like a performance of "Aida." It made a violent demonstration against the conductor, Tosi-Orsini. The second conductor who took his place to conduct the second act did not win favor. A fight followed in which spectators, orchestra and chorus were involved and finally the police emptied the theatre. It is rumored that Richard Strauss's next work will be music for a pantomime by Frederick Preska.

Johann Halvorsen of Christiania, is writing the music for an operetta based on the famous discovery of the north pole by Dr. Cook.

Mrs. Maud Allan, again in London and singing at the Palace Theatre, is decorated as more sylvan-like in figure and expression in face. Among her new songs are "The Bird," "A Toss-Poer

Pictures and Debussy's "Danse Sacree et Profane." By the way, the Referee alludes familiarly to Debussy as "Charles." In this sacred and profane dance, "Miss Allan, mystically veiled, at first appears bathed in delicate violet limelight, evidently intended to suggest purity and devotion. After a group of beautifully rendered movements and poses indicative of religious fervor and rapt adoration, hey presto; the limes suddenly change to Blood Red! Then the dancer, by sundry sinuosities, nods and becks and wreathed smiles, seeks to appear what the Wreck in "The Gay Lord Quex" calls 'very alluring.'" It seems that Herman Finck has "most skilfully orchestrated the Debussy dance." The "Dances" were written by Debussy for chromatic harp and an orchestra of strings.

Hans Gregor, who is now director of the Court Opera at Vienna, has suggested to the directors of the chief European opera houses a clause in all contracts with singers. This clause reads: "Every singer, male or female, who has given performances for more than three months in America can no longer appear on any great European stage." This seems shabby, for Mr. Gregor married an American, Della Rogers, a dramatic soprano.

"George Fleming" whose name is joined to that of Mr. Mason in the authorship of "Green Stockings" is Miss Constance Fletcher, an English novelist and dramatist, born at Paris in 1855.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week:

MONDAY—Brighton high school, 8 P. M. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Hauser, Berceuse for strings, Donizetti, selection from "Lucia"; Strube, Valse Legato; Moszkowski, Spanish Dance in C minor; Miss Frances Mooney, soprano, will sing "Last, Twill Be Well for Thee," from "Don Giovanni," and Zardo's "Good Night." Paul M. Brown, cellist, will play Casella's Chanson Napolitaine. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Ford Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by Mrs. Olive W. Hilton, violinist; Mrs. Anna H. Huntington, cellist; Miss Mary H. Seedy, pianist; assisted by Miss Helen C. Oliver, soprano. Trio in B minor, Mazurka and Rondo, Reissiger; songs, Wagner, "Dreams"; Schuetz "What I Love Is Mine Forever"; Clusani, Myrra. Piano, Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14, Trio in B flat major, Allegro, Dvorak; violin solo, Romance and Gavotte, from "Miguel"; Sarasale, Songs: Tosti, Serenade; Neldinger, Memories; Wilson, Pastoral. Trio in D minor, Arensky.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Mr. C. Constantino, tenor, of the Boston Opera House, soloist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Stephen S. Townsend, baritone, will sing Schubert's cycle "The Fair Maid" in English. Max Heinrich will accompany and give a short introductory talk on Schubert and this cycle. See special notice.

Clickering Hall, 8.15 P. M. Concert by Anton Wittek, violinist, and Vera Wittek, pianist. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall 3 P. M. Song recital by Edmond Clement, tenor, of the Opera Comique, Metropolitan and Boston Opera Houses. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

McK 13. 1911
SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Constantino and Cecilia Chorus
Win Hearty Applause.

A program of music that was not only of the highest quality, but was also distinctly popular in its appeal, the presence of Florenio Constantino of the Boston Opera Company as soloist and the assistance of the male chorus of the Cecilia Society combined last night to make the Symphony pension fund concert in Symphony Hall an occasion that was notable even in a long series of famous concerts.

The hall was filled to its limits with an audience that plainly expected to be pleased. That it was not a whit disappointed was evidenced by the liberal and hearty applause bestowed on Mr. Fiedler, the Symphony players and Mr. Constantino. The genial opera tenor was in a happy frame of mind and had his best singing voice with him. He evidently came with the intention of giving his hearers the utmost pleasure he could, and he succeeded.

His first selection was the aria, "Cielo e Mare" from "La Gioconda," and in response to vigorous plaudits he sang another song. In the second half of the program he sang an aria from "The Girl of the Golden West," and after it generously responded twice to clamorous recalls.

The chorus from the Cecilia Society took part in the last number of the evening, joining with the orchestra in a production of Johann Strauss's "The Beautiful Blue Danube" that will be long remembered by those who heard it.

The purely orchestral numbers were received with almost as much enthusiasm as were those in which the soloist and the chorus appeared. They were Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes"; Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture; Tschalkowsky's suite for full orchestra, "Nutcracker"; Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

...what it shows, one must first ... the character as the exceptional ... there is not a moment of ... in the man at the sickening ... as much as is con- ... Mr. Post in the more me- ... of the character.

... Providence. An in- ... sentimentalism re- ... to the individual at this ... and strange altruistic motives ... into play. Sparingly mo- ... by the humanity of a philan- ... strangely introduced in the ... act, the man of prejudice enters ... his new state which has for its ... the reformation of his race. ... of what one was led ... consideration of the character and ... the solution is much ... to satisfy the dramatic ... which should be the truth of ...

... Mr. Sheldon could not ... very far beyond the line ... divides temperamental differences, ... political beliefs, nor into any ... which justly prizes the bene- ... of the teachings of eugenics, to ... for one moment that mongrel- ... is not a sufficient bar to the con- ... of licensed affections. It is ... possible to credit the belief in this ... instance that familiarity ... a danger lessens its terrors. These ... are not even discussed in the ... of women in such a com- ... as Mr. Sheldon ventures to pre- ... and should the act be contem- ... in the exceptional and perverted ... the law itself intervenes.

... Mr. Sheldon, then, deserves credit for ... a serious discussion. He ... usually at presenting the raw ... of life, and he occasionally suc- ... But in the present instance, ... all has been said and approval ... been expressed for his creditable ... technique, there comes the realization ... that there is but little fish and blood ... in the creation.

... "The Nigger" was presented by the ... Theatre Company in Boston last ... Generally, the performance ... was not so creditable as ... the former production. To the ... of Mr. Post, whose characteriza- ... in many respects virile and ... exhaustive, he it said that he has hap- ... abandoned the unwarranted ... in his speech, which contributed ... the excellence of his earlier in- ...

... The other members of the cast might ... emulate him in this respect, ... exaggeration may be effective for ... of the stage, but it is not ... of any real sectional pecu- ... Miss Rockwell replaces Miss An- ... Russell, who created the role of the ... heroine. She exercised good judgment ... matters of emphasis, though tem- ... peramentally she is not altogether ... to the part. The settings are those ... which were used by the New Theatre ... Company.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Rare Uniformity In High Quality of Acts on Bill.

A vaudiville bill which is good from the opener to the pictures without a poor act as a sacrifice for a big head- line sketch is rare, but the bill pre- sented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week answers that description. From the time the curtain rises until the last of a nine-act program the performance is uniformly good.

While it is perhaps unfair to attempt to pick out a feature from such a bill, the applause that followed the acts of Bill Archie, Marlon Murray and company, and Lillian Shaw, seemed to indi- cate that they were the popular favorites of the evening.

Miss Shaw sang. That is all. But when Miss Shaw sings, in a dialect that is just hers, no more can be said. En- core after encore attested to her popu- larity and the newness of her selections. To hear her sing "It Can't Be Did" and "Angelo" is a treat not to be soon for- gotten.

Marlon Murray and company presented a farce entitled "The Prima Donna's Honey-moon." By the time Miss Murray and S. K. Walker had tried to pull a bed spread apart and had warbled, trilled and caroled to the accompaniment of an automatic indicator that directed the prima donna to spray her throat, take oranges and raw eggs at critical mo- ments in love scenes and quarrels, the audience was in a roar of laughter that lasted until the curtain fell.

Victor Niblo, with three talking par-rots, brings a new thing before the footlights in the way of animal acts, if it may be so called. The three birds talk, as do many other parrots, but no other parrots can be relied upon to follow cues unflinchingly, and say the right thing, at the right time. The act is novel and refreshing.

James P. Conlin, who with Lillian Steele and Eddie Carr offers a musical act of nonsense, does things with a piano that the maker never knew he put into the instrument. He plays a different piece with each hand while standing on his head, which should be

... to satisfy any vaudeville audi- ...

Milo Minni Amato and company pre- sent a long pantomime act that is ably presented. The dancing of Milo Amato and M. Coela is perfection, but at times throughout the action of the playlet there is too much visible effort in the attempt to force the meaning of the action upon the audience.

The other acts are Paul LaCroix, ec- centric juggler; the Big City Four and the Alpine troupe of five tight wire artists, who offer a new feature in the shape of a double act on the same wire.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Thomas E. Shea Appears in "A Sol- dier of the Cross."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea in "A Soldier of the Cross."

Ajax.....Thomas E. Shea
Cletus.....John Sloan
The Pretor.....Thomas J. Tempest
Tigellinus.....James J. Cassidy
Prince Rubellus.....Benjamin Luce
Clodius.....W. Lee Nichols
Princess Astrulia.....Lyda Powell
Claudia.....Pearl Ford
Martha.....Charlotte Burkette

Mr. Shea is justly described as a fa- vorite in Boston. Large houses greeted him yesterday, and the enthusiasm which he aroused had the true ring. "A Soldier of the Cross" is one of his best pieces. As the gladiator, Ajax, he has a part which his fine physique allows him to present in suitable style. He avoids the temptation to rant which the part offers, and his points are made by quiet, but none the less effective, meth- ods. He was very fine at the climaxes of the second and third acts.

The supporting company is good. Miss Pearl Ford, as the Christian slave, suggesting the character in "Quo Va- dis," was interesting and attractive. Miss Powell was a wicked but beautiful Princess Astrulia. Mr. Tempest did some good work as the pretor, and Mr. Luce was a satisfactory Prince Rubel- lus.

The costumes and staging were beau- tiful and elaborate. The earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius at the close of the piece were realistic.

On Wednesday and Saturday nights Mr. Shea will appear in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." For all other performances "A Soldier of the Cross" will be re- peated.

"FAIR MAID OF THE WEST."

Harvard Delta Upsilon Revive Hey- wood Play.

"Bess Bridges" was a bonny, buxom, bountiful and not infrequently boyish belle who entertained in her tavern al- manner of seamen and landmen and Harvard Delta Upsilon. Which is one way of saying that "The Fair Maid of the West," that ancient play by Hey- wood, was performed in Brattle Hall last evening by the Delta Upsilon frater- nity as the 13th of its annual Eliza- bethan revivals.

The heroic Bess, who endured enough tribulations to fill five acts and 14 scenes, is known ordinarily as T. M. Spelman, '13. Once in a while the Spel- man stratum of sub-consciousness as- serted itself, and then "Bess" spoke in manly-wise. But to the mingled aston- ishment and delight of the audience, most of the time "Bess" was decidedly feminine, and in several of the diffi- cult tender scenes the illusion of her femininity was almost complete.

Heywood's drama is concerned with the adventures and misadventures of a pretty barmald whose lover was forced to flee from England because of a duel. Believing her lover dead, Bess used the fortune which he had bequeathed her in fitting out a vessel to bring his body back to England. Beset by Spanish marauders, Bess became a lady pirate for the nonce, conquered a Spanish ship, found herself the favorite of the King of Fez, remained true to her lover and at last rediscovered and married him.

The cast:
Spencer.....F. M. Elliot '16
Carroll.....H. W. Miller '12
Fawcett.....J. C. Janney '11
Capt. Goodluck.....T. S. Kenyon '11
Roughman.....O. W. Hausermann '12
Glen.....C. B. Randall '12
First captain.....R. D. Whittemore '13
Mavor of Foy.....P. H. Keays '13
An alderman.....F. C. Rogers '13
Mullisheg, King of Fez.....P. Specker '12
Bashaw Alcade.....M. C. Allen '11
Bashaw Joffer.....P. H. Keays '13
A Spanish captain.....A. J. Kelly '12
An English merchant.....A. J. Kelly '12
A French merchant.....R. D. Whittemore '13
An Italian merchant.....E. Hutchins '14
A surgeon.....C. M. Eurr '14
A preacher.....H. C. Knight '12
First drawer.....R. C. Kelly '12
Second drawer.....H. G. Knight '13
Servant.....G. S. Deming '10
Chorus.....T. M. Spelman '13
Bess Bridges.....T. M. Spelman '13
A kitchen maid.....C. M. Eurr '14
English sailors.....M. C. Allen '11, R. M. Allen '11, E. Hutchins '11
Spanish sailors.....R. D. Whittemore '13, G. F. Plimpton '14
G. F. Plimpton '14, P. H. Keays '13, G. F. Plimpton '14, R. M. Allen '11, P. J. Stearns '13, D. J. P. Wingate '14.

RECITAL BY MR. TOWNSEND.

Interprets a Song Cycle by Schubert
\$5. at Steinhert Hall.

Stephen S. Townsend, baritone, gave a recital last evening in Steinhert Hall. Mr. Townsend sang Schubert's Song Cycle, "Die Schone Mullerin." He was assisted by Max Heinrich, who prefaced Mr. Townsend's singing with a short description of the cycle, and he also played the pianoforte accompaniments. The English translations of the poem were by Mr. Heinrich.

As singer, musician and accompanist, Max Heinrich has too long been before America's musical public to need many words here. It did not require even the poetic vividness of his beautiful descrip- tion of the cycle or the artistry of his accompaniments last evening to recall to most of those present his inimitable powers of interpretation.

The songs of this beautiful cycle are more than unexcelled gems of classic song form. Apropos of folksong discus- sions, they form a little folk-drama, and are much more expressive of the life of a people than the intoned and harmonically developed grunts emitted by some Indian when about to bag a bear. Mr. Townsend's excellent voice and style have the advantage in the assertive rather than the sensitive forms of expression. He has a voice of rich and beautiful quality, and his dic- tion is unusually superior. But he is a painter of strong lights. Last evening he was distinctly at his best in the songs which are wholly and throughout the dramatic and impassioned ecstasy of an outburst of mood. The rich warmth of his voice had a sweeping authority in "Impatience," "Mine," "The Green Ribbon," "The Hunter," "Jealousy and Pride" and "The Odious Color." The changing sensitive reflec- tion of "The Inquirer," "Pause" and "The Favorite Color" were not so con- vincing. Since the cycle has been alluded to as a folk-drama, it might be said that Mr. Townsend's characteriza- tions in climax were exceptionally effec- tive and excellently done, while he did not succeed so well in painting the idyllic atmosphere.

The recital was one of unusual enjoy- ment to a large and enthusiastic audi- ence.

WITEK'S SECOND CONCERT.

Remarkable Performance of One of Bach's Unaccompanied Sonatas.

Anton Witek, the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Mrs. Witek, pianist, gave their second concert of the season last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: For piano: Bach-Tausig, Toccata and Fugue in D minor Beethoven, sonata in F minor, op. 57 (Appassionata). For violin: Bach, so- nata for violin; Alkan, duo for piano and violin in F sharp minor, op. 21 (first time in Boston).

Last night's playing showed Mr. Witek in his capacity as virtuoso, with the ability to startle and amaze to a greater extent than has any other sin- gle appearance that he has made here this season. The performance of one of Bach's unaccompanied sonatas or suites for violin is at best a strenuous expe- rience for performer and audience. The sonata played last night is a favorite tour de force, perhaps because it bris- tles with difficulties. These were sur- mounted by Mr. Witek with the utmost facility, and the qualities he has hereto- fore displayed as a master of technique were effulgent in this performance.

This is the second occasion on which Mr. and Mrs. Witek have played as a novelty in Boston a work by Alkan, a man of large output, largely neglected because of its difficulty. The piano is the more prominent of the two instru- ments in this duo, and it was in this number that Mrs. Witek did her most successful playing. In the first move- ment, Assesz anime, there is one theme of noble build and powerful develop- ment, the rather episodic material as- sociated with it relieves and ornaments. It is a pleasing movement.

The second portion has two markings seemingly contradictory, "Slowly" and "l'ell." Whatever one might imagine hell to be, it would hardly appear to include the idea of being slow. How- ever, this proved to be a rather epic in- ferno, perhaps such as that upon which Milton's Satan awoke and looked after his long fall. There are some themes of a quietly emotional pensive, but on the whole considerable padding. The finale, marked "as fast as possible," is vivacious and gay, with some unusual and striking effects of scyopation.

A small audience gave enthusiastic applause.

POLESE PORTRAYS A HUMAN SCARPIA

BY PHILIP HALE.
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca," performed for the last time this season. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca.....Mme. Melis
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Constantino
Barone Scarpia.....Mr. Polese
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Polese
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tucceschi
Spoleto.....Mr. Tucceschi
Sclafano.....Mr. Pulehni
The Cardinal.....Mr. Luddy
The Pastor.....Miss G. Fisher
Mr. Amato had been engaged to take the part of Scarpia. The announcement was made last evening that his wife had been suddenly taken sick, and the physicians had "prohibited him from leaving New York." Mr. Amato is an unusually good singer. Whether he would have strongly characterized the part of Scarpia is another question.

Mr. Polese was substituted. His im- personation in certain respects was not conventional. His Scarpia was not sinister but a rather joyous per- son who thoroughly enjoyed the little joke he played on Mario and Floria. He found pleasure in Floria's jeal- ousy; he was amused by her anguish while Mario was tortured; he broke out into loud laughter when she asked him point blank how much money he wanted to let Mario go free. He at- tached with relish while she plotted. He sipped his coffee while she sang her lamentation. He had a nice taste in wine. All in all we saw an ordinary being instead of a fiend or a bugaboo.

Mr. Polese sang the music effectively and with an appreciation of the various situations. Perhaps he was a little too dominating and boisterous in the church. He roared at Floria when she was about to destroy the portrait, and there was not a trace of irony in his remon- strance: "What! In the church?" He was not so physically demonstrative in his attentions to her in the second act as some of his predecessors have been. He was not in extravagantly undue haste after she had whispered her con- sent. This Scarpia was a comparatively decent fellow. It is true that he had a way of torturing persons who would not betray their friends; he believed in the third degree, for he was a zealous chief of police, and Angelotti was a dangerous man; nor was Scarpia the first to obtain information through a woman's fear or love.

Scarpia in opera is a different being from Scarpia in Sardou's melodrama. Scarpia in the play does not bully the sacristan; he does not shout his com- mands; he treats his spies respectfully and they do not shake and shiver in his presence. Nor does he think to obtain information from Mario by rais- ing his voice. He is subtle, courteous, wily. Perhaps if the part were thus played in opera it would be compara- tively ineffective; but it surely might be played with finesse. Mr. Renaud has shown that this can be done. Mr. Scotti, when he first took the part, was not constantly shouting, and his Scarpia was a man of marked distinction.

The performance gave much pleasure to the audience. Mme. Carmen Melis acted with Italian intensity and sang with Italian fervor. Mr. Constantino was in the vein; he sang with more than ordinary breadth of style, with stirring dramatic force; and acted in a spirited manner. He has seldom been seen and heard here to greater advantage. The minor parts were well taken, as before. The finale of the first act was again spectacular and impressive. If only the cannon that announced the escape of the prisoners were more like a cannon! Mr. Moranzoni gave a passionate read- ing of the score.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in three acts. Cast:
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.....Thomas E. Shea
Dr. Lanyon.....Thomas J. Tempest
Gabriel Utterson.....Benjamin Luce
Rev. George Johnson.....W. Lee Nichols
Sir Danvers Carew.....Charles E. Lake
Inspector Newcomb.....Lyda Powell
Margaret Carew.....Pearl Ford
Susan.....Pearl Ford

WESTWARD HO!

It is said that the Chicago Opera Company lost in Philadelphia what it had gained in Chicago this sea- son, in spite of the fact that Phila- delphians have long had the reputa- tion of being an opera-loving folk and Mr. Armstrong published several years ago a history of opera in their city. The directors of the Chicago Company therefore talk of cutting out Eastern cities in future, and making trips to towns west of Chi- cago even as far as the Pacific coast. The reply might be made by loyal Philadelphians that the Metropolitan

the a Ho e Company, in de-
frontal business in their city this
as in, and there is not room enough
for another company, however good
it may be. The case is different in
New York, which has an enormous
floating population. Thousands and
tens of thousands visit that city to
see the sights, and the Metropolitan
Opera House is one of them. New
Yorkers are more reckless in expen-
diture than Philadelphians or Bos-
tonians. Furthermore, it might be
said that opera in every American
city is at present largely a fashion-
able entertainment, and the opera
house in which the performances of
the Chicago company were given in
Philadelphia is in an unfashionable
district. It makes a great difference
with regard to "social standing" in
Philadelphia where a dwelling house
is situated, and a theatre is handi-
capped if its site is outside the sacred
limits.

The experiment of giving operas,
especially new or comparatively un-
known, in cities west of Chicago, will
undoubtedly prove successful. Sing-
ers, violinists and pianists who make
tours in the far West report that the
audiences are uncommonly apprecia-
tive and at the same time discrimi-
nating. The Kniesel Quartet when it
goes West is asked to play ultra-
modern compositions. The lovers of
music in that region have not heard
too much. They bring fresher minds
and ears into the concert hall or
opera house. Already there are per-
manent orchestras in St. Paul, Min-
neapolis, St. Louis, Seattle. Their
programs are of a high order, and
the performances are said to be ex-
cellent. There is also an orchestra
at Los Angeles, which has the en-
couragement of the inhabitants. Nor
are Western audiences ashamed to
show enthusiasm when they are
pleased and enthusiasm naturally
stimulates the singers or players to
do their best. In this respect Bos-
tonians might learn from the West-
erners. There have been unusually
brilliant performances this season at
the Boston Opera House that have
been rewarded by the audience with
only polite approbation.

EDMOND CLEMENT HEARD IN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Edmond Clement gave his first song
recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in
Jordan Hall. Alfred de Voto was the
accompanist. The program was as fol-
lows: Bemberg, Partout on l'amour a
passe; G. Faure, Les Berceaux; Masse-
net, Sonnet Matin; Pessard, Adieu dre
Matin; Bernard, Ca fait peur aux
oiseaux; Grieg, Je t'aime; Weckerlin,
La Bouteille; Massenet, Reve de
"Mann"; Chadwick, Sweet Wind that
Blows; Campbell, A Violet in Her Love;
ly Hair; Coombs, Her Rose; Debussy,
Romance; Weckerlin, Bergere Cere;
Saint-Saens, La Bas.

Mr. Clement had shown here in opera
that he was a lyric tenor of the first
rank. It was not surprising, then, that
the audience yesterday in Jordan Hall
was large and enthusiastic. The pro-
gram was not one of striking character
or much inherent interest. The songs
by Pessard and Bernard are pretty
trifles, but the others by French com-
posers were hardly representative of the
best French school. "La-Bas," by
Saint-Saens is wholly unworthy of him
even in his most indifferent mood. The
art of the singer gave the poorest song
a certain significance for the moment.

Mr. Clement is an answer to the state-
ment, often made, that the art of sing-
ing is lost. His technic is remarkable
in many ways. Few of the sopranos
famous for their vocal art can surpass
him in his ability to swell and diminish
a tone, in his clean and precise attack,
in the command of breath that insures
perfect phrasing, in lightness and grace
of vocalization, in general purity of in-
tonation, in the ease with which he
surmounts technical difficulties. He is a
skilful and tasteful colorist. He
varies tonal quality for poetic purposes.

An opera singer of high renown, he is
not too dramatic on the concert stage,
and he is never theatrical. He has mas-
tered the great art of gaining effects by
apparently simple means. His diction
is beautiful, by reason of its unaffected
clarity. His vocal emphasis, his

the voice itself, although it is
an extraordinary one is peculiarly sym-
pathetic in purely lyrical passages. The
hearer is convinced that the nature of
the man is revealed in the voice. In
steady declamation, in a powerful cli-
max, the upper tones are somewhat lack-
ing in resonance, yet the singer knows
how to make these tones authoritative.
Here is an interpreter who establishes
moods, is faithful to poet and composer,
discloses the secret of a song, impresses
the idea of it, and leads the hearer to
believe that the song admits of only
that particular interpretation, and he
does this first of all by singing in a
manner that the great Italian teachers
would have applauded; by singing, not
by hysterical declamation, which often
breaks the musical line and the rhythm;
by the purest singing, not by "elocu-
tion" with a piano accompaniment.

The dignity and grace of the singer in
the presence of the audience added to
the rare pleasure. Mr. De Voto was a
sympathetic accompanist. Certain songs
were repeated and others added to the
program.

PLAY BY DELTA UPSILON.

"Fair Maid of West" Given by Har-
vard Chapter in Jordan Hall.

The Harvard chapter of Delta Upsilon
gave a performance of Thomas Hey-
wood's "Fair Maid of the West" last
night in Jordan Hall. The performance
will be repeated at Players' Hall, West
Newton, tonight, and in "The Barn" at
Wellesley on Saturday evening.

When Heywood's play was produced
at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, last Mon-
day, The Herald gave the list of the
players and reviewed their performance.
The present is the 13th annual Eliza-
bethan revival by this society. Begin-
ning with "The Shoemaker's Holiday,"
revived in 1898, 13 plays have been pro-
duced in all. "Fortune by Land and
Sea," "The Maid in the Mill," "The
Elder Brother," "Eastward Ho," "The
Alchemist," "The Silent Woman," "The
Wise Woman of Hogsdon," "The Knight
of the Burning Pestle," "Bartholomew
Fair," "A Fools' and "The Merry
Devil of Edmonton."

Strauss's Tone Poem "Mac- beth" Is Played for First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, con-
ductor, took place yesterday afternoon
in Symphony Hall. There was no solo-
ist. The program was as follows:

Tone poem "Macbeth".....R. Strauss
Suite from stage music for "Pelleas
and Melisande".....C. Faure
Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven

Richard Strauss's "Macbeth" was
played for the first time in Boston. It
was first played in the United States
at Chicago under Theodore Thomas's
direction in 1901, and there was an-
other performance in Chicago about
five years ago. The tone poem has
never been a favorite concert piece,
and it seldom appears on a European
program. There are some who say that
Strauss himself is vexed because it is
not appreciated. This may or may not
be true. Composers, like poets, novel-
ists, and parents, are not always sound
and discriminative judges of their own
works.

"Macbeth" is the first of the series of
tone poems by Strauss. It was com-
posed before "Don Juan," although it
bears a later opus number, and at
Munich, in 1886-87, when Strauss was
an assistant conductor. It was re-
vised at Welmar, where it was first
performed, under the composer's direc-
tion, in October, 1890. He had been
brought up in a rigorous school, and
nourished on Haydn, Mozart and Bee-
thoven. Later he became acquainted
with the music of Mendelssohn, Chopin,
Schumann and Brahms.

It was through Alexander Ritter that
he was led to the knowledge of Berlioz,
Liszt and Wagner, and he dedicated to
Ritter this "Macbeth," which is the
first of his peculiarly characteristic
works; for "Aus Italien," composed in
1880, is a mixture of the old and new
styles. There are some who find in
"Macbeth" rather than in "Don Juan"
the Strauss of the latest compositions.
I cannot agree with them. "Don Juan"
is more brilliant and audacious; more
sensual, more imaginative and drama-
tically emotional. It may be said that
this is so on account of the subject. It
might more justly be said that it is by
reason of the treatment.

Strauss gives no "program" to his
music; but he writes "Macbeth" over
his first and chief motive, and this
quotation from Lady Macbeth's first
soliloquy is published in the score as
a commentary on another theme which
has an important part in the develop-
ment of the composition:

He thee hither.
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.
And chaotic with the valor of my tongue
All that impodes thee from the golden round
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

But the professional analyzers have
been busy. Dr. Seld informs us that
Strauss's subject is the madness of re-
lentless cruelty; that this poetry is
"strong, ruthless, inclusive"; that it is
"psychological" music, not narrative.
Mr. Hermann Telbler has gone still fur-
ther; he has written a pamphlet in which
the reader is told what every page of
the composition "means"; thus, a cer-
tain progression of quarter notes and
leaps for strings, clarinets and oboes
represent respectively the hero's "heroic
determination and his cruelty"; a mo-
tive for other instruments is "character-
istic of soul torturing conflict," etc., etc.
Sunbeams from cucumbers; and the
crop of cucumbers grows larger each
year!

There is nothing in the music that
suggests the three witches, the ghost
of Banquo, the apparitions, the sleep-
walking scene. There is no music that
can be called descriptive or pano-
ramic. The composer evidently in-
tended to portray in music Macbeth's
character and the influence of his wife
over him. This may be reasonably in-
ferred from his own indications.

The performance yesterday did not
allow full understanding of the music.
There were passages that evidently
needed more rehearsal, as in the march
movement. A work like this even when
it is performed by the Boston Sym-
phony orchestra demands more dili-
gent preparation. Mr. Fiedler's unfor-
tunate habit of exaggerating the pace
of any allegro, however the word al-
legro may be modified, too often
brought unsteadiness and confusion.
Passages that should have been clear
were almost smeared, and the charac-
ter of the musical thought was not re-
spected. Mr. Fiedler, like Job's horse,
salth among the trumpets, "Ha, ha." He
is inclined to goad his brass to mad-
ness, and Mr. Klopfel, the admirable
first trumpeter, has been out of the
orchestra for some time on account of
sickness.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether
an ideal performance would induce the
hearer to believe in the inherent great-
ness of the work. That "Macbeth" has
been neglected by conductors is not in-
explicable, for as a whole this music is
sombre without great significance, and
its coloring is monochromatic. The
chief themes have not a distinguished
profile; that given to Lady Macbeth,
for example, is singularly inexpressive.
The very robustness of the music—
for "Macbeth" is robustness rather
than robust—becomes monotonous and
depressing. Only at the end, in the
final measure, the funeral speech, do
we recognize the later Strauss in his
glory.

The performance of the other
works gave much pleasure to the
audience, especially that of Gold-
mark's overture and the second move-
ment of the symphony; yet to some
the feature of the concert was the
opportunity of hearing again the ex-
quisite music of Gabriel Faure to
Maeterlinck's tragedy, for Debussy is
not the only one who has expressed
the strange melancholy with which
"Pelleas and Melisande" is charged.

There will be no concerts next week.
The program of the concerts on March
31 and April 1 will include Enesco's
Suite for orchestra (first time in Bos-
ton); Tschalkowsky's violin concerto
(played by Miss Kathleen Parlow), and
Schumann's symphony in D minor.

Miss Carolina White will sing airs
from Catalani's "La Wally" and Bolto's
"Mefistofele" at the concerts of April 7
and 8.

There will be one other soloist this
season. Mme. Elder-Reisey, soprano.

REVIVAL OF "DON PASQUALE"

Large Audience Applauds Opera and
Dances of Russian Ballet.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's
"Don Pasquale." Mr. Conti conducted.
Norina.....Miss Nielsen
Ernesto.....Mr. Schiavelli
Don Pasquale.....Mr. Tavecchia
Dottor Malatesta.....Mr. Fornari
Un Notabile.....Mr. Stroesco

A very large audience enjoyed last
evening the performance of Donizetti's
opera. Mr. Tavecchia played the part
of the foolish and hoodwinked old man
with a fine sense of humor, nor did he
make the mistake of presenting a
wholly ridiculous character. Don Pas-
quale was vain and fatuous, but he
was a man of importance and dignity.
He was treated outrageously, and in his
disillusionment there was something pa-
thetic. Mr. Tavecchia sang effectively.
His impersonation was forcible in every
way.

Miss Nielsen sang the music of
Norina with the appropriate lightness
and fluency. The music suits her voice,
and in sustained song and in florid pas-
sages she was equally successful. She
was arch in the scene when the plot
was laid, naive when feigning to be the
simple, guileless girl afraid of men, and
amusingly shrewish when the contract
had been signed. The program, by the
way, describes Norina as a "young
girl." In the libretto she is young, but
a widow.

Mr. Schiavelli as Ernesto has a light

voice and it is an agreeable one, except
in the upper register, when it has little
quality. Mario made the serenade in
the last act the feature of the opera,
and there are no doubt men and women
in Boston who remember Brignoli's

ravishing voice in this scene. Mr. For-
nari was voluble as the malicious Mala-
testa. The chorus of servants in the
third act was sung uncommonly well.

After the opera Miss Pavlowa, Mr.
Mordkin and members of the Imperial
Russian ballet delighted the audience
by a series of dances, solo and ensem-
ble. It would now be almost impertin-
ent to praise the grace and analyze
the art of these dancers. They have
done more than give pleasure to the
eye; they have aroused interest in the
ballet and reminded audiences that it
can be one of the most beautiful of
the arts. Having seen these dancers,
spectators in future will not be toler-
ant of awkward and labored indecency
or of merely acrobatic dancing.

The opera this afternoon will be "The
Sacrifice." The opera tonight will be
Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," with
Mme. Savage as the mother, Miss Pav-
lowa, Mr. Mordkin and the assisting
ballet will be seen at both performances.

OLD INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC

"Old English Instruments of Music:
Their History and Character." By
Francis W. Galpin. Chicago: A. C. Mc-
Clurg & Co.

The volume is an important one, in-
teresting not only to the musician but
to the general reader, the ethnologist,
the literary man who wishes to intro-
duce instruments in a novel, poem or
play, without the risk of committing
anachronisms, and to the illustrator,
who otherwise might fall into error,
as did a draughtsman mentioned by Mr.
Galpin, who in a leading illustrated
London journal "introduced into a 13th
century scene a 20th century mandoline
with up-to-date mechanism." There are
handsome illustrations and reproduc-
tions of mediaeval miniatures. These
illustrations are confined almost entire-
ly to English authors and English ar-
tists. There is a full index, also a list
of books of reference.

Mr. Galpin, realizing the extent of his
subject, restricted his labor to a de-
scription of instruments used in Eng-
land and other parts of the United
Kingdom so far as they belong to old
English life. He traces their history
about the end of the 18th century, but
his investigations into the origin of the
instruments take him into remote lands,
as is seen at the very beginning, when
discussing the crot or crut of the an-
cient Britons he is obliged to travel to
the Sumnerian plain of western Asia.
A review of this book in detail might
be turned into an article of agreeable
gossip, for there is not a chapter with-
out allusions to well known passages in
plays or poems, without anecdotes of
historical or biographical character.

Where did the Jew's harp come from,
and whence the name? The instrument,
or one very like it in principle, was
known in New Guinea, and is depicted
in Chinese books of the 12th century.
Is the name a corruption of the Dutch
"Jeudtrompe," which means a child's
trumpet? How many who read in poems
or stories of past years references to
the rebec, know whether that instru-
ment was stringed or wind? They
might be confused by the story that
when Mary Stuart returned to Scotland
from France she was serenaded by
"wretched violins and little rebecks."
Yet Hugh Rebeck, Simon Catling and
James Soundpost in "Midsummer
Night's Dream" received their names
from the strings and parts of an in-
strument which were then familiar.
Many might reasonably believe that a
trumpet marine was a wind instrument
for use at sea, whereas it was a long
hollow tube, nearly three yards high,
with one thick gut string played on with
a long bow. A trumpet tone was pro-
duced in the harmonies after a curious
bridge was added, and some think the
alteration was due to a famous French
trumpeter, Marin or Mawrin, or the in-
strument was named in his honor. Read-
ers of Pepys's Diary have been bothered
by a passage in which he speaks of
the tuning of a triangle. The triangle,
as known to us, is not a tunable instru-
ment. The music lexicons do not solve
the mystery, nor does Mr. Galpin. He
mentions the fact, however, that a
spinet bought by Pepys was set on a
"tryangel" or three-legged stand, and
spinet were usually so placed. Is it
not probable that a spinet of this de-
scription was sometimes called familiar-
ly a triangle? "Pipe and tabor" is a
familiar phrase, but who would at once
recognize in "naker" the kettle drum?
The player was called the Nakerer, and
there was one in 1304 named in the list
of Edward I's minstrels.

Mr. Galpin regrets that there is no
national collection in England to be
compared with that of the Metropoli-
tan Museum of Art in New York. He
says nothing of the famous Steiner
collection at Yale University. It is a

showed that there is no reference to Mr. Debussy's investigations and his experiments with old instruments in the books quoted as authority. Kastner's "Les Timbales," a masterpiece of exhaustive work, "De Cymbale à cymbale," is ignored. We regret to see Mr. Galpin allowing "clarinet" for "saxinet." The word "clarinet" has nothing to do with "clarion," although Mr. Galpin thinks it has.

RUSSIAN DANCERS DELIGHT AT OPERA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Converse's "Sacrifice." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Chen A. Miss Nielsen
Barnard Mr. Constantino
Tomas Mlle. Claessens
Fallo Mr. Stroessoo
Maggi Miss B. Fisher
Marianne Miss G. Fisher
Genta Anaya Miss Berger
Geyra Miss Roberts
Padre Gabriel Mr. Gantvoort
Corp. Tom Flynn Mr. White
Little Jack Mr. Gantvoort
First soldier Mr. Huddy
Second soldier Mr. Letol

An audience of unusual size assembled yesterday afternoon to hear the last performance of the season of Mr. Converse's opera and to see the perennially enchanting dances of Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin and their troupe, which followed the opera.

Miss Nielsen gave a sympathetic impersonation of Chonita, the most interesting figure in the story, though not so definitely characterized in libretto and music as is Tomas. It is a pity that much of the singing allotted to Chonita would always be lost, because the voice part frequently lies very low for a soprano at the same time that the instrumentation is thickest. Mme. Claessens made it felt that she has thoroughly entered into the part of the faithful and devoted attendant.

Mr. Constantino portrayed effectively the Mexican lover, and in the last act provoked spontaneous applause by his singing of the opening air of the love duet. Elsewhere his lack of familiarity with the language and the fact that his music is not particularly singable hampered him.

Mr. Blanchart acted with dignity the rather thankless role of the American who is forced to ask before making his sacrifice. "Why has this task been set for me?" Poetic justice might have arranged matters so that he could die without losing his honor. The great moment of the opera, Burton's death, would be more potent could he in some way throughout the action have enlisted more strongly than he does the sympathy of the spectator. The truth is that his problem to accomplish this, would require considerable psychological analysis and development, possible in a novel, but not in an opera.

The admirable setting and the spirited chorus of the second act, with the pleasing solo by Miss Fisher, all aroused enthusiasm.

The Russian ballet gave several well contrasted dances, in all showing the inimitable perfection which has won them their so justly deserved popularity. Though Miss Pavlova is astonishing in her more conventional dancing, the feature of their performance yesterday was undoubtedly the closing dance, done by Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin in Greek costume. Seeing them, it is easy to believe in the magic and worth of the Greek ideal. Daphnis and Chloe live again and the world is young. While the art of dancing can remain on the level of such performances as this, there is no need to fear for its future or to lament its decay.

The announcement of Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," with Mme. Savage and Messrs. Lassalle and Blanchart, together with a series of dances by the Russians drew again a large audience in the evening.

The Pall Mall Gazette commenting on the riots in Paris over Bernstein's "Apres Moi" and the withdrawal of the play from the Comedie Francaise thinks it rather unnecessary to remind the young men "who have lately been howling and fighting under the honored roof of the first theatre in Europe that if the Jew and the Jewess were to be eliminated from the history of French art, particularly the wits of the playhouse, the record would be a good deal less distinguished than it is. The final success of the present agitation would mean the end of M. Bernstein's career as a dramatist. It has been a remarkably successful one from the financial and sensational points of view. His has been the triumph of glare, the broad brush, and the sledge hammer. His contribu-

tion to what is called the Intellectual Theatre has been very scant indeed, but he has given the Paris public more 'thrills' than any other dramatist of his years. That they should now pay him back with revellings and riot is a cynical comment on popular gratitude; and that they should carry out such a course in the House of Moliere is a scandal as flaming as any on which M. Bernstein has ever called down his well-timed 'curtain.'

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" was performed for the first time in Paris March 1 in French at the Theatre Rojane. (The first performance was at Moscow, Sept. 30, 1903.) The delay is attributed to national temperament. Russia has a great amount of folk lore and England is famous for nursery rhymes, fairy tales and Christmas pantomimes; but in France the fairy tale has almost disappeared from literature. Mme. Georgette Leblanc, Maeterlinck's wife, designed the dresses for the performance in Paris and took the part of Light, and the artists of the Artistic Theatre of Moscow staged the piece. The remarkable forest scene was omitted, "because the Parisian public is more sensitive than any other, and such a scene would not go down with it." Yet the Parisians were applauding shockers in other theatres the same week. The scenery is said to be on the whole more finely and delectably carried out than that of the Haymarket. Tylo is now a fierce shaggy spaniel, but Tylette, the cat, is declamatory rather than insinuating and wily.

Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, lecturing in London, insisted that there is no direct analogy between definite colors and sounds. "The seven notes of the scale and the seven colors of the spectrum can have no connection, as has sometimes been supposed. The similarity in that variation in both is due to difference in vibration rates does not go very far. When one writes of color as applied to tone, no question of pitch is raised; it is simply quality. Now there are some people who have very decided physical impressions or suggestions of color when listening to music, which possibly are partly associative; it is difficult, however, to believe that a connection of the kind can ever be made to have any practical value. It would be much like expecting Beethoven's C minor symphony, for example, to mean the same thing to every hearer."

The fact that Caruso has special permission to smoke in the Vienna Opera House recalls a story of Mario's visit to Spain as told by his daughter. He was a famous smoker and the Spaniards sympathized with his devotion to cigars, so that at Barcelona the audience begged him to smoke on the stage when he was singing as Edgardo or Fernando. Will the sheriff in Puccini's latest opera be allowed to smoke in the Vienna Opera House? It is not easy to think of him without a cigar, but even he does not puff in the card scene.

Sir William Gilbert in his old age takes his stand with the shockers. His sketch "The Hooligan," produced at the Coliseum, London, Feb. 27, provided "food for melancholy reflection rather than material for enjoyment." A half-witted, diseased youth is seen in a cell. He is about to be hanged for the murder of his girl. "In abject panic, he confesses his crime to the warders who are about to lead him to the scaffold, and reveals, in speech after speech of morbid realism, the condition of what he no doubt calls his 'mind.' On the entry of the governor of the gaol his fright becomes insane terror shot through with the spirit of murder; but it is a reprieve that has come to him, not the rope. And the shock kills him. He falls dead. The only right effect of such a picture is a sense of shame at the conditions that can throw up such a creature as this wretched hooligan, with neither brains nor body, and, therefore, with neither morals nor imagination. There are such people. Many of them come into the glare of publicity in the police reports; the majority live and die known only to their equally ignominious associates; and Sir William Gilbert's picture of one of them is a hideous piece of realism, at which the thoughtful spectator must shudder. The part of the hooligan is acted by James Welch with terrible fidelity to the type, and after the fall of the curtain he was called four times and cheered, though less flattering sounds were heard from spectators who had, presumably, been reduced to anger by the play rather than to thoughtfulness."

Mme. Lydia Yavorska (Princess Barla-tinsky), who has been playing in London, is said to owe more to personality than to art. "She has a mobile face, an enchanting smile, a graceful figure and a charming voice. She can wheedle and coquet quite irresistibly, and express scorn and anger with a great deal of truth. But, granted the flexibility of temperament and physique, these things are not difficult of accomplishment. When, on the other hand, she is confronted with a passage which demands not only temperament, but also the finest technic, and at the same time the completest self-control, she fails."

Here is an allusion to Mr. de Pachmann that should please the inimitable player of Chopin, student of philosophy

and lover of precious stones. It is from William Andrew Mackenzie's "Rowton House Rhymes," and the particular poem is entitled "My Friend—Mr. Spunge."

He had a cough
As hollow as his hollow heart:
The wheeze was Nature, but the choke was Art.
He said: "I knew you for a toff,
First time I saw you." Playing chess we were,
And I was Blackburne's master, Lasker's equal,
And Lord knows all what else for sequel.
He played me soft as any dulcimer;
His touch was much
Like Pachmann's, coaching Chopin; no wild clutch.
No brutal pound—he gentled me.
He stirred among my various strings,
A zephyr in an aspen tree,
That moves to song and at the same time sings.

There are Bostonians who probably remember the Haymarket in New York, the old dance hall that was at the southeast corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street. It has been sold to a firm of speculators in real estate.

The Haymarket was built by a German about 1860. He called it "Carlberg's Baths," and it was known as a "natatorium," and it was in fashion. William McMahon rented the place in 1872 and fitted it up so that it looked like a theatre, except there was a dancing floor in place of the parquet chairs. There was excellent dance music and the stranger in town found plenty of partners. Swells and thieves touched elbows. Uncle Amos from Hockanum Ferry talked amicably with a crackman. McMahon made a lot of money until he lost his excise license. Then he wrote on the front door, "Soft

Drinks Did It." The hall was vacant until, as Col. Brown puts it: "Mermaids of papier mache took the place of self-possessed young women with yellow hair." This museum had little drawing power. The place was afterward known as the American Nickelodeon. Opened for free entertainments, it was soon closed. In 1897 it was reopened as an all-night dance hall, and called the Newmarket, and again the Haymarket. Edward B. Corey ran it. Thieves were not allowed to steal and women were not permitted to smoke. The stranger was much safer than when McMahon ruled. In 1903 Mr. Corey, the son of a policeman, retired with at least a million. He bought a steam yacht and made his home at Rockaway. In his desire to "be respectable" he became rear commodore of the Jamaica Bay Yacht Club.

And does any one remember Robinson Hall in New York? It was originally a private residence built in 1840, No. 18 East Sixteenth street; then a clubhouse; then it was fitted up as a ballroom, and as Allemania Hall used for entertainments. Prof. Rhodes gave a geological exhibition there in 1868, but Mr. Robinson gained control and gave vaudeville for two seasons. There were French comedies, a marionette show; readings by Owen Marlowe; Prof. Cromwell with his stereopticon. The hall was afterward known as the Parisian Varieties, the New York Parisian Varieties, the Parisian Varieties again, the Criterion, the Parisian Vaudeville and the Sixteenth Street Theatre. In 1877 the Apprentices' Library purchased the property, and the name Mechanics' Hall was given to the building. Robinson Hall was made notorious by oar-can dancers. It was up one flight, as I remember, and a fire trap. The room was plain, and the audience composed chiefly of men. The dancers began with a decorous minuet, and the cavaliers were women. Little by little the dance became livelier, and at last the can-can was danced in all its fury. At the time the show was considered disreputable. I doubt if it would attract notice today. The more objectionable part of the entertainment were the songs; some of them were stupid; some were indecent.

A lower place of entertainment in the seventies was the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre. There was no dispute concerning the indecency of some of the little plays put on that stage, if plays they could be called. I remember on one occasion, when a sketch that showed Joshua Whitcomb in embryonic form called out protests. It was indescribably coarse. The audience was composed chiefly of old men of highly respectable exterior, a lot of students from New Haven, and there was a woman heavily veiled in a box. The police put an end to the show and drove out the spectators.

Miecha Elman does not intend to play Elgar's violin concerto. "I find it rather long and uninspired. There is too much use of certain themes for a work which takes 50 minutes to perform—too much repetition." He told a reporter of the New York Times that he does not practise in the summer. "There are many other things to do. I never have to study a new work at all. I am never conscious of having committed any thing to memory. I never try to, in fact. When there is a new concerto to be learned, I play it over many times with my accompanist. After the third or fourth time, I say, 'Now I'll try it without the notes.' And usually I know it—not always, but usually. There is no conscious mental process at all; it just comes to me."

Mme. Calve laughed in New York and said she was not married to Mr. Gasparri, but in San Francisco, on Feb. 24, she

sed the young tenor as her husband. "We have been married for two years, I thought everybody knew it." What is it all to the infinite?

Miss Louise Balthy, a vaudeville star in Europe, is singularly gifted, according to her press agent, for she possesses "remarkable originality, manifesting itself in burlesque hits, spontaneous whimsicalities, a disquieting perversity, profound melancholy and a dominating personality." Possibly like the Irish lady, she is also bland, passionate and deeply religious.

Nichelleu again figures on the stage—this time in a short play at the Palladium, London. It is based on Bulwer-Lytton's drama.

Mme. Zomah is a tall and stately thought reader. She dresses as an ancient Egyptian princess. She and her husband do not exchange a word in public. "Mr. Zomah even turns his back upon his wife, so that she can gather nothing from the expression of his face or the movement of an eyelid. Yet in every instance yesterday she described with perfect correctness the objects confided to her husband. Her final effort proved a veritable tour de force. Two gentlemen in the auditorium were given a pack of cards and invited to play a game of nap. The two hands having been dealt, Mr. Zomah glanced casually at each, and thereupon his wife, without an instant's hesitation, instructed the card holders what to play, naming the suit and the value of each card with unerring accuracy."

The harom skirt won by Miss Prevost in Bernstein's "Apres Moi" was a pair of pea-green satin trousers. When she stood in profile or front face, the trousers looked like an awkwardly lumped skirt. When she turned her back, the gatherings of the trousers round her feet and the loose bulginess between were plainly seen. She might have been a green zouave. Mr. Bernstein insisted on her wearing trousers to show how modern the Duchesse de Mirail was, but she wore them at dress rehearsal only, for Mr. Clarette thought one exhibition enough. "While critics were discussing them in the vestibule, a breathless youth suddenly dashed up, monster camera in hand. A newspaper to which the news of Miss Prevost's trousers had only just been telephoned had sent him in frantic haste to photograph them."

Two new Grand Guignol plays in Paris have pleasant stories. Mr. Caramon, in one, is a banker, is seen depressed in his counting room. Business is not good, he tells his son, since Mrs. Caramon went off with her lover. The aunt and grandmother suspect foul play—a ridiculous suspicion, but to satisfy them he has sent for a private detective. The detective takes notes, goes to the door and locks it, then rushes at Mr. Caramon and hits him with a sandbag. The rest of the story is told by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph: "I am not a detective, I belong to the International Black Gang. Hand over the money." M. Caramon brings out bank notes from his pocket. "Open the safe." M. Caramon won't. "Open the safe or you are a dead man!" M. Caramon cowers, and says: "Look here, do you want to turn a dishonest penny? I want a man for a pretty bad job." The sham detective says he is the man. Will he get rid of a certain person? Rather a large order. Who is the person? "My wife." Where is she? "Her dead body is in that safe." How much for the job? "Twenty thousand francs." Done. M. Caramon calls the manservant, who has got a trunk ready, as he is supposed to be leaving on a journey that evening. The servant brings the trunk in and starts off again. "Stop! Your master is a murderer!" says the sham detective, and jumps upon M. Caramon. "What are you doing?" "I am not a sham detective; I am a real detective, with a warrant against you," and he handcuffs M. Caramon. The door of the safe opens, and a picturesque lay figure is seen representing the murdered Mme. Caramon's dead body. During the piece a lady in the audience began shrieking wildly, and had to be led out in hysterics. The manager of the Grand Guignol rubbed his hands."

Another play tells of a \$3000 surgical operation, which was wholly unnecessary, but admirably performed, although the patient died. The famous surgeon and a young doctor, who gave great hope for his future, shared the fee. The scene was in a hospital, and there were thrilling surgical preparations and patients were heard yelling.

A more cheerful play told of the Gannefonten gold mines. The shares sell like hot cakes. Some go to the public for \$200 apiece; brokers obtain others for 5 cents. A prospecting engineer has telegraphed, "Rich gold reef discovered." The director remarks, "Clever young chap, that engineer." "Scene 2—The young engineer returns, and is congratulated on his smartness. He does not understand. 'That clever wire of yours, of course.' There was nothing clever about it; he only telegraphed facts. 'What! Do you mean to say there really is gold in the mine? Idiot! Dolt! Blackguard! I have sold all the shares! Never shall such an ass be my son-in-law!' The director's daughter is in tears. 'Give him another trial, papa.' 'Well, he will have another chance. Go out to South Africa again at once, have the mine flooded, and wire, 'Terrible disaster,' etc."

young engineer does not understand. "Idiot, don't you see? The shares drop to 5 cents, and I will buy them in again, and you will have the pump out, and they will go up to 2500?" The young engineer goes, laughing at last fathomed company plotting."

The Herald spoke last week of Oscar Wilde's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with a wintry setting. The Mail Gazette commented on the imitation with fine irony. It refers to the fact, as did The Herald last Sunday, that there are many intimations of early weather, early spring or mid-summer in the play. Dr. Calus refers to the heat; the Host takes the Doctor to the duel by the long way around across the fields. Then the reviewer admits that the "new reading" has its interest. "For one thing it has provided us with a series of very charming winter pictures; and, as we poor Londoners have seen no real snow this season, the sight of a ton or two of the imitation article lying about the Garrick stage is decidedly cheerful. Then, again, Mr. Asche is able to remind us how arduous a race were our Elizabethan forefathers. With all this snow on the ground, and all these signs of sharp and prolonged frost, the men and women of the play stroll and sit about as comfortably as we, their degenerate descendants, lounge at Ascot on a fine afternoon. They never blow their fingers or beat their hands against their breasts as we should if we had to discuss business in front of the Garter Inn in such weather. Before Mistress Ford settles down to the enjoyment of Falstaff's letter she brushes away the snow from a bench with her hand (which, by the way, apparently remains perfectly dry from the operation, for we did not see her wipe it afterwards), and takes her seat, with all the nonchalance in the world, on the cold, cold, wood. Mistress Quickly stands over her tub, with a window left wide open behind her by the departed Fenton, and never thinks of shutting it and keeping the cold out. And, in the last act, even the children ambolling round Herne's Oak, in summer-looking costumes, not only run about in the snow, but sit down in it, as comfortably as we should sit on the turf of a village green to watch the cricket on a July afternoon. A hardy race, indeed, these men, women and children of the 'spacious days.'"

Isidore de Lara's opera "Solea" was produced at Rouen, Feb. 25. Solea, a gypsy, lands in the party of Don Rimabombas Bilbao at Rhodes, when she is besieged by the Turks. The don has no money, but he is proud and brave. Solea will not join the gypsies in begging and they bully her, but she is a Knight of Malta, defends her, and the two fall in love. Although she is a heathen, she helps in the war against the Turks. She detects and stabs a traitor, and drugs and assists in killing Don Rimabombas, a party to the treachery. She saves as gunner. The Turks win and Solea and Lioncel blow up the powder magazine to live together in heaven. A beautiful bengal fire explosion and crash of shattered bricks to close the opera, and a fine crash of the orchestra as well. The music is said to be effectively theatrical. "Don Rimabombas, both in the story and in the music, is a delightful person. He is a delightful bombastic motive all of himself, and is so pleased with it that he repeats it a little too often; but we forgive him, for he dies exclusively to the sound of his old bombastic tune, now a halting tune that lies away with him in a sigh. He had previously drunk too much wine and blundered his tune, and that was a real music for the theatre in the opera buffa style." De Lara wrote the libretto and Jean Richepin set it.

An opera has been based by E. F. Benson on Charles Kingsley's novel, "Westward Ho!" and Napier Miles has composed the music.

"The House of Temporey"—based on Conan Doyle's "Rodney Stone," has been turned into French and will be performed next fall in Paris, probably at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. "The peculiar lingo of the early 19th century is well rendered in the idiom, and for the prize-fight scene a noted French professor of the 'noble art' will be engaged."

Arthur Pough's "Life of Marie Malbran," has just been published by Poin in Paris.

When "As You Like It" was revived at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1888 the allusion to "The shade of melancholy boughs" was taken to signify the fall of the year, and all the scenes of the forest were harmonies of gold and russet brown. "As a setting to the high spirits of Rosalind and the romance of Orlando, they were about as depressingly incongruous as any that can be conceived." When "Hamlet" was produced at the Lyceum, London, two years ago, the castle platform was pictured deep in snow, simply on account of the allusion to a "nipping and an eager air." Yet the dawn broke soon after 1 A. M. and the ghost up to his ankles in snow, and the glowworm foretelling the near matin.

Mr. von Jagow the president of the Berlin police, in the exercise of his duty as censor, made the acquaintance of Tilla Durieux, a star of the Deutsches

Theater. Digressing on reflection upon the pleasures of her conversation that his knowledge of stage circles was really very incomplete, he begged permission to call upon her next day, and asked her to address her reply to the presidency, but to mark it private. Her husband, the publisher, Paul Casslerer, intervened. He wrote an angry letter and the president sent an officer to vindicate his intentions. The husband declared himself satisfied. But Casslerer is the publisher of "Pan," an issue of which was lately impounded by Von Jagow himself as containing "indecorous" matter. The Tilla Durieux dossier fell into the hands of this journal's editor who declared his intention of publishing it at once.

Ricardo Martin, the tenor, longs to give up singing in opera that he might enjoy a "peaceful occupation like the art of composition," which, he says, he likes better than anything else on earth. Mr. Martin studied composition with Edward MacDowell, and published some songs signed Hugh Whitfield Martin. One of them, "Bonjour, Suzon," published in Paris, is dedicated to his "dear teacher, Sbriglia." There are many composers; good tenors are scarce.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was played in London by a new society, the New Players, Feb. 27. "The actors and actresses emphasized every word to such an extent, and were so extraordinarily deliberate of speech, that the pretentiousness of a great deal of the dialogue became more manifest than ever, and we could almost have shrieked aloud for the boredom of it all. Miss Adeline Bourne was the Salome, and in a series of interesting attitudes gazed at the audience, or the limelight, while Herod the Tetrarch,

who was sitting behind her, made baffling remarks on her pallor. Her dance struck us as flat, but we found a delicious joy in contemplating Herod's smile of fatuous rapture as he followed its somewhat elementary undulations. Herod himself was impersonated with enormous emphasis by Mr. Herbert Grimwood. Perhaps the afflicted ruler's lunacy would have moved us more had it been a little less noisy. As it was, it only set us sighing for the holy peace of Ludgate Hill on a busy noon."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Second and last operatic concert. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Charles Bennett, Mrs. Charles A. White, accompanist. Handel, "Be Comforted" and "The Lord Worketh Wonders," from "Judas Macabbeus"; Mozart, "Non piu andrai"; Brahms, "Wie meloden zieht es mir"; "Verdacht"; Hermann, "Der alte Herr"; Strauss, "Hofmache Auforderung"; Somerville, cycle of songs from Tennyson's "Maud"; Hart, "The Blue Hills of Antrim"; M. V. White, King Charles; Poete, On the Way to Kew; Chadwick, Bedouin Love Song.

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Boston Singing Club (10th season). H. G. Tucker, conductor. The Adamowski Trio (Mme. Adamowska, Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski); Mrs. Marie Sundborg Sandelius, soprano; Oscar Le Bart, of the club, baritone; Miss A. Elizabeth Griffith, pianist. Tchaikowsky, Cherubim song; Mozart, Adagio and Finale from Trio in B flat major; Meyer-Hesmond, Under Blossoming Branches; Mendelssohn, Farewell to the Forest; Arensky, Must I for Ever; Brahms, Andante and Scherzo from Trio in C minor; Mendelssohn, Hunting Song; Beach, The Rose of Avontown, cantata for female voices; Brahms, The Falcon; Gretchaninoff, Finale from Trio in C minor; Cornelia, Salmaleikum, baritone solo and chorus from "The Barber of Bagdad."

FOR ORGANISTS.

The Procure de Musique Religieuse, 22 and 24 rue Jeanne d'Arc, Arras, France, is about to hold a competition in which will be distributed money prizes to the amount of 3000 francs (\$750) for the best sets of three pieces for organ or harmonium. The maximum total lengths of the sets is to be 10 pages.

Detailed conditions may be had on request. There is no restriction as to the nationality of competitors.

All organists and music lovers who send their names and addresses to the Procure will receive gratis one of the successful pieces. Application should be made at once and it should be stated whether the applicant desires a very easy piece—one of moderate difficulty—or one with pedal obligato.

The Procure is a sort of official publishing firm of French church music.

RAMON BLANCHART.

Commandatore Ramon Blanchart, the baritone, well known here as a member of the San Carlo opera company, and of the Boston Opera House, has written a note to The Herald apropos of the discussion concerning opera in English, and the enunciation of English singers. He has had unusual experience, for he has sung in many countries, and often in the language of each. His own enunciation, even in rebellious English, is singularly clear.

To the Editor of The Herald: I have been much interested in the discussion that followed the production of "The Sacrifice," the discussion about the enunciation of singers.

I have sung in nearly one hundred operas and in many languages, and experience taught me early in my career that the first requisite in dramatic singing was distinctness in diction. Most of the singers, when singing in Italian, French, German or English, do not make themselves understood, and so the public has little enjoyment. The

sentiment is never fully appreciated, because their acting in opera can not convey to the utmost their intense feelings. After all, the voice is the one expressive meaning, and thought is best conveyed by speech.

The trouble with many singers goes back to the beginning. Teachers as a rule in any country do not pay proper attention to enunciation and pronunciation. The pupil grows up without drill in these features; often without knowledge of their importance; yet with good voices and a stage presence they apparently thrive like children allowed to run wild.

A vocal teacher's first care should be for clarity of vocal exercises. The

vowels a, e, i, o, u, should be pronounced with extreme clearness. When all tones of the voice are distinct, the pupil will then have much less difficulty in pronunciation. It should also be remembered that as a man speaks, he also sings. If he is slovenly in his talk, if he clips his words, or runs them together, and is indistinct or incorrect, he will in all probability sing in like manner. It cannot too often be repeated that distinct enunciation and correct pronunciation are all important in the art of dramatic song.

RAMON BLANCHART.

Boston, March 15, 1911.

FRIENDS OF THE DRAMA.

The following circular has been sent to many interested in the drama:

"You are cordially invited to a meeting to be held on Wednesday, March 22, at 4:30 o'clock, in Jacob Sleeper Hall, 638 Boylston street.

"The purpose of this meeting is to take measures for the improvement of the theatrical situation in Boston at the present time, which many sincere friends of the theatre find serious.

"The Drama League of Chicago has shown a practical way of improving the conditions in the theatre, and we believe that the situation in Boston can be improved as definitely as it has been in Chicago.

"A description of the methods that have proved successful in that city will be given and plans considered for adapting these same methods to Boston.

"To arouse public opinion, to focus it on helpful measures of action, to enable theatre managers, producers, authors and players to be sensible of the interest of a large body of people in good plays, to eliminate the worst elements by supporting intelligently the better, to advertise the good, not to censor the bad, are the objects of this meeting.

"Boston should no longer be reproached for welcoming heartily shows that are not tolerated in other cities of the country.

"HENRY L. HIGGINSON,
"A. LAWRENCE LOWELL,
"FREDERICK WINOR,
"JOHN A. SULLIVAN,
"FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN."

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Whole Wheat, This dietitian warns you against all Hot Biscuit bread save that of and Maslin whole wheat, and that one says "Pooh-pooh!" and tells you how he thrives on hot biscuit with neat or melted maple syrup. Jones says his bread at the apothecary's, while Smith feels unprepared for the labor of the day unless he has eaten breakfast cakes for breakfast, preferably with sausage, nor does he disdain to enjoy them in the approved Albanian manner, viz., on one plate and with syrup poured freely on the mass. Why has no dietist in this country insisted on the saving grace of "maslin"? This bread has been highly recommended, and its advantages have been praised. To begin with, there are about 70 ways of spelling the word, from "meslin" to "mestylon"; from "massilegem" to "mest-e-line." Maslin bread is that made of rye, wheat and barley. Maslin originally meant mixed grains, especially rye mixed with wheat; then the word was applied to bread made of mixed corn. The bread is often made of only rye and wheat. A London journal said recently that the word "is said to be the short for 'miscellaneous.'" In popular etymology the word has been associated with "maslin." The New English Dictionary has this note with regard to various forms: Others are due "to learned pseudo-etymology, the spelling being assimilated to that of Latin 'miscellanea,' hedge podge, neuter plural of 'miscellaneous.'" The direct derivation is from the old French "mestellion." Mozley, who wrote about 7000 articles for the London Times and four volumes of "Reminiscences," was reared on "maslin," and he said of it: "The wheat gave strength, the barley sweetness and the rye the quality of keeping moist for weeks."

Siege Bread, A collector of curiosities in Boston shows with pride a piece of False or Genuine bread that was baked

in Paris during the siege. Of course, it is now harder than a brick and looks unpalatable. Who would have the courage to ask whether the relic were genuine? To the true collector, who may be either an unreliable or a dangerous maniac—he is always a maniac—his least considered trifle must be as Caesar's wife. Emile Bergerat, however, may innocently give pain to our friend with the bread from Paris. Bergerat, the son-in-law of Gautier, has long been known as dramatist, poet, novelist, and by the articles signed "Caliban" and published in Figaro—articles characterized by irony, now lambent, now savage, generally amusing. Now that he is 66 years old he is writing his memoirs—and the first volume "Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris—Les Annees de Boheme"—has just been published. A man should not write his memoirs until his memory is somewhat impaired or wholly gone. Loose statements, imaginative facts, conversations that never took place, give a peculiar charm to volumes of reminiscences. Bergerat's mind is vigorous and his chatter is not senile. Recollecting events of the siege, he has much to say about the bread. "I think some persons must have kept theirs, for 15 years afterward I saw pieces of bread in a glass case. I was stupified for two reasons: In the first place, in the severest days and after January 15, there was for each mouth only a mouse's ration, 300 grammes. This was utter starvation. The Parisian, as is well known, is a great bread eater; he can deprive himself of anything else, but ordinarily he must have at least his 450 grammes." Bergerat, in the second place, does not believe that the substance could survive the armistice. Chemist could do nothing with it. Berthelot assured Gautier that he ate the bread without understanding it. "This bread was Dantesque and not to be analyzed. If I had been Jules Favre at Ferrieres, I should have simply thrown a biscuit on the table in front of Bismarck and said: 'Smell it. The city is yours.'"

No one on earth or in the heavens knew what this bread was made of, or if he knew, did he dare to tell the secret. The animal kingdom supplied material after the vegetable was exhausted, and the mineral succeeded the animal. In the bakery once kept by Bergerat's father a blacksmith forged bread. Buyers broke their teeth on nails. The report was circulated that bones from the catacombs were at last used.

Familiar and Strange Dishes The Herald has received the following letter:

Editor of the Herald: I was interested in the list of gastronomic euphuisms published in Men and Things last Sunday: Norfolk capon, Cape Cod turkey, Glasgow magistrate, etc. Let me add a few. "Mountain muton" is deer killed out of season in the Adirondacks. "Albany beef" was a familiar word for sturgeon. On the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia peninsula muskrat is sold as "marsh rabbit," and, by the way, it is excellent eating. I remember some years ago a rat dinner was served in the old Van Rensselaer house near Albany. The rats had been well fed on grain. London epicures say that a good, fat, healthy sewer rat may be made to taste like a barn rat. Henry Mayhew, in his studies of the London poor, became acquainted with Mr. Jack Black, V. R., Rat and Mole Destroyer to Royalty. Mr. Black discoursed wisely about many things. Mayhew reported this: "Mr. Black had often cooked rat and had found it as moist and nice as young rabbit. 'If they be sewer rats, just chase them for two or three days before you kill them, and they are as good as barn rats.'" Would Sir James Crichton Browne, who has much to say about a delicate morsel perfectly served, of delicious flavor and good aroma, sending to the stomach a telephone message to say that it is coming, include the rat in his list? Perhaps he is too fastidious, for he dreams of "slim, clever, aesthetic culinary artists" at work in "studios" or well equipped "electric laboratories." Instead of stout, red-faced creatures with streaming hair over a range heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. Some time ago you published a list of curious words used formerly in carving at table. I lost the clipping. Would you kindly publish it again?

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Boston, March 14. The list is given by Dr. Salmon in his "Receipts" (1696): Leach that brawn. Lift that swan. Rear that goose. Spoil that hen. Fract that chicken. Sauce that capon. Unbrace that Mallard. Unlace that coney. Disfigure that heron. Disfigure that peacock. Display that crane. Untea that curlew. Unjoin that blittern. Alay that phrasant. Wing that quail. Atince that plover. Wing that partridge. Thigh that pigeon. Border that pastry. Thigh that woodcock. Break that hare.

The Muse in Gutter and Boozing-Ken There are some who practise the habit of reading a poem every day.

of Fine Arts, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its success will be creditable to the inhabitants of this city and its suburbs; its failures—absent omen!—will inevitably reflect on the lack of civic pride. For aesthetic, sociological, educational and commercial reasons this Opera House should be supported liberally, even by those who do not now care for opera as an entertainment, even by those who have only got so far as to say that they are not afraid of music. For, although the Opera House owed its birth and has been reared largely through the musical enthusiasm and the munificence of an individual, it is now an institution in which all the inhabitants of Boston should take pride and to its support they should gladly contribute. There is not a little city in Germany that does not boast of its opera house, although to strangers the singers may seem mediocre or poor and the productions humble. In many of these towns the city grants annually a sum toward the defrayal of expenses. The city of Boston, long famous for its nourishment of the arts and for its civic pride, should not allow any glory to pass from it.

The policy of the Boston Opera House is no longer tentative, experimental. The public knows what has been accomplished; it has faith in the future. The repertoire of operas, unusually large for a first season, has been increased and will grow with the years. It is the purpose of Mr. Russell to produce French operas with French singers; Italian operas with Italian singers, and, no doubt, in time German operas with German singers, if there should be demand for German opera. Operas in English by an American have already been produced. There is no dispute about the character of the productions, the beauty and splendor of mise-en-scene, the intelligent and effective stage management. This season skilled conductors and certain admirable singers have been added to the company. In view of the results obtained, the fact that the deficit is comparatively small speaks of itself for the care exercised in the management.

Nor is it too much to say that this Opera House has already exerted a beneficial influence. It has awakened and spread an interest in a peculiarly attractive form of art. It has broadened musical knowledge and developed a critical and discriminative taste. It has done much in forming a social democracy in the land of art, for enjoyment of opera and enthusiasm in appreciation bring audiences close together, though some may sit in boxes, some in the orchestra and others in a gallery. There is a common interest; there is judgment in common.

Looking at the question merely from the commercial side, the maintenance of the Boston Opera House means much to this city, especially at a time when croakers insist that its reputation for business activity is dwindling; that the city will soon be only a way-station. The success of the Opera House goes hand in hand with the prosperity of other industries in Boston. That this city is provided with an opera house of the first class gives it high repute even beyond the sea. Let it be said, however, that Boston, furnished with a handsome, admirably equipped opera house, was indifferent and failed to maintain it, and the rumors concerning the lack of civic energy and pride will be the more depressing and more credible throughout the land.

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Mardones, Constantino and Mme. Melis Sing at Performance.

The last Sunday evening concert of the Boston Opera season was given at the Boston Opera House last evening. The soloists were Jose Mardones, Florencio Constantino and Mme. Melis of the Boston Opera Company and George Proctor, pianist, and Miss Irma Seydel, violinist. The conductors were Wallace Goodrich, Andre-Caplet and Arnaldo Conti.

The orchestra played the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" by Wagner, and a "Caucasian Scene" by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff. Mr. Goodrich conducted for these numbers. The orchestra also played Saint-Saens Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton," for which Mr. Caplet conducted. Mr. Goodrich's reading of the Wagner overture was decidedly an ordinary layman's reading. The Ivanoff scene was more flexible, but it is a work of no content.

Mr. Caplet showed his usual adroit skill, and though the "Phaeton" like many of Saint-Saens compositions, has no more content than staccatitos in a vacuum, it became fairly eloquent. Mr. Mardones sang "El Guitarrico," by Sorriano, with pianoforte accompaniment, and the solo in the Prologue to "Mefistofele," by Boito, accompanied by chorus, orchestra and organ. He sang with earnestness and, in the case of the latter number, with dramatic power. His attempts to color his tones in "El Guitarrico" resulted in a thready tone quality which was not pleasing. Mr. Constantino was heard in two numbers which he has not sung here before—"Spirito Gentil," from "La Favorita," by Donizetti, and the Narrative of the Grail from Wagner's "Lohengrin." He was in excellent voice, and in the "Spirito Gentil" sang with fine finish. The Grail Narrative was given with a certain commendable mingling of dignity and fervor which made it effective.

Mme. Melis sang "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," by Puccini, and "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida," by Verdi. She sang with her characteristic earnestness and with less dramatic intensity than at times. But this only means that she properly eliminated scenic effects for concert performance—and more so than she has been known to do occasionally. Her voice seemed exceptionally rich and beautiful.

Mr. George Proctor was heard to excellent advantage in Liszt's E flat major pianoforte concerto, accompanied by the orchestra. He played with dash and brilliancy. In bravura passages his tone at times had rather a cut-glass effect, but in piano and legato passages it had a good singing quality.

Miss Irma Seydel, daughter of a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, played the Introduction and Adagio from the Vieuxtemps Violin Concerto in D minor. She gets a solid broad tone and of good quality and her playing is more than usually decisive for one so young.

She was especially enthusiastically applauded at the close of her earnest and commendable performance. A fair audience was present, but they were enthusiastic to a degree, and each artist was forced to acknowledge the persistent applause.

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The Herald publishes this morning the report of the directors of the Boston Opera Company to the stockholders and the general public. The report is straightforward and reassuring. A deficit at the end of the second season is acknowledged, but a loss at this time was expected by all those who are familiar with the workings of an opera house in its early years. Nor will it surprise any one to learn that Mr. Eben D. Jordan, who was the initiative force in the foundation of the Boston Opera House and has been the maintaining spirit, has made good this deficit.

A committee has examined into the business methods at the Opera House and approved them. It has found out that excellent performances have been given at a lower cost than in other opera houses of high standing. It states that the house is conducted with the care and vigilance shown by an able man in the conduct of his own private business. The stockholders, therefore, have no reason to fear extravagance or waste. The report also clearly shows that if the general public should support the Opera House as it should be supported, by full attendance, there would be no loss; on the contrary, there would be a handsome profit.

This report is a matter of interest to the public of Greater Boston, not only to the stockholders and opera-goers. The Boston Opera House is already an institution of this city; one that gives character and fame; an institution to be classed with the Boston Public Library, the Museum

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Grand Opera House in "A Self-Made Man." Mr. Shea plays the part of a man who has worked his way from a newsboy to a great Wall street magnate. He has won the hand of his old employer's daughter, but his devotion to business causes him to neglect her, and the two drift apart. One of his trusted clerks steals the wife's confidence and love.

The clerk, exposed, plots to ruin his benefactor. Separation of the husband and wife follow, but after some stirring scenes the husband and wife are reconciled and all ends happily.

The play is full of exciting incidents, and Mr. Shea does full justice to an exacting part. The support is excellent.

On Wednesday and Friday evenings Mr. Shea will repeat "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." For all other evening performances and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees "A Self-Made Man" will be presented. Next week Mr. Shea will appear in "The Bells."

AT B. F. KEITH'S

Mme. Adelaide Norwood in

at a wide variety of talent or range of character in the acts given spells perfection in a vaudeville bill, the performance presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week approaches the desired goal. If, on the other hand, some other standard prevails in the classification of this form of entertainment, the program may not find favor in certain circles.

When the vocal selections range from "The Cry of the Walkure," from Richard Wagner's music drama, sung by a prima donna of established reputation, to "O'Hara," by a master of popular melody, and the other acts include conventional song and dance numbers, daring acrobatic tumbling and side-splitting farce, there is surely something that will please the most critical or the most careless theatre-goer.

Far and above all other features of the bill in point of merit is Mme. Adelaide Norwood, formerly prima donna with the Henry W. Savage grand opera company, who has already won her way to the hearts of Boston audiences. Mme. Norwood sings four songs, and it is with regret that the audience sees the change of the letters showing the end of her act.

The first song last night by Mme. Norwood was "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and the warmth of appreciation expressed by the audience must have gone far to furnish the inspiration manifested in her singing of "The Cry of the Walkure" that followed. Mme. Norwood was in excellent voice and her work was a treat to the music lovers.

A notable feature of the program presented this week is the great majority of male members in the sketches and comedies appearing on the bill. With the exception of the girls in the song pictures presented by Maxims' Maids, there were but four other women in the program, which included a prima donna.

Harry Brown, assisted by Edward Brown and Viola Harris, kept the audience in a roar of laughter during the entire time that he was on the stage. Hardly had Mr. Brown started on his monologue of the "Man Who Stutters," when the audience approached the verge of convulsion. It is hard to understand why Mr. Brown does not continue as a monologue artist, as the two extra members of his company fail to add to the merit of his excellent work as a fun maker.

Keller Mack and Frank Orth gave a very entertaining and amusing musical sketch. Leon Rodee introduced a novelty in the way of a musical act. Mr. Rodee plays a flute, trombone, bass violin and other musical instruments, or rather, gives the appearance of playing them, for, though he stops the movement of his bow or trombone slide, the music continues. It is a first-class imitation act.

Hurry Tighe and company give a short comedy sketch entitled "The Careless Sophomore." It is a dramatization of a part of Ralph D. Paine's "The Stroke."

James C. Morton and Frank F. Moore, late stars with "The Merry Whirl," introduced a clever hodge-podge of nonsense and lance that took well.

The other acts on the bill were given by the Strength Brothers, acrobats; the Sensational Boises, aerial tumblers, and Maxims' models in living pictures.

DON PASQUALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE - Reception of Don Pasquale. Mr. Constantino, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The cast: Don Pasquale, Mr. Constantino; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mr. Constantino; The cast: Don Pasquale, Mr. Constantino; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mr. Constantino.

After witnessing many and diversified attempts in the matter of new and unfamiliar operas, one can scarcely be blamed by a creditable interpretation of an old and popular melody in "Don Pasquale" that it must needs be interesting even to the least musical. Altogether, the performance of the opera last evening was much enjoyed. Miss Nielsen found in it unbounded opportunities to abandon any harmful lethargy, and sang with considerable conviction. Her voice is not perfectly suited to the execution of the innumerable "trouilles" of the opera, but without she offset the effects of this inability with purity of tone and sincerity of interpretation.

Mr. Tschickla exercises admirable judgment in properly regulating the emphasis which makes his impersonation so successful. By necessity, he permits the dramatic elements of the part to become more accentuated than the lyrical elements. But necessity in this instance has the effect of a wise selection, for the emphasis of characterization determines, in a large measure, the success of a correct presentation of the role.

Miss Palowa and Mr. Mordkin, assisted by the Imperial Russian Ballet, bade farewell for the present to their admirers. One regrets the fact, for such incomparable execution as is theirs is the dominating factor in absolute art when inspiration is not lacking.

RECITAL BY MR. BENNETT.

Program Well Received by Audience at Jordan Hall. E.S.

Charles Bennett, baritone, gave a song recital last evening in Jordan Hall. He was assisted at the piano by Mrs. Charles A. White. Mr. Bennett sang these pieces: Handel's "Requiem," "Be comforted"; art, "The Lord Worketh wonders," from "Jedua Macabees"; Mozart, art, "Non più andrai"; Brahms, "Wie melodi zehlt es dir" and "Ver-rath"; Heine, "Der alte Herr"; Strauss, "Hedwig's Affordung"; Somervell, song of songs from Tennessee, "Mand"; Hart, "The Blue Hills of Antrim"; White, "King Charles' Route, 'On the way to Kew'; Cardew, "Bedouin Love Song."

Mr. Bennett has a lyric voice of pleasing quality in the lower and middle registers and of limited range and power. His high tones, especially when forced, have a tendency to falter, and to be somewhat unmelodious and colorless. He was distinctly at his best in the smaller lyrics and in legato melody. Of the more pretentious numbers, the Mozart Air was given with the best spirit and finish.

A cycle of songs, 12 in number, by a modern English composer, is likely to excite pre-occupied audiences and to lag in inspiration and be guilty of forced melodizing to the words. Somervell is not immune in this respect. In the more melodious numbers of this cycle Mr. Bennett's voice was especially attractive. "She came to the village church" and "Birds in the high hall garden."

Mrs. White's accompaniments to the first three groups, especially to the second in the cycle, were very artistic.

Mr. Bennett played his own accompaniments for the last four songs on the program. His entire group, in its lyric and ballad nature, as better suited to his vocal style.

The singing was much more intimate and satisfying in these four numbers. He sang the "Blue Hills of Antrim" and "On the way to Kew" with feeling and with finish. The "King Charles' Route" was given with excellent vocal control and with spirit. Mr. Bennett is a sensitive and sympathetic singer of melody. But he was not the keen and forceful imagination with which to make dramatic or passionate works convincing.

The program was enthusiastically received by a good sized audience, and after persistent applause he responded by singing an old Welsh melody.

Drama, P. Operetta, Opera

Marguerite Sylva, whose impersonation of Carmen was greatly enjoyed last week at the Boston Opera House, has had a varied career within comparatively few years. She was born at Brussels a little over 30 years ago, where her father was a surgeon of distinction. Her mother was of Spanish descent. Mme. Sylva was converted-bred, though not a Catholic. When she was 15 years old she heard Georgette Lablan, now Maeterlinck's wife, sing in "Carmen," and she made up her mind to be an opera singer. The father died and the family went to London after she had sung in a concert at Spa. She had studied at the Brussels Conservatory and W. S. Gilbert recommended her in 1896 to St. Augustus Harris, then manager of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. She could not

remember the text of Carmen and made a successful debut. Harris died suddenly, and her contract for five years was null and void. She had appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Telephone Girl." Beerbohm Tree told her she had "historic talent." She came with his company to the United States and played the Queen in "Hamlet." She was also in "Trilby." At the time she was betrothed to Gerald du Maurier. She went into operetta, was with W. T. Hodge in "Mrs. Bob White" and in Francis Wilson's "Strollers" and his star cast. She was engaged for vaudeville, but going to Paris for further study she made her debut at the Opera Comique. Mr. Hammerstein engaged her in 1903, but there was a falling out and in the spring she was enjoined from singing under any other's management. She left the Manhattan with a pout because she did not have sufficient opportunity; because young Hammerstein had made fun of her blonde wig worn in "Pagliacci"; and there were other reasons. This season she has been connected with the Chicago opera company. In private life she is Mrs. William D. Mann, for a time railroad official and manager of the Herald Square Theatre, New York. She is a strikingly handsome woman, and one of the few Carmens that are not fat.

NIELSEN FAREWELL IN "LA BOHEME"

By PHILIP HALE. BOSTON OPERA HOUSE - Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Miss Nielsen, Miss Doreyne, Mr. Constantino, Mr. Polse, Mr. Mardones, Mr. Puleini, Mr. Tavechla, Mr. Benoit, Mr. Huddy, Mr. Pargnol, Mr. Stroesco.

"La Boheme" was sung last night for the last time this season. The performance was an excellent one, and it was heartily enjoyed by a large audience. The opera is the most melodious, the most spontaneous, the most human of Puccini's works. It comes from the heart and goes to the heart.

It was composed before Puccini became sophisticated, and wrote with the predominating thought of box office success. In "La Boheme" the melodic thought serves a dramatic purpose. In "The Girl of the Golden West," as in "Madama Butterfly," the play is first of all the thing; the music is simply stage music that is sometimes effective, but often in the way.

Miss Nielsen was in fine vocal condition. She sang with delightful freedom and genuine expression. The announcement was made yesterday that she would not be a member of the Boston Opera Company next season on account of concert and other engagements, though she may sing here a few times as a guest. Her determination is much to be regretted.

She has been a valuable member of the company since the establishment of the Opera House, and the performance of "La Boheme" with her and Mr. Constantino in the leading parts, when the opera was performed here by the San Carlo company, had much to do with the conception of the plan which has been fully realized. She has been diligent and faithful in the discharge of her duty, ready to sing when others would have made excuse. More can justly be said than this.

As far as the art of singing is concerned, Miss Nielsen has been conspicuous for intelligence and skill. As a singer of sustained song she has been without a rival in the local company, and few of the visiting sopranos have equalled her. She is not a dramatic soprano; she is not an emotional actress; she is a lyric soprano, and lyric sopranos with her quality of voice, vocal ability and operatic experience are not easily found. Her performances in various operas during the two seasons have been of singularly even merit. She will be missed.

Mr. Constantino was in the vein. He sang with a noteworthy display of tonal beauty, with the ease that adds much to the enjoyment of the hearer, with varied and appropriate expression. Nor was he, as is sometimes the case, exasperatingly self-conscious, as though mindful only of his sweet romance and his own glory. Last night he was one of the band of careless souls whose recklessness and inability to pay their bills as depicted in Murger's novel and the play based on it so irritated Jules Lemaitre that it led him to write a solemn protest on more than one occasion.

Mr. Polse sang and played the part of Marcello effectively. The other parts were well taken. There have been many performances of "La Boheme" at the Boston Opera House, and it is not

necessary at this late day to speak in praise of the mise-en-scene and the management. Mr. Goodrich read the score with sympathy and had a firm control of his forces.

The opera on Friday night will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Deslinn and Swartz and Messrs. Jadowlker, Polese, Glaccon, Pulcini and Perini.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Thomas E. Shea in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" drew another large audience to the Grand Opera House last night. Mr. Shea is ably supported, which adds to the force of his own talent. The show will have another presentation tomorrow night.

BOSTON SINGING CLUB

Second Concert of Tenth Season Given in Chickering Hall.

The Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker, conductor, gave the second concert of its 10th season last evening in Chickering Hall. Miss M. Elizabeth Griffith played the piano accompaniments. The club was assisted by the Adamowski trio, Mrs. Marie Sundborg Sundelius, soprano, and Oscar Le Bart, baritone.

The program was as follows: Tschickowsky, "Cherubim Song"; Mozart, trio in B flat major, Adagio and Finale; Meyer-Helmund, "Under Blossoming Branches"; Mendelssohn, "Farewell to the Forest"; Arensky, "Must I For ever"; Brahms, Andante and Scherzo from the trio in C minor; Mendelssohn, "Hunting Song"; Beach, "The Rose of Avontown"; Brahms, "The Falcon"; Gretschahinoff, finale from C minor, trio; Cornelius, baritone solo, and chorus from "The Barber of Bagdad," Salamaleikum.

The harsh quality and imperfect intonation of some of the male voices marred the effect in several instances. The chorus, as a whole, showed an utter lack of decisive rhythms. The most effective choral pieces as performed were Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song" and Cornelius's "Salamaleikum." The beautiful and sympathetic quality of Mrs. Sundelius's voice added much to the performance of "The Rose of Avontown." The Adamowski trio played two movements from Mozart's trio with style and finish, and Gretschahinoff's finale was given with spirit and brilliancy. These compositions were enthusiastically received. A fair-sized audience was present.

THE MAYOR AS CENSOR.

Mayor Fitzgerald has notified the manager of the Hollis Street Theatre that Mr. Walter's play, "The Easiest Way," will be interdicted unless substantial changes are made in it. It appears that the Mayor sent two close students of the drama, stern moralists, Messrs. Richard F. Field and Timothy J. Butler, gentlemen connected with his office, to the Hollis Street Theatre last Monday night. They went again on Tuesday night, greatly daring, and at the risk of personal corruption—or, possibly, to enjoy the play the second time. Their report led the Mayor, as censor, to issue his ultimatum.

Here is a plain case of the Mayor exercising censorship for the sake of political capital. It is not necessary now to speak of the play itself. "The Easiest Way" excited attention because it is an unusually powerful drama. When it was produced in New York the Times of that city characterized it as the most remarkable of its type that any American author had yet produced. The Times also

stated in answer to the objections of the prudently prudish that "concealment of evil has never resulted in progress; and a more biting arraignment of an evil could scarcely be imagined." The Chicago Record-Herald in an editorial article thought it a "scandalous perversion of criticism," that this drama should be placed in the category with flashy farces in which certain vices are made alluring and amusing. "The St. Louis Times treated 'The Easiest Way' in a similar manner. As The Herald said last Tuesday Mr. Walter's treatment of his grim subject is neither flippant nor salacious.

Mayor Fitzgerald, if he must play the censor, had full opportunity to acquaint himself with the nature of this drama before it came to Boston. Why did he not then quickly advise the manager of the Hollis Street

Margaret Anglin Giv sensation of a S

By PHILIP HALE.

Tremont Theatre—First performance on any stage of "Hippolytus" by Julia Ward Howe.

Artemis.....Ruth Holt Boucault
Aphrodite.....Crosby Little
Phaedra.....Miss Anglin
Demeter.....Maudie Granger
Hippolytus.....Walter Hampden
Creon.....Wallace Widcombe
Lemon.....Charles Garry
Theseus.....Leslie Kenyon
Polydorus.....Henry Hull
Thesites.....George Woodward
Priest.....Frederick Powell
Messenger.....Henry Hull

This tragedy, written years ago, was performed yesterday afternoon for the first time on any stage in aid of the Julia Ward Howe memorial fund. There was a very large audience. The use of the theatre was given by Messrs. Schoeffel, Frohman and Harris. The scenery was loaned by Mr. Craig of the Castle Square Theatre. The incidental music, played behind the scenes, was arranged by Mr. Goodrich of the Boston Opera House through the courtesy of Mr. Russell.

Mrs. Howe did not make the mistake of Racine, who introduced Hippolytus as a loving and beloved by a maiden and therefore not the ascetic worshipper of Artemis; but she, too, departed from the old legend. She brings in a soothsayer, who gives Phaedra a love potion, so that, poured into a wine cup, it may make Hippolytus at supper a willing victim to her wiles. Her Phaedra stabs herself, after she has denounced Hippolytus to the returning Theseus, who had been reported dead. Artemis and Aphrodite are brought on the stage in deadly rivalry.

Mrs. Howe did not follow closely the tragedy by Euripides or that of Racine, and her plot is not so simple or impressive. Nevertheless, her story is told effectively for the most part, and the leading characters and depicted with some skill. These characters in her play are Phaedra, Hippolytus, the soothsayer Leton, and Theseus. They have life, although Leton is a familiar figure in melodrama. Her Artemis is not wholly the cold virgin of the legend, for it might well be suspected that her interest in Hippolytus was more than that due from a goddess to her worshipper. The Aphrodite is an insignificant figure and the scene in which she restrains Artemis from warning Hippolytus against the supper tete-a-tete with Phaedra is weak, if not laughable.

There is little true poetry in the dialogue, which is for the most part heightened prose. A fan is described as "plumage of illustrious birds," which recalls the description of a spade in an old play as "that instrument with which the Theban husbandman unbare the breast of our great Mother." These instances of inflated language, however, are rare, and the dialogue has often a direct and dramatic appeal. It should be remembered that passages which now might provoke a smile were considered at the time this tragedy was written appropriate and in the classic vein. The weakest scene is that which follows the denunciation of Hippolytus by Phaedra, for it must be frankly stated that the expression of Phaedra's frenzy and determination to kill herself is ineffective, feeble.

The old legend, however it may be changed in matters of detail, holds the attention. The Phaedra of Mrs. Howe is not a plaything of the gods; the Soothsayer has too much to do in the miserable business; the Nurse is a person of no small importance, a wholly different figure from the wily woman portrayed by Euripides. Nor is the idea of a controlling and compelling fate made the chief motive of the tragedy. The supper with its scene of attempted seduction and its drugged wine is distinctively modern and romantic in treatment. This scene was played realistically, but as there will not be another performance of the play the mayor of Boston will not interfere, although Phaedra's conduct was certainly reprehensible and her language not to be approved by severe moralists.

The performance was on the whole an interesting one. It had been carefully and intelligently prepared. Miss Anglin represented Phaedra as a very human being, feverishly neurotic and erotic. She was more effective in the earlier scenes when she strove feebly against her consuming passion, and especially when she tempted Hippolytus, and at last threw off all modesty and wildly declared her love, than in the final scene, where the author herself was weakest. Yet in this last scene her pantomime before she spoke the fatal "Yes" was admirable. Her insidious wooing and her blushing avowal were finely and artistically

dramatic, and more than once I serve was eloquent and thrilling. Mr. Hampden gave a striking performance of Hippolytus, one that above Mrs. Howe's conception and brought before the spectator the hero of Euripides. Among the supporting company Miss Boucault was conspicuous by her diction and grace.

The audience was evidently interested. There were many curtain calls, and there were flowers for Miss Anglin.

MISS DESTINN AS BUTTERFLY

Brilliant Performance at Opera House Applauded by a Large Gathering.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Conti conducted.

Butterfly.....Emmy Destinn
Suzuki.....Deska Swartz
Kate Pinkerton.....Grace Fisher
F. B. Pinkerton.....Herman Jadowker
Sharpless.....Giovanni Polese
Goro.....Ernesto Glaccone
Principe Yamadori.....Attilio Pulcini
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Giuseppe Perini
Il Commisario Imperiale.....F. Huddy
L'Ufficiale del Registro.....C. Strosoco
La Madre di Cio-Cio-San.....E. Martucci
La Zia.....Grace Fisher
La Cugina.....Ruby Savage
Miss Destinn took the part of Mme. Butterfly for the second time this season at the Boston Opera House. There was a large, brilliant and warmly appreciative audience. Her former performance was still fresh in the minds of many, but the second afforded an opportunity of observing more closely her finesse in detail, both in song and in dramatic action.

As there are some who have been led to think that Carmen is essentially a comic character, so there are others

who look on Mme. Butterfly as a heroine of operetta who for some reason or other is allowed by the librettist to come to a tragic end. They would have her step out of "The Mikado," pretty, petite and wriggling. The size and dignity, the passion and the tragic intensity of Mme. Destinn's Mme. Butterfly disconcert them.

Again the beauty and power of Mme. Destinn's voice, her supreme vocal art, her dramatic expression in song, and her histrionic force excited the liveliest admiration. Would that we could hear this great singer frequently and in many parts!

Mr. Jadowker was again a manly Pinkerton, who almost persuaded the spectator that the lieutenant after all was not a cad. He sang with freedom and his voice, as that of Miss Swartz, always an excellent Suzuki, blended well with the voice of Mme. Destinn. Mr. Polese was a sympathetic Sharpless.

The minor parts were again well taken, and the scenery and the stage management again added to the general effect.

The opera this afternoon will be Mascagni's "Manon," with Miss Garden and Messrs. Clement and Gilly in the leading parts. The season will close tonight with a performance of "The Girl of the Golden West," with Mme. Carmen Melis and Messrs. Constanzo and Polese.

March 26 1911

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Sociologist Mr. Herkimer Johnson left last Thursday at The Herald office a package of

notes addressed to the editor of this column. The notes were pencilled and scribbled, written on the backs of envelopes, on unrecipited bills, on copy paper of the coarser kind. Villiers de l'Isle Adam in like manner wrote his strangely and cruelly ironical tales, his still more surprising and symbolistic dramas on the back of bills of fare and scraps of paper, even on cigarette papers, and carried these papers, decipherable only by him, in his pockets for months, until he would put them together with infinite patience, and then they were ready for the printer. There was an excuse for him. Anatole France said that poverty stuck to Villiers's bones as his own skin, and his best friends, his most ardent admirers, could not snatch from him this natural garment. After his 20th year he did not know for a day in his life a table or a hearth. "For 30 years he wandered at night from cafe to cafe, effacing himself as a shadow at the first flush of dawn. Yet he was not unhappy, for he lived in a dream. He believed that his life was spent in enchanted gardens, in marvellous palaces, in vaults far down and full of Asiatic treasure, vaults made luminous by royal sapphires and hieratic virgins. But there is no excuse for Mr. Johnson's disconnected, slovenly copy. He is no dreamer; he is a man of exasperatingly regular habits and absurdly early bed hours. And it is whispered in Clamport, his summer dwelling place, that he has money in the bank.

Straying

from the

Mr. Johnson writes

You ask me concerning

the derivation of

Question "Tom and Jerry," the

name of an intoxicating—and once popular drink, which I believe has grated nutmeg on the top. I have looked over my notes on beverages. They are many, for this subject will fill at least one volume (elephant folio) of my colossal sociological work.

I came across much curious and valuable information. There is the recipe for Daniel Webster punch, which was brewed for years by the Hon. L. J. Powers of Springfield for Mr. and Mrs. Shepard at Phillips Beach. One of the ingredients was a half pint of green tea, but I read that green tea will henceforth be scarce in this country, if not unattainable.

I found the series of deductions made by Prof. Dexter of the University of Illinois to prove that a high humidity encourages intoxication and high winds are the best friends of the saloon keeper. Is the Artillery Punch made in Savannah more dangerous than Fish House Punch, compounded after a recipe of pre-revolutionary days: One bottle of brandy, two bottles of Jamaica rum, a quart of sour, i. e., lemon juice, and a quart of sweet, i. e., sugar, with a dash of peach brandy and some sliced fruits?

Who now drinks a sea noggin after the recipe of Thomas Hinkley? He in the middle of the 18th century ran a one-boat ferry between Manhattan Island and the Dutch settlement of Breuckelen. This sea drink was a composition of rum, Madeira and wild cherry blitters. Is it true that the Manhattan cocktail was invented by Col. Joe Walker of New Orleans when visiting New York? The true Manhattan cocktail is made with Italian, not French Vermouth.

Is the "Alexander short line" conceived by the Hon. Charles Martin in a moment of desperation—the year was 1901 and the place was Chicago—known to Boston professors? A stuffed olive is put in a high-ball glass. A dash of blitters and a tiny drop of slrup are added and the olive is crushed. Two jiggers of gin are poured into the glass which is then filled to the brim with imported ginger ale.

It was finely said of this drink that after a fourth glass the victim in beatific state of mind finds the world far away. "After the fifth glass he sits down suddenly and waits for the building to fall. There is no sixth."

Strange Recipes,

Words

and Facts

Chicago early in 1908. I do not think it would be right to give the recipe. I shudder as I read it, yet I would gladly taste one glass—or two, but "Peychaud" bitters and Tokay wine are not to be had at our village store. Are you aware that a large amount

of absinthe is made from Wisconsin wormwood? Col. Joe Rickey never put anything but rye in the drink that immortalizes him. In 1907 a new cocktail appeared in New York, the "Affinity," so called because after the third "the green grass grows up all around, birds sing in the fig trees, and your affinity appears." I have read that the cocktail was originated by Sam Ward, George Hall and John C. Heenan in French's Hotel on Park row, New York, on the day Hicks the pirate was hanged on Bedloe's island; it was an old fashioned cocktail made with a dash of bitters, lump of sugar, lemon peel and a single piece of ice. But the origin of the cocktail is lost in clouds and darkness. My notes on this one subject will fill at least 450 pages. There are some who insist that highball should be spelled "high bawl," from the invitation, "Come in; I'll shout," or "It's my bawl." I do not believe this. Nor do I think "ball," a corruption of "bolo" given to a sick horse.

Why should a drink measuring four fingers be called a "skelly"? Did you ever call for a "stretch"? It is compounded of alcohol, hard elder and a very little water. It is a more dangerous concoction than a "nightd- dley" or a "Hillycraft cooler."

Beer and ale should always be drunk from pewter or stone, for flint glass used in making beer glasses contains oxide of lead which is released by the chemical action of the beer. In hot weather a "Humphrey soother" is preferable to ale or beer—but in Kentucky the "Simon Bolivar Buckner julep" is the thing, with powdered sugar, never lump or loaf. A true "Jersey sunset" contains Monmouth county applejack. Is "drithel" still served in Manchester, N. H.? Is composed of hops, cloves, parsley and hemlock root. What are the ingredients of a "hot boy" compound in Towaco, N. J.?

And who was the author of pathetic poem in six verses, "Never Blamed the Boozee," which gins:

in his Labrador; th

By Phil

The second season of the Boston Opera House ended last night. There have been performances for 20 consecutive weeks, beginning Nov. 7, 1910. Three performances have been given by the company out of town: "Carmen" and "Aida" at Springfield; "La Boheme" at Portland, Me.

It is not impertinent or irrelevant to review now the features of this season; to speak of the operas heard here for the first time and others added to the repertory; to characterize the deeds of the singers, visitors or members of the Boston Opera House. It is more than possible that there will be some error in date, or some omission, no matter how carefully this or that list has been prepared. The operas announced for yesterday were "Manon," at the matinee, and "The Girl of the Golden West," at night. It is taken for granted in the course of this review that these operas were performed; that the singers announced were on the stage.

Twenty-six operas and a scene from an opera were performed in the course of the season. The Italian operas were as follows: "Aida" (6), "Le Barbiere di Siviglia" (4), "La Boheme" (6), "Cavalleria Rusticana" (6), "Don Pasquale" (2), "La Fanciulla del West" (3), "La Gioconda" (3), "Lucia di Lammermoor" (3), "Madama Butterfly" (5), "Manon Lescaut" (3), "Mefistofele" (3), "Otello" (5), "Pagliacci" (5), "Rigoletto" (4), "Tosca" (5), "La Traviata" (3), "Il Trovatore" (4). Five of Puccini's operas were performed, and the representations in all were 23.

Five of Verdi's operas were performed, and the representations were 22. Donizetti was represented by "Lucia" and "Don Pasquale" (five performances in all).

Rossini by "Il Barbiere" (4). Ponchielli by "La Gioconda" (3). Mascagni by "Cavalleria Rusticana" (6).

Leoncavallo by "Pagliacci" (5). Boito, "Mefistofele" (3). Seventeen Italian operas were performed, and the total number of performances was 76.

The repertory of French operas was as follows:

Bizet, "Carmen" (6). Debussy, "L'Enfant Prodigue" (7). Delibes, "Lakme" (3). Gounod, "Faust" (4). Laparra, "La Habanera" (2). Massenet, "Manon" (3). Six operas in all and 25 performances.

Germany was represented by Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel" (3). The United States by Converse's "Pipe of Desire" (3) and "The Sacrifice" (4).

Russia by a scene from Racamainoff's "Gelzige Ritter" (3). The performance... were 114.

Of these operas Converse's "Sacrifice" was performed for the first time on any stage, March 3, 1911.

Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" was performed as an opera for the first time in the United States, Nov. 16, 1910.

Laparra's "Habanera" was performed for the first time in the United States, Dec. 14, 1911.

Puccini's "Fanciulla del West" was performed for the first time in Boston, Jan. 17, 1911.

Converse's "Pipe of Desire," Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel," Massenet's "Manon," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Verdi's "Otello" were added to the repertory of the Boston Opera House.

The repertory was thus enlarged by the addition of nine operas.

Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," originally a cantata, which won for the composer the prix de Rome and was composed without thought of the stage, has no dramatic significance, and, with the exception of two airs in the manner of Massenet and certain orchestral pages, little musical interest.

Laparra's "Habanera" is intensely dramatic and the music gives emphasis to the gloomy story. The music, though it is here and there crude, is individual, forcible, expressive. The opera is a drama with music. It interested the audience and its withdrawal after only two performances was regretted.

Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is an absorbing opera, chiefly by reason of the melodrama, based on Mr. Belasco's play. The music as a rule is stage music, conspicuous for ingenuity in orchestration, admirably suited to the theatrical purposes. The musician is interested in Puccini's use of Debussyan harmonic progressions and formulas, and in the uncommon, highly original and at times gorgeous instrumentation. When Puccini speaks with his own voice, the voice is weak and the speech is reminiscent of earlier years—but he is always a master of stagecraft.

Converse's "Sacrifice" disappointed his many friends in that the libretto and music were lacking in dramatic significance.

The close juxtaposition of Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" afforded an opportunity for entertaining comparison. Humperdinck's opera gave pleasure to children, old and young. Verdi's noble "Otello" was a welcome addition to the repertory, and its pathos and grandeur were more and more appreciated.

All the operas were produced with great attention to the mise-en-scene and stage management. The new settings for "Faust" were especially noteworthy in a season conspicuous for fine scenery, and picturesque costumes.

The following sopranos were heard in Boston for the first time: Mmes. Korolewicz, La Salle Rabinoff and Villani. The following were heard here for the first time in opera: Mmes. Carmen Melis and Caroline White. The following were heard here for the first time in the Boston Opera House: Mmes. Melba, Garden, Carmen Melis, Rappold, Sylva and White.

Mme. Melba, who had not been announced at the beginning of the season, appeared once as Mimì Dec. 15, 1910.

Mme. Carmen Melis, who had been heard at one of Mrs. McAllister's musical mornings the season before, made her first appearance in opera as Helen in "Mefistofele," Nov. 7, 1910, the opening night of the season. She afterwards took these parts: Tosca, Aida, Santuzza, Mme. Butterfly, Desdemona, Nedda, Minnie, Manon Lescaut (in Puccini's opera). Her impersonations of Floria Tosca and Minnie were admirable. Her brilliant beauty was especially displayed in "Mefistofele." Her Aida, Santuzza, Manon, were conventional; her Nedda was unsatisfactory and she did little to give distinction to the other parts. She is much more effective in dramatic than in lyric music.

Mme. Carolina White made a marked impression as singer and actress in "The Girl of the Golden West" and awakened a desire to hear her in other operas. Mme. Korolewicz proved herself an interesting dramatic singer and Mme. La Salle Rabinoff pleased by her youth, her graceful appearance, the quality of her voice and even by her inexperience. Mmes. Rappold and Villani were comparatively ineffective.

Mme. Nordica was heard here again as Gioconda, and her impersonation of Marguerite (Dec. 3, 1910) was conspicuous for originality of conception, effective business, and skilful use of song for dramatic purposes.

The wonderful voice of Mme. Destinn, her vocal art, and her intensity and sincerity as an actress again awakened liveliest admiration. Mmes. Aida, Zorn, Fornia, Mattfeld again visited the house as "guests."

Miss Garden fascinated by her play of rare individuality. She

part of Marguerite in Gounod on Feb. 3, 1911, and gave a men performance. She was announced Manon of Massenet for yesterday noon.

Mmes. Cavalleri, Farrar and M. announced at the beginning of the season, did not sing in the opera house.

Mme. Sylva, who had been heard in Boston only in operetta, appeared once, in "Carmen" (March 11, 1911), and gave a vital, sensuous, most artistic performance.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the work done by Mmes. Lipkowska, Nielsen and Dereyne, members of the local company. Their impersonations were heartily applauded. Miss Nielsen created the chief soprano part in "L'Enfant Prodigue" and "The Sacrifice." Mme. Lipkowska was heard here for the first time in "Manon." She is at her best in "Lakme."

Miss Dereyne created the leading female part in "Habanera" and "The Pipe of Desire."

Other sopranos, engaged to appear in minor parts, were Mmes. Bernice and Grace Fisher, and Ruby Savage. Miss Bernice Fisher, though ranked among the mezzo-sopranos, was a charming Micaela, when she was called on suddenly to take the part (March 11, 1911), and in all that she undertook showed decided talent as singer and actress. Mme. Savage also often gave distinction to minor parts by the purity and brilliance of her voice and by her vocal skill. Miss Fisher's Magdalena in "The Sacrifice" was an agreeable feature of the production. Mme. Savage was called on suddenly to take the part of Desdemona (Dec. 24, 1910, at the evening performance), and on March 13 (1911), she took the part of Lia in Debussy's opera.

Mme. Camporelli was heard here for the first time as Musetta (Dec. 3, 1910).

The list of contraltos was not so strong. Mme. Celina Bonheur and Janka Czaplinska sang in Boston for the first time. The former was heard only once in opera, I believe, as La Cieca (Nov. 25), and at the first Sunday night concert. Mme. Czaplinska made her first appearance as Amneris (Nov. 19), and was afterward heard several times, as Lola. Mme. Bonheur had a rich, full voice and sang with a certain style. Mme. Czaplinska was an excellent Lola. Miss Roberts, who gives much promise, sang well in whatever part she took and acted without the self-consciousness that is peculiar to the majority

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Manon." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Manon Lescaut.....Miss Garden
Poussette.....Mme. Savare
Javotte.....Miss Swartz
Rasette.....Miss Roberts
La Servante.....Mme. De Lievin
Chevalier des Grieux.....Mr. Clement
Lescaut.....Mr. Gilly
Comte des Grieux.....Mr. Mardones
Guillot de Morfontaine.....Mr. Devaux
De Bretigny.....Mr. Letol
L'Hottier.....Mr. Tavecchia
Un Garde.....Mr. Stroess
Un Garde.....Mr. White

Miss Garden yesterday afternoon took the part of Manon for the first time in this city, and the Opera House was filled in every part. There was naturally great curiosity to see her as Massenet's heroine. The verb "see" is here used advisedly, for her performance gave more pleasure to the eye than the ear. Her pronunciation of French was curious, to say the least, and consequently her diction suffered. Massenet's music calls for a well schooled singer, and Miss Garden is by no means a mistress of vocal art. It is unnecessary to comment on the peculiar quality of her voice, on certain wily tones, on other tones that are rich and haunting, on her ability to employ all these tones for the purpose of dramatic effect, or on the many distressing mannerisms and faults evident to all when she is obliged to maintain a long melodic line.

In spite of these mannerisms and faults, her impersonation of Manon was interesting—Miss Garden is always interesting—and in the first two acts it was finely composed and admirably carried out. Her entrance was charming, as was the revelation of Manon's character in the recital of her journey. The objections might be raised that this Manon was sophisticated, but Manon was never unsophisticated; she was as one foreordained for the life she preferred. If Guillot had been younger and more attractive, she would have gone gayly with him to Paris. In her delightfully humorous treatment of Guillot, in her behavior toward Lescaut and in the first scene with Des Grieux, Miss Garden acted with much finesse and rare intelligence. She was as excellent in the second act. The scene when, left alone after De Bretigny had informed her of the parental plot against Des Grieux, she pondered the situation and determined her own course, was especially effective.

The act "Cours la Reine" was omitted, as is, unfortunately, the custom at this opera house. It was said that even if this act—necessary to the intelligibility of the plot and a contrast to the acts that precede and follow—were included in the performance, Miss Garden would have been unwilling to take the part. In this act Manon must sing, sing well, and depend chiefly on vocal skill and brilliance for any effect to be made.

In the scene of the waiting room of the seminary, where Manon succeeds in winning back her lover, Miss Garden was shrewish rather than seductive. She stormed, she laid violent hands upon him, she did not lure or cajole. The character of Manon here seemed to escape her. And after this act the interest in Manon ceases. The rest of the opera is for Des Grieux.

And, after all, the chief feature of the performance of the opera was the display of Mr. Clement's art as singer and actor. It is not easy to imagine a finer, more convincing, more moving impersonation, nor could the music given to Des Grieux have been better sung. Nor was the singing of the "Reve" the only example of perfect diction and uncommon vocal skill. There was no phrase that had not significance. There was no over-elaboration, but always the spontaneity that is essential to perfect art. There was delicacy that was never fussy; there was strength that never was merely boisterous assertion. In song, as in action, there was differentiation in sentiments and emotions; and there was the sincerity that was authoritative, not perfunctory conciliatory.

Mr. Gilly had been heard here before as Marcello and Escamillo. He gave a striking characterization of Lescaut, the blackguard, under a thin veneer of fashionable manners; a coward at heart, but a hector in speech; prating about the honor of his family when he was ready to sell Manon to the highest bidder. Mr. Gilly's voice had agreeable sonority; his diction was marvellously clear and polished; he sang with much taste.

Mr. Mardones was sufficiently dignified in the part of the heavy father, and the three joyous maidens, whose frivolity and ease were envied by Manon fresh from the village, were capably impersonated by Mmes. Savage, Swartz and Roberto.

The audience was enthusiastic. There were many curtain calls, in which Mr. Caplet justly shared.

"The Girl of the Golden West" was performed last night, with Mme. Carmen Melis and Messrs. Constantino and Polese in the chief parts. A review of the operatic season is published on page 26 of this issue of The Herald.

He took a bottle of the
Drank whiskey and
Drank cocktails in the morning
But never could get light
He shivered in the evening
And always had the blues
Once he took a bowl or two
But he never blamed the booze

Unfortunately, I have mislaid my package of notes concerning the derivation of "Tom and Jerry." I remember, however, that a thorough investigation, which wasted many days and nights with serious injury to my health, led me to the conclusion that the inventor of the drink, while, personally, I do not favor, finding it too sweet and cloying, was not Mr. Jeremiah Thomas. I hope at some more convenient time to search for my material.

I am interested in rum—I use the word in its generic, not specific sense—chiefly as a sociologist. I say this lest some may be prejudiced against "Man as a Political and Social Beast" and refuse to subscribe for the 23 volumes—as yet unpublished.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Incongruous Names for Prohibition Towns

As a corrective to Mr. Johnson's entertaining but dangerous letter, we take pleasure in publishing a note dated March 16:

"Editor of The Herald:

"As I was reading the Gazetteer last night as a cure for insomnia, I observed with dismay among the towns of the state of Maine the name of Rumford and in the New Hampshire list that of Rye. As both these states stand nobly on the side of prohibition I was surprised that these reminders of the demon Alcohol are permitted to survive. It seems to me that both should be changed at once to names more seemly and appropriate to the attitude of the states on this great question. It can scarcely aid the besotted victims of the debasing vice of drink in their struggle upwards toward a purer ideal to be thus reminded daily of their tempter. I venture this suggestion without hope; but when, in the time to come, my sex shall have achieved its true destiny of the ballot, I am calmly sure that no such blots as these will rest upon our geography.

(MISS) SARAH HEPATICA.

"Putney, Vt."

Yes, yes, Miss Hepatica. And what is to be said of the towns named Bourbon in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri, not to mention Bourbon county in Kansas and the famous county of Kentucky? What self-respecting person would live in Brandy Camp, Pa., or Brandy Station, Va., or in any one of the Brandywines, post hamlet, or ante-bellum? Then there is Gindale in Texas, and yet, like grace, Gindale has a pleasing sound, harmonious to the ear. Why should not Rumford be changed to Lavender Water and Rye to Slippery Elm? In the good days

to come a jury of matrons will order these things better and not confine its attention merely to the theatres and the plays produced there.

A Good Word for Pleasing Inaction

The Herald has received the following letter dated Boston, March 20:

Editor of The Herald:

Where did George Bernard Shaw get the word "frowsting," employed by him in the sentence "eating, drinking, and frowsting"? Is it of his own coinage, or is there any precedent? "Argute" goes back, of course, to Sterne. All this is in "The Doctor's Dilemma," which I have just read.

F. E. C.

"Frowsting" is a good respectable word, countenanced by the New English Dictionary. "Frowst, froust, intransitive verb; to rest lazily, lounge." The London Standard in 1881 spoke of a generation that "frousts over the fire." In a novel by B. Whitby (1889) a person says "I hate frowsting over a fire." The origin of the word is uncertain. The dictionary, just quoted, refers the reader to the substantive "froust" in Hargrove school slang: "Extra sleep allowed in the morning of Sundays and whole holidays." "Froust," with this meaning, is found in "Slang and Its Analogues," by Farmer and Henley; but the noun also means a stink, or stuffiness in a room. "Froust" in various English provincial dialects means a nasty smell.

Mary Garden Enacts Massenet's "Manon" at the Matinee

Fine Art Displayed by Edmond Clement; Miss Garden's Performance More Pleasing to the Eye Than the Ear.

By Philip Hale.

American singers. She was seen and heard at her best as Melika. Miss Rogers was useful in small parts. Miss Leveroni was painstaking and gave character to the squaw in "The Girl of the Golden West."

Miss Jeska Swartz showed more than ordinary talent as singer and actress. Her Siebel was attractive; her Suzuki was one of the best we have seen. Nor will her singing and graceful appearance as the Muscician in "Manon Lescaut" be soon forgotten.

But the Boston opera company is in need of a dramatic mezzo soprano of the first rank. The heavy work during the second season fell on Mme. Claessens of the local company and Mme. Maria Gay, a guest. Mme. Claessens is a singer of much experience. She is faithful in the discharge of her duty. She has considerable dramatic intelligence. It is a pity that her voice is not more agreeable; that her vocal art cannot be praised. She created the part of Tommasina in "The Sacrifice."

Mme. Maria Gay was heard here as Carmen, Azucena, Amneris and Santuzza. She is a woman of indisputable talent, richly endowed by nature. As Amneris she lacked stature and dignity. Santuzza is not one of her best parts. Her performance of Carmen, striking and brilliant as it was at first, suffered little by little through extravagance in realistic effects. In this she was undoubtedly encouraged by spectators who fondly believe that Carmen is essentially a comic character suddenly forced at the end into a tragic situation.

Mmes. Maubourg and Wickham were also guests.

It may be said that minor female parts in the various operas were taken uncommonly well, as in "Carmen" and "Manon," so that concerted pieces were sung always satisfactorily and often brilliantly.

Mme. Louise Homer, announced at the beginning of the season, did not sing at the opera house.

These leading tenors sang in Boston for the first time: Messrs. Arenson, Bassi, Clement, Gaudenzi, Gerardi, Lassalle, Schiarettil, Slezak, Smirnov, Messrs. Dalmores, Jadlowker, McCormack, Martin, Zenatello, who had been heard here before, were guests.

Mr. Arenson, who made his first appearance as Radames (Nov. 19, 1910), took the part of Manrico later. He had a voice, but was not yet prepared for singing in public.

Mr. Bassi first appeared as Des Grieux in Puccini's opera (Feb. 22, 1911). He also took the part of John. He has a resonant, metallic organ of liberal compass, but his singing was labored and unsympathetic and his acting without charm.

It is unnecessary to speak of the art of Mr. Clement. His Des Grieux, Gerald, Don Jose are fresh minds of all. He was first here as Des Grieux (Feb. 15,

Gaudenzi, Gerardi and I passed as tenors in the and left only a vague remembrance.

Mr. Lassalle, the son of a famous baritone, turned out to be a tenor of little experience and little vocal art. He was heard here, first as Faust ("Mefistofele"), Simeon, Faust (Gounod's), Turiddu and Pedro (Habenara).

Mr. Slezak, a lyric and also dramatic tenor, took the parts of Othello and Manrico. His reputation is deservedly high. His performance of Othello was impressive. He has little personal magnetism.

Mr. Smirnov, who sang in Russian the part of Gerald (March 1), has a pretty voice.

Mr. Dalmores was heard only once (Feb. 3) as Faust in Gounod's opera. His performance was of the very first rank. His picturesque and unusual costumes provoked comment.

Mr. Jadlowker was again effective except in "La Traviata," when he sang in German and poorly. He was heard as Marlo, Faust and Pinkerton.

Mr. McCormack was heard as Turiddu, a part not suited to him, and as Rodolfo, a part in which he sang delightfully.

Mr. Martin was an excellent Pinkerton and a poor Enzo. He took the part of Iolan in "The Pipe of Desire," and although an American by birth, his enunciation was not so distinct as that of his associate, Mr. Blanchart, a Spaniard, singing in a foreign tongue. Mr. Martin was also heard as Turiddu.

Mr. Zenatello was heard as Othello (Dec. 17), Don Jose, Manrico, Radames, Pinkerton, Canio. His performances, as a rule, gave great satisfaction. There were times when he was uncertain in intonation, but they were few. He was never indifferent, never self-conscious.

Messrs. Burrian and Caruso, announced as of the company, did not sing at the Opera House.

Mr. Constantino created the part of Bernal in "The Sacrifice," and was the first to take the part of John in this city. His appearances were as follows: Duke of Mantua, 4; Edgar, 3; Canio, 3;

Rodolfo, 1; Amleto, 1; Mario, 3; Enzo, 2; Faust ("Mefistofele"), 2; Alfredo, 2; Johnson, 8; Des Grieux (Puccini's opera), 2; Bernal, 1; Radames, 1. His performances were, as a rule, or a high order of merit. In "The Sacrifice" he was greatly handicapped by the necessity of singing in a language foreign to him.

Mr. Gilla, a newcomer, gave distinction to the parts of Nick, in "The Girl of the Golden West," and Edmond, in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Mr. Galeffi, a young baritone, sang in Boston for the first time as Tonio (Nov. 16). He was afterward heard as Barnaba, Count di Luna, Amonasro, Rigolotto, Germont, the Sheriff. At first his tremolo and tendency towards boisterousness made an unfavorable impression, although the natural beauty and power of his voice were at once recognized. During the latter part of the season he sang with firmer control of tone and finer musical taste. His Sheriff was a masterly impersonation.

Mr. Polese, who had been heard here as a member of the Manhattan Company, made his first appearance at the Boston Opera House as Iago (Jan. 2). He took several parts in the course of the season: Ashton, Alfio, Sharpless, Amonasro, Scarpa, Figaro, The Sheriff, Marcello. His Figaro had not the requisite lightness, speed and volubility. In the other parts he was more than satisfactory. All in all, a most useful member of the company; a singer with voice and style, an actor of intelligence and authority.

Among the visiting baritones were Messrs. Amato, Gilly, Goritz, Renaud, Sammarco, Scotti.

Mr. Amato appeared as Iago (Nov. 11), the Count di Luna (Feb. 10), and Germont (Jan. 16), and sang with great effect.

Mr. Gilly took the part of Escamillo (Dec. 30), when he was indisposed and was announced as Lescart for the performance yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Goritz gave his inimitable impersonation of Peter in Humperdinck's opera.

Mr. Renaud gave a subtly sinister performance of Scarpa (Nov. 21). Mr. Sammarco was heard as Marcello (Dec. 15) and Iago (Dec. 17); Mr. Scotti appeared as Tonio (Jan. 23).

Mr. Baklanoff elaborated parts in which he had already won reputation. He has still much to learn in finesse of vocal expression. In spite of a breach of discipline, he remained deservedly a great favorite and a pride of the opera house.

Mr. Blanchart created at this opera house the parts of Simeon in "L'Enfant Prodigue," was the first Old One in "The Pipe of Desire" at this house, and created the parts of Ramon in "La Habanera" and Burton in "The Sacrifice." He also took the parts of Sharpless, Iago, and was the first in Boston to take the part of Sonora. His enunciation of English and diction in Mr. Converse's operas deserved high praise and was an object lesson to native singers. His voice was under better control than it was last season, and he always showed himself to be an operatic singer of dramatic intelligence.

Mr. Gantvoort sang and acted intelligently in minor parts.

Mr. Fornari is probably retained for the part of Figaro in Rossini's opera. In any serious part he is inadequate.

Messrs. Dufrenne and Sommer, announced as of the company, did not sing at the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Sibiriakoff, bass, sang in Boston for the first time as Mefistofele in Boito's opera (Nov. 7). He was also heard as Mephistophiles in Gounod's opera and as Don Basilio. His voice was sonorous; he knew little of the art of singing; as an actor he was inefficient.

Mr. Rothler of the Metropolitan was heard in Boston for the first time as Escamillo, Mephistophiles ("Faust") and Nilakantha. His success as a singer in "Faust" as Mephistophiles was moderate. He acted with considerable skill. In the other parts he made little impression.

Mr. White made his first appearance as the King in "Aida" this season (Nov. 19). He has a good voice, and it would seem as though he could be utilized in more than minor parts in other operas.

Mr. Mardones appeared in parts with which he was associated last season. His Mephistophiles in Boito's opera is perhaps his most important impersonation, although his performance of le Vieux in "La Habanera" had true distinction. He created also at this opera house the part of Jack Wallace in "The Girl of the Golden West."

Mr. Tavecchia showed individuality in whatever part he took, whether it were Don Pasquale, the Sacristan, Geronta or Billy.

Messrs. De Seguro, Didur, Pini-Corsi, announced as of the company, did not sing at the Boston Opera House.

Miss Pavlowa, Mr. Mordkin and the Russian Ballet crowded the opera house on Dec. 22, 23, 31 (two performances), Jan. 10 (extra performance), March 9 (extra performance), March 17, March 18 (two performances), March 21. The conducting by Mr. Siler was a feature of these beautiful exhibitions of choreographic art. Adam's "La Giselle" was performed for the first time in Boston Dec. 31, and "The Legend of Azy-lade" with music by Russian and French composers on Dec. 23.

At the first on Feb. 3, excerpts from Dupont's "Les Heures Dolentes" and Caplet's orchestral transcription of Debussy's "Children's Corner" were performed for the first time in America. The soloists were Mme. Nielsen and Bonheur, and Messrs. Constantino and Mardones. The soloists at the second concert, March 19, were Mme. Carmen Melis, Miss Seydel (violinist), Messrs. Constantino and Mardones, and Mr. Proctor (pianist). Orchestral pieces by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Saint-Saens and Wagner were played.

At an "invitation concert" on Feb. 28, led by Mr. Caplet, pieces by Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy-Caplet, G. Faure, La-parra and Saint-Saens were performed, with Mr. Henrotte playing the violin solo in Saint-Saens' prelude to "The Deluge."

Messrs. Caplet and Moranzoni were added to the staff of conductors. They have strengthened materially the performances. Mr. Caplet, a composer of more than ordinary talent, as a conductor has marked authority, a sense of nuances and rhythm, and fine artistic taste. Mr. Moranzoni has Italian enthusiasm, which is usually artistically controlled. He is a passionate, dramatic conductor.

Mr. Conti deserved warm praise for his share in the production of Puccini's latest opera.

Mr. Goodrich has gained materially this season in the elasticity and warmth of his readings. Last season he was inclined to be too punctilious in matters of the letter at the expense of the spirit. This no doubt came from musical anxiety that everything should be clear and precise. His "La Boheme" is far more spirited than it was last season, and he distinguished himself by his reading of Mr. Converse's scores.

It may justly be said that the orchestra has improved, although the strings are still comparatively weak. The improvement is shown in general plasticity, in quick response to the bidding of the conductor.

The chorus did excellent work throughout the season. It is well balanced and well trained.

The ballet is still in a rudimentary condition. The groupings were often effective, but there was too often a lack of precision in simple evolutions.

There is nothing but praise for the sumptuousness and taste of the scenery and costumes, which are worthy of the most celebrated opera houses in Europe.

The stage management has been admirable. Mr. Menotti is indeed a tower of strength in the maintenance of this opera house.

When everything is taken into consideration, Mr. Russell and his assistants may be heartily congratulated on the results of the season. An ideal opera house does not descend suddenly as the New Jerusalem to earth, though that earth be in Boston. To develop an institution of this kind time and money are needed, and for the best disposal of time and money men of experience, taste, firmness, patience and tact should be in control. The results that have already been attained are surprising.

There were not many disappointments

this season. Certain singers who were announced did not come from the Metropolitan Opera House. Singers, though they themselves may not believe it, are, after all, mortal, subject to cold, sore throat, appendicitis and other ailments. Even if the non-appearance of this or that singer was to be attributed rightly to some other cause, there was a lesson to be learned therefrom.

The public of Boston should be interested chiefly and constantly in the singers of its own opera house, and not be dependent for enjoyment on visitors. That the public may thus be interested and satisfied should be the care of the director of the Opera House. The people of this city have been accustomed in the past to seasons of a week, fortnight, or even a month when world-famous singers were in the visiting company. It is true that before Mr. Hammerstein came to Boston the scenery was as a rule shabby, the chorus often inefficient, the stage management inadequate. But there were the famous singers, and the public put up with discomfort, as was seen when operas were performed in Mechanics Building.

The public now realizes that grand opera is produced in a manner worthy the name of grand opera at the Boston Opera House. There has been great care shown in the matter of ensemble, and this is far more important than the engagement of a star for a few performances.

The company can still be strengthened. The orchestra can be improved. There is need of a first class dramatic mezzo-soprano or contralto. There should be another bass qualified to take leading parts.

It is said Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello have been engaged for next season; that Mr. Clement will be the tenor of the French wing; that performances of French opera by capable French singers will be a feature of next season; that Mmes. Carmen Melis, Lipkowska and Mr. Baklanoff will return. This gives promise for the future. There is already talk of the operas to be added to the repertory.

But these and other plans cannot be carried out without the support of the

It is not to be expected that Mr. Judd, however great his musical enthusiasm and his public spirit, will continue year after year to pay a deficit. It is for the public of Greater Boston to determine whether the opera house that is already an honor to the city will flourish in the years to come. It is for the public to express its approbation and interest in a substantial way. The audiences should be able and proud to say "This is our opera house. We support it." When the public can say this, it should then be jealous of the reputation of the house, and see to it that the performances are of the highest rank.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mrs. Clara Tippett will present Miss Florence Page Kimball in "Sayonara," a Japanese romance (in costume), music by C. W. Cadman. Miss Gertrude Foster will tell of "Aucassin and Nicolette" (andrew Lang's version), with incidental music adapted from works by D'Indy and Debussy. Mrs. Tippett will sing in costume American songs of 50 years ago ("that our mothers sang"). In the Hazel Dell, Bonnie Eloise, Captain Jinks, Tender and True, Juanita, The Blue Juniata.

TUESDAY—Jacob Sleeper Hall, 688 Boylston street. Second and last concert of the Hoffmann Quartet. Converse, quartet, op. 18; Debussy, two dances for harp and strings; Haydn, quartet, op. 64, No. 5. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist, and other members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth festival mandolin concert, under the direction of G. L. Lansing and H. F. Odell. Orchestra of 300 mandolins, banjos and guitars. Soloists: Valentine Abt of New York, mandolinist; William Place, Jr., of Providence, mandolinist; G. L. Lansing, banjoist; H. F. Odell, mandocellist; Charles T. Griley, humorist; the Langham and Lansing orchestras and the Boston Ideal Club.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Enesco, Suite for orchestra, op. 9 (first time in Boston); Tschalkowsky, violin concerto (Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, her first appearance in Boston); Schumann, Symphony in D minor, No. 4, Enesco, a Roumanian by birth, was educated at the conservatories of Vienna and Paris. He is well known as a violinist. His Roumanian poem for orchestra, symphony for wind instruments and one of his violin sonatas have been performed in Boston.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week:

TUESDAY—Longfellow school, 8 P. M., William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Dvorak, Humoresque for string quartet; Gounod, selection from "Romeo and Juliet"; Wagner, Dreams; Gounod, Allegro from ballet suite from "The Queen of Sheba." Mrs. John D. O'Connor, soprano, will sing "O, My Fernando," from "La Favorita," and Ardit's waltz song, "L'Ardita." Mr. Howard will play Hubay's "Hejre Katil" for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Roxbury high school, 8 P. M., Mr. Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Lachner, overture to "Turandot"; Wagner, An Album Leaf; Mascagni, Prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Boccherini, Minuet for strings; Strube, Valse Ierato; Brahms, Hungarian Dance in G minor; Antony Torello, contrabassist, will play Valse Fantaisie Caprice and his own arrangement of Bottesini's Air and Variations. J. Albert Baumgartner will accompany him. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

rich 28 '11 "MILE ROSITA'S" FIRST APPEARANCE

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Mile. Rosita," a new comic opera, book and lyrics by Joseph Herbert, music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.). John McGhie conducted.

Artistic Boutonniere..... Walter Jones
Rosita..... Fritz Schott
Roni de France..... Emma Javelier
Angeline Boutonniere..... Olga Steek
Marianne..... Eugene O'Brien
Philippe, Marquis de Monteville..... James Norval
Lient, Prosper de Merimee..... Joseph Herbert
Adolphe, Comte de Paravante..... George Graham
Roni de France..... C. Morton Horne
Baron Alphonse Castalet..... E. de Varna
Comte Gaston Gerome..... Sidney Taylor
Picotee.....

It may justly be said that in this instance the story of an operetta is more entertaining than the music. The story is not new; it is not original; the motive has been used in many lands; but in "Mile. Rosita" it is clearly presented and the attention of the audience is held to the end.

Story an Entertaining One.

Let it be granted that the motive itself is not probable; that, while a man might consent to marry a woman for £500,000 on the condition that he would absent himself immediately after giving his signature before the notary without seeing his bride and without her presence at the civil ceremony; that he would labor for three months under a foolish mistake and not attempt to find out anything about his wife; let this be granted; nevertheless the story is an entertaining one, and at the end of the second act the scene of identification forms a dramatic finale and ex-

The dialogue is not especially witty or humorous. A foolish character, Boni de Franca, is introduced, who by his words and actions wastes much valuable time. The most amusing lines are given to Angelique, and these lines are, as a rule, amusing by reason of Miss Janvier's way of speaking them.

Enunciation Indistinct.

It was not possible last evening to form an opinion concerning the character of the lyrics, for, as a rule, the enunciation of the singers was indistinct. No one, for instance, could gain the slightest idea of what Mr. Jones was singing about in the first act. The lyrics heard were not conspicuous for sentiment or humor; but they would no doubt have made a better impression if they had been sung well; for this company is singularly weak in singers. Mr. Herbert's music on the whole is disappointing. In the first act there is a noteworthy trio in the better style of opera. In the second act the music that accompanies Angelique's recitation and the finale are in Mr. Herbert's better manner. There is a spirited march in the third act which at once caught the fancy of the audience and was repeated several times. But the music in the fourth act is ineffective, and it is often a jingle or dull. This is particularly true of the music in the fifth act.

Harmonies Commonplace.

Many of the pages might well persuade the hearers that Mr. Herbert wrote them before "The Fortune Teller" was produced. The harmonies are commonplace, there is little rhythmic play, the melodic vein is thin; the orchestra lacks distinction or is stereotyped. There are a few pages that are good, but Mr. Herbert's later reputation is so possible that the greater part of the opera was sketched in the studio and that Mr. Herbert then made a few changes as his prima donna, Miss Koster, is sumptuously staged. The first scene is a handsome one, and the second scene in respect to color and lighting is uncommonly tasteful.

Chorus a Comely One.

The chorus of the chorus are also excellent. The chorus women are comely, and the men wear their robes with greater ease than is usual in an American operetta company. The music was adequate. Mr. McGee and his forces under the baton of Mr. Schell looked fresh and pretty, and sang bravely, but without great forwardness. She was effective in the scenes of sentiment. She was a beauty to the eye. It is regretted that the years of operetta have worn her voice and impaired her vocal art. Her intonation at times was often false. Mr. O'Brien was a gallant-looking fellow. He acted in a manly manner, but he did not sing. Miss Janvier spoke effectively and was delightfully responsive to the observations. Mr. Jones played the part of the father in a manly spirit and did not clown. For the sake of the music, Mr. Joseph Herbert took the part of a high-spirited and played it in the well-known manner. Miss Steer made a good deal of her singing by a pretty little voice in the first act. Mr. Graham played the part of the boresome, his comical and courageous efforts were rewarded by the loud approbation of the audience. Mr. de Varney gave character to a small part. The white mare curtain calls. The two Herberts appeared on the stage after the second act. Miss Schell embraced the composer in the sight of the audience. A fortunate man is Victor Hildebrand and made a little speech.

MRS. CARTER AT THE MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Two Women," play in five acts, by Rupert Hughes, management John Cort.
Leda Carter as Jeannette Moreau, a woman, wife of Remy; Jeannette Bartet, a noble dancer.
Remy as Margyl, first known as Remy Moreau, an artist. E. J. Ratcliffe as Remy's friend, a nobleman.
Marquis de Poudras as Remy's friend, a nobleman.
The play was first produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, Nov. 29, 1916. It is based upon an idea from the Italian drama by Y. Ciccioni, "The Slave of Mesh."
An artist, Remy de Margyl, is married to a very beautiful and good woman named Jeannette.
Dies at End of First Act.
The play is exceedingly poor, and Jeannette, at the end of the first act, dies on the stage just as Margyl sells a picture which brings him a comfortable living. Two years later he sees

in the B.T. Tabarin in Paris a public dancer who outwardly resembles his dead wife, and he hires her to go to his home and pose for an unfinished portrait of Jeannette.
The dancer's name happens to be Jeannine. She falls in love with him, and then, because he refuses to tell her that he returns her passion, she goes back to her old life in Paris after a scene of vituperation in which she places all the blame upon his "goodness" as she calls it.
Margyl, however, was not interested in her solely as a model, and the physical counterpart of his wife.
He follows her to Paris, fights a duel with a man who had a prior claim, but who, being a better shot, wounds him in the eye so that he loses his sight, but as Jeannine declares her love for him again and is willing to stay and nurse him, the play ends happily.

Built Around Mrs. Carter.

The drama could not possibly stand on its own merits. It is a series of situations built for a star. Mrs. Carter holds it together by force of her acting. When she is not on the stage there is a great sense of nothingness. The play is emotional, sentimental, absolutely unreal and widely sprinkled with moral platitudes. It gives Mrs. Carter her best opportunities in the second act, where there is plausible character work, the "big scene" is conventional melodrama.
Mrs. Carter is, of course, a "personality" actress, but she has a keen dramatic instinct, a clear cut precision in bringing out effective points and an emotional susceptibility which compels interest. In the second act she plays the part of a free, impetuous untamed woman. The dramatist has worked hard to persuade us that this is a bad woman.

Not Bad, Just Unconventional.

She is not bad—just unconventional—and Mrs. Carter gives her a strength of character, a freedom of will, a fine individuality that makes the silly, commonplace domestic virtues of her so-called spiritual superior entirely unconvincing. When, however, in a bold dancer of the Bal Tabarin goes out to the former home of Margyl's wife, puts on a simple white dress, milks the cow and "loves" the chickens, she is only ridiculous.
In the third and fourth acts Mrs. Carter lost her controlling judgment and reserve and became metallic, making her "big scene" an ascending scream which failed utterly to appeal.
The rest of the company had little opportunity. Mr. Ratcliffe however was not equal to the emotional demands of his part.

GLOBE THEATRE—"The Girl from Rector's," a comedy in four acts by Paul M. Potter. The cast:

- Louise Sedane, Mary Cecil
- Richard O'Shaughnessy, Kenneth Davenport
- Huddle, valet, Gilbert Barry
- Prof. Aubrey Malone, Walter Morton
- Mrs. Witherspoon Conley, Albert Reed
- Margaret Baxter
- Angeline, maid, Pauline Carleton
- Maybelle, Maybelle
- Billy, Billy
- John J. Powers
- Frank Dillingham
- Frank Dillingham
- Carrie Wilson
- Evelyn Shaw
- Ethel Lewis
- Frederick Glick
- Willie Roscoe

"The Girl from Rector's" made its third appearance in this city yesterday. Several lines were changed after the afternoon performance at the request of John M. Casey, license clerk of the mayor's office, who attended the matinee. As a result, the evening audience had an entertainment free from any such passages as had been complained of in other shows.

The modified version made a hit. Not an improper line was spoken, and the plot was unobjectionable. The change did not affect the snap of the play, and the audience got much fun out of the complications from the first act to the finale in French Charley's road house.
Miss Mary Cecil appeared for the first time in this city in the title role. Her portrayal of Louise Sedane did not come up to that of Miss Gertrude Billington, who was seen in the role when the play was here before. Miss Cecil lacked the daintiness of her predecessor, but in the last two acts she appeared to better advantage than in the first two. Kenneth Davenport, as Richard O'Shaughnessy, was fair, but lacked polish. The rest of the company kept things moving in a lively manner.

"The Girl in the Train," with Frank Daniels. Proves to

COLONIAL THEATRE—Frank Daniels in Charles Dillingham's musical comedy production, "The Girl in the Train," by Harry B. Smith (from the German of Victor Leon). Music by Leo Fall.

- Karel Van Myrtens, Edwin Wilson
- Jana, Sallie Fisher
- Peter Hockenstiegel, Philip Branson
- Gonda Van Der Loo, Vera Michelena
- Van Dender, Henry Vincent
- Dr. Liege, Donald Hall
- William Kroust, James Bracey
- Martha, Alleen Hodgson
- Coronatus scrop, Martin Hayden
- Prof. Wexham, Gilbert Clayton
- Julie Van Tromp, Frank Daniels

"The Girl in the Train" was originally produced in Vienna under the German title of "Die Geschiedene Frau" (the Divorced Bride). It was a success in Europe, and is said to be still running in the old world capitals. The music is by the composer of "The Dollar Princess," Harry B. Smith was engaged to adapt the German libretto to suit American tastes. Whatever misgivings last night's audience might have felt beforehand were set at rest by the information given in the program that Mr. Smith had preserved the smart and piquant flavor of the original without admitting anything that would possibly offend the most sensitive. This was reassuring, considering one thing and another; but some could not help wondering what it was that Mr. Smith left out. He has succeeded in going close to the line without overstepping it. The result is a merry, lively production which all can enjoy.

The music is excellent, better than seems to be thought necessary in comic opera nowadays. The actors are well trained, and some of the concerted numbers are really delightful. One might mention the quartet in the first act by Karel, Jana and the foster-brother and foster-sister; the trios and quartets in the second act, and the charming piece taken part in by the fascinating Gonda and her four admirers. There is a foreign flavor about the production that has an attraction of its own. One cannot picture Anglo-Saxon men prouder than the men do in "The Girl in the Train," but when one remembers they are only Dutchmen or Austrians or something like that it seems natural enough.

Nothing could be better than Miss Vera Michelena's Gonda Van Der Loo, the actress. No wonder she bewildered the judge, the lawyers, the vacillating husband and even the stern father-in-law, whose reputation was the reverse of that of Kipling's Maj-Gen. Bangs, "that most immoral man." Miss Michelena has a fine voice, moves with grace and shows a strong sense of humor. Miss Sallie Fisher was also capital. Her voice is sweet and powerful. Her work in the disguise of the French dancing girl was particularly clever. Miss Alleen Hodgson, the foster sister, is an attractive person. One could have wished more opportunities for her.

The leading men are all good singers, without pretending to great voices. The effect of their efforts in the concerted numbers already alluded to was altogether agreeable. The impression borne away of last night's performance was that of finished work by the cast as a whole.

Of Frank Daniels, what can be said? Mr. Daniels is in a class of his own. He has a reputation as a comedian which is deservedly high. He is, in fact, an intensely comic little man, and he contributes an enormous amount of fun to the present production. To return to the program, "The efforts of Mr. Daniels to preserve order while presiding on the judicial bench are side-splitting. The engagement of Mr. Daniels to play the leading comedy role has introduced a hilarious element which was possibly lacking in the original."

Mr. Daniels, let it be repeated, is an excruciatingly funny little man; but he seemed superfluous last night. "The Girl in the Train" has many excellences, but these do not harmonize with Mr. Daniels's fun-making. The work is more of an opera than a musical comedy. It should be given with as little change from the original as sensitive American taste will allow, and in the original no place was made for such a part as that created by Mr. Daniels.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Show That Is "A Little Different" Presented This Week.

A show that is "just a little different" is the best way to class the performance at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. In every act there is something that brings it out of the ordinary run of vaudeville sketches; a something refreshing that makes for excellence in the ensemble.

Valerie Bergere and company present the most charming bit of vaudeville craft seen in Boston in weeks. A setting that combines the luxury of American interior decorations with the freshness and fragrant daintiness of the home of the chrysanthemum, cherry blossom and wistaria is fully in keeping with the delicate grace of Miss Bergere's presentation of O'Chicka San.

Miss Bergere carries with her a company of uniform excellence, and one can hardly conceive a more pleasing bit of modified orientalism than the performance of "His Japanese Wife."

Alice Raymond and her players put on a musical act in a massive Egyptian setting that is decidedly out of the ordinary for acts of this character. Miss Raymond wears a Parisian harem skirt that does not help an otherwise very acceptable act.
Sharkey, Geisler and Lewis, with the aid of a piano, sing a few songs in a way that takes mightily, and places them in the collection of "just a little different" acts that characterize the bill.

Marshall Montgomery does the unusual, in that he makes a ventrilo-

quist act entertaining from the time he comes on the stage until they change the indicators announcing the next act. He is good and his work was well received.

Others on the bill were Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker in a dainty bit of dialogue and song, termed "The Girl and the Pearl"; the Royal Tokio Japanese troupe, old favorites as tumblers, aerial and wire artists; Arthur Bowen, singing cartoonist; Derenzo and La Due in a trapeze act, and last but not least Clarence Wilbur, who carries with him some very pretty girls in his farce, "The New Scholar."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Thomas E. Shea Gives "The Bells" in Effective Style.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea in "The Bells."

- Mathias, Thomas E. Shea
- Kasper, George Brown
- Fr. Walter, Thomas J. Tompsett
- Hans, Charles E. Lake
- Dr. Zloimer, W. Lee Nichols
- Daniel Walters, J. B. Wilton
- Joseph Kovsky, Benjamin Luce
- Christian Beme, James J. Cassidy
- Notary, L. E. Charles
- Catherine, Charlotte Burkette

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

"Aida" Given by the Aborn English Grand Opera Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn English grand opera company began an engagement last evening with the performance of "Aida." The cast:

- Aida, Lois Ewell
- Amneris, Louise Le Baron
- Priestess, Florence Coughlan
- Rhadames, Christian Haosen
- Randis, Herbert Waterous
- Amonasro, Harry Luckstone
- King, George Crampton
- Messenger, Frederick L. Huddy
- Musical conductor, Max Fichander

We hear occasional complaints that American newsboys and bootblacks cannot whistle the principal airs from grand opera. This lack of familiarity with standard operas is true of many who are less excusable than the class mentioned. In view of this need of "the people," it is well to credit the performance of grand opera in English at popular prices with performing a very creditable mission, rather than be hyper-critical.

Last evening's performance was a satisfactory and creditable one. Lois Ewell's "Aida" was notable for its sincerity. She has a strong soprano voice and considerable dramatic ability. Her work with Rhadames in the third act was particularly effective. Christian Haosen, who took the part of Rhadames, sang the well known air of the first act with passion and good vocal effect. His acting throughout showed judgment and sincerity. Harry Luckstone made a very satisfactory Amonasro, though he had rather too much of the melodramatic in action. Louise Le Baron has a strong contralto voice of even and pleasing quality. She was somewhat lacking in dignity as Amneris, especially in the first acts; her work in the fourth act was more satisfactory and showed more dramatic ability. Vocally, her work was very good.

The staging of the whole was effective. The scene at the opening of the third act was especially beautiful. Certain discrepancies as to vocal intonation, stage details, the trombones, etc., could be noted, but it would not be wise, for, on the whole, it was an impressive performance and one that was appreciated by the audience present, as their applause signified.

The performance of "Aida" will continue throughout this week. Wagner's "Lohengrin" will be given next week.

GAME HUNTING WITH LARIAT

Col. C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones Lectures on African Expedition.

Col. Charles J. Jones of Las Vegas, N. M., better known as "Buffalo Jones," gave an illustrated lecture on "Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa" at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Federal Temporary Home for Women and Children. There was a large at-

March 29 1911

THE HOFFMANN QUARTET FINAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The Hoffmann quartet gave the second and last concert of its ninth season last evening in Jacob Sleeper Hall. There was a large audience. The program

as fellows. Haydn quartet op. 61, No. 5, Debussy, "Danse Sacree et Danse Profane," for harp and string orchestra, Converse quartet op. 13. In the performance of Debussy's dances the Hoffman quartet was assisted by Messrs. Kuntz, Ribarsch and Traupe, Gletzen, Viola; Gerhardt, double bass. Mr. Schuecker was the harpist and Mr. Strube conducted.

The quartet by Haydn, played with spirit and spirit, gave pleasure to the audience, which was also interested in Mr. Converse's quartet. The latter composition has been heard before at these concerts.

Debussy's two dances were produced in Boston at one of these concerts four years ago. The music is worthy of frequent repetitions, for it has a strange fascination. I know of few little compositions of apparently simple structure that have such marked character and are so full of suggestion to the imagination. Here is music without a program, or which rhapsodic programs might be written. With these pieces might be classed the Gymnopaedie of Erik Satie orchestrated by Debussy and performed some seasons ago at a concert of the Orchestral Club, a singular and haunting composition that might well be played at a Symphony concert. In the three there is the thought of the figures on an ancient frieze, for in Debussy's "Danse profane" there is no passion, no frenzy.

This music of Debussy is of the true Debussy, not the comfortable and sleek one of latter days who seems to find amusement in imitating himself—though there were not younger men who, copying that which is on the surface, hug themselves with the thought that they have caught his secret. This is music that may be classed with the "Ariettes," the music to poems by Baudelaire, the "Blessed Damsel," "The Afternoon of a Faun," the "Noces," "Pelleas and Melisande." Again the tantalizing, elusive rhythms; again the exquisite vagueness of melodic thought, too fine for the gross world; again the nuances of color, the tints and demi-tints. In this music there is momentary revelation of a world which no one sees clearly and of sounds that are heard by poets only in dreams.

March 30 1911

"NO MAN A HERO."

One of the disadvantages of having a valet, it has been said, is the fear that in case the master be a famous man, a public character, the servant may write his memoirs. Guy de Maupassant's valet, Francois, has published his memoirs. He has little to say about the novelist's methods of work; nothing about the origin of his stories; nothing about his love affairs. The world is informed that Maupassant was in the habit of chasing tortoises in his garden; that he disliked spinach, the broom of the stomach, but once ate immoderately of it because he had been assured that it came from Patagonia; that he was a fussy man, particular about the shade of wall paper in his study. The complaint is made in Paris that Maupassant is represented not as a great man, but only a man, an ordinary mortal, and the old adage is quoted.

Yet there are some who would insist that the valet should be ranked high as a biographer, because he has revealed Maupassant's whims, caprices, foibles. Marcel Schwob in his preface to "Vies Imaginaires" discourses on the art of biography and takes as his text a saying of Gen. Lambert: "The best of men are but men at the best"; and Schwob praises John Aubrey for his curious biographical sketches. Dr. Johnson would not be wholly known to us had not Boswell told us of his passion for putting pieces of orange peel in his pocket. What did Johnson do with them afterward? But what did Aristotle do with the great number of clay vases found in his house after his death? Aubrey's thumb-nail sketches are better than any laboriously completed portrait. Take for instance his description of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight: "He was a tall, handsome, and bold man; but his nose (bluish) was that he was dabbled in." Again: "He was no slug; without doubt, had a won-

derful waking spirit, and great judgment to guide it." We like to know that "he studied most in his sea voyages where he carried always a trunk of books along with him." We also are glad to learn from Aubrey that when Paulke Grevill, Lord Brooke, a great friend of Bacon, was in disgrace and want, Bacon "was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more small beer, which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice, and the small beer of Gray's Inn not liking his palate." This confirms the truth of Pope's line.

That Maupassant ate immoderately of abhorred spinach because he believed it came from Patagonia shows that in spite of his realism he was at heart a romanticist, for the romanticists were distinguished by a taste for the exotic, both in space and in the matter of time. It is also important to know that he was fussy about wall paper. There are persons who cannot sleep in a bedchamber if the wall paper be of a certain color or pattern. That Maupassant ran after tortoises is a human touch.

A valet may wonder why his master is famous, just as a hairdresser or masseuse may smile when the beauty of a patient is extolled, but he sees the distinguished man as a human being. The eminent philanthropist may be at home peevish and a niggard; the gallant general may be hen-pecked; the romantic poet may be gluttonous over bacon and eggs. An observing servant reminds the world that a pedestal is only for a park, a square, or a museum. He reveals his master as he was, in daily walk and conversation.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Thomas E. Shea repeated "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Grand Opera House last evening to an interested audience.

March 31 1911

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Henry Russell
Far from the
Opera House

Mr. Henry Russell, the director of the Boston Opera House, is now on the Atlantic, free for a time from the harassing task of arranging repertoires, undisturbed by the importunities or complaints of men and women singers. Although Mr. Russell has had much to say about the opera house, he has said little in print about his own career or his private tastes, likes, dislikes.

Before he became an impresario, which word in the Italian means "undertaker," Mr. Russell was a singing teacher, passionate in the pursuit of his profession. The human voice appealed to him as a wonderful machine. He admired it when it was in perfect working order. It interested him still more when it needed tinkering. As a singing teacher he was the rage. His house in London was frequented by the nobility and all them that, to use Henley's phrase, went down into the West in broughams. Force of circumstances turned him into an opera manager, but he still rejoices in the years spent as a teacher of singing.

Now that he is on the ocean perhaps he will have time to read books by his favorite authors, Schopenhauer and Wilde, for Mr. Russell is a man who thinks after he has read, and prefers authors who stimulate his reflective faculties. He is singularly abstemious in food and drink, but he delights in strong cigars. A fascinating talker, he is as ready to listen as to talk; nor is he merely a man of one topic. He is especially happy when he finds some one to discuss life with him, its phases, its problems. Then for a time he is far from the opera house, the microcosm that fascinates outsiders and is the only world to its inhabitants.

Boston

Art Colony

at Albany Capitol at Albany—

the superb decoration, alas, was soon ruined on account of the porousness of the ceiling—and H. H. Richardson was superintending the Senate chamber and court of appeals room, there was a corps of young assistants from Boston and other towns who afterward gained reputation in their respective callings. Among the members of this corps were Edmund M. Wheelwright, Herbert Jaques and Robert D. Andrews, now highly esteemed as architects in this city. Francis Bacon, now a decorator in Boston, went to Greece soon after his work was through in Albany. Francis Lathrop, a

brother of George Parsons Lathrop and an artist of fine taste, is dead. "Jack" Du Fals, one of the early editors of the Harvard Lampoon, went back to New York, his home.

These young men had high spirits and high ambitions. They formed with a few Albanians, engineers, lawyers, politicians, a dining club, or rather boarding club, for three meals were eaten with gusto daily, and at this club there was high thinking and louder talking about art, science, religion, books, social conditions, in fact all things knowable, besides some other things. They gave color and tone to life in Albany, a town famous in those days for dinners and wine cellars, rather than for interest in art and literature. The conversation and example of Messrs. Hunt and Richardson influenced the young men, quickened their minds, broadened their horizon, spurred their endeavor. The days were earnest and the nights were joyous. The world went very well then.

March 28 1911

"SAYONARA" PRESENTED AT CHICKERING HALL

Musical Composition by Charles Wakefield Codman Given as Part of Mrs. Tippet's Song Recital.

In Chickering hall, last night, Mrs. Clara Tippet presented Miss Florence Page Kimball, soprano, in "Sayonara," a Japanese romance; Miss Gertrude Folger related the quaint 12th century, song-story of "Aucassin and Nicolette," with incidental music selected from Debussy and D'Indy; while Mrs. Tippet was heard in a group of old American songs which were popular 50 years ago, and which were especially beloved by our grandmothers.

"Sayonara" comes from

April 1 1911

ALEXANDRE GUILMANT.

Alexandre Guilmant, who died last Thursday, was well known in Boston as a composer, organist and teacher. He gave concerts here, and several of his pupils fill honorable positions. It is not too much to say that his compositions revolutionized the art of organ playing in this country. But let us here talk rather of the man than the musician.

Guilmant impressed all that met him as a wholesome, agreeable, courteous man—a gentleman in thought and action. He was modest, unaffected. A devout Catholic, he was broad minded. A patriotic Frenchman, he was not chauvinistic in his musical taste or in his views of life. He saw good in everything that was good. Born at Boulogne, he soon became famous in Paris, yet his pupils well remember his pride in the little organ built by his father which served for lessons in the Rue de Clichy. His father died at the age of 97, after he had been organist of Saint Nicolas, Boulogne, for 50 years. The son had just begun his 75th year. Married to a woman of wealth, who was a constant helpmeet to him, he lived happily at Meudon, where, after a laborious day, he welcomed visitors and mixed a wonderful salad, a composition that excelled any one of his

sonatas or fantasias on plainsong subjects.

He honored his favorite composers in a singular way: he had the works of Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner bound in red. Pieces by Mozart were bound in blue; those of Haydn in green. His taste in music was most catholic. If he was fond of Boely, Chauvet, Franck, Lemmens, he also appreciated Buxtehude, Frescobaldi, Wesley, Liszt, Handel, Debussy. He had been a great traveller for a Frenchman; he had played in Spain, Italy, Russia; he had often visited London and English provincial towns; but he abhorred English cookery and Sunday in London was to him the abomination of desolation. He abhorred absinthe and looked on its consumption as a national curse; but he liked Bavarian beer and gave an enlightened patronage to the wines of his own country.

Honors were heaped upon him in France and in foreign lands; but he remained simple, modest, helpful to young musicians, interested in new schools of musical thought, always willing to learn though he was a master of his art. His activity was so great that it is hard to think of

as now at rest. He was more than a virtuoso of the first rank; a composer of marked talent, a skilled teacher who sought out the individuality of each pupil; he was a lovable human being. He has now joined musicians whom he venerated, for whose glory he gladly tolled. Hail and farewell!

SYMPHONY PLAYS SUITE BY ENESCO MISS PARLOW IS VIOLINIST

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows:

Suite for orchestra, op. 3.....Enesco
Concerto in D major for violin.....Tschalkowsky
Symphony in D minor No. 4.....Schumann
Enesco's name was not unknown here before yesterday. His "Poeme Roumain" has been played here by the Orchestral Club; his symphony for wind instruments was produced by the Longy Club, and a sonata for violin and piano was played here in last December by David Mannes and his wife. The composer, now in his 30th year, has high reputation in Europe as a violinist.

A Roumanian by birth, a son of a farmer, who, although he knew that the boy was a musical prodigy, was wise and did not dream of exploiting his talent, Enesco first studied at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna and afterward at the Paris Conservatory. At each school he took first prizes. His early compositions at once won recognition. His piano quintet was played in public when he was only 16 years old, and when he was 17 his "Poeme Roumain" was performed at a Chatelet concert led by Colonne. The leading composer of Paris admired him; influential women of the nobility were his staunch friends. This season his symphony, this suite, a violin sonata and the symphony, or diction, for wind instruments, have been performed in New York. He cannot say that an opportunity has been denied him at home or abroad.

Enesco's music that had been played here did not leave a fixed impression. As a boy at Vienna, he was influenced by Brahms. In Paris he studied composition with Gabriel Faure, and associated with men who did not bow the knee to the Viennese god. In this suite there is a revelation of a personal note, decided individuality. Whether this individuality makes a strong appeal is another matter.

The first movement is a prelude in unison for strings. The monotony is somewhat dispelled by the introduction of a kettle drum. The theme itself has not a profile of great significance. This prelude leads into a minuet which is a singular compound of archaic thought and modern expression.

The chief motive, again, is not conspicuous. It does not seem at first that the announcement of it by solo violin and solo violoncello is fortunate, for the latter part of the motive is written ineffectively for the instruments; yet this was no doubt done deliberately, and, paradoxically, to gain an effect of old world character. The harmonic treatment is interesting, especially that of the middle section. The coloring is cool, but fine. The interlude that follows has perhaps the most character of the four movements. The finale, with its ground bass, is rather exotic in tonality. The originality of this music is perplexing. There is the form that is dear to the academicians; there are harmonies of the modern school; there is no attempt at emotional display; there is no evident desire to impress, to startle. The first movement barely escapes the reproach of dullness. The second and third interest the hearer at the time and are remembered. The Suite is well worthy of a repetition.

Miss Parlow, a young Canadian, studied in San Francisco and, after playing in London with great success in 1905, took lessons of Leopold Auer for a year and a half. Having gained an enviable reputation in European cities, she played in New York last December and was at once hailed as a great violinist. She has certainly commanding

qualities: an unusually full and rich tone, remarkable accuracy, technique that is solid and also brilliant, a broad and authoritative style. She played yesterday afternoon with modesty, dignity, yet with a calm consciousness of her indisputable ability. She is certainly a violinist of uncommon parts. Perhaps when she is older she will put more of herself into Tschalkowsky's music and show the rarest art of an interpreter, the emotional treatment of music, the raising of it by force of the imagination.

tion to the highest level, so that the music is as though it were created anew. It is to be regretted that the orchestral accompaniment as conducted by Mr. Fiedler was pedestrian and at times slipshod. Miss Parlow was enthusiastically applauded.

Schumann's Symphony, a nobly romantic work, with pages of haunting tenderness, again gave great pleasure.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Tchaikowsky, "Manfred" symphony; Spambati, "Te Deum Laudamus"; Beethoven, overture to "Leonora," No. 3. Miss Carolina White will sing "Ebben? me. Nandro lontana" from Catalani's "La Wally," and Marguerite's Prison Song from Boito's "Mefistofele."

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Ballrooms, Many will hear with regret of the passing of the Bullier in Paris. **Pass** The company that has been running the place is to be dissolved. The Pall Mall Gazette, stating the fact, adds: "Paris will be rendered no more moral for the stoppage of the Bullier than London has been rendered by the closing of Vauxhall, Cremorne and the Surrey Gardens. Properly regulated, such places contribute far less to the general unseemliness of the life of a great city than the spectacle of a ubiquitous recklessness, ever drifting along the streets in search of its prey. Indeed, in the old days, the Bullier was a very amusing and to the man of common sense, as well as humor, a quite harmless place." The Pall Mall Gazette, however, does not give the history of the famous resort.

After the disappearance of the Grande Chaumière, its rival, La Chartreuse, in 1847, took the name of La Closerie des Lilas, and Bullier reigned there as the arbiter of delights. With its Moorish front in comic opera style, it stood in the Carrefour de l'Observatoire. There had been on the ground an asylum for the disciples of Saint Bruno, and by the wall on which "Jardin de la Grande Chartreuse" was afterward written. Marshal Ney had stood to be slain by the bullets of his countrymen. La Closerie des Lilas has seen famous visitors. Beranger, an old man, once ventured there, and a student recognized him and cried out: "Beranger is within our walls! The singer of Lisette is here. Grisettes and students embraced him and covered him with flowers. Delphine said to her lover:

"Now I can die happy, for I have kissed Beranger!" The grisette disappeared and the lorette with plumed hat succeeded her. Lisette made way for Heloise Pavillon, Pochardinet, Pauline la Folle and they and their sisters passed away and Henriette Zou-Zou, Isabelle l'Azteque, Nini Belles-Dents and other giddy dames with sonorous names of exotic or legendary families dazzled and danced in their place.

Women In the old days poets and students would visit the Closerie between the hours of luncheon and dinner, and Nini and Lisette would sit in the garden with their work. Those days have long been no more. Baedeker's "Paris" of 1884 informed the visitor that at the Bullier, or Closerie des Lilas, "the dancing of the students and artisans with their 'etudantes' and 'ouvrieres' is generally of a wild and Bacchanalian character." But at the Bullier, unlike the Casino, Moulin or Elysee, there were no paid dancers. Any one might dance wildly or decorously. When Maurice Delso wrote his amusing "Paris-Cythere"—the book is not dated, but it was published when Nini Patte-en-l'Air, Rayon d'Or and La Goulue, not to mention La Mome Frognage, Margot and La Glus, shone in their glory—poor Demi-Siphon died in 1893—the famous beauties seen at the Bullier were Blanca, Marcelle, Yvonne, Lucienne, Suzanne des Quatre-Saisons, who was a reckless dancer. The list is a curious one.

Tell me now in what hidden way is Lady Flora the lovely Roman?

The great majority of these girls commemorated by Alfred Delvau and Maurice Delso are with Hipparchia. Thais, Bertha Broadfoot, Ermengarde and the other women in Villon's poem. "But who are the snows of yester-year?"

Tour-Eiffel was consumptive. La Goulue had a still more dramatic ending. She turned lion tamer, and one day, when she was pirouetting in a cage of Pezon's show a lion was so infatuated that he paid her the clumsy compliment of trying to eat her, costume and all. She escaped his attentions and became the owner of a traveling menagerie. At last she married M. Joseph Drexler, a rising young conjurer. The ceremony was at the Montmartre town hall in May, 1900. Leaving the wedding she was cheered by the crowd

and she was grateful, deeply moved, and in token of appreciation she gave then and there a short exhibition of the art that had made her famous. For a crowning touch she adroitly passed a leg over her husband's head as he stood by her side in a state of love and wonder. La Goulue's maiden name was Louise Weber.

From La The dancers at the Moulin and Elysee Goulue to Montmartre were Mr. Belloc poorly paid as a rule. They seldom received over \$20 a month; but Rayon d'Or of the henna-colored, flowing and abundant locks, received monthly \$140.

To go back to La Goulue a moment. Mark the contradictory statements that are always the despair of the biographer. The husband of La Goulue was named at the time of the marriage Drexler, Droxler, Droxler. How is accuracy possible when 10 years have gone by? A correspondent, describing the wedding, mentioned an interesting fact: "The Duc de Talleyrand-Valencay some years ago promised to be one of the lady's witnesses if she ever married, but as he is in a state of health that obliterates memory, she had to be content with Olivier Le Catalan, the king of snake charmers." It was said in the fall of 1904 that La Goulue was keeping books in a restaurant and competing with the band as an attraction. When I was a student in Paris a similar position was offered by the proprietor of the Convict tavern to Louise Michel, but she refused.

Amelle Helie, commonly known as "Casque d'Or," was for a time Queen of the Apaches. Men carved each other gaily for her sweet sake, and she was nearly killed by a jealous subject. This was after she had published her memoirs. Her book was reviewed with the utmost seriousness by a deep-thinking German.

"But where are the snows of yester-year?" Mr. H. Belloc objects to this translation of Villon's line: "'D'antan' is not 'yester-year.' It is 'Ante annum,' all time past before this year. Rossetti's 'yester-year,' moreover, is an absurd and affected neologism. 'Antan' is an excellent and living French word."

Cotgrave, however, in his "French and English Dictionary" (second edition, 1673), spells the word "Anten," and defines it, "the last year." "Des Anten." A twelve-month ago. "Je te crains aussi peu que les neiges d'antan"—I fear thee as much as nothing. I dread thee not at all. And Littré defines "antan": "The year that precedes the current one. It is seldom used except in the phrase"—and he quotes the phrase just given.

Hans Breitmann expressed Villon's idea in an immortal verse, and has not yet met his carping Belloc, who prefers the letter "H" to the name given him in baptism:

Hans Breitmann gave a party—
Where ish dat party now?
Where ish de lovely golden cloud
Dat float on de mondahn's prow?
Where ish de blime strahlende stern—
De shiar of de ablicht's light?
Al comel afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

Dancers at It is the fashion to disparage Belgrade and Thackeray's Salt Lake City "Adventures of Philip." Even the warmest admirers of the novelist shake their heads when this book is mentioned and speak of endless repetitions, dull moralizing, senile chatter, "too much of the author himself." They should read Alexander Smith's essay "On the Importance of a Man to Himself."

And ponder a saying of M. Anatole Franco that men speaking about themselves are then the most interesting. What says Walt Whitman?

I have pried through the strata and analyzed to a hair,
And counselled with doctors and calculated close and found no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.

No doubt, "Philip," as a novel, is a poor piece of work, as they say; but there are delightful pages of gossip, as delightful as any in the Roundabout Papers. There is the description of Bohemia, which begins: "A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco," and ends: "I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world." And in "Philip" is young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curls, and his flower in his buttonhole, whose dancing charmed Charlotte and made awkward Philip with his shrunken coat and gloves for 29 sous green with jealousy. Walsingham's little feet flew with surprising agility and he scattered odors as he spun, and where had he learned to dance? He had "practised in a thousand Chaumières, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dancing room then in vogue)." Thackeray knew his Paris; he, no doubt, had seen the Bullier in its glory, and chatted affably with Lisette's successors.

Prince George of Serbia is as intrepid a dancer as young Hely. It seems that etiquette forbids the cessation of a dance while his royal highness is on the floor. Recently the prince outdid himself. "The dance went on until the majority of the dancers presented a lament-

table sight," according to the report of a foreign correspondent. "Half-fainting, they ran after the prince regardless of step or time, and oblivious of all but the risk of being trampled on or dashed against the wall." The prince ignored timid remonstrances. He shouted to his friends: "Never give in! Show your mettle!" He ordered the orchestra to double the time. At last the conductor feigned sickness, and the music stopped. "Next day many of the guests were confined to bed, too exhausted, even, to partake of food. Prince George went for a ride on a spirited animal, and complained to a comrade of the little opportunity for adequate exercise to be found in Belgrade."

Heber C. Kimball of Salt Lake City, as described by Artemus Ward, would have enjoyed the scene. "I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many ailly-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors."

It has been said that the dramatic censor in France first made his appearance in 1702 when the King scolded his comedians through the Marquis de Gcsvres for playing too free a piece. Boindin's "Le Bal d'Auteuil," and a censor was then appointed whose duty it was to examine all plays intended for public performance; but there was censorship in the 15th century when the dramatic license of the clerks of the Basoche was carried too far. They were not allowed to speak or act without first obtaining the permission of the court at least a fortnight in advance of the performance. They were forbidden under penalty of prison and corporal punishment to play anything outside that which had been approved. In 1609 actors were forbidden by the police to produce any drama or farce without the consent of the procureur du roi. Later the Abbe d'Aubignac demanded the appointment of a "master of theatres and public sports" who should say "yes" or "no"; but this proposition was unheeded. Sometimes there was interdiction before the performance; sometimes passages were cut out after the first. Any one interested in this subject will find amusing pages showing the whims, caprices, inconsistencies and hypocrisy of censorship in Hallays Dabot's "Histoire de la Censure Theatrale en France."

A playwright gave the name Dubois to a rascally valet. The chief of police at the time happened to be one Dubois, and the censor wrote to him saying he should compel the dramatist to change the valet's name.

In a comedy a gardener proposed a salad of "barbe de capucin" (bleached dandelions) to his master. The censor wrote in the margin: "Choose another salad; you must not jest on a religious subject."

At the Porte St. Martin the censor struck out couplets in praise of gas, when it was beginning to be used for illumination. He did not wish to offend the administration which was protecting the rights of the grocer and Chandler.

At the end of the revolution the citizen, Camille St. Aubin, proposed the establishment of a theatre of censure, where at stated intervals there should be trial performances for dramas and actors. Each spectator, provided with paper and pencil, should write his opinion during the waits. To prevent cabals, audiences should be privately invited, and there should be no public announcement.

If clerks of the mayor and police commissioner of Boston are to decide what the men and women of this city shall or shall not see in the theatres, why should they not exercise the same right in the opera house?

Many years ago Dr. Dio Lewis wrote and published a furious blast against Gounod's "Faust." In which he said that no pure woman should listen to the music; that no young girl would ever be the same after she had seen Faust and Marguerite in the garden; and he did not mind matters but wrote with such glowing indignation that the most hidebound moralist rushed to the box office when "Faust" was announced.

It is said that the late Emma Abbott mitigated the horror of the garden scene by introducing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which she sang with "great expression."

Then there is "Don Giovanni." Is it prudent to allow the young and sensitive to hear Leporello singing the catalogue of his master's mistresses; to hear Don Giovanni's invitation to Zerlina; or to witness his inexcusable behavior toward Donna Anna in the first scene?

What will these inquiring young men say to "Rigoletto" and the libertine Duke? Should not the third act be blue-pencilled or cut out?

The relations existing between Rodolfo and Mimì, between Marcello and Musetta in "La Bohème" are sad-

ly irregular and show a side of life with which the young should not be acquainted.

And "Tosca"? What's to be said of "Tosca"? Have the young men read carefully the dialogue of the second act? What do they think of Scarpi chasing Floria round about the room and damaging furniture in his mad pursuit? Yet "Tosca" is a favorite opera and at the matinees for two seasons the boxes and orchestra have held many delighted and wondering little boys and girls.

The first act of "La Traviata" reveals a phase of life that should not be even mentioned to youths and maidens of Boston; yet the most respectable citizens and citizenesses, our "best people," wildly applaud the shameless Violetta in her florid life and song.

In the fourth act of "The Huguenots" Raoul and Valentine embrace each other madly and sing rapturous strains although Valentine's husband, the Count de Nevers, a most gentlemanly and gallant person, is still living, devoted to his wife.

Should Santuzza be permitted to make her shocking confession? An ill-regulated, violent young woman.

Nor should the young censors consent to performances of "Le Nozze di Figaro," with its flippantly licentious plot.

Then there are the music dramas of Wagner! Good apothecary, bring not an ounce of civet but chloride of lime in buckets. Are the sensitive of this city to hear the amorous cries and the frenzied embrace of the sister and brother Sieglinde and Slegmund, although there is a quick curtain at the end of the act? Nor should it be forgotten that Sieglinde was a married woman and a poor provider; witness the shabby meal set before her spouse, the returning Hunding. Think of the enormities in "Tristan and Isolde"! Ponder Wotan's reprehensible conduct, flagrant looseness of life! No wonder Fricka took him to task at a length wearisome to him and the audience.

If the policy of suppression and ignorance is to influence performances in the theatres, why should it not prevail in the opera house?

Performances of operas have been interdicted, but chiefly for political or religious reasons. Thus, in England Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" was transformed into a curious piece, "Irene," because Sheba's queen, who asked Solomon hard questions, was, forsooth, a biblical character. Only recently were operatic performances of "Samson and Delilah" and Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" tolerated in England. "Salome" was at last permitted, but with ridiculous changes. Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" was frowned on. In Austrian cities there have been the like objections against certain operas.

The history of "Rigoletto" is well known; how objection was urged and maintained against representing a consecrated king as a profligate. The Austrian censor at Venice would not allow the title "La Maledizione," as long as the libertine were a king. Verdi, long obstinate, was obliged to yield; hence the fabulous Duke of Mantua. But in Rome, "Rigoletto" was performed as "Viscardello," the duke was of Nottingham, not of Mantua, and the scene of the tragedy was Boston, probably the Boston in England; yet it may have been Boston, Mass., for it should be remembered that Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," first named "Gustave III," and later "La Vendetta in Domino," was only allowed in Rome on the condition that the action should be transferred from Sweden to America, and Gustave III, be turned into a Count Warwick, Governor of Boston. At Paris the "American" version was not preserved. The action passed at Naples, for Mario, the tenor, refused to wear

the "sober costume of a Puritan." The irony of it was that the opera was intended for Naples, where the license to produce it was withdrawn on the ground that the assassination of Sweden's king might set a bad example. The rehearsals of the opera had begun in Naples when the news came on Jan. 13, 1858, that Felice Orsini had attempted to kill Napoleon III, at the Opera House in Paris. The Neapolitan authorities were, therefore, the more severe.

European police have set their faces against "William Tell"; they have forbidden the "Liberty duet" in "I Puritani" or insisted on a change of text.

Some are still wondering in London why the King commanded a performance of Bulwer-Lytton's "Money" to be given at Drury Lane during the visit of the German Emperor and Empress to London in May. It is understood that the King chose the play from several that were submitted to him, all of them of native origin. Sir John Hare hopes that the revival may recreate a taste for the "genuine old classical English plays." If, now, we had our National Theatre plays like "Money," "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals" would take their place in the repertoire along with all our great contemporary works. * * *

I think any feeling that the language of the play may be somewhat old-fashioned or stilted in its style will be very much softened by the comedy being

played in the costumes of the period." Sir John Hare played the part of Sir John Vesey at the old Prince of Wales's in 1871, when Charles Coghlan was Alfred and George Honey—both well remembered here—took the part of Graves. Bulwer wrote the part of Alfred Evelyn for Macready, and as many set speeches were introduced for the sake of his pompous education an actor said, "Why is a part like Hamlet?" A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette doubts whether as fine a cast as that of 1872 can now be secured. He writes: "In the 1894 Garrick revival the artificiality of the play was emphasized by the characters being dressed in costume of a much later date than that of the play."

Many years have passed since an English sovereign commanded a performance of a play at a London theatre. On Jan. 25, 1858, the princess royal was married in London to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It was "suggested" by those in high authority at court that there should be a series of festival performances at the Haymarket "in order to give interest and dignity to the occasion." The interest was concentrated on the first night. There was then much rivalry between Charles Kean and Samuel Phelps. Kean declined to take any part in the festival, so "Macbeth" was produced with Helen Faucet as Lady Macbeth, and Phelps as her husband. The performance began at 7:30 P. M., and concluded with Oxford's farce, "Twice Killed." It was the custom to follow a tragedy with a farce. Henry Howe, who played Macduff to Phelps's Macbeth, wrote in 1880: "We often played two five-act comedies in a night. It was the custom to change the bill every night. * * * The actors were always expected to be perfect in a number of comedies and ready to play them. I had a list of some ten or a dozen given to me when I first went to the Haymarket, to be ready in case of being wanted."

Miss Johanna Redmond's one-act play, "Falsely True," produced at the Palace Theatre, London, March 6, tells the story of a young man of Wickford, who after Emmet's rising was imprisoned and to save a younger brother turned informer. It ends with the boy leaving home, not to be heard from until the "red stain on his hands" is wiped away. There are only three characters and the play lasts only 20 minutes. "After the opening scene, which is principally expository, it is written and played with a passion that carries all before it."

Miss Bessie Clayton, the dancer, who made a sensation at the Alhambra, London, and met there with an accident, said to a reporter asking why there are not more great dancers in the United States: "Our women won't give the time to study it. Girls have come to see me dance, and they have been just crazy to dance like Bessie Clayton. They were just crazy, too, to dance like Genee. What happened? They took a few lessons, and, finding how much they still had to learn, grew discouraged and gave it up. To be a great dancer one must begin, as every great dancer has begun, as a child."

H. E. Garden is the author of a volume of poems describing the humors and troubles of English strolling actors' lives, the actors who tour incessantly "in broken down provincial towns, gets deserted upon pay night, and have to tramp back to London on foot, to hang about Maiden Lane and the agent's doors until another precarious engagement sends them off again." The volume is published by Chapman & Hall. Here is a pen picture of the stroller's surroundings:

Here you have them, every one—
Walking gent, and squire's son;
Leading lady, golden hair—
Juvenile, who's also fair;
Little Willie, and sonbrette;
Heavy, smoking cigarette;
Low comedian, short and fat
(Note the angle of the hat);
Manager, a fford man,
Swathed in yards of astrakhan.

The stage doorkeeper's wife has her reflections:

I always envy actor men because it seems to me
Their calling is so classy—so refined;
For some of 'em, like Wyndham, Little Tich,
or Beethoven Tree
Are men of education, bear in mind.
And very often, when they're hactin' something
thin' for the pore,
With the 'ghest in the land they tate-er-tate,
They 'ow-de-do with duchesess, and so you
may be sure.
The theatrical profession's quite O fate.
So I reely think me brother ought to go upon
the stage.
E's built upon a most hartist plan,
For 'e never gets no early,
And 'e grows 'la 'air all curly.
And in ev'ry way 'e's quite the gentleman.

One more quotation:
Near the Bedford street Bodega, looking east-
ward where I be,
There's an agent who's a-cussing, and perhaps
he thinks o' me;
For the wind I cannot 'raise it," and my
"uncle's" banbles say—
"Come you back, you stranded actor, come you
back some other day!
Come you back some other day,
When you're stranded in a fit-up town, and
that's about the lay."
Yes, I'm stranded, that's the lay,
For the drama didn't pay;
And the leading lady's bolted with the author
of the play.

Percy White, the novelist, talking about "The Theatre and the People" at a Playgoers' meeting in London, had

the courage and good sense to say that he knew little about his subject, and then he went on talking as though he were addressing men and women pondering the prospect of "uplifting" the drama. The Referee published this account: "Mr. White was pessimistic nearly all the time. When he wasn't he was self-contradictory. He saw no hope for the theatre, no hope that it would get away from the present deplorable conditions; but then in the productions of a Galsworthy, a Barker and a Bernard Shaw he discovered the promise of future excellence. Just now the drama was nothing more than an elegant entertainment, and was of no real national importance. The forces of civilization were against it. The people get the theatre they desire; and the intellectuals suffer from the presence of the machinist and the scene painter. In the Elizabethan period there was Shakespeare without the glamour of scenery. Today he was put on almost without the glamour of words. Mr. White did not say exactly what he meant, and so left me free to suppose that he was talking at the actors and actresses who will not be persuaded to speak out and to speak distinctly. His complaint was that modern life was all against the modern theatre; that the public appetite was fed from a dozen

sources, the theatre being of no more importance than the rest. Here is the now familiar idea finding encouragement among superior persons that the stage is of vastly more importance than anything else under the sun."

This Percy White contributed an article to the Daily Chronicle on "The Chances of a National Theatre."

"A great national theatre does not come into existence because a few enthusiasts are anxious to conjure it, by incantation as it were, out of the dramatic void. In the days of Euripides, as in the days of Shakespeare, the dramatic instinct of the people mainly turned to the theatre for satisfaction. Today this appetite is fed from a dozen sources of which the theatre is only one. When the drama was at its highest, the still flat world was at its smallest, but mystery surrounded it, and out of the enchanted mists the Greek imagination wove eternal dreams. But modern life has provided us with a thousand substitutes for the stage. The newspaper, the novel, and—the electric theatre! The extraordinary cheapness of books, too, is quite as much its foe as the artistic levity and intellectual indifferences both of the masses and the classes, or our disregard of the beauty and wonder of the spoken word."

"What, then, will the future give us? Under present conditions a national theatre might exist side by side with a contemporary drama of no serious importance. The difference would be that some of us would have an opportunity of seeing (partly at the public expense) the plays we want to see—plays of small commercial value but of real artistic excellence—and that the big public, the public of 'The Bad Girl of the Family,' would, if the spirit moved them, have a chance of improving their taste."

Mr. White argues that because the theatre has ceased to be associated with the sincerer national emotions, it can play but a minor part in a nation's life. "The modern world is several times too large for the theatre. Incapable of keeping step with life, we only expect it to serve us as a more or less amusing and fashionable diversion. Whether this inadequacy is the fault of the theatre or of our dramatic writers, or due to the pressure of circumstance, the future must decide. But growth must be spontaneous, not artificial. It may be, as already suggested, that a national theatre can only grow out of a civilization less elaborately organized than our own, and that the age of the theatre has passed away with the age of the epic poem."

"To assume a national theatre impossible in England, however, would be an impertinence in the face of the admirable dramatic literature which the last few years has given us, but before the cup of modern drama can be filled with an adequate draught of life the shape of that narrow goblet must be altered as well as enlarged. The popular theatre is stifled by its own traditions. The writers who try to break down its conventions are discouraged, the discussion of questions of real interest is rendered almost impossible, the dramatic values of the passion of love have been so perversely distorted that they bear no relation to life. The stage of the recent past staggers under the weight of the amorous absurdities it has been forced to bear."

Mr. White, in conclusion, asks: "How are we to organize a great theatre out of the factors in our possession? We have half a dozen writers for the stage of consummate excellence, who are constantly being told by our old-fashioned critics that they don't write plays. We have a number of actors and actresses of merit; and we have a kindly, inartistic public, which only becomes really annoyed when you ask it to think. How out of these ingredients are we to build up a theatre of national importance?"

which is not the same thing as an endowed theatre. Well, I, for one, believe that the feat is beyond our power, since the conditions of modern life on one side, and the limitations of the stage on the other, forbid it. Given a national theatre to experiment with, and the question might soon be solved. The Romans succeeded in governing the world without a national theatre. If we fail, let us comfort ourselves with that!"

William Archer wrote on March 13 to the Pall Mall Gazette about the closing of the New Theatre in New York.

"The plain truth is that the enterprise was impossibly handicapped from the outset by the size of the theatre. The founders had taken counsel with

the late Herr Conried, whose ideas of theatrical construction were based mainly on the old-fashioned German theatres of the mid-19th century, which were believed to be adapted both for drama and opera, but in which, as a matter of fact, any drama less cothurnate than Schiller's was a hopeless misfit. Under Herr Conried's disastrous advice, they proposed in this theatre to give opera as well as drama, allotting two performances a week to music. The result was that the theatre was planned on a scale which made it impossible for drama; and this was unfortunately not brought home to those in authority until the foundations were built and much of the constructive material ordered and prepared. Even then, no doubt, it would have been wiser to have 'scrapped' the plans (and chiefly the plan of combining opera with drama) and started afresh. But it was scarcely in human nature to take this course. The founders determined to go ahead, in spite of all warnings, and see whether they could not, as the saying goes, 'win out.' They and their manager, Mr. Winthrop Ames, have made a gallant fight; but they have now, it would seem, realized that even the best workman is not independent of his tools, and that a theatre built in disregard of the normal conditions of human vision and hearing is not fitted to be a temple of the drama, but rather its mausoleum. That, and no other, is the moral of the adventure."

"Unless I am greatly misinformed, it is by no means the intention of the founders to abandon the whole enterprise. Made wise by experience, they propose to build a theatre thoroughly adapted to dramatic, as distinct from operatic, performances, and to reopen their campaign. It seems to me that the measure of success attained by the New Theatre, in spite of its crushing disadvantages, ought to encourage those who believe that there is a public in New York for the highest forms of modern dramatic art."

In a performance of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." (part I.), at the Imperial Burg Theatre, Vienna, March 11, the part of Falstaff was played by Baumelster, who is 82 years of age. It is said that his acting was wonderful.

The Herald recently gave a description of Gilbert's new one-act play, "The Hooligan." The drama proved "too strong meat for the delicate palates of at any rate, afternoon audiences at the Coliseum. In consequence, it will be replaced at all matinees, from next Monday onward, by 'A Man in the Street.' Evening visitors are evidently supposed to be of a more robust disposition, for 'The Hooligan' will remain in the night bill."

Graham Hill's sketch, "Between the Nightfall and the Light," is an incident after the Boer war. Mrs. Langtry took the part at the Hippodrome, London, early last month, of Margaret Beaufoy, a British officer's wife. She learns from her old friend, Challoner, that her husband loves Mrs. Challoner, and the old friend swears that if she does not elope with him at once he will kill Beaufoy. Margaret draws the truth from her husband; finds out that he loves her still. Then, at night, with her husband's cloak, she walks into the trap, and gives her life for his.

"Peer Gynt" was performed in London at the Little Rehearsal Theatre Feb. 26. There was no attempt at scenery, but only a draped stage. Peer was allowed to return to Solveig, "the same hobbledehoy that he left her." Therefore, the scenes with the Button Moulder and the Lean Person were wholly without significance and Peer was "only Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up." Furthermore, the part of Peer was played by a woman, Miss Pax Robertson.

Some time ago The Herald spoke of a play, "The Real Napoleon." Apropos of the discussion whether Napoleon ever visited London. The play was produced at Manchester, March 9. The authors, Juan Bonaparte and Arthur Shirley "made no pretensions to connected drama, but they managed to convey a fairly correct impression of the Emperor at critical moments in his career. The best scenes were the renunciation of Josephine and the death chamber at St. Helena." The London Times, by the way, spelt Bonaparte with a "u." He is in direct line from Hazlitt's idol.

Extracts from Napier Miles' opera, "Westward Ho!" founded by E. F. Benson on Kingsley's novel, were played for the first time in London, March 13. The composer is said to be

more of the style of Wagner and Sir Hubert Parry. It is shown in the one case by the texture of his score, in the other by the invention and form of his themes; but the score all the

same was well and closely knit if a little long drawn out; the scoring, if not strikingly novel in effect, was apt and flowing, and the symphonic poem—for such the extract is—made a very good effect in virtue of its solidity and soundness and downright melodiousness." Undiluted Wagner would be more to the purpose. It is not easy to fancy a blend of Wagner and—Parry.

The Pall Mall Gazette found in the music "a certain pleasing melodiousness, rather Weberish in style." The composer has six tubas in his orchestra in addition to the ordinary brass.

Richard Strauss' latest opera under the title of "Il Cavaliere alla Rosa," has been performed at La Scala. Seats were sold at fabulous prices, and Puccini and Mascagni were in the audience. The opera was greeted "with more hisses than applause, and the success of the opera, if success there was, was entirely due to the splendid handling of the orchestra by Signor Serafin."

Otto Goldschmidt, who was for years Sarasate's accompanist and secretary, is dead. He married the pianist, Berth Marx.

The Besses o' the Barn band of Lancashire is back in England, after a tour of 46,000 miles. It gave 75 concerts in South Africa, 117 in New Zealand, and 292 in Australia. The band left Liverpool in October, 1909.

Percival writes to the Referee (London) from Paris:

"I take it that there will be a change in the relationships of manager and author now in Paris after the Bernstein riots. The play, with the curiously prophetic title (you know the saying 'Apres moi—le déluge' don't you?), may be responsible in future for this kind of thing. The author sits down in the managerial room, puts his manuscript upon the table, unpacks it, and begins. 'In three words, here is the subject of my play. Alphonsine loves Alfred.' 'Excuse me,' says the manager, 'are you a Frenchman or a naturalized Frenchman?' 'I,' says the author, 'I am a Frenchman, of course.' * * *

As I was saying, Alfred and Alphonsine love one another, but the girl's parents—' 'Excuse me,' says the manager again, 'but have you ever been in prison?' 'No, of course not.' * * * As I was saying, Alphonsine's parents—' 'Were you married in church?' 'Yes; at the Madeleine.' * * * do not approve of Alfred's.' 'Just a minute! Will you let me see the official papers referring to your service in the army?' 'I haven't got them with me,' says the author, 'but I am a lieutenant of Reserve. Now, Alphonsine has a friend who—' 'A lieutenant of Reserve? That's excellent. And your political opinions are?' 'Quite orthodox. As I was saying, in the first act, Alphonsine—' The manager gets up and shakes the author by the hand. 'My dear young friend,' he says, 'I am sure that your play is excellent, and your past is above suspicion. I will take it.' 'What, my past?' 'No, no; the play.' 'But you don't know it,' says the author. 'My dear young friend, a manager never knows much about the plays which he refuses, but he always knows, in course of time, something about those which he accepts. Of course you will be careful of hurting people's feelings. You tell me Alphonsine has parents. Make her grandfather a Jew, her grandmother a Protestant, her father a Catholic, and her mother a Freethinker, and I think we shall please everyone and score a big success.' 'But—' says the author. 'Now, now, not another word. You might drop in a sympathetic uncle who is a Mohammedan and a good fellow, and a Brahmin cousin would do no harm. We shall

run for at least 300 nights. Good afternoon!"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3:30 P. M. The Misses Turner of Georgia and Miss Iva Roberts of Kentucky will give an entertainment of songs and recitations. Unpublished negro songs will be sung and negro stories told. TUESDAY—St. Martin's Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Mina Kaufmann, soprano; Eugene Bernstein, pianist. Rites, Aus deinen Augen fliessen meine Lieder; Schumann, Der Nussbaum; Schubert, Auf dem Wasser zu singen; Wolf, Er ist's; Mozart, Recitative and air from "The Magic Flute"; Stscherbatschsch, Am Meere; Bleichmann, Herbst; Lowie, Die Mutter an der Wiege; Dannstrom, Dat aer so-nderliga Staelien; Hahn, Si mes vers valent des alies; Passard, Bonjour Suzon; Franz, Mozart, O Singe Me to Rest; La Forge, Expectancy; Ware, Hush! Slumber Song; Spross, Yesterday and Today. Mme. Kaufmann studied for four years in Berlin with Marie, the sister of Lilli Lehmann. She recently made New York city her dwelling place.

WEDNESDAY—St. Martin's Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola concert with the assistance of this string quartet: Mary Ellis and Caroline Belcher, violinists; Sara Corbett, viola; Katherine Halliday, cellist. Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the 40th season of the Apollo Club. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Schreuter, Champagne Song; Handberg, In a Year Sweetheart; Pfeuffer, When All the World is Young; J. Strass, Wine, Woman and Song; Kirchel, Awake, Awake! 'Tis Morning; Mendelssohn, The Lord Hath Commanded; Wohlgemuth, Secret Love; Barry, Sweet and Low; Krenmer, Prayer of Thanksgiving; Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, will sing groups of songs.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. 12
recital by Hamilton Hodge. Fred. P.
White pianist. Beethoven, Adalberto Schu-
bert, The Wanderer; Musse, L'oiseau s'en-
volant; "Paul et Virginie"; Godard, Le
Voyageur; Purcell, I Attempt from Love's Sick-
ness to Fly; Old English, Drink to Me Only
with Thy Sword; Wallingford, Four by the
Clock and Gloria; Macdowell, Long Ago,
Sweetheart Mine, The Swan Bent Low to the
Lily; Chadwick, Bedouin Love Song, The
Danza; Wallace, Cycle, Freebooter Songs;
Schumann, The Two Grenadiers.
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M., 21st
public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony
Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor. See spe-
cial notice.
SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 21st
concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Max Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.
Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. The Swedish
Singing Society, Harmoni (male voices) will
give a concert, assisted by Mrs. Marie Sun-
delius, soprano; Mrs. Olive Whitley Hilton,
violinist, and Mrs. Dudley T. Pitts, accom-
panist.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of
Boston will give two concerts this week:
MONDAY—Franklin Union, 8 P. M. William
Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Moz-
art, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Svan-
dén, Romanza (quartet); Gounod, Fantaisie
on themes of "Faust"; Schubert, "An
Auer"; Massenet, March from "Scenes Pit-
toresques." Miss Alice M. Hagerly, soprano,
will sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice,"
from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah,"
and H. W. Parker's, "The Lark Now Larks
His Watery Nest." Barthold Silberman,
violinist, will play Wieniawski's Legende.
Louis C. Elson will lecture.
FRIDAY—Faneuil Hall, 8 P. M. William
Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Be-
ethoven, Overture to "Egmont"; Schubert,
Transcription "Am Nore"; Bizet, Prelude,
Adagio and Carillon from Suite "L'Ar-
lesienne" No. 1; Bocherelli, celebrated min-
uet for strings; Schubert, March, "The Elf
King." Miss Laura Kenney, mezzo-soprano,
will sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice,"
from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah,"
and Tosti's "Parted." Jacques Benavente
will play an arrangement of Rossini's "Una
voce poco fa" for saxophone. Louis C. El-
son will lecture.
The following concerts will be given in
April:
April 19, Girls' Latin school, trio concert.
April 21, Franklin Union, trio concert.
April 21, First Church of Christ, Scientists,
organ recital.
April 25, Ford Hall, trio concert.

"LET US ALONE."

Yukeoma, the chief of the Hopi
tribe of Indians, made a pathetic ap-
peal to President Taft. He prayed
that his people might live as in the
days before the paleface took away
from them their land. "We don't
want schools and school teachers. We
want to be let alone to live as we
wish, to roam free without the white
man always there to tell us what we
must do and what we cannot do."
How many palefaces echo the wish
of Yukeoma! How many palefaces
would like to live as they wish! But
there is always a paleface, however
small the community may be, to tell
the men and women of his tribe what
they must do and what they cannot
do. The Hopi thinks he is trammelled
by laws. The paleface knows that
there is overlegislation and he suffers
therefrom. This man tells him he
must not read certain books; this one
regulates his hours for food and
drink and in many settlements com-
pels him to be shockingly abstinent;
another will not allow him to judge
concerning the merits of a play. The
Hopi is not in the clutches of Mrs.
Grundy. Suppose he were obliged to
submit to the round of social pleas-
ures in city or summer resort? Would
he not say with Sir George Cornwall,
Life would be endurable were it not
for its pleasures? Yukeoma is not
required to wear starched linen and
a stove-pipe on solemn occasions,
without regard to the weather. His
squaw does not drag him to after-
noon teas or musicales. No one can
live as he wishes; no one is let alone.
The cry of Yukeoma is a world cry,
and no doubt it is heard on other
planets.

LAUGHS WITH RICHARD CARLE

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First perform-
ance in Boston of "Jumping Jupiter," a
farce in three acts, by Richard Carle
and Sydney Rosenfeld, with music by
Karl Hoschna. Produced by H. H. Fra-
zee and George W. Lederer.

Robert Winthrop.....Burrell Barbaretto
Maj. Felix Buchanan.....Joseph C. Miron
Stephen Buchanan.....Lester J. Crawford
Tobey Pebleford.....Will H. Philbrick
Marmaduke Bright.....John Goldsworthy
Sriwell.....Murray D'Arcy
Connie Curtiss.....Edna Wallace Hopper
Genevieve Buchanan.....Isabelle Winchoe
Elsie Buchanan.....Helen May
Caroline Goodwillie.....Jessie Cardowine
Molly Pebleford.....Ina Claire
Mrs. Anastasia Kidd.....Helen Raymond
Prof. Jupiter Goodwillie.....Richard Carle
"Jumping Jupiter" is based on a play,
"The Purple Lady," which was brought
out in 1899, and Mr. Rosenfeld took "The
Purple Lady" from a German farce.
When "Jumping Jupiter" was produced
in New York last month after an ex-
perience in the West it did not meet
with the approbation of the critics, and
Mr. Carle alluded to this fact last night
in a little speech after the second act.
He did not dwell on his disappointment;
he merely said that New York did not
think the farce or the comedians funny,
as though he were giving the date of
the battle of Marathon or the tonnage
of the largest ocean steamships.

The audience crowded the Tremont
Theatre last night and the jests, songs,
pranks were enthusiastically applauded.
Mr. Carle and his associates had every
reason to believe that the verdict of the
audience was favorable.

It is true that the plot is flimsy and
absurd, not worth talking about. It is
also true that many of the lines are
old and mouldy. Nevertheless there is
much that is amusing. The audience
found pleasure in nearly everything that
was said and done, and in the recep-
tion of pieces like "Jumping Jupiter"
the judgment of the crowd outweighs
that of the individual. You or I, Mr.
Ferguson, might have preferred to see
Mr. Besler's comedy, "Don," or Mr.
Shaw's "Getting Married," but neither
one of these plays would last evening
have excited the same laughter or given
the full enjoyment.

Nor was this audience made up of
"guffoons." The men and women were
reasonable and reasoning creatures.
The show seemed funny to them, and
there were funny scenes and some
funny lines. Mr. Carle was almost al-
ways amusing.

To inquire into the reason why an
audience likes this or that farcical
comedian; why it anticipates a joyous
evening when his name is announced;
why it is happy the moment he appears
on the stage; why it rewards his words
and movements with half-trigger laugh-
ter would be futile.

In spite of the diatribe of Bandelaire
against laughter, man is a laughing ani-
mal. Even the Orientals, reputed as
grave, laugh in "The Thousand Nights
and a Night" until they fall on their
backs, calliphs, cadis, lights of harems,
sorcerers, porters, all the men and wom-
en shown in that wondrous panorama.
But whether one man should laugh at a
jest that seems dull to another, or why
he laughs—these questions are not easily
answered.

Mr. Carle is much more than an or-
dinary clown. First of all, he has in-
telligence, and the man laughing with
him does not laugh at him for he feels
that Mr. Carle realizes the wild absurd-
ity of his nonsense and enjoys it heart-
ily. Nor does Mr. Carle excite laughter
by obvious means. Nor does he rely at
all on mugging and catch-words. He is
able to make the commonplace ludic-
rous. He upsets the logic of events.
He invents a language, often delight-
fully inconsequential, for the expression
of grotesque ideas. His seriousness in
fantastic situations excites sympathy.
He is not yet encrusted by his manner-
isms.

Miss Claire won the favor of the au-
dience by her imitations of Vesta Vi-
ctoria and Harry Lauder. Miss Edna
Wallace Hopper was sufficiently arch
as the ex-model and sang her sentimental
ditty with a straight face.

The other members of the company
made the most of parts that were in-
herently trifling. Mr. Philbrick provoked
great laughter by his facial contortions,
incessant thirst and a negro song; but
his methods belong to the black walnut
period of farce.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Excellent Vaudeville Bill Given—
Varied Program.

Variety is a feature of B. F. Keith's
program this week, and a large house
found something to applaud in every
number last night. The chief item
was the sketch, "The Son of Solomon,"
given by the Gordon-North Amusement
Company.

An old Jew has prospered in New
York. His wife is dead and he is left
with one daughter and one son. The
daughter is all one could wish, but the
son has turned out very badly. The
climax to his badness comes when he
tries to rob his father's safe. As he
opens the door a phonograph, set for
the purpose, starts on a popular air.
The sister hears it and rushes in with
her father's revolver. Brother and sister
struggle, the gun goes off and the
young man falls to the floor. He is
not dead, though he lies very still. His
brain is active, and in a flash he sees
himself fleeing with his father's money,
then arrested for murder, then sent-
enced to the electric chair. Moving
pictures keep the audience informed as
to what is passing in his mind. In a
few moments his father and sister come
to his help. He is brought to. The
shot and the dream have made a better
young man of him. All ends happily.
The parts are well taken by Miss Mar-
got Williams, Hugh Herbert and
Thomas A. Everett.

The Tuscano brothers are fearsome
battlaxxe jugglers, and Miss Elda Mor-
ris a sweet singer. "The Whole Fun
Family," the Three Keatons, are well
named.

Miss Augusta Glose proved a charm-
ing pianologist. She made some start-
ling changes of costume, each new cre-
ation being more beautiful than the one
before. Her "When Grandma Had a
Beau" was perhaps the best of her se-
lections.

Frank J. Conroy and George Le
Malre, "pinchle fiends," do a lot of
lively talking. Last night a man in
one of the boxes got terribly excited
over a question in pinchle. Every one
enjoyed his excitement. Mr. and Mrs.
Jack McGreevey, as the Village Fiddler
and the Country Maid, were extremely
amusing. Al Rayno's bulldogs are a
clever lot, well trained.

Just returned from European tri-
umphs, according to the program, the
four Fords—real brothers and sisters—
burst upon the scene. They danced a
variety of dances, beginning with an
old English measure which was delight-
ful. The two girls gave a classical
Grecian dance of the style that is popu-
lar nowadays in costumes that did not
interfere with freedom of movement.
It was a graceful performance; in
fact, the whole act was good and the
performers deserved all the applause
they got.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Lohen-
grin." Performed by the Aborn opera
company.

Henry L.....Herbert Waterons
Lohengrin.....Eugene Battain
Telramund.....Harry Luckstone
Gottfried.....Julia Lambert
Ortrud.....Louise Le Baron
Herald.....Frederick Hudly
Elsa.....Jane Abercrombie
Conductor, Max Fiedlander.

A large audience was present last
evening to enjoy the performance in
English of Wagner's "Lohengrin." The
regular season of opera in Boston is
sufficiently French and Italian to in-
crease the interest in hearing Wagner-
ian opera. Portions of the opera given
last evening are uninteresting upon any
occasion; one feels a dramatic lassitude.
This was true of portions of last even-
ing's performance at times.

Mr. Battain won admiration by his
singing, dramatic ease and judgment.
His voice is of beautiful and romantic
quality. His work with Miss Aber-
crombie as Elsa in the third act called
forth merited applause. Mr. Battain's
Lohengrin was notable for its sincerity.

Miss Abercrombie was, in look and
maldenly modesty, the typical Elsa. She
had a lyric soprano voice of beauty, but
it lacks color. Most of the time she
was too passive in action, but her work
in the third act was particularly ef-
fective.

Harry Luckstone as Telramund was
dramatic in a way much superior to
his work last week. He sang with true
expression, and was one of the impres-
sive characters of the performance. Miss
Le Baron as Ortrud sang with convic-
tion. She was in excellent voice, and
was more sincerely dramatic than for-
merly.

The performance was satisfactorily
staged. The chorus was more than usu-
ally resonant, and the scene before the
cathedral was effective. The perform-
ance was enthusiastically appreciated.
"Lohengrin" will be performed through-
out the week. Next week "Lucia di
Lammermoor" will be given. Edith He-
lena will alternate with Regina Vi-
carino as the heroine.

BOSTON THEATRE—Reproduction of
"A Fool There Was," a play in three
acts, by Porter Emerson Browne. Prin-
cipals in the cast:

The Husband.....Robert Hilliard
The Wife.....Stella Archer
The child.....Ida Desmond
The friend.....Edna Conroy
The sister.....Frank Mills
The friend.....Virginia Pearson
The woman.....

This highly colored dramatic exposi-
tion of Kipling's "Vampire" is produced
again in Boston with Mr. Hilliard's cus-
tomary vividness and realism. The ac-
tor is helped in presenting the picture
of the vampire's wrecking of lives by
a company whose chief members aid
valiantly by their skill in leading one
partially to forget the fearful absurd-
ities of the piece.

Mr. Hilliard, however, by the very
art with which he pictures John Schuy-
ler, the happy husband, rich, sensible

and respected, starting on a special dip-
lomatic mission from the President of
the United States to the court of St.
James, makes glaringly impossible his
sudden fall before the cheap allurements
of a most vulgar woman of the under
world.

His portrayal of the mental, moral
and physical ravages that happened
to Schuyler through a particular "rag,
bone and hank of hair" is startling,
and considered simply as a piece of
acting is admirable. But it falls to
thrill, because one cannot believe it
could happen.

The Vampire in the case, Miss Pear-
son, sets forth the character as con-
ceived by Kipling and the author of
the play with rare intelligence and
exactness. She is snaky, venomous,
heartless, pitiless and quite inhuman.
Precisely because she succeeds so well
in seeming to be this supposed kind of
a Vampire she makes the alleged fall
of Schuyler impossible. One need not
be widely acquainted with female
vampires to doubt whether they yell so
over every little triumph or defeat.
But this propensity fits most excellen-
ly the Vampires of the Kipling-
Browne breed, and these two writers
should thank Miss Pearson for doing
a mighty fine stunt in the shrieking
line.

Miss Archer is precisely the sweet,
colorless, rather insipid wife the author
means her to be. Ida Desmond is the
simple-minded child the lines call for.
Miss Conroy, the sister, tries to com-
plicate affairs in the blundering way
the playwright has provided for her.

Mr. Mills has the one wholesome,
hearty, honest, human part in the whole
play, and he makes the most of it. One
admires his work so exceedingly that it
is difficult to say how much is due to
the worth of his performance and how
much to the contrast his character
offers to the rest of the unfortunates in
the story.

NEGRO SONGS AND DANCES

Recital by the Misses Turner and
Miss Roberts at the Somerset.

A large and appreciative audience was
present yesterday afternoon in the palm
room of the Hotel Somerset at a musi-
cal and dramatic matinee by the Misses
Turner of Georgia and Miss Roberts of
Kentucky.

The Misses Turner, two amiable young
women, sang agreeably to their own
banjo accompaniment a varied selection
of unpublished negro songs with char-
acteristic titles, such as "A Plantation
Serenade," "A Canebreak Shout," and
others. While the songs were pleasingly
rendered with interpretative cleverness
there was little or no suggestion of the
haunting sweetness and melodious
crooning associated with the negro
voice.

Miss Roberts told two stories from
"Uncle Remus"—"The Wonderful Tar-
Baby Story" and "Brer Rabbit Meets
His Match." She then read the first
act from "Betsy of Baltimore," a play
based on Jerome Bonaparte's southern
romance, when, disguised as a French
tutor, he courted Glorious Betsy Pat-
terson. Miss Roberts gave the dialect
tales charmingly and made her points
effectively and without effort. She was
equally successful in overcoming the dif-
ficulty of assuming various characters
in the reading from the play.

There was much applause and the pro-
gram was lengthened.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Mrs. Nikisch and Mrs. Ar-
thur Nikisch, whose
Operatic Composers operetta was

produced at Dresden last Saturday
night, is well remembered in Boston.
When her husband came to conduct the
Boston Symphony Orchestra he did not
bring her with him. She arrived in the
second year of his rule—and then made
the mistake of singing in public. In
Leipsic she had sung only in operettas,
for she was a soubrette with a pretty
face and a shapely figure; but in Boston
she took herself seriously and appeared
at Symphony and Knelsel concerts, to
the distress of amiably disposed au-
diences. Of late years she has been teach-
ing singing in Leipsic, and her husband,
always a gallant spouse, has forwarded
the interests of her pupils when it was
possible for him to do so without shock-
ing his own taste as conductor and that
of the public.

It was said not long ago that Mrs.
Nikisch was the first woman to write
the music of an operetta. It was even
intimated that no woman had composed
an opera. The statement showed de-
plorable ignorance. As far back as 1694,
a lyric tragedy, "Cephale et Procris,"
with music by Mme. de Laguerre was
produced at the Paris Opera. In 1836
Louise Bertin's grand opera "Esmer-
alda" was produced at the same thea-

certs six times within the last 10 years; his violin concerto has been heard the same number of times within the same period. It might be said that Tschalkowsky's music is too personal in expression to endure such familiarity. "Manfred" has been more fortunate in this respect. Six years have passed since it was performed at these concerts; to the majority of the audience the work was comparatively fresh; to many it was unknown. The symphony shows indisputable talent; there is marked individuality; there are also weaknesses, dull stretches, pages that seeking to be impressive are dangerously near bombast.

Let the ingenious analyses be forgotten with the fine phrases of commentators. We are informed that in the first movement Tschalkowsky endeavored "to portray the soul of Manfred." It was Mr. Barrie who replied to a "character actor" who insisted that everything could be expressed facially: "Then will you kindly go to the back of the stage and express it in your face that you have a younger brother who was born in Shropshire, but is now staying in a boarding-house on the South Coast!" In spite of the program "Manfred" is on the whole an imposing composition with lofty thoughts; truly emotional passages, as those associated with Astarte; brilliant pages, as in the second movement; and the suggestion of free out-of-door life, as in the Pastorale. But in no one of his works does Tschalkowsky so clearly show the influence of Berlioz.

The performance was enthusiastically applauded, and the manner in which the last movement was played richly deserved the applause. Mr. Fiedler gave the most impressive reading of this movement that has been heard here. There were sluggish moments in the first movement, and there was a certain rigidity in the performance of the second, which should have been more capriciously sparkling and fantastical. On the whole, the performance should be ranked among the conductor's best.

Scambatti's paraphrase of the plain song Te Deum had been heard here in the arrangement for organ and orchestra of strings. The version for full orchestra and organ ad lib. was played yesterday in Boston for the first time. The composition is short and sonorous, carefully worked and without any quality of striking distinction.

Miss Carolina White sang for the first time at these concerts. Not long ago she made a successful appearance at the Boston Opera House in "The Girl of the Golden West." She then pleased by her dramatic intelligence and fervor, and sang the music that falls to Minnie with the appropriate dramatic expression. It was not easy to judge at that time of her vocal art, for the music gives little opportunity to a singer. Her selections yesterday were not well suited to a Symphony concert, and she was handicapped in the air from "La Wally," for, as the orchestral parts were not at hand, she was obliged to sing with a piano accompaniment played by her husband, Mr. Longone.

The two arias demand the dramatic situation for their full effect. Miss White sang them with considerable force; but as a singer, pure and simple, she disappointed even those who were most kindly disposed toward her. The voice itself is a fine one, full of color and character.

The program of next week will be as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead"; Chadwick, Suite Symphonique; Gilbert, Comedy overture on Negro Themes. The pieces by the two Americans will be played for the first time in Boston. The public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon instead of Friday afternoon.

April 12 1911 MEN AND THINGS.

By PHILIP HALE.

Becky, as It is announced with a flourish of trumpets that the new Centenary Edition de Luxe of Thackeray's works will contain over 500 plates by Mr. Harry Furniss, in addition to the many illustrations by Thackeray and others which appeared in the original editions. Mr. Furniss not only draws pictures; he also writes prefaces telling why he draws them as he does. Thus he explains why in "Vanity Fair" he returns to the Waterloo mode of dress, less strange, as he thinks to the reader's eye 1911, than the costumes of 1845 worn by Thackeray. Already there is spite in England over Mr. Furniss's Becky Sharp, who is a "nymph of glowing eyes, Greek features, a bewitching look and a torrent of fair hair." A reviewer wondering whether the public will accept her, says that Becky was certainly not "the lanky and odious little creature that Thackeray has sketched for us." But did Thackeray's pencil make her dingy? Not in the picture entitled "Mr. Joseph Entangled," and not "odious" in many of the sketches.

There are men of conservative mind who prefer the old books with the old pictures—the novels and sketches of Thackeray with the pictures by the

and Frederick Walker; those of Dickens with the pictures by Seymour, Cruikshank and "Phiz." In this country "A Tale of Two Cities" was illustrated wildly and in the right spirit by the artist who drew the pictures for the American editions of Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" and "No Name." No other illustrations to "A Tale of Two Cities" are comparable with those of the American for vigor, characterization, imaginative quality. Could there ever be another Count Fosco, than that of the same artist? The count really lived. I have talked with men who knew him.

Or who would exchange the Bentley edition of Jane Austen's novels (1833) with the romantic frontispiece and title page for more modern pictures of

Emma and the other heroines of those ironical books? "Humphrey Clinker" should be read with the pictures of Rowlandson, and "Clarissa Harlowe" with those of Stothard. What is "Gulliver's Travels" without the portrait of Capt. Lemuel and the map of "parts unknown," in which Gluborubdrib and Balnibarbi are accurately located southeast and east of Japan? What is the "Pirates Own Book" without the plate of "Capt. Thornby murdered and thrown overboard by Gibbs and the steward," or that of "Capt. Roberts' crew carousing at Old Calabar river"?

Plates Contradict Printed Pages

There are books that should not be illustrated. One of them is "The Thousand Nights and a Night." The text defies the skill of the artist. In the Lane edition, in three volumes, there is a picture of an Afrite in a column that will do, but Burton's edition is better without the portfolio of plates or the insertions found in the reprints. Du Maurier's Beatrix coming down the staircase to greet Esmond is a fine figure of a woman, but look at the description on the opposite page, beginning: "She was a brown beauty"—and ending: "As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon"—and the Beatrix of the artist then seems a poor, ordinary creature. Charles Reade suffered acutely from illustrators. Herman Melville was more fortunate. Dumas, the elder, needed no artist—and after all is it not better to form your own idea of the hero, heroine and scene when you are reading a novel? Take up a book of memoirs—there is a craze now in England for publishing volumes of scandalous gossip—and in nine cases out of ten a portrait of a noble dame or irresistible rake will contradict the printed page. Let Sir Peter Lely paint as he will, the women in Grammont's immortal book put him to shame.

The great majority of modern American novels are apparently illustrated by the ingenious artists who draw the young bloods wearing miraculous collars, union undergarments, and "complete and classy" suits in the advertisement pages of the magazines. The heroes like the coons in the song, all look alike to the reader, whether they do nothing through the chapters, or rescue princesses in distress, thwart the hideous plans of multimillionaires, or save a tottering government. The young women in these books are all alike. These vapid and simpering sketches must be made by members of a Trust.

Mr. Lutkin's The Herald has received the following Just letter:

Complaint To the Editor of The Herald: Some time ago you published the letter of a tailor, which gave the names of prominent citizens who were at that time wearing clothes made by him. As I remember, the tailor sent out this letter and said in it that any one of these gentlemen would be happy to show his clothes to an earnest seeker after sartorial perfection, and the various street addresses were given.

I received yesterday a letter from the same tailor, which jarred me by its unwarrantable familiarity. In the first place he begins: "My dear Mr. Lutkin," although I am not his dear or the dear of anybody else except possibly Mrs. Lutkin. But to the letter:

"When writing you from Washington I intended calling on you personally, and regret that I now find that I shall be unable to do so. 'Conservatism' is the watchword in the designing of gentlemen's clothes the coming season, contrasting most favorably with the past season's flashy effects. Fabrics have likewise been toned to more subdued colorings and patterns, and my collection is a correct representation originated by masters of the art of fashion and design. Knowing that you have a keen conception of correct merchant-tailored clothes I earnestly request that you call and see me at." I omit his name and address.

This and other letters received from the tailor are forced upon me. I do not court his acquaintance; I already have a tailor, whose taste is chaste and prices reasonable, but there is a yawning letter box below, welcoming any circular of the fresh and importunate. Are citizens thus to be molested? Will the Watch and Ward Society take no action? HYACINTH LUTKIN.

Boston, April 4.

"Cimberline" A publisher in Boston Cannot Be Played

received this letter last month. The Herald publishes it as it was written: "Sirs—Can you tell me anything about the play 'Cimberline'?" Is it in existence? And if so, can it be played and where can it be found? Saw Margaret Mather play it and was wondering if it died with her. Thanking you in advance, I am, yours truly, — — —"

The publisher might have answered the writer flippantly. "No, madam, Cimberline is not obtainable. Tennyson died when reading it and copies were at once withdrawn from the market." Or he might also have written: "We beg leave to say that Cimberline cannot be played in Boston. The young men in the office of the Mayor would object to it on the ground of its 'immorality.' They would never allow the scene in Imogen's Bed Chamber to be put on the stage. The scene at Rome between Posthumus and the returning Iachimo is exceedingly unpleasant, and the soliloquy of Posthumus that follows is positively shocking. Furthermore, the author, William W. Shakespeare, is out of date and his other plays are seldom given in this country. We should advise you to make a selection from our long list of dramas of the hearth and heart, which we guarantee to be wholly innocuous. There is not a line or a scene in any one of them that would bring a blush even to the cheek of a professional censor."

Lomax Doth Mr. Herkimer Johnson Murther Sleep

left this letter with the elevator boy last Wednesday: "I have added only two notes to my material for the volumes on marriage—there will be at least three devoted to this subject (elephant folio, sold only by subscription)."

"In Serbia Mrs. Kossara Svetkovitch confessed that she had murdered her husband. She was sentenced to prison for one month. For in court at Belgrade she proved that on her wedding day her husband had forbidden her to speak to him unless he spoke to her first, and for four years he had spoken to her only seven times, and then in terms of bitter reproach and with horrid oaths. When he wanted anything at table he pointed to it. Nor did he ever look at her two children; nor did he seem to be aware of their existence. A self-contained husband, who had probably read Maeterlinck's essay on Silence. Serbia is evidently not a congenial country for deep thinkers and the philosophically disposed.

"Mrs. Lomax in New York recently sued for a separation. He would sing songs for an hour or more every night after we had retired." For "retired" read "gone to bed." "Retire" with this meaning is a vile phrase. Was it not Richard Grant White who objected to it strenuously and spoke of persons "going through the mysterious operation of retiring?" Mrs. Lomax added: "Mr. Lomax not only has no voice for singing, but he would select songs of the ragtime variety and accompany them by drumming on the headboard of the bed with his fingernails. When I would ask him to desist he would tell me to shut up and that I had no ear for music. Being of a nervous disposition this practice caused me to lose weight steadily and I finally had to leave him to keep from being an emaciated, nervous wreck." It would seem from this that Mr. Lomax is a man of regular habits. Such men are undesirable companions and irritating husbands."

Bach's Passion Music in Cecelia Society and the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a performance of Bach's Passion according to Matthew next Friday night, a note on previous performances may not be out of place.

Selections from the work were given by the Handel and Haydn Society at its second Triennial Festival, May 18, 1871, when the solo singers were Mrs. Rudersdorf, Miss Sterling, W. J. Winch and M. W. Whitney. About one-third of the music was performed.

On May 8, 1874, the larger portion of the music was given for the first time in the United States. As Mr. Dwight wrote: "To give the whole work in a single performance would be neither practicable nor wise. If it is to be produced entire, it should be divided into two concerts on the same day, as it was originally sung in a church, Part I. in the morning, and Part II. in the evening service." The solo singers were Miss Wynne, Miss Phillips, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Rudolphsen, Whitney.

More than three-fourths of the music was performed on April 8, 1878. The solo singers were Miss Beebe, Mrs. Rudersdorf, Mrs. Goodwin, W. J. Winch, J. F. Rudolphsen and J. E. Winch.

The whole work was produced by the Handel and Haydn Society on April 11,

1878, when Part I. was performed in the afternoon and Part II. in the evening. "The Music Hall was crowded at both concerts, many persons coming from a distance and many having to stand up through the whole; and for the benefit of hundreds who could not procure seats public rehearsals of both parts were given on the two preceding afternoons. The first part occupied two hours and the second part almost two hours and a half." The solo singers were Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Edith Abell, William Courtney, J. F. Winch, M. W. Whitney. Mr. Remenyi played the violin obbligato to the aria "Erbarme dich." The receipts were \$2384.97 and the expenses \$2300.17.

There was a performance, not of the whole work, on April 15, 1881. Mrs. Humphrey Allen (now Mrs. George F. Babbitt), Miss Cary, Miss Abell, W. J. Winch, J. F. Winch, Georg Henschel. The Passion was again performed as a whole on April 7, 1882. There were two performances. Mrs. E. A. Osgood, Miss Abell, Miss Mathilda Phillips, W. F. Winch, Georg Henschel, J. F. Winch. Boys from the public schools assisted the chorus.

There was a performance of selections enough to fill two hours and a half on April 11, 1884. Mrs. Osgood, Miss Winant, George J. Parker, Georg Henschel, Franz Remmert.

Later performances of the work abridged were on March 4, 1888—said to be the best up to that date: Mrs. Beebe-Lawton, Miss How, W. J. Winch, George Prehn, M. W. Whitney; 1891, March 27, Miss Whittier, Miss How, G. J. Parker, J. H. Ricketson, William Ludwig, Ivan Morawski; 1892, April 15, Mrs. Henschel, Amalie Joachim, Edward Lloyd, G. J. Parker, Georg Henschel, G. S. Lamson; 1893, March 31, Miss Franklin, Mrs. Alves, William Dennison, Heinrich Meyn, Max Heinrich; 1894, March 23, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Alves, Ben Davies, Plunket Greene, Max Heinrich; 1895, April 12, Mrs. Walker, Miss Hall, W. H. Rieger, Carl E. Duft, Erlon Bushnell; 1896, April 8, Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Alves, W. H. Rieger, Frangoon Davies, Watkin Mills; 1903, March 23, Charlotte Maconda, Gertrude M. Stein, W. H. Rieger, G. Miles, L. W. Flint.

New Dramas The Times said of Seen in John Gollie's "Business" produced by the London Stage Society March

20: "The play despite its artlessness and its crudity, is not to be sneezed at. The dialogue is terse and vigorous; the personages, although they are little more than personified ideas, have individuality. The great point is that Mr. Gollie has something to say and can say it. He puts the economic forces that are at work clearly before us, shows us how they work and how they affect lives, characters, all human relations." The chief figure is Wm. H. Rackham, the oil king of New York, who believes that business is war. He is shot dead by a negro, who after being bribed by the trust to betray his mistress's secrets, had been refused employment on the ground that he was an unfaithful servant.

George Playdell, the author of "One of the Dukes," (March 13) has a peculiar sense of humor. The penniless Duke of Rye plays Schumann's "Trauere" on a bassoon in his garden. He is fussy about a bride. One of the candidates for the position of duchess has large hips. The Duke thinking them padded, prods them with the sharpened end of an Alpen stock and learns from the lady's shrieks that he was sadly in error. He looks into the mouth of an American heiress to see if her teeth are sound and manages to get her hair twined round the branch of a tree, to see whether it will come off. Truly a pretty wit!

Rudolf Besler's new comedy "Lady Patricia" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine (Mch. 22) is highly praised, although The Times thinks the dramatist has been "a little too laboriously light," and begins its notice: "Three acts of marivaudage, with the art a little too often indistinguishable from artificiality." But as Mr. Besler says: Its heroine is "a modern aesthete lady, who does everything beautifully, thinks beautifully, speaks beautifully, sins beautifully and lives for poetry and the fine emotions—a woman who is really rather artificial through and through."

In Gilbert Cannon's play "James and John" (Mch. 28) a family sits round the fire waiting for the return of a released prisoner. The wife knows he was a good man; why did he embezzle? The son is also kindly disposed but his brother is implacable. Their father has ruined them all. The old man comes in, silent, dazed, puts on the old slippers, lights the old pipe. His wife embraces him timidly and goes to bed. John, the unforgiving son, lectures his father. "What have you to say?" The old man looks helpless. "There's nothing to say; I am very cold." John at last shakes hands with him. The father slinks off to bed. John goes to the front door and puts out the lights.

Lawrence Irving has written a new one act play, "The Terrorist," with the action in Russia. "A thriller," he says, "with a happy ending."

of the "Oedipus Rex" and act 3 with "Oedipus at Colonus." The version is a free one.

An American Play in London

The London critics poked all manner of fun at Porter E. Brown's "A Fool There Was" produced at Queen's Theatre, March 21. The Times spoke of the instance on common places. "Good wives ought not to be deserted. There is no place like home. Foolish men are often ruined, 'body and soul,' by wicked women. Little children like to play hide and seek with the butler. The brandy

bottle is a bad counselor. This is the popular art of the chromolithograph where the sentiment is wholesome, the moral edifying, and the primary colors are laid on thick and slab. Actors in such plays are required to shout, and actresses either to be tearfully domestic in spotless white or else to coil and hiss and be 'vampires' in flaming scarlet and a low décolletage. . . . Miss Katharine Kaelred, a newcomer from America ('vampire' woman) looks handsome in flaming colors, and duly writhes, gloats and sardonically laughs."

The Daily Telegraph did not advise its readers to take the play seriously: "For then you will find it irritating and in places disgusting; but the natural man may depend on getting a good deal of amusement." The reviewer's article may be judged from this extract: "You go aboard the liner and there is the Woman, a woman with such plumes in her hat that any errand boy would know her for a siren. Lest there should be any mistakes, a disreputable person, with a revolver, came and proposed to shoot her. Then she looked at him, and he shot himself instead, which was selfish. So she had her deck chair put where his blood had been inadequately washed away, and was ready for the Husband. The Husband, in the midst of a farewell oration to his wife, caught sight of her and the hat, and was naturally struck dumb. Then there was a tableau to show us that by the time the liner was 200 miles out she had hooked her fish."

The Pall Mall Gazette said that the motto of the piece is: "If you see a lady sitting in a deck chair on an Atlantic liner, clad luxuriantly in red green, smiling largely at nothing, contemplating from time to time a delicious banquet of red roses, avoid her as you would the plague. She may be a Vampire—and you know from Mr. Kipling what a Vampire can do for the fools that succumb to her." In the sixth and last (scene) appears the wrecked husband, mad and doddering, followed by the Smile in all its glory, and wearing an extraordinarily décolleté dress, revealing gleaming arms and shoulders and what Capt. Absolute would have called 'an unusual quantity of back.' . . . Miss Kaelred smiles, clutches at the air, laughs desperately, and in the end makes her exit screaming like a terrified animal, and does it all with the maximum of theatrical and Vampiric effect."

Mr. Gohier on Modern French Plays

Urban Gohier, who published a private letter written to him 10 years ago by Henry Bernstein, which was largely influential in stopping the run of Bernstein's "Après Moi" at the Comédie Française, recently contributed an article to the *Matin*, Paris, and thus freed his mind concerning the French stage:

"Consider the 'masterpieces' of the French stage during the last 20 years—and every play is a 'masterpiece' nowadays—the 'masterpieces' which have been enthusiastically applauded in Paris, foisted on the provinces, and offered to foreigners as faithful pictures of French life. You will find in the 'heroes' and 'heroines' of them—that is to say, in the characters on which the sympathy of the author has lavished itself—here a swindler, there a forger, elsewhere blackmailers, murderers, sharpers of every description, street walkers pandered as the only type of loyal woman, betrayers of young girls, parents who debauch their own children, mothers who serve as procuresses to their own sons, youths who rival their fathers in luxury, sons who act as pandars to their mothers. . . . One need not mention the names of the plays; you can recognize them for yourselves. None but vile and degraded characters, the prey of abject passions, writhing in circumstances of utter shame! And a theatre crowded with spectators, of whom one in ten is French, rings with cries: 'Bravos! C'est l'Art! C'est la Vie!' Is this not our life. And we regulate the presentation of

these rather sweet and There have been some charming plays, poetic, idyllic and some nobly romantic and heroic, produced in Paris during the last 20 years.

H. B. Irving in "Hamlet," Etc.

H. B. Irving, about to visit Australia after a tour of the English provinces, said farewell to London March 18 by playing Hamlet. The Times said: "Mr. Irving has not so far succeeded in finding any new play that can compare as a serious success with the parts in which his father won his triumphs. And that so far is a misfortune. It means that he has not fully come into his own. And until he does that, in a part that belongs to him and not to another, he will fail to produce the full effect of the personal magnetism which almost certainly he has in him. But short of that, as Saturday's performance clearly showed, he has succeeded in establishing a strong hold on the affection of a large number of theatregoers in London."

"It is just this quality of strong, personal magnetism that is still lacking in his Hamlet. It is deeply thoughtful and intellectual, and very far from being a slavish imitation of the great original which in many respects it inevitably resembles. It is varied and yet it is always consistent. There is humor in it and tenderness, as well as strength and indecision and suffering. Except that he is at times inclined to declaim too much on one note, Mr. Irving's reading of the part is wonderfully human. He does make you love the man Hamlet. But, fine though his performance is, he does not as yet often thrill you to the point of forgetting yourself and Mr. Irving and the theatre and everything else except the marvel of the tragedy."

On the same night a sixth adventure of Anatol, "Keepsakes," was produced at the Little Theatre, London. It is a melodrama in one act, with Anatol, a jealous lover, and Emily, the once trusted woman of his heart. Emily has kept back two keepsakes, with which she was to part before the wedding. The first, a ruby, is given up, when Anatol discovers it and makes a scene. The second is a black diamond, and the story of this is not told. Anatol shrieks out taunts, and flings the diamond into the fire and rushes from the room.

"Inconstant George" reached its 200th performance in London on March 24 and "Henry VIII" its 250th on April 5.

Miss Italia Conti has announced a novel competition for a short play or duologue. She will produce the winning play, if suitable, on May 11, on the staircase of the great hall at Stafford House, where she is giving a matinee that day. The play must not last more than 20 to 25 minutes, and the characters must enter naturally up or down the staircase to start and end the play, which must require no curtain nor special scenery. The play must be for two, three, or four characters only.

London Music Notes

The Daily Telegraph of March 25 published this note of interest: "In a new opera produced at Boston there is an Indian song called 'O wi yo ho wi yo ho ho we yo a ha e.' This should have been chosen as the title of the opera."

Thomas Quinlan has a scheme for

producing opera next fall in the English provinces and colonies. Among the singers already engaged are Mmes. Evelyn Parnell and Bettina Freeman "from the Boston opera"; Muriel Terry, John Coates, Allen Hinkley, Clarence Whitehill. The company will comprise over 150 persons, and the scenery, baggage, etc., will weigh upwards of 350 tons.

At the forthcoming season at Covent Garden, there will be a considerable number of native singers in the chorus. "Recent experience has proved that it is not always necessary to go abroad for a capable operatic chorus, and, having regard to the valuable stage training afforded even in this comparatively humble capacity, it is an encouraging sign that the authorities of London's opera house are turning their serious attention to this matter."

The "higher criticism," as applied to music, should encourage a great many people to read concert notices to whom their language hitherto has been a sealed book. Listen to this, for instance, apropos of last Saturday's concert of the Queen's Hall orchestra: "In appearance Senor Casals is not unlike Mr. James Welch, and with his bald head and clean-cut features gives the impression of a family solicitor rather than a virtuoso." There should be no monopoly of this sort of thing. May we, therefore, venture on one or two suggestions upon similar lines? For example: "Mr. Raoul Pugno puts one in mind at first sight with (here mention someone to whom he bears not the faintest resemblance whatever). His stern, yet kindly, face and flowing beard forcibly suggest the schoolmaster rather than the incomparably

delicate exponent of Mozart." Or, again: "In his whole bearing Mr. Kreisler irresistibly calls to mind Ajax (to whom he was once most happily likened), and his manly attitude on the platform conveys the idea of a fighter, a 'soldier every inch of him,' rather than of the first and foremost interpreter of Elgar's Concerto."—Daily Telegraph, March 25.

Wesley Weyman, an American, who has played in Boston, gave a "Liszt recital" in London March 22, and was characterized as "a pianist of very considerable accomplishment."

Cyril Scott, an ultra-modern composer, who is too little known in Boston, gave a concert of his compositions in London March 22. The Times said it was "less formidable than some of its predecessors." The "Tallabasses" suite for violin and piano was played by Mr. Zimballist and the composer. There are three movements. "Bygone Memories" is the first. Other pieces were a second suite for piano, "Bergonnette," "Danse Negre," three new songs, "Mirage," "New Moon," "The Trysting Place." Von Holst's second group of choral hymns from the "Rig Veda," for female choir and orchestra, was heard for the first time March 22. The titles are "To Varuna," "To Agni," "Funeral Chant." "All three are delicate and thoughtful pieces of work, and each has distinct characteristics."

This is the approved list of music for the coronation service in Westminster Abbey: Parry, I Was Glad; Tallis, Litany; Purcell, Let My Prayer; Merbecke, Creed, arranged for organ and brass by Martin; Veni Creator, old plain song; Zadok the Priest, Handel; Be Strong, Parratt; Rejoice in the Lord, F. Bridge; O Harkken Thou, Elgar; Sanctus, Alcock; Amen, Stainer; Gloria in Excelsis, Stanford; Amen, Gibbons; Te Deum, Parry.

Elgar has written a second symphony.

London Mlle. Rajah, who comes from Egypt, has been dancing in the

garb of Cleopatra at the Coliseum with the aid of a snake seven or eight feet long. The snake was described by the prospectus as the "comatose lump of ophidian inanimity," but turned out to be lively and intelligent. Mlle. Rajah added to the joy of the audience by gyrating in another dance with a kitchen chair between her teeth. Is this our old friend the Princess Rajah who was at Keith's in 1909?

Evelyn Millard has played Madame Butterfly in Belasco's "episode" at the Palace, London. She created this part at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1900. This was her first appearance at the Palace. The Times said the piece was not out of place in a music hall because a music hall audience is made up, like other crowds, of human beings, and then it gave Lieut. Pinkerton of the U. S. N. a slap: "A story that is unfortunately too common and too true to be anything but distressing and shameful to English ears, even though the cause of the mischief appears in this instance to belong to another country."

At the Tivoli, Hazel, who has been away for a year, returns and finds his wife having a farewell supper in his friend's rooms. He does not at once mistrust her, although the friend switched off the light. The couple are not disposed to be conversational. At last the husband tells the friend one of them must kill himself. The friend draws the lot, but is a coward. Then the husband points the pistol at himself, but the wife says she loves him, and the click is that of an unloaded revolver.

On April 3 Ellaine Terriss was seen at the Coliseum as Joan of Arc for the first time. The play was written by Henry Hamilton and the music was by Frank Tours.

Notes About Men and Women

It is said that Hans Gregor, now director of the Vienna Court opera, wishes to engage Mr. Toscanini as chief conductor. No doubt he wishes to do so. Gregor married an American singer, Della Rogers.

Miss Alice Nielsen will sing shortly after her arrival in Europe at the Komische Oper, Berlin, of which Mr. Gregor was until recently the director. She may also sing at the Vienna Opera House.

Challapine, the famous Russian bass, who shocked the sensibilities of New Yorkers by his impersonation of Mephistopheles in Bolto's opera and of Don Basilio, will give 40 performances in various European cities and receive from a syndicate a little over \$100,000.

The Baron Alphonse de Rothschild left a sum of £200,000 to the French Academy for a biennial prize to encourage or reward an artist. The academy has awarded £6,000 to the Widow Chaplain in memory of her husband's career and £6,000 to Gabriel Dupont, the composer, whose "Heures Dolentes" was recently produced at a Boston Opera House orches-

tral concert by Mr. Capri.

An album with inscriptions by the most familiar authors and composers of Germany was prepared for the 82d birthday of Luitpold, prince regent of Bavaria: "Inasmuch as Richard Strauss is a Bavarian and born at Munich, he was especially invited to contribute. He refused curtly and said he had no time." Perhaps this is true, and perhaps it is false. There are Germans, and German Americans, who take pleasure in saying nasty things about Strauss.

Susan Metcalfe of New York recently sang in Munich. "Her concert would have given greater pleasure if she had remained in her own field and not wished to disfigure our Schubert and Schumann." The verb "verunglimpfen" is still stronger than "disfigure"; it might be translated, "drag into the mire," "defile." On the other hand they found no words too eulogistic for Alno Aekte as a concert singer. Mr. Keyfel wrote in a fine burst: "There are not many singers who are favored by nature both with voice and art to be 'everything' both on the concert and the operatic stage." Yet when Mme. Aekte sang at the Boston Theatre in opera she made only a slight

impression, and that was by no means favorable. Nor was she then a beginner.

Walter Soomer, who took the part of Hans Sachs here last season, will replace Scheidemann at Dresden, and Well of Leipzig will take Soomer's place at the Metropolitan.

Elizabeth Newbold, a young Australian soprano, whom Mme. Melba discovered and sent to Mme. Marchesi, sang at the Albert Hall, London, last December, but on March 27 she appeared at the London Hippodrome.

Hans Richter bade farewell as a conductor, March 20, at the London Symphony orchestra's concert in Queen's Hall. "For those of us who were brought up, as it were, at the feet of Richter, the evening was undoubtedly one of poignant sorrow, as well as of genuine joy. For our descendants, no doubt, Richter's musical descendants will prove satisfactory enough, if indeed, Beethoven and Wagner are not voted too old-fashioned by them for the public. For us, who are in or beyond middle age, his place can never be again occupied, for the simple reason, if for no other, that his was the hand that led us in our most receptive period of young life." Why these tears? There will be another Richter "farewell" concert in London tomorrow.

Yvette Guilbert met with great success late in March in Vienna, and made a conquest of "the sceptical, critical and partially ill-disposed concert going public. The announcement that the celebrated French diseuse would give concerts instead of appearing as formerly in a music hall or at a theatre gave so severe a shock to the Viennese sense of musical propriety that before her first concert a week ago the success of her undertaking was seriously doubted. These misgivings were aggravated when it became known that her purpose was to appear less as a singer and diseuse than as a propagandist of the chanson historically considered and interpreted. The first concert, nevertheless, broke through the barrier of prejudice, and obtained for her recognition as a grande artiste such as she had never before obtained in the Austrian capital." Thus the correspondent of the London Times.

Edith de Lys, who studied here in Boston, has been singing in Brussels in "Aida," with success.

Felix Weingartner has made a contract with the Municipal Theatre at Hamburg for two years, and for only four months in each year.

A tenor at Wiesbaden has been fined \$12.50 for "not having done his best" in Humperdinck's "King's Children."

Humperdinck has written music for Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and it will be played in Vienna.

Max Reger will take the position of general music director of the court orchestra at Meiningen, Dec. 1. He will be allowed to teach one day weekly at the Leipzig Conservatory.

Concert News from Paris

Paderewski's symphony has been published and the score costs £150. A miniature edition, now in preparation, will cost £10.

Among the new compositions brought out in Paris last month was a symphony by Alfred Casella, his second offence in this branch of industry, if report is to be believed. He is said to be young and wavering between Cesar Franck and Richard Strauss. The music has little individuality, the instrumentation is rather heavy, and Mr. Boufarel reproaches him for the atrocious crime of doubling a trombone with a tuba, but he adds: "In spite of all this, Mr. Casella has the spark and an abundance of ideas."

Mr. Oberdoerffer, violinist, and his associates bring out works unpublished and by unknown authors. Last month they played a string quartet by Janco Binenbaum, "written with fine skill and truly original," an "agreeable" violin sonata by J. Je-main, and a "serious" piano duo by Albert Laurent.

A stage music by Francis Casadesus for Charbonnet's "Le Moisssonneur" was enthusiastically applauded at a Lamoureux concert, March 19. Much of the success was attributed to the composer's use of folk songs. "M. Casadesus has made a rhapsodie rather than a symphonic work. Even in his preludes, themes follow one another without development." Yet the critics agree that he is a colorist and knows how to give atmosphere to his music.

Widor's new work, "Symphonie Antique," was performed for the first time under the direction of the composer March 22, at the house of Countess Rene de Bearn. It is based on the theme of the Te Deum, which is attributed to an improvisation of Sophocles, the night of Salamis! There are four movements: Allegro, Andante,

Intermezzo and Finale, with organ and chorus.

A Sensation at Rome

The "Societa degli autori" in Rome has been giving prizes for orchestral works. When one of the crowned works, a piece in three movements by Davico, was performed, there was no open disturbance, but the composer was told that it was time for him to learn something of his art and the society was invited to exercise more care in judgment. Another crowned work, "Poema Erotico," was the cause of a tumult. The composer Vincenzo Tommasini is esteemed in Rome for his indisputable talent. His opera, "Medea," was performed successfully in Trieste some year ago. He is now censured for abandonment of good taste and artistic seriousness. This "Poema Erotico" portrays with "drastic brutality the details of a night of love." For this "noble purpose" the composer, who does not attempt to picture the "inward evolutions of enthusiastic passion," but prefers to be realistic, employs chromatic progressions, altered chords, whole tone scales, swollen instrumentation. "A Strauss-motiv in Debussyan expression." The Roman newspapers puffed the work vigorously before a note had been played in public, but the gallery took revenge on the day of performance. The audience was for a time patient. Then it began to cry: "Enough." Soon other cries were heard: "Shut up!" "It's enough to make one crazy!" "Hurry up with it so that we can hear it!" It was all that Molinari, the conductor, could do to go on with the performance, and at the end there was a babel of dissatisfaction and protest.

Raoul Pugno, playing the piano in Rome, called forth this just criticism. "He played Schumann's concerto and some pieces by Chopin too fast, as though he wished to show that in spite of his age and obesity he could establish a record for speed."

Music in Germany and Austria

A new overture "Lebensfreude," by Georg Schumann, produced at a Philharmonic concert, Berlin, gave little pleasure, although it is skilfully written and sounds well; for there is no really joyful mood, and no personal mood or expression.

A new string quartet by Philipp Scharwenka, op. 117, played for the first time by the Holland Quartet in Berlin, is highly praised, for quality of invention, polyphonic treatment and true chamber music character.

They told Mark Hambourg in Berlin that he has the technic for important piano pieces—the technic and little else.

A William Pitt Chatham has been singing in Berlin. He certainly should have good diction.

The Swedish Music Society gave a concert in Berlin March 16. Svante Sjöberg's "Gustava Vasa" overture was declared worthless. Adolf Wiklund's piano concerto in E minor is the work of an earnest musician, who, imperfectly developed, falls into phrase mongering. Hugo Alven has decided talent. His symphony in D major and his "Sare aus den Schaeren" were praised, but he, too, lacks a sense of proportion. He has been influenced to his advantage by Sibelius.

At Munich they think that Ossip Gabrilowitsch has made progress as an orchestral conductor, but he does not yet show the fine sense of detail and the personal quality that characterize his piano playing. Among the new works produced in Munich are Jul. Welssmann's Symphony in E minor, op. 13, well made but with little color, and Ewald Straesser's Symphony in G major, op. 22, rich in color, but poorly invented. The two works were led by Karl Mennicke. Egon Schmitz's ballad "Ritter Olaf," which shows somewhat the influence of Puccini, is effective, dramatically and lyrically.

"Volkers Tod" for solo voices, mixed chorus, male chorus and full orchestra, by Gerhardt Wagner, was produced for the first time toward the end of February at Dorpat.

Mahler's first symphony is seldom

performed. At Frankfurt not long ago it provoked little enthusiasm.

Richard Mandl's "Dance of the Elves" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, has been performed with much success in Vienna. His overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama was played here by the Symphony orchestra this season. The Paris journals remember that Delibes was interested in Mandl and gave him lessons in instrumentation. When Mandl's piano quintet was played in

Paris March 9, 1895, Mme. Helen Hopekirk, now of Boston, was the pianist and she also played two of her own piano pieces, "Serenade" and "Papillons."

The appearance of Alexander Birnbaum as conductor of the orchestral portion of Mme. Yvette Guilbert's program (in Vienna) also provided Vienna musicians with the unwelcome sensation of being compelled against their will to accept and applaud interpretations of French composers whose works they had hitherto known only in the unimaginative classical readings to which their favorite conductors have accustomed them.

Operas New and Old

Paul Bastide, conductor at the Hague, has written an opera "Medea," based on Legouve's tragedy, which has been produced with success.

"La Lepreuxse," an opera based on the extraordinary play of Henry Batallie, with music by Sylvio Lazzari, will be produced next season at the Opera Comique, with Marguerite Carre in the leading part.

"Dejanlire," an opera by Saint-Saens, produced at Monte Carlo March 14, is by no means a wholly new work. The play by Gallet, with music by Saint-Saens, was produced in the open air theatre at Beziers, Aug. 23, 1898. The play was given at the Odeon, Paris, Nov. 11 of the same year. The music then consisted of choruses and dances. Saint-Saens has condensed the tragedy, written additional music; in other words, turned the play into an opera.

There will be performances of Wagner's "Ring" at the Paris Opera in June. Mott will conduct the cycle June 10, 11, 13, 15, Nikisch the cycle June 24, 25, 27, 29, and a conductor yet to be named the cycle June 17, 18, 20, 22. Van Dyck and Dalmore will be among the tenors. Subscriptions will be received only for a whole cycle.

Strauss's "Rosen Kavalier" was produced at the Czech National theatre, Prague, March 4, and the Berlin Court Opera House has finally determined to perform it next fall.

Berlin too, knows "Parsifal" in concert form.

Leoncavallo's "Mala," which was hissed at Rome when it was produced there Jan. 15, 1910, was produced at Berlin March 18. Mr. Spanuth praised it—for being short. "It gives opportunity to the singers to sing high notes and this delights the majority of hearers." He added that an audience will hear nothing new, nothing perplexing or unsettling. The correspondent of the London Times writes as follows: "The public received the first act somewhat coolly, but the second act was warmly applauded, and at the close Signor Leoncavallo, who was present, was called several times before the curtain. 'It is agreed on all sides this morning that if the opera was successful it was entirely due to the composer. The libretto, by Paul de Choudens, is banal and the subject is not exciting. 'Sig. Leoncavallo's treatment of the theme is not, perhaps, very moving, and the more passionate scenes sounded unconvincing last night, but the descriptive music during the shepherds' fair in the second act made a very agreeable impression. There is a tendency here, judging by the criticisms published this morning, to treat the opera as a new departure—perhaps not a very striking departure—in Signor Leoncavallo's work. It is suggested that Signor Leoncavallo is turning away from the harsh, almost brutal effects which characterize modern Italian opera to the simple love of melody which was the great charm of the old composers. One writer says:

"Leoncavallo used to be a dramatist first and musician afterwards. Now it is the other way round.' But many of the melodies in 'Mala' are based quite frankly on Provencal folk-song. 'The orchestra last night, under Herr Leo Blech, was a most effective contributor to the success of the performance.' It is said that the Frankfurt opera company will give 10 performances of Strauss's 'Rosen Kavalier' in Paris next June. The company will receive a guarantee of \$30,000. Two performances will be conducted by Strauss and Nikisch and Rottenberg, the conductor of the Frankfurt opera will conduct the other two.

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CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, Josef Hofmann, pianist. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Rachmaninoff, Symphonic Poem, "The Island of the Dead," after Beethoven's picture; Chadwick, Suite Symphonique in E flat (first time in Boston); Gilbert, Comedy Overture on Negro Themes (first time in Boston). Mr. Chadwick's suite was awarded a prize by the National Federation of Musical Clubs in 1911.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M. Bach's Passion according to Matthew, performed by the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Program as on Thursday.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Second of the Season Given, with Josef Hofmann as Soloist.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave last night in Symphony Hall the second concert of this season in aid of its pension fund. Josef Hofmann, who kindly gave his services, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, overture to Goethe's "Egmont," concerto in G major, No. 4, for pianoforte, op. 58; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walkure," "Waldreben" from "Siegfried," overture to "Rienzi."

As is customary on such occasions, the size and enthusiasm of the audience proved that there was a public to whom this object made a strong appeal, and that a response to the appeal was neither perfunctory nor devoid of reward. Mr. Fiedler has before now offered at these concerts programs of similar structure. At the one given a year ago, when Mme. Sembrich was the soloist, there were also five excerpts from Wagner, all different from those of last night.

Mr. Hofmann has already several times this season given proof of the mature excellence of his playing, both as technician and interpreter. The concerto he chose for performance last night, though it was written at the same time that Beethoven's mind was much occupied with "Fidelio," is richer in qualities that make an instantaneous appeal than many concertos which seem primarily constructed for a display of virtuosity. The technically exacting allegro, the deeply emotional andante, the fresh and jocund rondo were all played in a masterly way by Mr. Hofmann. He aroused the warmest enthusiasm and responded most generously with two charmingly contrasted encores.

OPERETTA IN THE WEST.

Boston need not plume itself on the censorship as exercised for the protection of the susceptible young and the sensitive old against designing dramatists and unblushing actresses. Here the righteous work is spasmodic and directed invidiously. In Portland, Or., there is a sterner sense of duty. The Sunday Oregonian of that city blew a trumpet blast on April 2. Citizens, look to your wives, sons and daughters lest they see "The Merry Widow" and be corrupted by it! This is the purport of the clarion call. For, according to the Sunday Oregonian, "The Merry Widow," which has been seen and enjoyed by thousands of highly respectable citizens with their families in holiday attire, is "lascivious," "indecent," "abominable," "sordid," "lewd." There are other disparaging adjectives in the editorial article. Even the music of the too familiar waltz is "significant." The operetta, it appears, is performed with more delicacy in Paris. "As given here its proper accompaniments are spittoons, beer mugs and saloon oaths. . . . An adult may perhaps witness the play without much defilement, but a young person cannot." So there are advantages in growing old besides those mentioned by Cicero and other esteemed writers.

The western Portland may thus teach Boston a lesson, for the press should not only encourage officials in censorship, but call their attention to coming shows that may be dangerous to youth. "The Prince of Pilsen," for instance, will soon be here. The title is a suspicious one. Are our young men to be thus enticed into beer saloons? What matters it

whether the beer be imported from the Bohemian town or from Hoboken?

For many years Utica, N. Y., has been considered the most moral city in the United States, the most careful in its supervision of public shows and entertainments. It was in the fall of 1856 that Artemus Ward gave an exhibition of his beasts, snakes and wax figures in Utica. What was his surprise when a big, burly fellow walked up to the cage, dragged out Judas Iscariot and began to pound him! And when the showman remonstrated and said: "That air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle,'" the answer was: "That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas

Iscariot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunity by a darn sight." Nor was the assailant a drunken brawler. "The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky."

Ichabod! The glory is departed. Portland, Oregon, now bears away the palm, and Boston is not even a close second.

One of the pleasantest features of the Fenway was the number of seats. Some were removed not long ago when there was grading with filling in. The seats have not been replaced, much to the inconvenience of those who like to watch the ducks and swans rather than throw stones at them. And also the loving couples.

Certain American composers who are never so happy as when complaining that the American is systematically ignored by imported orchestral conductors are respectfully reminded that Mr. Fiedler this week will produce at a Symphony concert a suite by Mr. Chadwick of Boston and an overture by Mr. Gilbert of Cambridge.

Lawyer, Mrs. Alma Webster
Singer, Powell, who displayed
Lecturer her coat and trouser
costume in Copley Hall

and lectured on the advantages of the harem skirt and the immodesty of men's trousers, has had a diversified career. She studied law and was admitted to the bar, but she is also a singer of no mean accomplishments. Her voice is an unusual one; with such high notes that she can sing the music given by Mozart to the fantastical Queen of Night with true contralto tones of rare beauty. It is said that she first visited Boston as a member of Damrosch's Opera company early in 1897, and then took small parts under a stage name. She gave a concert in Steinert Hall with Mr. Buonamici of this city on Feb. 20, 1899, and she was, indeed, a handsome apparition, a sumptuous, radiant woman. In the nineties she sang in opera in Europe, and later at Prague, in April, 1902, in Pirani's "Hexenleid." Eugenio de Pirani was a pianist as well as composer and—to quote from the announcement—"on their world tour continued from Russia, Germany, Austria, France and England," they stopped at Boston and gave a concert in Chickering Hall in February, 1903. Of late years Mrs. Powell has been much interested in club work, and her life as a clubwoman has not been without friction, for she has positive views and a forcible manner of expression.

Nor will all dress reformers agree with her in condemning the trousers, creased or uncreased, of the male. The clarion voice of Dr. Mary Walker was heard last month at Albany, N. Y., welcoming the harem skirt as a step toward everyday, ordinary trousers. Dr. Walker is no idle theorist; she has worn trousers for years and gloried in them. It is true that at the time of the French Revolution rulers of certain German states forbade their male subjects to wear trousers, for the garment was supposed to indicate revolutionary opinions; and in Hesse-Cassel, convicts sweeping the road were compelled to don trousers, that the dress might be made contemptible. Today trousers are conservative and orthodox. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a conservative statesman or merchant not wearing them.

The unfortunate inmates of Yoshiwari might now say with St. Paul: "It is better to marry than to burn."

Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look"

Performed for First Time
on Boston Stage.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Twelve Pound Look," a drama in one act, by J. M. Barrie. Preceded by Mr. Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," in three acts. Production by Charles Frohman. Casts:

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK.

Sr Harry Sims.....Charles Dalton
Lady Sims.....Mrs. Sam Southern
Katie.....Ethel Barrymore
Tombs.....James Kearney

ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE.

Mr. Grey.....Charles Dalton
Mrs. Grey.....Ethel Barrymore
Lena Grey.....Louise Drew
Stephen Rollo.....Thomas Kelly
Stephen Rollo.....Frank Goldsmith
Lena Dunbar.....Helen Freeman
Nurse.....Anita Rotha
Fanny.....May Galyer
Richardson.....Alice Beresford

Mr. Barrie's new comedy in one act is a grimly amusing satire which might have for its motto the saying of Victor Hugo: "Success is hideous." Sims has prospered and waxed fat. Vain in every way, he prides himself on his knowledge of women.

Yet why did his first wife leave him when, to use his own words, he had swaddled her in luxury? He consoled himself quickly, for he married again, and his second wife was a famous beauty when she stood before the altar. About to be knighted—for he has always been successful, and even his two children are boys—he calls in a typewriter that she may send out an account of his career.

Lo and behold, the typewriter turns out to be Kate, his divorced wife. Now he will learn the name of the man who ran off with her.

Kate strikes a bargain with Sims. If he will tell her how he behaved when he read her letter of farewell, placed near the decanters, where he would be sure to find it, she will name the seducer. There was no man in the case, although Sims suspected even his pals. She ran away because she was tired of the fat dinners and the fat guests and the fat talk of success. She could not endure the vulgarity of her husband.

She envied the lot of the unsuccessful and wished to live among them; so, after vainly trying to change Sims for the better, she made enough money by typewriting for a friend until she could pay for the machine—\$12—then she left "the lap of luxury" forever to earn her own living, to be contented, happy.

Sims listens to her impatiently and incredulously. Her sarcastic thrusts do not pierce his hide. The man is colossal in his self-esteem. He has sold his life to be successful; he is rich and soon to be knighted, so that he will be still more respected in the servants' hall, especially by the women; but Kate and her conduct are inexplicable.

Kate has no pity for him but she is sorry for wife No. 2 and all other wives of similarly successful men. And Lady Sims, with her frightened, hunted look, trembling before her bully of a husband, pathetic in her court dress and with her jewels, not knowing who Kate is, sees that she is happy, and, as her lord and master roughly tells her to leave the room, asks how much a type-writing machine costs. Her face has the \$12 look.

This comedy is a little masterpiece. It is satirical, not cynical. The lines are witty, brilliant, but not merely as a pyrotechnical display; they are revelations of character.

Never has Mr. Barrie been more subtle and at the same time more frank. Never has he been more human. There is no waste of words. Every line tells. And although there is no direct preaching, the play brings home a great lesson, and it might well be pondered by the brothers of Sims, for Sims has many brothers in many lands.

Miss Barrymore acted the part of Kate, first played by Miss Lena Ashwell in London a little over a year ago, with a delicious sense of humor and quiet but marked authority. Her impersonation was admirable in every way. The wonder was that a woman like that had ever married Sims, but, as she told him, she did not know him, she only learned to know him as he became more and more successful.

After she left him her character developed among the unsuccessful. Mrs. Southern was poor Lady Sims to the life, brow-beaten, timid, sick of it all. Mr. Dalton was equally fortunate in his impersonation of Sims, bully and cad. He oozed vulgarity, and there was something epic in his callousness, his towering egoism.

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" has been seen here before. There are some who are distressed by the theme and are shocked by the thought of a young girl with views of life formed from witnessing plays of the human "triangle" order, at once suspecting her mother, whom she had not seen for years, of infidelity. They no doubt condemn "Peter Pan" for its "improbability," and would banish such

plays from the stage as Sophocles did in the days of Theophrastus.

This comedy is as fantastical as "Peter Pan," yet it is full of healthful satire. The popular drama, the attitude of modern children toward their parents are lashed in a most amusing manner. The second act is particularly clever in its construction.

It might be said, however, that the humor is at times long drawn out and the satirical expression weakened by repetition. Yet on the whole the comedy is an amusing extravaganza with passages of true pathos.

Miss Barrymore is now much more than a pleasing personality. She is a matured and accomplished actress, and it is not easy to think of the wife as played otherwise. Her farewell to her youth was only one of many features of a varied, engrossing, brilliant performance.

Miss Drew has made progress in her art. She pitched the part of Amy in the right key. Miss Freeman was at times indistinct in enunciation. Mr. Dalton was a sufficiently bluff husband; Mr. Goldsmith was a capital Stephen; the part of the slavey was well taken. Mr. Kelly was not in the picture as Cosmo. The two comedies were keenly enjoyed by a large audience.

Bostonians will have another chance to see "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It will come to the Hollis with Edith Taliaferro and the others in their original characters.

DONIZETTI'S "LUCIA" GIVEN IN ENGLISH

Miss Helena Pleasing in Lyric
Passages of Performance
at Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Aborn English Grand Opera Company. Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor." Mr. Richard Nicosia conducted. Cast:

Edgar Ravenswood.....Domenico Russo
Henry Ashton.....Harry Luckstone
Sir Arthur Bucklaw.....Arthur Green
Blde-the-Bent.....Herbert Waterous
Lucy Ashton.....Edith Helena
Alice.....Lila Robeson

The low prices of seats being considered, the production last evening was very creditable, both scenically and in the achievements of principals and support.

Miss Helena was an interesting Lucia, and she distinctly characterized the part. Her voice was most pleasing in lyric passages, for although she sang the florid measures with ease and technical accuracy, the tone at times became reed-like and there was a tendency to faulty intonation.

Mr. Russo, it was said, took the part of Edgar for the first time in Boston. His voice is not one of uncommon beauty and his range is limited, but he sang with dramatic fervor, and it was evident that his conception of the role had been carefully composed.

Mr. Luckstone's resonant and sonorous voice was heard to excellent advantage. He gave a realistic portrayal of the family bully, petulant and choleric, who sacrificed everyone that his own ambitions might be realized.

Mr. Green strove to impart some traces of manliness to an otherwise sheepish and ignominious character. Mr. Waterous was an impressive Blde-the-Bent.

There was a large audience, which displayed much enthusiasm. The sextet was repeated.

Carlo Nicosia will conduct "Thais" next week at the Boston Opera House, when Massenet's opera will be heard for the first time anywhere in English.

GLOBE THEATRE

"St. Elmo" Returns, with Several
Local Favorites in Cast.

GLOBE THEATRE—"St. Elmo," a drama in four acts. Cast:

St. Elmo.....Martin L. Alsop
Rev. Mr. Hammond.....Will H. Nicholson
Murray Hammond.....Richard L. Fisher
Gordon Leigh.....George Sylvester
Mr. Dent.....Bruce Delmar
Mr. Clinton.....George Schilling
Aaron Hunt.....Ralph Monroe
Shadrach.....Richard Huffman
The sheriff.....Frank Harvey
Mrs. Murray.....Leonora Bradley
Agnes Powell.....Mabel Reed
Mrs. Wood.....Lucy E. Winn
Tabitha.....Marie Martin
Edna Earl.....Beatrice Worth

"St. Elmo," which has been seen in this city on a number of occasions, returned to the Globe Theatre last evening and was warmly greeted.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Billy the Kid," a melodrama dealing with life and adventure on the western plains. Cast:

Stephen Wright.....Robert Brooks
Mary, his wife.....Cecile Yeomans
Billy, his son.....Frank Dickson
Col. Wayne Bradley.....Jack Rose
Nellie Bradley.....Helen Wilson
Bord Denver.....Loftus Husband
Con. Hanley.....F. Hoadley
Mose More.....Joe Fry
Peant Giovanni.....Max B. Davidson
Bud Monroe.....Robert Brooks
Frank Burke.....Fred Dix
Arizona Jake.....James Spear
Jennie.....Nellie Loug

PANTOMIME AT B. F. KEITH'S

"The Darling of Paris," pantomime, given by Mlle. Mina Minar and a capable company, is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's this week. We have been treated to pantomime by clever French artists from time to time in Boston. Some of the work has been of high order; but it has been left mainly to one or two leading performers. In the present instance a scene in a gay Parisian resort is put on the stage, with all the accessories, including the gorgeously dressed young woman, the young sowers of wild oats, the comic characters, waiters and the rest. No word is spoken; but there is no difficulty in following the story. Mlle. Minar is the Darling of Paris. She bursts on the stage in a wonderful creation, of which a harem skirt is the predominant feature. On Mlle. Minar it is truly a thing of beauty. Probably any kind of costume would look well on this actress, for she is one of those young persons, handsome enough and full of grace, who delight the souls of the great men milliners. Her name in the play is Radia Vasdor. She sees Cornello Boris; he sees her; they love. Pompeus Castros also sees and loves Radia; but she loves not him. Alone with her, Pompeus presses his suit. She rejects him with charming but scornful gestures. He becomes violent. Nimble Radia skips around the furniture, eluding him until Cornello comes in. Rage of Pompeus. A cartel. Later, they fight. It is like the duel in "Faust." Cornello is the better swordsman; but a friend of Pompeus plays the part of Mephstopheles and catches Cornello's arm at a critical moment. Cornello is wounded. The villains throw him on a lounge and go. Enter Radia, gaily carrying a glass of wine, from which she seems to have been drinking. She sees the unconscious Cornello. Horror and excitement; the merry throng rushes in and carries off Cornello. Enter Pompeus, boasting of his feat. Radia seizes one of the duelling swords and pierces his heart as he mounts the stairs. He grasps her in his dying agony, and over and over they roll down a flight of steps. The crowd again comes in, and it begins to look awkward for Radia, when who should appear but Cornello, not as dead as supposed, who explains all in expressive dumb show.

There is some pretty dancing through the piece, and it is a good show altogether.

Louis A. Simon and company appear in Miss Gardner's farce, "The New Coachman." It is a laughable sketch. There have been more original plots; but this one served for an amusing turn, and the piece was well performed.

Anna and Effie Conley, two Boston girls, were cordially welcomed. They are a clever pair. The baseball song, in which the local teams receive attention, made a great hit, and three repetitions were insisted on.

Oscar Loraine, "Protean violinist," showed real skill with his instrument. He might have dispensed with the disguises, and much of the stage business he thought fit to introduce, for his playing can stand alone. Some would prefer serious work from such a performer to musical vagaries which prove a certain command of the instrument, but give little pleasure to the hearer.

Other items on the program were: Dixon and Dixon, comedians and instrumentalists; Louise Stickney's pony and dog circus; George W. Barry and Maude Wolford in songs; Lou Angus as "The German Soldier"; the Kaufmann troupe, cyclists; daylight motion pictures.

Art makes strange bedfellows. Alexandre Duval of the famous restaurants in Paris, the Duval family known as "Godefroy de Bouillon" or "Gentilhomme Consomme," has composed the music for an operetta, and George Clemenceau, doctor, journalist, statesman, author, has allowed his play, "The Veil of Happiness," to be turned into a libretto for operatic purposes.

These disputes concerning the propriety of erecting a statue to this or that man might be avoided if the sensible economy of the ancient Rhodians were followed. They changed the heads of the old statues in their city and placed new ones, "whenever they thought proper to honor the memory of any person by ordering an image to be erected in public." Thus a statue, as an ordinary grave in a Paris cemetery, would be only for a term of years.

THE NEXT OPERA SEASON.

It is a pleasure to learn that there is a generous subscription already to the third season of opera at the Boston Opera House, and even a greater general interest than was shown in the same months before the preceding season. The Directors in their report assured the public that it was possible to give grand opera in a grand way without incurring a deficit; in fact with a balance in favor of the house, provided the public would subscribe liberally.

The people evidently have faith in the institution. They have appreciated the character of the performances and have confidence in the future. There is every reason to believe that the third season will be even more brilliant than the one that has just ended. Famous singers are already engaged and contracts are now being closed with others. The repertory, already surprisingly large for so young an opera house, is to be increased, and many will be glad to hear that French operas, under the competent direction of Mr. Caplet, will be sung by French singers. There is no question, no doubt about the manner in which all operas will be produced, as far as stage settings and management are concerned. The Boston Opera House in this respect already has a world-wide reputation. It now looks as though the people of Boston and the neighborhood were not only willing but eager to maintain an institution that is an honor to the city.

HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB IN FOUR PLAYS

Large Audience at Brattle Hall,
Cambridge, Applauds College Actors.

The Harvard Dramatic Club presented as its sixth production four one-act plays in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, last night. The plays were "The Scales and the Sword," "The State Line," "Manacles," "Men Are Mortal."

"The Scales and the Sword," a social drama, by Farnham Bishop, had for its setting a small suburban grocery. The time was the day of a great fire. The country was flooded, with fugitives, hungry and desperate. The proprietor of this grocery store, when he finds there is no bread to be had except in his shop, declares his price to be a dollar a loaf. He believes himself safe because he believes that the law is on his side. At the crucial moment, however, the law champions the people. The state is declared to be under martial law, and his bread is given free to any who need it.

Of the four plays this was the most substantial, the most complete, the most unified and the most matured. Its fundamental idea was essentially Socialistic. Mr. Bishop was handling propaganda, but he was not insensible to the fact that he was also writing a play. The acting of W. C. Woodward, A. M. Hay and J. K. Hodges was natural and energetic. "The State Line" and "Men Are Mortal" were both funny and well written farces. The former piece, by Charlton Andrews, consisted of the legal complications arising from the fact that the scene was laid in the State Line Hotel, in a room half of which was in the state of New Jersey, the other half in New Jersey.

"Men Are Mortal" had the most striking lines of any of the plays and the good fortune of being the best acted as a whole.

In "Manacles" Hiram Maderwell has written a Socialistic tract. It is propaganda pure and simple. The situation is impossible, the lines are crude, there is every mark of youth and inartistic enthusiasm, and yet there is a rugged vitality and inspiring sincerity about this little melodrama that grips its audience and says—"I am the expression of a deeply felt and universal idea—I am greater than art and stronger than its restrictions."

N. R. Sturgis is either an actor or a Socialist. His splendid sympathetic interpretation of Joe Patterson seemed to proclaim him both.

The plays were remarkably well managed, and the audience was large and enthusiastic.

The smile of the Egyptian Sphinx has long been characterized as inscrutable. Perhaps it is broader now, for the Sphinx hears that its mystery has been solved by Prof. Cheops; that its face is the counterpart of the presentment of Chepren. Perhaps the Sphinx, as it smiles, breaks silence and says softly to the night: "Not the same, not the same."

According to Herodotus, this Chepren succeeded his brother Cheops to the kingdom. The two were not popular in their day and generation, for on the hatred they bear them, wrote the old Chronicler, "The Egyptians are not very willing to mention their names, but call the pyramids after Philiton, a shepherd, who at that time kept his cattle in those parts." And there is talk again of Mycerinus, and the Sphinx smiles the same, the original smile that will not come off, for when Mycerinus heard the oracular statement that he had only six years more to live, he turned that into day, and drank and enjoyed himself by the light of countless lamps, never ceasing, roving about the groves and marshes, so that he lived for twelve years and evicted the oracle of falsehood. Matthew Arnold wrote a stately poem about him.

And is the mystery of the Sphinx solved at last? We hope not. The world should not become too prosaic. The Sphinx has often been apostrophized as a woman. Years ago Mr. Johnson stoutly maintained that the Egyptian Sphinxes were always representative of the male sex. Others have argued that the head has something of the negro cast, and Volney declared rashly that we owe our sciences, and even speech to the black race that in his day was in bondage. But the Egyptians of the ruling class were not negroes. The Egyptologists make many surprising statements. The wonder is that the Sphinx, face to face with some of our race has not laughed right out loud. No Egyptologist has dared to be familiar with it. The mystery of its expression has been troubling Napoleon, who for once felt himself in the presence of one that had seen the futility of countless ambitions, to whom restless and contending men were no more than the grains of sand which the wind swept hither and another carelessly about him.

April 13, 1911 PRACTICAL "UPLIFTING."

In the matter of "uplifting" the drama and dramatic conditions in Boston, whether by jack-screws, some other mechanical appliance, or what is known as a wave of popular feeling, The Herald has maintained that the audience more than the managers are in need of education. The Bishop of Birmingham (Eng.) recently wrote a letter, clear in vision and of sound sense. A passage may well be quoted: "I have no doubt that the drama, like the press, depends on the public, and tends simply to give the public what it wants. It must do this to pay its way. We have, therefore, got to make it understood that there really is a public demanding drama of a better kind; and if we can convince them of such a demand, I should hope that the actors and managers would be glad enough to supply it."

The only practical way for a community to show interest in "drama of a better kind" is to support it by buying tickets when it is produced. Unfortunately some of the best dramas well acted here within the last three years have been played to houses half full or nearly empty. It would be easy to name these plays. The New Theatre Company last season was shabbily treated, whether the comedy were by Besier or Shakespeare. What wonder if local managers are discouraged and ready to give the public "what it wants"?

It seems that Mr. Bede Bentley of Harrow sold an automobile for £350 to Menelik of Abyssinia, who boasts that he is a lineal descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Her name was Balkis, though it is not mentioned in Holy Writ, and she went to Jerusalem with a very great train of camels. She rode one, according to the best authorities, although if Flaubert is to be believed she dismounted from a white elephant when she indulged herself in the caprice of talking with St. Anthony in the desert, and she then boasted of her wild asses, which came to her from her maternal grandfather, the Emperor Saharil. And now the degenerate descendant prefers an automobile. No doubt he wears a plug hat on Sunday and is fussy about the creasing of his trousers.

April 14, 1911 SYMPHONY IN GILBERT PIECE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
"The Island of the Dead," symphonic poem after Boecklin's picture, Rachmaninoff Suite Symphonique in E flat major.....Chadwick
Comedy Overture on Negro Themes.....Gilbert
Mr. Chadwick's suite and Mr. Gilbert's overture were played in Boston for the first time. Mr. Chadwick conducted his suite. The two pieces were performed from manuscript.

Henry F. Gilbert, born at Somerville in 1868, now lives in Cambridge. He studied the violin with Mr. Mollenhauer and composition with Edward MacDowell. He has been known in Boston chiefly by his songs and piano pieces, although incidental music to plays of the Irish Theatre has been performed here.

Mr. Gilbert has indisputable talent and marked individuality. As will be seen by looking at a list of his compositions, he is interested in folk-songs and in the Irish renaissance. The overture on negro themes was performed for the first time at a concert in Central Park, New York city, last August, and soon afterward played at the Pittsburg Exposition. It was originally intended as a prelude to an opera based on the Uncle Remus stories. The libretto of this opera is by Charles Johnson, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, known to students of Indian literature by his "From the Upanishads" and his translation of the "Bhagavad Gita" with commentary and introduction.

The thematic material of the overture consists of phrases from tunes published in Edward's "Bahama Songs and Stories"; a nobly romantic tune, "I See Gwine to Alabammy, Oh," sung by roustabouts on Mississippi steamboats in the old days; and a negro "Spiritual" called "Old Ship of Zion."

The first section of this overture is irresistible by reason of its frank liveliness, its appealing rhythm, its riotous good humor. The theme is well developed until the entrance of the broad and characteristic roustabout song. Then comes an admirably written and engrossing fugue built on the first four measures of the negro "Spiritual." The peroration is impressive, with a skillful use of phrases from the "Spiritual." This first theme is brought in again and there is an ingeniously exciting coda.

The overture stirred the blood of the audience. All rejoiced in hearing a new voice, a voice with something to say and an original way of saying it. The fugue did not dampen the interest of the hearers, for the old form was used with dramatic spirit. No wonder that the audience, surprised and delighted, was for once in no hurry to leave the hall. It remained, applauding, until the composer, found somewhere, appeared and modestly bowed in answer. Mr. Fiedler conducted in full sympathy. It is to be hoped that other compositions of Mr. Gilbert will be heard here at these concerts. The overture is distinctively, but not bumpily, not apologetically, American.

Mr. Chadwick's Suite took the prize recently offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs for the best orchestral work by an American composer. The Suite was played by the Philadelphia orchestra in Philadelphia at a concert in honor of the federation March 29 of this year. But Mr. Chadwick did not write his suite for this competition. He sketched it in Switzerland and Italy in 1905-'06 and completed it in Boston two years ago.

The suite is in four movements, and the work might well be called a sym-

phony. The first movement is in sonata form. It is thematically interesting; it is carefully and ably worked with fine harmonic and orchestral effects. It has the most distinction of the four movements. The second, a Romanze, a song in three verses, has a melodic expression that no doubt will make an immediate and popular appeal, as it did yesterday; but the theme is inherently commonplace; nor does the Gaelic flavor save it; the embellishments are of a bygone time, and the movement is too long drawn out. The third movement is entitled Intermezzo and Humoreske. The Intermezzo has a certain grace and is more interesting than the Humoreske, which seems to include a parody of ultra-modern French music. The humor is rather heavy, and this may be said of nearly all compositions entitled "Humoresque." The Finale stands next in structure and expression to the first movement. Mr. Chadwick was heartily applauded and recalled.

The pieces by Americans were in strong and strange contrast with the two that preceded. The Prelude to "Parsifal" is more effective in the opera house than in the concert hall, and its full contents are better appreciated in the Bayreuth theatre than elsewhere. Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem made a profound impression when it was conducted here for the first time by the composer. Mr. Fiedler no doubt appreciates the work, but he is not wholly successful in the expression of the dominating spirit of remoteness and sadness. The sea that surrounds the island of the dead was too quickly stirred.

There was not the monotonous and awful quiet that Boecklin portrayed in his famous picture. Yet Mr. Fiedler's reading was interesting in other ways, and if Mr. Rachmaninoff had not visited us it might well be called eloquent. The "Dies Irae" was brought out with dramatic force and the climax of lamentation was overpowering. The composition is a singular one. It would be interesting to know what Rachmaninoff had in mind when he wrote the stormier sections. As a whole, the concert gave much pleasure to an audience smaller than usual, but not less enthusiastic.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Curry, Symphonic poem "Atala," after Chateaubriand (first performance); Beethoven, aria, "Ah, Perfido!"; Debussy, "Iberia" (first time in Boston); Weber, Agata's grand air from "Der Freischuetz"; Mendelssohn, overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage." Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, will be the soloist.

A SANITARY BULB.

Dr. Frederick A. Kraft the Social-ist Health Commissioner in Milwaukee, believes he has discovered that eating onions and olive oil is preventive of scarlet fever and diphtheria. His predecessors have not been in accord concerning the dietetic properties of this esculent bulb. Galen classed the onion with leeks, garlic, radishes and carrots, as containing bad juices, and put it in the list of calefacients. But its medicinal properties have long been gratefully acknowledged. Discorides and Serapion recommended the onion in applications for baldness, and the former found it efficacious as a cataplasm with salt, rue and honey against the bite of a mad dog. It also breaks hard tumors. Celsus gave it to patients to chew when they had paralysis of the tongue. The Arabian leeches had much to say in its praise as a rubefacient and alexipharmical medicine. It will thus be seen that the prudent should always have an onion in the pocket. The bald headed should rub their pate with one during the waits in the theatre. It would be much better than going out for fresh air to the annoyance of all that are not in end seats.

The onion appears also to advantage in folk-medicine. The juice is a sure cure for deafness. Onions thrashed with holly mitigate the discomfort of chilblains, and one of them placed under the pillow at night with an invocation to St. Thomas assuages love melancholy. If you dream of onions it presages sickness or unpleasant household scenes. What says the poet?

To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,
Secrets found out or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said.

Nor should weather lore be forgotten:

Onion's skin very thin,
Mild winter's coming in;
Onion's skin thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough.

These are homely rhymes, but

they come from the common sense of the people and are not to be despised. Is it any wonder that while the Egyptian priests were not allowed to eat onions, the Egyptians worshipped them? And if the Malagasy considered them unclean, it was only because they were forbidden by their idols, who wished to keep them for their own enjoyment. Moollah Nujieb advised Burnes, about to travel into Bokhara, to eat onions in all the countries he visited, that he might thus the sooner be acclimated; and the seekers for sulphur on the top of Mt. Demarvend in Persia fortify themselves for the undertaking by eating much of garlic and onions. As yet there is no authoritative, final work on "The Onion: Historically, Dietetically and Medically Considered." When it appears it should contain the reference of George Meredith to husband and wife defying the world with mutual onion, and it might bear this motto from old Pliny: "They will make them well colored who use to feed upon them; and more than so, they say that if one in health every day eat of them fasting, he shall be sure to continue healthful, strong and lusty."

"Youth is the time for virtuosity," said the Abbe Liszt in a fine burst. Yet here is Sir Charles Santley, now in his 77th year, about to appear at a matinee, for his benefit and patronized by the King and Queen of England, as Tom Tug in "The Waterman," a part he originally took in 1859. In Vienna Mr. Baumeister at the age of 82 acted recently the part of Falstaff in "Henry IV" with surprising spirit. And in the United States hardly a week passes without a man or woman over eighty entering gaily into the holy state of matrimony.

April 15, 1911 BACH'S PASSION MUSIC GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew (not St. Matthew, as stated by the program) was performed last night in Symphony Hall by the Cecilia Society and the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Fiedler. The solo singers were Meses. Marie Zimmerman, Alice Bates Rice, Janet Spencer and Messrs. Hamlin, Bispham and Cartwright. J. P. Marshall was the organist and Malcolm Lang the pianist. A chorus of boys from Emmanuel Church selected and trained by Weston S. Gale assisted. There was a very large audience and many stood.

It is unnecessary to say that the whole work was not performed. A performance of the whole would necessitate, as in the past, two concerts with a long intermission. When selections are made there are some who miss this aria or that choral. Some are always disappointed, as others are when they run through an anthology.

A performance of Bach's Passion Music on Good Friday is in the nature of a religious service. It is heard reverently and criticism seems out of place. To some Bach is a fetish, and this music, performed on any day, without special stress laid on the sacred character of the text, and judged only as music, is a colossal masterpiece, a work of plenary inspiration. To others the chorals are beautiful and the final chorus wonderful, while the great majority of the recitatives are angular and dull, and many of the arias are mere formalism wholly devoid of religious sentiment. And to them certain figures in the well tempered Clavichord, as those in E major and in E flat major, have a far more devotional spirit.

While some believe this Passion Music to be the true expression of the text, others regard it as Gothic and find more religious expression and a deeper and sublimer spirit of devotion in the music written for the church by Italians and

in the 19th century. It may be said, and justly, that the Passion Music of Bach should not be heard outside of a church or cathedral; that it loses in character when it is performed in a concert hall, brilliantly lighted and without religious atmosphere. The performances in the church of the Moravian in Bethlehem, Pa., necessitated a pilgrimage. The village was quiet and remote. The chorus was so thoroughly drilled that it sang without notes. The congregation joined in the chorals. The performance was indeed a religious service and the chorus was as it were consecrated for its work—to say task would be to imply that the singers were conscious of laborious endeavor. Heard with these surroundings, Bach's music must have made a far different impression on the visiting strangers than when they heard it performed as any oratorio or cantata in a concert hall, and in what might be called concert form.

It is enough to say of the performance last night that it was listened to with the utmost attention by the great audience. Applause was manifestly out of place after any chorus, choral, air or recitative, however greatly the hearers may have been disposed to show appreciation of the singers; but at the end of the first part there was applause, not boisterous, but hearty and sincere. The solo singers had been carefully chosen, and they are widely known as students and exponents of Bach's style. Their task was an arduous one, and much of the music allotted to them was ungrateful.

There are many difficulties to be considered in the preparation of the Passion music, and some of the problems are still unsolved. The experiment was recently made in England of substituting a spinet for the piano in the accompaniment of the Evangelists' recitatives; but it is said that the tone of the spinet did not carry. There is still a dispute over the English text, whether that by Miss Johnston is not after all the best. At the Leeds festival, last fall, Sir Charles Stanford went back to her translation and was therefore praised. Then there are questions of instruments, of the dynamo force appropriate to this chorus, or that choral, and others that are still perplexing. It is not likely that a modern audience would be satisfied were it to hear the music as it was performed in St. Thomas's Church, Leipzig, on Good Friday, 1729.

A NOTE ON SLANG.

There was discussion recently in the United States Supreme Court concerning the exact meaning of a slang term. A New York reporter, wishing to know what "custodians of language" thought about slang apropos of this incident, talked with Prof. Brander Matthews and Prof. Odell of Columbia University. Prof. Matthews said in a breezy way: "I'm all for slang and believe in it heartily." His colleague took a sombre view. He regards slang as a menace to the language; it retards the expression of ideas; it originates among the people who have not the words to express abstract ideas.

The slang that is worth while makes its way into the language. The slang that is foolish, pointless, quickly disappears. Words that are now respected by the mealy-mouthed were a century ago considered vulgar, "slang terms." Slang has appealed to man; masters in literature from the time of Apuleius. "He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror." Shakespeare revelled in slang; Victor Hugo treated it as seriously as he did the Battle of Waterloo and with greater accuracy. The importance of slang is best recognized by examining its bibliography. The bibliography of slang in France alone, from the 15th to the 20th century, compiled by M. R. Yve-Plessis, describes over 350 works devoted to this picturesque branch of language. Slang dictionaries themselves quickly grow old, for each week, each day sees somewhere the birth of a new and often felicitous term or graphic simile.

The corner of the best slang is a symbolist, and there are poetic Maitermes in this field, as there are pedestrian Ohnets and Roes. The synonyms of slang contribute delicate nuances to speech that would otherwise be drab. A man who has bats in his

belly is not necessarily one that has a slat loose. To say that either one of them were dangerous abroad and should be confined in a bodiam would be going too far. Parents instead of punishing their children for using slang should be discriminative and teach them the art of differentiation and of rejection. A mere catch word is usually silly and boring, not to be endured. Judiciously trained, these children will have a large and entertaining vocabulary; in time perhaps enrich it with slang of their own coinage; and always be a joyous surprise to grown persons sadly in need of enlivenment.

A New Book on Music.

THE EDUCATION OF A MUSIC LOVER," by Prof. Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

This is a book that can be warmly recommended to musicians, concert-goers and all that are interested in music in every way. Mr. Dickinson, who is professor of the history and criticism of music at Oberlin College, studied music in Boston and in European cities. He has led the life of a professional musician as pianist and organist. Of late years he has devoted himself to the study of aesthetics and history, and written two or three books which show his own learning and the faculty of imparting his knowledge. The present volume is for those who study or teach the art of listening, and the motto is a sentence of Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist: "The lost art, that is perhaps nearest of all arts to eternity, the subtle art of listening."

Prof. Dickinson discusses the new musical education and the music lover's need of education; the problem of form and the beauty of melody, rhythm, harmony, the art of the singer and the pianist; the problem of expression; and there are chapters on musical history and biography and the music lover and the higher law. There is scarcely a page that does not tempt the reviewer to quotation, for Prof. Dickinson thinks clearly and sanely, is eminently fair-minded and

catholic in taste, and writes with clarity of expression and uncommon charm of style. Speaking of the new musical education, he finds the true measure of the nation's advancement toward the proud distinction of being a musical people to consist, "not in the number of operas given in New York in a season, not in Paderewski's income from a single concert tour, nor even in the amount of respectable compositions produced by native musicians, but rather in the extent to which good music is becoming a necessity in the life of the community." Yet it is easy to overlook signs of promise "in view of the vast abundance of musical vulgarity, encouraged and delighted in by multitudes both high and low."

Discussing melody and rhythm, Prof. Dickinson states that while Wagner is now recognized as a great melodist, many ardent Wagnerians deny the melodic gift to Strauss and Debussy. "They may be correct in this, but in view of past instances a cautious man would hesitate in putting himself on record with such an affirmation." The explanation of many anomalies in opinion is to be found in habit.

Although written by a professor, this book is without any show of pedantry. There are few technical terms; there are no dry and conventional dissections and analyses. "The Education of a Music Lover" is as entertaining as it is stimulating. At last there is a book on education by music that is neither polemical nor dull.

Judge Rugg in his dignified and able address to students of Boston University neglected to name the nine points of the law which should be known to all entering into litigation: 1. A good deal of money. 2. A good deal of patience. 3. A good cause. 4. A good lawyer. 5. A good counsel. 6. Good witnesses. 7. A good jury. 8. A good judge. 9. Good luck.

April 16, 1911

DENMAN THOMPSON.

Greater actors than Denman Thompson will be less pleasantly remembered. He was a man of one play and of one part. The play appealed to thousands by a curious mixture of photographic realism, sentiment that was often sentimentalism, conventional devices. Built on a vaudeville sketch, it had many faults, but characters in it were human beings, types that were known to all who had lived in villages. Seeing this drama, the city man was again a country lad. Thompson's Joshua

Whitcomb was a rural and lovable. There was substance to the impersonation, which was not simply a portraiture of a character known in flesh and blood to the impersonator, but a composition carefully and shrewdly studied by an actor, and not merely an imitator. In the seventies the vaudeville sketch "Joshua Whitcomb" was slight and not free from coarseness. That Thompson developed it and ennobled the farmer of the sketch was sufficient proof of histrionic ability. The characterization was finally distinct, true to nature, indisputably original. And there was something more to the play than a series of rural pictures, the introduction of a male quartet, amusingly parodied by Mr. George Grossmith, and fooling of an old-fashioned order. Not undeservedly did Thompson win an established place in the list of American actors and in the hearts of American audiences.

In the Elizabethan period a "Camorra" was defined by Florio as an Irish rug or mantle, a mariner's frock, and the word has been applied by writers of the nineteenth century to a kind of smock-frock or blouse.

Those interested in the Camorra should read "Stories of Naples and the Camorra" published in London in 1896. The author was Charles Grant, an Englishman who for many years was associated with Dr. Dohrn in a laboratory for the study of Marine Biology at Naples. Grant, who died in 1883, knew intimately the Neapolitans of all classes, and realized that if the Camorra has its atrocious side, it also has one that may justly be called good.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

A Bottle The rioting in the of "Wine," wine districts of France brings pleasant thoughts to the antiquarian and sociologist. "Wine" is here used in its familiar popular sense, for to many Americans "wine" is champagne. There is no other wine to them, that is, no other worth the "opening." The books inform us that champagne was little known before 1397. In May of that year King Wenceslas of Bohemia was entertained at Reims by Charles VI. As they were feasting one day a local wine grower appeared with champagne. Wenceslas, like Clara in the story, was simply delighted. According to a contemporary chronicler, "the princes and their retinue were drunk for a month," and the Bohemian nobles, returning home, vaunted the excellence of the wine, so that the wine grower gained by his shrewd generosity, although there could not have been any mention of his gift in society columns of newspapers at Reims or Paris. The character of Wenceslas, however, did not improve. He continued to be cowardly and cruel. He still walked in the streets accompanied by a headman to dispose of any subject who did not please his master, either through eccentricity in costume, peculiar gait, or by reason of his face. No wonder that the electors finally tired of Wenceslas and deposed him, Emperor of Germany, in 1400. Yet he was a man of catholic taste, for he wrote immediately to the imperial cities of Germany that he wished no other proof of their fidelity than several tuns of their best wine. Nor was he the only monarch that relished champagne. Henry VIII. was so fond of it, having made its acquaintance when he was entertained by Francis I., that he purchased a vineyard at Ay to be sure of the brand. Then there is the memorable case of a King of Prussia.

"Boy" and Its Devoted Chappies When did champagne become a popular drink in England? It is mentioned in "Hudibras." The Duke of Buckingham about 1688 classed it with "French kick-shaws and cellery." Mellefont in Congreve's "Double Dealer" asks Lord Froth: "Or what say you to another bottle of champagne?" And Froth answers: "O, for the universe, not a drop more, I beseech you! Oh intemperate! I have a flushing in my face already." (Takes out a pocket-glass and looks in it.) Now, "The Double Dealer" was first played in 1694. About 25 years later the Freethinker spoke of "sprightly young fellows who drink champagne." But when Cosmo travelled through England in 1669 he noted that the noblemen were especially fond of clarets coming from Provence and Languedoc.

No doubt George Leybourne, who sang "Champagne Charley" and drank it from quart pots, as stated elsewhere in The Herald of today, increased the popularity of the wine among the frequenters of music halls. Mr. George Moore, returning to London, after many years in Paris, met a chappie whose views of life pleased him: "A ripping good dinner; get a skinkful of champagne inside you, go to bed when it is light and get up when you are rested." Mr. Moore commented as follows: "This seems to me as concise as it is admirable."

And in London, champagne, cham or fizz, was known to the young bloods as "boy." Punch in 1882 described the fine young London Gentleman:

"He will say that port and sherry his nice palate always cloy; He'll nothing drink but 'B and S' and big magnams of the Boy; He's the darling of the Barmald, and the honest waiter's joy. As he quaffs his Pommery 'Extra Sec', his 'Giesler' or 'Ivory'. Like a fine young London Gentleman, Quite of the present style."

But "Boy" is a prettier term than the French slang synonym "coco epileptique."

Nor need "wine openers" despair if the French yield is small and poor this year. There is champagne that comes from Mayence; there are the American brands, and New Jersey is not far from Boston; there is the champagne of China, which with the traditional bottle, label and goldleaf, sells at a shilling, and mixed with bottled stout it makes the "Bismarck" for the Iron Chancellor was passionately fond of champagne and porter, as in Halifax the inhabitants had, and probably have today, a thirst for a mixture of port and gin.

Dry, or with The Lancet, which holds it a solemn duty to make life uncomfortable and

finds deadly microbes on doorknobs, rims of tumblers and the lips of mothers, sweethearts and even maiden aunts, discouraged recently on "Dry" Wine and Thirst," combating the theory that so-called dry wine conduces to thirst. "Dry" applied to wine, means, of course, free from juice which implies sugar. "Champagne is just as acid as, if not more so, than claret, but contains more sugar, and it is champagne which is commonly accused by giving rise to a considerable thirsty feeling." But a dry champagne contains only two per cent., and a pint would not contain more than one-fifth of an ounce of sugar, "which is less than many people use in a cup of tea or coffee." It's the sparkle with the sugar contents that does the mischief.

Furthermore, many drink champagne too cold, and they make the mistake of preluding with a cocktail or two, drinking a glass of sherry or sauterne, and continuing the champagne through dessert, which is fatal. There is a prejudice against diluting champagne or putting ice into the glass. Charles Astor Bristed knew a thing or two and in a delightful article on "Table Aesthetics," published in the Knickerbocker 63 years ago, advocated champagne diluted with iced water in the proportion of one-half or two-thirds, especially in summer. "When you give a dinner in hot weather put a bottle of champagne (or at least a pint bottle) and a saucer of ice by every gentleman. Never mind the looks: it removes all fear of deficient supply, and saves John and Thomas a vast deal of trouble in running round with the wine." It was Bristed who long remembered a dinner at Windsor, England. There were only three dishes: mutton outlets with tomato sauce, chicken curry and apple fritters. There was good ale, but good wine "is not to be had at an English hotel for love or money."

Thomas Walker's An admirable series of articles on Bills of Fare aristology, or the art of dining, is

found in "The Original," a little weekly written and published in 1835 by Thomas Walker, M. A., barrister-at-law and one of the police magistrates of the metropolis. This series should be published in separate form and sold at a low price to the suddenly rich. Yet what would they say to some bills of fare approved by Walker? Here is one of them: Turtle, white-bait, grouse, apple fritters and jelly. No pastry, which here would be a barbarous addition. With the turtle, there should be punch; with the white-bait, champagne, and with the grouse, claret. "I shall permit no other wines, unless, perchance, a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake." There should be also lemons, cut in halves, and cayenne for the turtle, and plenty of brown bread and butter for the white-bait. "The dinner will be followed by tea, and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liquor each, and no more." The dinner is for eight. "If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot, each according to his own wild fancy."

Walker ordered a still more sensible dinner for three: Crimped cod, woodcocks and plum pudding, "just as much of each as we wanted, and ac-

ompanied by champagne. The professional humanitarian should not indulge into the meaning of "crimped." The cod was gashed or cut before Igor mortis set in, so that the flesh should contract and become firm. Note that the woodcock was not preceded by a joint or other substantial and relish-destroying dish. In our civilized year game is served after beef or mutton, after the appetite is sated.

Here is another bill of fare: Spring soup, boiled turbot with lobster sauce, cucumber and new potatoes; ribs of beef smoking from the spit with French beans and salad; a fine dressed crab; some jelly, a dessert of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast.

More to be preferred was this dinner: A dozen and a half of small oysters with lemon juice; flounders water-zoutched with brown bread and butter; grouse, sent up one after the other, hot and hot, each accompanied with a plate of French beans.

Also this dinner with an explicit invitation: "I shall have herrings, hashed mutton and cranberry tart. My fish monger sends me word herrings are just in perfection, and I have some delicious mutton, in hashing which I shall direct my cook to exercise all her art. I intend the party not to exceed six, and, observe, we shall sit down to table at half-past seven. I am asking as follows." Ah, who would not gladly have dined with Thomas Walker, M. A., barrister at law, etc.?

The Beginning of Table-Joy

Mr. Walker wrote wisely about champagne. If there is a judiciously liberal supply of good champagne, no party will be a failure. He said "Judiciously liberal": "I have seen, when a party has been raised to what I call the champagne point of conviviality, that an extra quantity has caused a retrograde movement, by clogging the digestive powers. . . . The master must have liberality to give, attention and skill to regulate, and courage to stop." These were two classes of dinner givers to whom Walker did not address himself. They exist today. The first, too conscious of the price, gave champagne like drops of blood. The second gave it merely as a part of their state, and dealt it out "to the state prisoners round their table only to tantalize them."

The wine should be produced at the very beginning of dinner, or at any rate after one glass of sherry or madeira. Other wines unfit the palate for champagne. At the beginning of dinner it has the greater relish, it exhilarates the guests, it disposes them to take less of other wines afterwards. "Where champagne goes right, nothing can well go wrong." Here is a queer note: "I think it quite a waste to produce it unless it is led, or at least of the temperature of cold spring water."

Mr. Walker might have added that champagne served at the beginning of dinner reconciles a guest to his in-laws and neighbors and soon persuades him that his host is not a bad fellow. If the guest feels sure that there is no plenty of champagne, he will drink less. It is the fear of insufficiency that leads to undue stimulation early in the game. And are there not many who at some dull, pompous feast, bored by a neighbor who insists on finding out "whom you know," irritated by a minister opposite or an untiring anecdotist, would not gladly swap the production of courses for a dish of beef-steak and onions and sound ale "curled up pulled in a pewter quart," and with a due sweeping of the table equipment to the floor, invite the host and his less and the prettiest guest to the nearest inn for something worth while?

"PRINCE OF PILSEN"

REVIVAL PLEASURES

MAJESTIC THEATRE "The Prince of Pilsen" Music by Gustav Luders. Book by Frank Pixley. Staged by George Marlow.

Edward Mena, Jess' Dandy, Arthur Clough, Lord Somer, Walter Gattell, Robert O'Connor, Wallace Berry, Ted Burns, Miss Dorothy Deimore, Miss Frances Cameron, Miss Stella Hoban, Miss Laura Lawson, Miss Vera Blair Stanley.

It was the same "Prince of Pilsen," a little mellowed with age, perhaps, like he brew the name suggests. There was a stable audience for Saturday night, and the audience enjoyed the performance, which was excellent.

"The Prince of Pilsen" has already won its place in the estimation of the theatre-goers. Its music is not the least over composed, nor its comedy the funniest ever conceived; but it is a good night's entertainment, and that was the result last night.

The idea of a character brewer—an element of that ancient heritage be-

received at a shabby French resort as a real prince is amusing enough for all purposes, and Mr. Dandy did not fail to use the opportunities given him. His business with the English exquisite and with Mrs. Crocker was very funny. He splashed about in the fountain, dress clothes and all, with an air of enjoyment that made one envious. He had to sing verse after verse of "Zinzinnati," and he also took his part well in the trio "The Widow."

Miss Cameron was effective as Mrs. Madison Crocker. She danced gracefully and sang sweetly in the trio as well as in the other numbers which fell to her, including the "Song of the Cities." This was as successful as ever.

Miss Florence Mackie represented Boston. She showed what humorous artists have decided to be the only genuine Boston girl. Genuine or not, the type is attractive. The other cities were well attended to. Miss Lawson was attractive and Miss Stanley no less so.

Edward Mora, the real prince, has a real voice, one peculiarly fitted to comic opera. It is sweet and clear, and powerful enough. One can also tell what he is saying—which cannot be said of some singers. He led in the "Stein Song" in spirited style, and song and chorus went with a gratifying swing.

The "Message to the Violets" was charmingly sung by Mr. Clough and Miss Hoban. All the other favorites were well given, and the parts generally were capably filled.

The production is satisfactory altogether. There is a large company, and the chorus seems to be made up of intelligent people. The girls are good looking and a lot of handsome costumes help in a series of attractive stage pictures.

By Command of the King

"The King has commanded a music hall performance to take place before their majesties during their state visit to Edinburgh next July." The times have changed. The late King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, shocked many of his subjects by inviting "Jolly John Nash" to Marlborough House, and there were some who could not forgive the attentions paid Dan Leo by their King. He visited the Palace to hear an operetta by Mackenzie, and in two years following 1906, 1907, he visited the music hall. Was there not royal patronage for Miss Maud Allan? Yet there are still some in England to whom the music hall is merely a survival of the old Cave of Harmony, and they shudder. The managers of the Palace, Empire, Alhambra, appealing to John Bull's wife and daughter, called their halls "Theatres of Variety," but King George prefers "music hall," for he realizes that there is today as much art in the hall as in the theatre. As the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "The days in which a music hall connoted a number of men sitting swilling alcoholic beverages, while the Great Vance belovied the glories of champagne, the Great MacDermott roared defiance of Russia, or the Great Somebody Else peeled forth his fat banalities in praise of beef and beer—those days are as dead as the dodo; and the old triumphs of sheer vulgarity and worse have become not so much unpopular as impossible. We all go to the music halls nowadays and take our wives and daughters with us; and we bring away memories of such artists as Anna Pavlova and Lydia Kyssht, Paul Cinqvevall and Harry Lauder; of such displays of varied accomplishment as 'Sumurun' or an average Alhambra or Empire ballet; and of the numerous leading actors of the regular stage now appearing nightly on the boards of the music halls in the little plays called 'sketches'—and we are all the better for a pleasant evening."

Yet the old heroes of the music hall were not to be despised. It is not necessary to go back to the days of the cave of harmony, described by Thackeray. "Hoskins," in which Col. Newcome wept when he heard "The Old English Gentleman," applauded young Nadab, the improvisator, sang "Wapping Old Stairs," and was disgusted by Capt. Costigan's scurvy ditty, died before Thackeray. Nor could Thackeray if he were alive today stumble into a place where he could hear "When the Gloom is On the Glen" sung by "a wild, long-haired, professional gentleman, with a fluty voice and with his shirt-collar turned down" or "The Red Flag," a terrific ballad sung by Mr. Hoff, "a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer."

When the quivering lightning flings His arrows from out the clouds, And the howling tempest sings,

And whistles among the shrouds, 'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride Along the foaming brine— Will be the Rover's bride?

Will follow him, lady mine? Hurrah! For the bonny, bonny brine.

Lions of Music

Gone, too, is George Leybourne, the "lion comique" of the seventies, Halls with his song, "Champagne Charley." He was no theorist. He used to drive in his coach and four on a Sunday morning to eat whekles at a stall, and he washed the mess down with champagne from a neighboring inn drunk in a quart pot. Gone with him is Arthur Lloyd, who described himself as Immensikoff, and wore an upper garment heavily trimmed with fur. The song was "The Shoreditch Toff," and the garment is still known as an Immensikoff. The "great Macdormott" gave the name "jingo" to one clamorous for war, for he sang:

We don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money too!

There were countless invitations from the stage in those days to drink heavily and not wisely. Perhaps the latest survival of those bacchanalian songs is the immortal quatrain:

Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pints hold more;
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,
Come to the Pub next door.

But these songs, boisterously vulgar, were an improvement on "Sam 'All" and the ribaldry liked by Capt. Costigan in his old age.

Mr. George Moore's Eulogy

I doubt whether Mr. George Moore enjoys the music hall of 1911. He liked it when he wrote his "Confessions of a Young Man," for he found in its "communal enjoyment and its spontaneity" a survival of Elizabethan England.

"What delightful unison of enjoyment, what unanimity of soul, what communality of wit; all knew each other, all enjoyed each other's presence; in a word there was life." He rejoiced in that inimitable artist Miss Bessie Bellwood, "Whose native wit is so accentuated that it is no longer repellent wit but art, choice and rare—see, here she comes with 'What cheer, Rea; Rea's on the job.' The sketch is slight, but is welcome and refreshing after the eternal drawing room and Mrs. Kendall's embrown domesticity. . . . Now see that perfect comedian, Arthur Roberts, superior to Irving because he is working with living material; how trim and saucy he is! and how he evokes the soul, the brandy-and-soda soul, of the young men, delightful and elegant in black and white, who are so vociferously cheering him, 'Will you stand me a cab fare, ducky, I am feeling so awfully queer?' The soul, the spirit, the entity of Pica-dilly Circus is in the words, and the scene the comedian's eyes—each look is full of suggestion; it is irritating, it is magnetic, it is symbolic, it is wit." The hall was a protest against stories of lost wills and lost heirs, "and the woful solutions of such things—she who has been kept in the castle cellar for 20 years restored to the delights of hairpins and a mauve dress. . . . The music hall is a protest against Mrs. Kendall's marital tendernesses and the abortive platitudes of Messrs. Pettit and Sims; the music hall is a protest against Sardou and the immense drawing room sets. . . . against the villa, the circulating library, the club, and for this the 'all is inexpressibly dear to me."

Vaudeville in London

No, Mr. Moore would not enjoy the music hall of today. It is no longer the 'all and the dwellers in 'villas' frequent it and find chaste pleasure.

Even the staid Times hinted the last week in March that the program at the Coliseum was overloaded with singing and instrumental music, although Rajah danced, and Miss Ellaline Terriss and her night-gowned little helpers and Miss Cecilia Loftus were on the bill. The Hippodrome last week was truly hippic, for Cecil Raleigh's play, "The Winner," introduced the stables of a noble lord, played by Seymour Hicks,

who was in love with the trainer's daughter, and in debt to a couple of turf scoundrels. There were six horses on the stage, also a boxer, who for once was represented as a scoundrel. How different the plays in which Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Corbett introduced in this country! No one of the three would play any part but a sympathetic one. Who does not remember the Hon. John L. Sullivan at the Howard in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"? Let us go back to the Hippodrome. The noble lord, when he saw that his pugillist had played him false, puts on the gloves, fights desperately with "Butcher" Ames, and wins—wins out, if you prefer that hideous phrase.

At the Pavilion there was pantomime, and Herr Spontelli, much admired as the Hunchback in "Sumurun," was the detective husband in "Die Nihilistin." The pantomime was not very successful, for the story depends largely on the con-

tents of a letter received by the detective from the police, which, of course, cannot be read and must be taken for granted.

Mr. Moore would have found more pleasure, perhaps, in a burlesque of a music hall, "The Mummung Birds," in which Mr. Chaplin impersonates a man who had drunk too much, and Mr. Russell, the Eton boy who threw bread and made smart reports. Then "Little Tich" was at the Pavilion, "the same Little Tich as ever with, perhaps, just a tendency to make jokes that belonged to the 'borderland.'" Mr. Moore might not have been so unhappy after all.

Society on the Stage

"The Sins of Society," by Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton, has been revived at the Drury Lane Theatre much to the joy of all who wish to become acquainted, for a comparatively low price, with the behavior of the aristocracy in doors and out. It appears from this play that "Society" not merely gambles at bridge clubs and on the race track, but by playing the double-brook trick on unsophisticated pawnbrokers and drugging and robbing them, "It is a pleasure, too, to renew acquaintance with the haughty duchess who doesn't know and doesn't wish to know" plebeian strangers who are presented to her, and with the ceremonious gentleman who 'has the honor to wish your ladyship good evening.' These manners and customs of 'Society' are, you reflect, as picturesque as its sins."

Two pieces of a less improving nature were recently produced by the Lyceum Club in London. They were in one act each and written by club members. In "Lucile" a famous prima donna consoles a young girl suddenly stricken with blindness by singing to her. "The singer turned despair into resignation with her music and sorrow into joy with her news that her brother, who was the young girl's lover, would not forsake his love in the hour of her affliction." The other piece, "In the Patio," a story of life in Spanish California about 65 years ago, was stuffed with Spanish slang and oaths. Possibly the author consulted Brantome's famous essay on the oaths of Spain, and there is good reading about them in Richard Ford's "Gatherings."

Cyril Maude will revive on Thursday Davie's capital comedy, "Cousin Kate," and take his original part, Heath Desmond.

Mr. Chambers's New Comedy

"Passers-By," by C. Haddon Chambers, was produced at Wyndham's Theatre, March 29. According to the Daily Telegraph nothing occurred or was said in it to disturb a competent digestion. "The oddity of 'Passers-by' is not much more than a little fantastic embroidery on a tolerably familiar pattern." The Times sneered at the play in a delightful fashion. The review is amusing.

"Mr. Peter Waverton was a young gentleman of leisure and vaguely philanthropic tendencies. He had a servant, Pine, to whom he frequently said: 'That will do, Pine; you may go.' On the stage this is the orthodox formula. Is it ever used, we wonder, by any real person to any real servant? The question, however, is irrelevant, for Mr. Peter Waverton is not a real person, but the 'sympathetic' personage in a sentimental play. Oh, the sentiment, 'thick and slab!' Mr. Waverton, returning home a little before his usual hour of 1 A. M., found Pine making free with the whiskey and cigars in company with 'Nighty,' an old cabman from the neighboring 'rank.' Was Mr. Waverton incensed? Oh, dear, no! 'Nighty' was slapped on the back and cordially invited to have some more whiskey. Pine was ('sympathetically') reprimanded, not for smoking his master's cigars, but for throwing one away, half-smoked. It was a foggy night outside, and as the fog thickened, so did the sentiment. A street loafer was observed through the window, and Mr. Waverton's heart went out to him. Have him in! Pine must serve him with supper—not too absurdly sumptuous a supper, of course—just a 'sympathetic' supper; in fact, 'something on a tray.' Mr. Waverton sympathetically unbends to the street loafer, and when Pine protests against the upsetting of the social hierarchy, 'That will do, Pine; you may go.' The fog is now at its maximum of density, and out of it comes a young person (Pine's phrase) in distress, with her veil down. Mr. Waverton sympathetically bids her raise it, 'What, you, Margaret?' Margaret was the governess whom Mr. Waverton (sympathetically) seduced half a dozen years ago. Margaret is shy and proud—the perfectly sympathetic fille-mère. For, it appears, there is a little Peter, though Mr. Waverton had never guessed it. Need we describe the affecting scene between sentimental father and sympathetic child? It is not, of course, the old, unhappy, far-off Victorian thing. There

Georges Clemenceau's Play

There are no tears, no passionate huggings. The sentiment is discreetly expressed by little touches of by-plays—just hinted, as it were, in a parenthesis, a sympathetic parenthesis. Meanwhile the mother has hung about sympathetically. But her hour of trial is to come, when we are all to wallow, sympathetically, in maternal sentiment. For the street sweeper, who has been bathed and shaved and turned into an under-servant, pines for freedom. He dreams of a field where there are rabbits. Oh, sympathetic rabbits! So he lures away Little Peter to play with the rabbits, and the poor mother is left to exude sentiment while Mr. Waverton hunts the fugitives in his motor car. The task of consoling the mother he intrusts, oddly enough, to his fiancée, Miss Beattie, who outdoes them all in sympathy and sentiment by quietly resigning Mr. Waverton (so soon as she discovers the facts) to Little Peter's mother. Of course Little Peter is soon recovered—he had been found innocently sleeping under a haystack with the street loafer sympathetically watching over him—and then everybody is made happy. When Pine (horrid anti-sentimentalist!) protested, he was told once more that that would do and he might go.

Gerald du Maurier took the part of Peter, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh that of Margaret. There was a "sympathetic" audience.

Drama and Opera in Paris

The plot of "La Gamine," the new play at the Renaissance is a simple one. "Middle-aged falls in love with 'la gamine'—as wayward a specimen of young womanhood as ever came out of

Bohemia—but when the predestined young man arrives, the elderly pretender has to give way." The heroine Colette is brought up by two maiden aunts, whom she shocks by her free and independent ways. "In the home of the artist, where she shelters from the domestic storm raised by her escape, she inspires the love of the 'patron' and likewise the jealousy of his favorite pupil." Miss Lantheim (Mme. Edwardes), youthful and handsome, has the air of "the wild and untamed thing pictured by the authors, Pierre Veber and de Gorsse."

The Daily Telegraph gives, March 31, an account of a new opera introduced in Paris.

"M. Adalbert Merder, a newcomer, is a lucky young composer. His first opera, a long work in five acts, has been performed with elaborate care at the Municipal Lyrical Theatre—that is to say, the Galette—having been chosen from among many others in a competition arranged by the city of Paris. It would be unkind to say the fresh work does not deserve such luck. But one may express surprise that an opera selected by competition among many young composers' attempts should prove to be entirely lacking in freshness. It has qualities, but youthfulness is not one of them. During the whole five acts one yearned for the young composer to do something unwise and rash, but he was always reasonable and cautious. His entire score is a good pupil's prize essay. The book, indeed, could not inspire him with much poetic fancy."

"The scene is laid, for no apparent reason, in Norway, unless it were to allow M. Merder to remind us of a famous piece in Grieg's 'Peer Gynt' at the close. Elsen, the little character, is the wife of old Horzel, whose long-lost brother, Branthier, reappears unexpectedly. Branthier and Elsen have never seen each other before, and they fall in love with one another at first sight. They sing love duets in the woods, and Horzel overhears them. He will be revenged, and takes his brother out in a boat on a fjord on a stormy night, and scuttles the boat. He is swimming ashore and letting his brother drown, when Elsen from the bank cries out that she hates him and loves only Branthier. Thereupon Horzel gives up and goes to the bottom. Branthier is fished out dying, but has just time to sing a final duet with Elsen before expiring. Elsen now proposes to throw herself into the fjord, but is prevented by an old witch, who, as far as we could make out, was determined that she should live out her penance on earth."

"This not very exciting story is musically told with leisurely and conventional deliberation, and all the approved duets, soliloquies, and choruses of fishermen, woodcutters, etc. The best part of the score is the orchestration, which, though never brilliant, is always solid, well built, and well balanced. The hit of the evening was made by a former cyclist champion turned tenor, M. Bourrilhon, whose part had nothing to do with the story, and who was encoined in a typically old-fashioned ballad, in which he brought down the house with an altissimo C in falsetto."

This M. Bourrilhon is well known to Bostonians, for he was a member of the Boston opera company during the first season.

The Theatre des Nouveautés on the Boulevard des Italiens will come down July 1.

Georges Clemenceau, statesman, journalist, novelist, once wrote a play entitled "Le Voile du Bonheur." It is a study of a Chinese mandarin, who becomes blind two years after his marriage. Tchang-I is rich and happy. His wife, Si-Tehun, is indefatigable in her care of him. Li-Kiang is the tutor of Tchang's son, and he reads to Tchang each morning the *Monteur Officiel*, which shows that there is no better regulated government than China. Tou-Fou is a devoted friend. Unfortunately a foreigner comes along and gives the mandarin drops which restore his sight. Then he discovers that Li-Kiang has given himself out as the collaborator of a book of which Tchang is the sole author. His son mocks him irreverently. A man who has been pardoned through his intercession is robbing him. Worst of all, his wife betrays him for Tou-Fou. Disgusted, he begs to be blind again, and his wish is granted. Called to office Mr. Clemenceau did not think it expedient to produce the play in Paris. So he arranged for its production abroad. The ironical drama had a great success in Italy. "The subtle philosophy, the scathing comment on life—sufficiently removed, by a Chinese atmosphere, from the acutely personal, and yet bearing, obviously a general application—earned for it the appreciation of thoughtful audiences." When Briand was at the head of the government and Clemenceau went back to private life, it was determined to produce the play in Paris. The first performance was on Nov. 4, 1901, at the Renaissance. Gemier took the part of Tchang and Miss Megard that of the wife. There was incidental music by Gabriel Faure.

The play has been turned into a libretto, and the opera is for the Opera Comique.

Random Personal Notes

A pianist gave a concert last month in Brighton, Eng., and, according to a critic of the town,

"let loose roaring Niagaras of rushing sound. Suddenly, on the astonished ear, beating the raging tumult into insignificance, a still louder phrase would crash out all-conqueringly. The pianist's hands, smiting titanically, moved so fast that at times they were scarcely visible. One noticed that the perspiration rolled from the pianist's forehead, and that the constant use of the sustaining pedal had worn a hole in the sole of his boot."

The Frankfurter Zeitung complained that no German prima donna had been engaged for the opera season at Covent Garden. To this a London critic replied: "Is it really necessary to explain at this time of day that German singers are only tolerated at Covent Garden when they are absolutely necessary for the production of German works?"

Miss Maud Allan has arranged a tour of the world that will last a full year.

The Referee suggests that the new French play, "Papa," acquired by Charles Frohman, may have to be renamed in its English form. "A farcical comedy of this name, adapted from the French by J. B. Booth, was produced at Dover in March, 1898."

Miss Chrystal Herne has a consuming ambition. It is "not to write a play."

Felix Mandelstom gave a concert of his own compositions—symphony, symphonic poem, orchestral suite, songs—in Berlin and was told they were only the work of a pupil who showed contrapuntal ability.

Willy Lueppertz, a 34-year-old baritone at the Leipzig Opera House, who was to have joined the Berlin Court Opera, is dead.

Sir Charles Santley will have a benefit matinee on May 23. Royalty patronizes the singer who is now in his 77th year. He will take the part of Tom Tug in "The Waterman," in which he originally appeared in 1859.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli will soon take the part of Juliet in Gounod's opera at the Munich Opera House.

Mme. Emmy Destinn will take the part of Thais in Massenet's opera, at the Berlin Court Opera House this summer.

Everett E. Truette, who will give an organ recital in Symphony Hall this week was born in Rockland, Mass., and graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston with high honors. After graduating from the Boston University with the degree of Bachelor of Music, he spent two years in study in Berlin, Paris and London and upon his return to Boston was engaged for nearly 10 years as organist and choirmaster of three prominent churches. Mr. Truette has a record of having given over 400 organ recitals in New England and New York state.

A theatrical performance last month in Berlin began at 12:15 A. M., and lasted till 3 A. M., so that there was time for supping and dancing afterward. Two burlesques were acted for the benefit of an actors' fund and Miss Madge Lessing was conspicuous among the players.

Miss Adele Ritchie, "America's music comedy favorite," appeared for

the first time in England at the Palace Theatre, London, April 3, and "delighted the audience."

There is something almost heroic in a pretty woman making herself ugly for the sake of art. This is what has happened in "Le Veilleur de Nuit," a wonderfully clever, though risqué, comedy, at the Theatre Michel. The actress in question is Charlotte Lysses, in private life, Mme. Sacha Guitry. She and her husband play in the piece that he wrote. She takes the part of a "bonne," who speaks with the amusing accent of the Basque country. The make-up, as well as the acting, is quite extraordinary. The servant is revengeful, alcoholic and amorous: all these traits are distinguishable in a countenance that is extraordinarily unprepossessing. Yet, in real life, the lady is extremely good-looking: charms sacrificed, momentarily on the altar of art. At a time when the elderly lover occupies the stage in Paris, calling for elderly plays, there is something peculiarly captivating in the acting of these two young persons, whose roles are portrayed with a freshness and charm rarely seen in the middle-aged Romeo and Juliet. — *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 4.

"Atalanta in Calydon"

Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," which James Russell Lowell failed to appreciate when it was first published, was performed at a matinee at the Lyceum Theatre, London, April 4, under the auspices of the Poetry Society, at a Swinburne commemoration, the eve of the poet's birthday. In following the method usually adopted in a modern representation of a Greek tragedy, the chorus and the actors were placed on two different levels. The chorus stage was raised.

Miss Elsie Fogerty told a reporter how the chorus, already accustomed to dancing was trained. The work began in September.

"First we took the words of a chorus, speaking them in rhythm and acting what they suggest, just as a child would act a ballad. Gradually the effective movements were selected, and the ineffective eliminated. Then all the 'business' was criticised from the standpoint of the Greeks—the absence of sentiment, the clear line, the use of feet and hands—and finally everything was grouped into a regular succession of expressive movements."

"In 'Atalanta' you have the exquisite 'Hounds of Spring' chorus, representing maidens bringing to Artemis offering of 'sweet flowers and their own sweeter hair.' The second chorus is a comment on the strange mind of man, one figure showing his waking to life, only to fall asleep again after his futile vision, 'a dream and vision between sleep and sleep.'"

"In the hymn to Aphrodite, whose strife with Artemis is the national motif of the play, the goddess stands a beautiful solitary figure, while the others sing to her. Previously in Greek plays in London the chorus has never been at its full strength, partly owing to the smallness of the stage and partly to the exceedingly tragic type of play used. In 'Atalanta' we give adequate prominence and space to the chorus."

A New Napoleon Play

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote the following account of a new "Napoleon play." The letter was published, April 4.

"Napoleon has inspired at least 300 French plays. The 301st has been written by M. Rene Fauchois, who raised a riot recently at the Odeon by criticising Racine. Whatever his opinion of the tragic poet, he has nothing but admiration for the great Emperor."

"The play, which is called 'Rivoli,' is sumptuously staged at the second national theatre. It shows Napoleon as a lover, enamored of the beauty of Josephine, and as a warrior, athirst for glory. The two emotions surge in his breast, tormenting him in the hour of action."

"The first tableau shows the camp of the republican army on the Italian frontier. Frozen with the cold, the soldiers complain that they are not being led into battle. The generals, Massena and Augereau, criticise the choice of the directory of Bonaparte as the new commander-in-chief, who has just joined the army."

"Months later Napoleon is seen to be the darling of his troops; he has already two victories to his credit. He prepares the plan of the battle, while blaming Augereau and Massena for their procrastination. But the thought of Josephine, who is at Milan, disturbs him; he must see her before he goes into battle."

"When Napoleon arrives he finds Josephine coquetting with her admirer, Capt. Charles. He drives away the intruder, and there is an affecting scene between the future Emperor and Em-

press. 'Ma victoire sera plus belle que toi,' he says, as he leaves Josephine for the battlefield."

"The night falls; it is the plain of Rivoli. Napoleon is much troubled in spirit; he thinks of Josephine. Then the shade of Caesar appears to him, and he tells him that it is unworthy in a hero to be dominated by a woman. Dawn breaks, the cannon boom, the engagement has begun. It is continued behind the drop scene—an effect that does not seem altogether happy. However, the curtain rises on victory. Generals lay at the feet of the triumphant young commander-in-chief the trophies of the day. It is the victory of Rivoli, celebrated in the glowing sunlight."

"Though it does not rise quite to the height of its subject, the play is cleverly written by a young man of talent, and its presentation by M. Antoine, as well as the acting of the troupe, leaves nothing to be desired."

London Theatre Notes

Sir Herbert Trec will start his revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at His Majesty's tomorrow. He has been using as a poster an enlarged reproduction of a picture by Landseer illustrating a scene in the play.

In "Kismet" after the curtain has fallen on an act, the characters are to appear on the "apron" stage and in dumb show acquaint the audience with what happens between the descent and rising of the curtain. And during the waltz, a typically eastern performer singer, dancer or juggler, will come out of a proscenium box to give an exhibition.

The Sicilian players with Grasso at their head will begin an engagement at the Hippodrome, April 24.

Ibsen's "Master Builder" was revived in London on March 23. It was produced at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, Feb. 20, 1893. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, remembering this performance, said: "Curiously enough, although the performance at the Trafalgar Square Theatre was received with overwhelming applause by the audience, the welcome of the play at the hands of the critics was almost entirely chilly. I do not, of course, refer to the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Referee*. The attitude of those journals towards the Ibsen Theatre has always been not so much chilly as frozen, and their consistency in the matter has been wonderfully sustained down to the present day. But journals, whose critics might have been expected to admire a work so daring, so original, and so extraordinarily rich in imagination, came out with articles that were decidedly lukewarm, and gave one the impression that the writers had been puzzled out of their customary composure and had written timidly in consequence."

Music in London

Wesley Weyman played Edward Macdowell's Sonata Tragica in London March 31, and the *Daily Telegraph* said of the sonata: "Some there are who believe that the day of the pianoforte sonata—at any rate in the form of a work consisting of detached movements—is over, and, truth to tell, the 'Tragica' hardly convinces us to the contrary. Although the music is free from all superficiality, and exhibits much thoughtfulness and sincerity, the sonata is not wholly convincing. A tragic note is struck in the introductory Largo, and again in the coda of the final movement, and the work presents effective themes and admirable workmanship, yet, notwithstanding all these things, the impression remains that the composer might, with a less exacting form, have more fully expressed his thoughts and feelings. Berlioz admitted that at first hearing it was not easy to understand how a scherzo could figure in such a work as Beethoven's 'Eroica,' but the solemn and stately middle clew enabled him to make a guess at the composer's idea. It is more difficult, however, to explain the cheeriness of the scherzo in Macdowell's 'Tragica' Sonata."

Here is the program of the opening state concert for the Festival of Empire, May 12: Elgar, "God Save the King"; Harris, "Empress of the Sea"; Purcell-Wood, Suite for Orchestra; Fletcher, chorus, "For Empire and for King" (prize chorus); Hatton, "The Enchantress" (Clara Butt); Dykes, "God of Our Fathers"; MacKenzie, overture, "Britannia"; Elgar, solo and chorus, "Land of Hope and Glory"; Parry, Orestes March from "Hypatia"; Elgar, Epilogue and March, "It Comes from the Misty Ages."

"A Song of the English" (Kipling's poem), ballad for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra by Sir Frederick Bridge was produced at the Royal Albert Hall, March 30. The ballad is built on cantata lines; it consists of three choruses and one solo, and takes about half an hour to perform. The first theme, "Fair is Our Lot," is used to introduce the final part of the concluding chorus. The score includes bass drum and cymbals, side drum and triangle.

A new cycle of four songs, "Amour naissant," by Orlando Morgan, sung

He woos right gallantly and with many laughable complications, and finally has to fight a duel with Lady Mary's suitor, Sir Edward Emery. Barry is scared to death at the prospect, but nothing can swerve him from the fight. Lady Mary, half way already, hears her father acknowledged

But Norah is the only character who is really motivated by a personal emotional quality of character. The other characters are so busy being wounded in the first shot then by Sir Edward at the mercy, refuses to flee and all ends happily.

Mr. Olett, as usual, is a delightful, lovable, good-natured, high-spirited Irish gentleman, unspoiled by his age and fame. His affection for his aged mother, who loved to give him his start in life, is to be sure, he falls in love with fine suddenness and presses his suit with most engaging ardor. He has a number of extremely good songs and sings them with excellent effect.

Edith Browning puts sufficient force into her early scorn of the plebeian Barry and gradually yields to the charm of his wooing, his song and his manliness with pleasing grace.

Mary Johnstone is a captivating old lady of the Green Isle, and no one would wonder why her son is so fond of her. H. H. Reardon is specially successful in the picturesque character of the village leech, barber and soothsayer, in whose shop some of the best parts of the play take place. All the other actors aid materially in making a per-

presence of exceptional harmony and length.

One of the best features of the production is the orchestra, which, besides the tuneful songs of Mr. Olcott, plays good music, and plays it well.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Black Patti Musical Comedy Company Gives Enjoyable Show.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Black Pat'l
at comedy company in "A Trip to
3."

Small, a teacher..... Jerry Mills
Green, a teacher..... Miss Jennie Pearl
Hall, a superintendent..... Augustus Hall
Service Bill, a detective.....
Frank Sutton
Williams, a messenger..... Luke H. Scott
W. White, a doctor..... James H. Gray
Boo Bo..... J. A. Grant
Las Cat..... Arthur Grant
Lena Cal..... Zel Bledsoe
Zambo..... George Bray
Jat..... Al. H. Watts
Chuf..... William Crawford
Bas Jenkins..... Jolly John Larkins

Mme. Sissieretta Jones, more charming than ever as the Black Patti, headed her clever company of 40 colored artists at the Grand Opera House yesterday, beginning a week's engagement. "The Trip to Africa" was per-

CLEVER SKETCH AT B. F. KEITH'S

**'A Romance of the Underworld,'
by Paul Armstrong, Pleases
Large House.**

Nothing better than "A Romance of the Underworld," by Paul Armstrong, which is the chief item on B. F. Keith's bill this week, has been seen on the vaudeville stage in a long time. It is a pretentious sketch in three scenes, with a large number of what are known as speaking parts, besides a liberal supply of super-numeraries. Mr. Armstrong has composed an interesting story in the limits of a vaudeville turn, and it is perhaps the best compliment that can be paid him to say that, although imagination could supply what was left untold on the stage, no one in the house would have objected to an additional scene.

The curtain rises on the court of general sessions in New York. This is realistic and interesting. The different types appear before the judge; cocaine using pickpocket, the still youthful but seasoned robber and his girl, Dago Annie, the pugnacious workman, Maguire, who has been trying his stone mason's hammer on his friend, Mr. O'Hara; the shop lifter, whose first offense it is, and her young husband, whose plea wins her a suspended sentence and so on.

Grace McGraw comes to be present when her sweetheart, convicted of the theft of which he is innocent, is sentenced. While awaiting the opening of the court, a young lawyer admitted the day before, comes to her and volunteers to take up the case. By his advice she calls over the villain and has a talk with him. The villain is a former saloon-keeper, now a power in politics. He courted Grace McGraw in vain, and now he boasts to her that he is going to send his rival to Sing Sing. All this the young lawyer and a reporter friend overhear, and it suggests the means of freeing the innocent man. The plot is skillfully worked out. During a scene in which the interior of the Tombs prison

is vividly reproduced, one of the Duke's men persuade Slippery Jake to tell her who it was that "planted" the stolen jewelry in Herbert Elliot's pocket. The exposure of the wicked ward boss and his arrest follow, and Elliot is restored to his sweet heart. "Some lawyer, eh?" remarks the future chief justice. "Some story, eh?" retorts his friend, the reporter. Curtain.

Miss Fainla Marinoff, as Dago Annie, did an excellent bit of character work. It is not the most attractive part in the piece, but it calls for ability. Miss Marinoff, in court, was the impudent, lying little russy, whose redeeming trait was loyalty to her pal. At the close of the Tombs scene she gave a bit of realism to the situation by deftly stealing the watch of the discomfited villain. W. Tammamy Young, as Slippery Jack, was a promising young criminal. Charles H. Phillips, as Fighting Dick Maguire, put a good deal of life into the court scene. Ralph Theodore, as McDermott, the young lawyer, was capital. Philip Gastrock, as the ward boss, was as objectionable as the part required. Miss Jane Lothian was interesting as the heroine. James Aubrey was the kind of reporter that the public pictures. Reporters are not really like that, but Mr. Aubrey did good work. The scenery was by Frank Platzler.

Among the other items on the bill one ought not to forget the act of Ernest Pantzer and company. Such a tiny acrobat as Midget Charley has never been seen before, and his strength is wonderful. The Brothers Landry are clever equilibrists. Fred Duprez is an amusing talker and singer. George W. Cooper and William Robinson give a funny act. The rest of the program is up to the standard.

The suggestion that loyal Englishmen should wear purple dress suits during the Coronation season has been voted down. It is said that Bulwer by his "Pelham" established the reign of the black dress coat. Lady Pelham wrote to her son that she did not like his blue coat; "you look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Till then evening coats were brown, green or blue. Since 1828 it has not been easy to distinguish a guest from a waiter.

According to a London dispatch Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkin, the famous Russian dancers, are consumed with raging jealousy, the one of the other's art. It would seem that there were glory enough for two, especially as it was at Mme. Pavlowa's request that Mr. Mordkin came with her to the United States.

England is not alone in being fussy about books of biography and adventure for children. A society has been organized at Dresden to show the public what books children should not read. "Waldroeschen" by Karl May, a story of 2612 pages, is the first on the list. The ingenious author kills 1600 of his characters by fire; 240 are scalped; 219 are poisoned or asphyxiated; 130 are stabbed; 61 are bashed to death; 16 are drowned; 8 are sentenced to death by starvation; 4 are hanged; 3 are fed to crocodiles and one is buried alive.

The applicants for the position of reading clerks in the House at Washington thus far have lacked vocal strength, clearness, "carrying quality." Few in these days of education are taught to read properly. Think of the opportunities which the art holds out.

Mr. Dippel will introduce eight lions and two bulls in his production of "Quo Vadis" next fall. He is not the first to enliven opera in this manner. As far back as 1680 at Padua, two lions, two elephants and many horses were in one procession in "Berenice," and there were also boar, stag and bear hunts on the stage. Not long ago in Southern France "Carmen" was performed with a real bull fight.

Young Taft is right. Many men have risen to prominence by beginning as a water carrier. In the old days the water boy of a railway train was next a brakeman, and rose by degrees to the exalted position of president. Boys who carried water for a circus have at last owned the territory and all that was within it. Master Taft hopes to be a baseball manager. He already holds the pail. MacArthur!

ORGAN RECITAL
BY MR. TRUETTE

By PHILIP HALE.

Everette E. Truette gave an organ recital last evening in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, Toccata in F major; Handel, Recitative and Allegro from Concerto in B flat; Widor, Adagio from the 6th organ symphony; Gullmunt, Sonata in C minor, No. 5; Foote, Nocturne in E minor; Hollins, Concert Rondo; Wolstenholme, "The Answer"; Thiele, Concert Satz in E flat minor.

Mr. Truette has long been known and esteemed in this city and its neighborhood as an organist. He studied intelligently with the best masters; he has devoted himself to the instrument of his choice; he is an organist, not merely a pianist who plays the organ on Sunday. He thoroughly understands the organ; its mechanism, its capabilities, its limitations. He is well acquainted with its literature, and when he gives a recital he does not find it necessary to go outside that literature and play transcriptions of music inherently foreign to the nature of the organ. To him that instrument and the orchestra are not synonymous, nor would he willingly turn the former into an orchestral.

The program last night was well arranged and for the most part interesting. The first two pieces might well tempt a reviewer to a digression. Some are of the opinion that Bach's great toccata was written for a species of pedal piano and should be registered as a rule much lighter than if it had been designed for the organ. It might be said in answer that even if we knew positively it was written for the organ, the registration might in that case be varied, for we do know that Bach was famous in his day for effects produced by combinations of stops and by his quickness in shifting combinations. When a concerto by Handel is played, there is always the question, in what form did the composer play this music on the English organs of his period, and how did it sound? There are several "arrangements" of concertos by him, and probably those of Guilmant are the most effective.

The sonata by Gullmant contains fine things, pages that are characteristic of the master whose death is mourned by many, whose memory will ever be fresh in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to study with him. Mr. Truette is one of Gullmant's pupils and he knows well the style of his teacher and the fiery opening, the scherzo trio with the strange and haunting harmonies, and the choral and fugue show the composer of the latter years at his best, but as a whole this sonata is of less rich and spontaneous invention than many of the earlier works. Widor's *Adagio* is imaginative and impressive, more highly colored and emotional than are many of his compositions.

Mr. Truette played brilliantly and showed much taste in registration. He has a fine sense of rhythm, a pure legato and a variety of legitimate staccato effects. His recital was much enjoyed by an audience of fair size.

Mme. Heglon, opera singer in Paris, wrote a sharp letter to a Dresden critic who had reflected ungenerously on her age. Mme. Heglon admits that she is 39 years old, but adds: "Let me tell you in France that the climax of her talent and also of her beauty." She says that on the stage she seems to be below 30. Balzac was the first to make "the woman of 30" famous, and still later novelists have represented a woman from 40 to 50 as the most disturbing to the male's peace of mind. It has often been said that if a man passes safely through "the roaring forties" he may easily live to a green old age. The phrase may now be of still greater import.

Debussy's Strange, Subtle "Iberia" and New Poem by Curry.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mme. Corinn Rider-Kelsey was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"Atala," symphonic poem (after Chateaubriand).....Curran
Scene and Aria, "Ah! Perfidio".....Beethoven
Fiberia, "Images" for orchestra No. 2.....Debussy
Agata's Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz".....Webster
Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn

Debussy's "Iberia" was performed for the first time in Boston. It is in three sections. The titles of them are as follows: "In the Streets and Byways," "The Odors of the Night," "The Moor

the "Liberia" which "Iberia" second, were composed in 1909, and "Iberia" was performed for the first time in Paris a year ago last February. The three movements are remarkable in many ways, and to me ranked among the first compositions of this genus. They are impressionistic, but there is a sense of form; there is also the finest proportion. This music is conspicuous for exquisite effects of color. There are combinations of timbres and also contrasts that were hitherto unknown. There are hints at Spanish melodies; melodies not too openly exposed; there are intoxicating rhythms, sharply defined, or elusive and then they are the more maddening.

This music is pleasingly remote from photographic realism. The title might be "Impressions of Spain." There is the suggestion of street life and wild strains heard on bleak plains or savage mountains; of the music of the people; of summer nights, warm and odorous; of the awakening of life with the break of day; of endless jotas, tangos, seguidillas, fandangoes; of gypsies with their spells brought from the east; of women with Moorish blood. "Iberia" defies analysis and beggars description. What phrase-mongering, however ingenious, would impart the beauty of "Odors of the Night" to him that did not hear the music? It is enough to say that pages of more subtle beauty have not been played at these concerts. The music that haunts should not be lightly or openly talked about. The impression made by it should be guarded or confined only to the closest friend.

To speak of Debussy's use of instruments to gain effects, of his ability to reproduce what had not been heard by others though they may have felt it, feebly and had the wish to hear it clearly and put it in notation, would be a class room task. To write of it for the general reader would be only to rhapsodize. Now Debussy is a rhapsodist of the rarest nature, and his musical speech is not to be translated by rhapsody in words.

The performance showed that Mr. Fiedler had taken great pains in the preparation. He is to be heartily thanked for introducing this suite which should be often played here.

Mr. Curry, born in Chelsea and now living in Newton Highlands, has composed three or four orchestral pieces. One of them, an overture, was performed at the Worcester Festival in 1902. In the symphonic poem played yesterday for the first time, he has attempted to express the emotions of Chactas and Atala. He has naturally followed episodes in Chateaubriand's romantic tale. The story itself, with its flowing and sonorous sentences, is strangely eloquent, and the few pages descriptive of the burial of the maiden are more musical than many laborious symphonies. There are some poetical ideas in Mr. Curry's composition. The opening measures hold the attention and the dancelike Indian theme is successfully exposed; there are also some fortunate instrumental effects. The remaining themes are either without distinction or too suggestive of Dvorak and others.

The general structure of the work is not to be commended. The thematic development is crude, amateurish. Ineffective measures are found in long stretches. There is little continuity in the thought, and the expression is often vague and futile. This symphonic poem, in a word, is not of the rank that is expected at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Curry conducted his piece. It is wiser for a composer without great experience as an orchestra leader to allow the regular conductor to present his symphonic poem, suite or overture, to the audience, and to hold good even when the composition happens to be an American by birth. A friendly audience applauded Mr. Curry and recalled him.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey sang at these concerts for the first time, although she has been favorably known here for nearly six years. The arias were too heavy for her voice. "Ah! Perfido!" she calls for a dramatic soprano, and so does the descriptive portion and exultant ending of Weber's aria. Mme. Rider-Kelsey is a lyric soprano. Her voice is of an unusually pure quality. It is agreeable but it is not sensuous, nor has it what might be called virginal warmth, nor does the singer charge her tones with emotion. As a mistress of vocal art, Mme. Rider-Kelsey deserves high praise. Her tonal emission, her control of tone, her maintenance of a long melodic line, her vocal intelligence, shown in every way, are wholly admirable. And yet a woman may have all desirable qualities as a singer and excite admiration for her art but no lively personal interest when the music she sings is in its strongly dramatic and does not find expression.

Mendelssohn was represented at the concerts for the first time in the season. The overture is not one of the best. The second section reminds one too vividly of the return of a harbor boat bearing an excursion party, the blowing of paper bags and singing "Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore!"

The program of next week's concert, the last of the season, will include Beethoven's overture to "Coriolan," Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Wagner's "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," Funeral music from "Die of the Gods" and the prelude to "Mastersingers."

End 1/9/35

